Paul Harting

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TYPES OF WORLD LITERATURE

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PREFACE

Types of World Literature offers to the student and the general reader selections from the accepted masterpieces of the world. It is intended primarily to meet the increasing demand for courses in comparative literature. More and more has it become apparent that the literature of one nation can be best appreciated when studied in relation to the literature of other countries. In the study of any given type, it is more profitable for a student to become familiar with the masters—to compare the work of Aeschylus, Shakespeare, and Ibsen in the art of tragedy, and of Homer, Dante, and Milton in the epic—than to devote his attention to many minor writers of a single period or country. Only by studying the great artists of many countries can he form standards of comparison and begin to acquire a discriminating taste for literary excellence.

The present anthology includes specimens from literature outside the strict forms of epic, lyric, drama, and their cognates. The student who is becoming acquainted for the first time with European *belles lettres*, should be led to realize that there is a literature of biography, politics, history, and philosophy—as well as scientific contributions to these fields—which cannot be neglected in a liberal education. These less aesthetic, but more tangible types of literary endeavor have an immediate appeal for many students unresponsive as yet to more difficult and abstract literary types like lyric poetry. We have found by experience in the classroom that some students acquire their first zest for reading from the spirited history of a Macaulay, or the picturesque autobiography of a Benvenuto Cellini. Others see a new world opening after reading the apology and death of Socrates from the dialogues of Plato; they find themselves for the first time sharers in the philosophic and moral thought of the world. After they have become absorbed in any one of these fields of literary endeavor, the teacher by tactful management can readily lead them on to the enjoyment of others. To succeed in creating a love, even in a single student a year, for the best that has been known and thought in the world of literature should be encouragement enough for the teacher who loves his classics, although he may realize that a cultivated taste is the final result only of years of diligent study, and that comparatively few ever achieve it. To increase the number of lovers of the literature of the world is, then, the intention of this volume.

The editors are indebted to the kindness of their friend Professor Robert Shafer of the University of Cincinnati for permission to reprint the textual notes to certain poems from his well-known volumes, *From Beowulf to Thomas Hardy*.

P. H. H.
R. M. S.

January, 1930

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EPIC AND ROMANCE

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EPIC AND ROMANCE

THE EPIC, one of the oldest forms of literature, is thought to have developed from the gradual amalgamation, through many centuries, of popular heroic tales. The authors of these original folk tales are unknown, but the essential unity of finished epics like the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, and the *Nibelungenlied*, composed though they be of many stories originally of independent origin, has led many critics to believe that conscious literary artists were responsible for their present form. Homer (c. 850 B. C.) is the name of the poet to whom are attributed the two great Greek epics, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

The folk epic, as distinguished from other types of literature, is a long, poetic narrative of the adventures of national heroes in love and war. In epics of popular origin, attention is centered upon bravery and skill in battle, aided or thwarted by gods with supernatural powers. But in the art epic a more human element appears. Vergil's *Æneid*, for example, though written in close imitation of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, contains three books wholly given over to the love episodes of Dido and Æneas.

The transition from folk epics to the romances of the Middle Ages occurs, in fact, through this extensive development of the love interest, which, begun by Vergil (70–19 B. C.), finally grew to dominate the story. The hero no longer is, like Achilles, distinguished chiefly for his deeds of valor, but, like Launcelot in the great prose romance *Mort D'Arthur* of Thomas Malory (c. 1400–1471 A. D.), has become the ideal lover, who braves all hardships for the sake of his lady, and woos her according to the codes of medieval chivalry. Magic enchantment and the mysteries of the Christian religion take the place of the supernatural gods. Deeds of prowess are still related, as in the stories of the Knights of the Round Table questing for the Holy Grail. But the intricacies of romantic love call for elaborate and complicated plots with numerous sub-plots, and many characters of importance, until the essential unity of the classical epic dealing with a central figure or theme, like the wrath of Achilles, or the wanderings of Ulysses or Æneas, is lost.

Both the Epic and the Romance embody in varying degrees the culture of a race or a civilization. The *Iliad*, in celebrating the wrath of Achilles, depicts the victory of the Greeks over the Trojan barbarians. Through it we approach the heart of ancient Greece and perceive what manner of men her heroes were. The *Odyssey* sums up all that the Greeks endured in their wanderings upon the sea. The *Æneid*, combining themes from both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, retells the fall of Troy, but keeps, as its central thought, the founding of Rome and the Latin race. The *Eddas* collected in the eleventh century A. D., and the *Nibelungenlied* written in the twelfth century, present, respectively, the mythology and the legends of the Scandinavian and the Germanic peoples. This poetry arises out of the great migrations of tribes that wrecked the Roman Empire and laid the foundations of European civilization. "The *Nibelungenlied*," says Genung, "marks the culmination of the great process which made Rome a German Empire and transformed the invading hordes into a highly civilized people."

Throughout the ages following the Germanic invasions the medieval church stood as the defender and preserver of civilization. It exercised upon the barbarians that authority with which the Roman Empire had formerly commanded the obedience of its people. The *Divine Comedy* of Dante (1265–1321) is an epic which reveals the life and thoughts of this civilization which had become absorbed in Christian theology promulgated by the Church of Rome. Dante's poem is an epitome of medieval Christianity. Replete though it be with local allusions to politics and party strife, it is in essence a subjective epic upon the pilgrimage of the human soul. The *Divine Comedy* shows how man may achieve salvation by comprehending the moral design of God in creation and man's relation to it. The personal journey of Dante through Hell,

Purgatory, and Paradise is an allegory of the conduct and consequences of every human life. The term Comedy is used by Dante in its medieval sense, to denote a story with a happy ending.

About 1100 A. D. there came to fruition in the *Song of Roland* an epic recalling and preserving the unity and the emphasis upon personal valor found in other primitive epics. This epic, celebrating the exploits of Charlemagne's nephew, Roland, against the Saracens in the pass at Roncesvalles, epitomizes those early struggles of the Franks that checked the onrush of the Moors, and finally saved Europe from Mohammedan domination. Only after Roland's death do we hear in a few lines that his loved one, Aude the Fair, died of grief. But when the story passes to Italy it is reworked by Ariosto (1474–1533) into an elaborate romance. Roland, as portrayed in *Orlando Furioso*, is the hero of numerous adventures, going mad for love of the false Angelica.

Tasso (1544–1595) in his epic *Jerusalem Delivered* portrays the great historic period of the Crusaders in the Holy Land. Following the example of Dante rather than Ariosto, he employed the romantic epic not only for pleasure, but for moral instruction and for the inculcation of the Christian virtues. Spenser (1552–1599) in *The Faerie Queene* essayed a moral purpose more ambitious than Tasso's, "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline." Into his elaborate romance of knights and ladies he weaves obscure moral, religious, and political allegories.

The greatest epic from the pen of an Englishman, *Paradise Lost* by John Milton (1608–1674), returns to the epic of classical form, especially Vergil's *Æneid*. Of all epics it has the loftiest purpose, "to assert eternal Providence and to justify the ways of God to man." Milton's epic, therefore, concerns all Christendom and the fate of the human race. The splendor of Milton's characterization of Satan in the early books has led as keen a critic as Dryden to declare that Satan is the hero of the poem, but in the later books Milton carefully shows him as neither heroic nor victorious, and deliberately degrades him. For sustained and lofty purpose and for what Matthew Arnold terms "the grand style" in poetry, the epic of Milton is unsurpassed.

HOMER (c. 850 B. C.)

THE ILIAD[1]

BOOK III

MEANTIME to white-arm'd Helen Iris sped,
The heav'nly messenger: in form she seem'd
Her husband's sister, whom Antenor's son,
The valiant Helicaon had to wife,
Laodice, of Priam's daughters all
Loveliest of face: she in her chamber found
Her whom she sought: a mighty web she wove,
Of double woof and brilliant hues; whereon
Was interwoven many a toilsome strife
Of Trojan warriors and of brass-clad Greeks,
For her encounter'd at the hand of Mars.
Beside her Iris stood, and thus she spoke:
"Come, sister dear, and see the glorious deeds
Of Trojan warriors and brass-clad Greeks.
They who erewhile, impatient for the fight,
Roll'd o'er the plain the woful tide of war,
Now silent sit, the storm of battle hush'd,
Reclining on their shields, their lances bright
Beside them reared; while Paris in the midst
And warlike Meneläus, stand prepar'd
With the long spear for thee to fight; thyself
The prize of conquest and the victor's wife."
Thus as she spoke, in Helen's breast arose
Fond recollection of her former Lord,
Her home, and parents; o'er her head she threw
A snowy veil; and shedding tender tears
She issu'd forth, not unaccompanied;
For with her went fair Aethra, Pittheus' child,
And stag-ey'd Glymene, her maidens twain.
They quickly at the Scaean gate arriv'd.
Attending there on aged Priam, sat
The Elders of the city; Panthöus,

[1]Lines 121-244. Translation by Edward, Earl of Derby.

And Lampus, and Thymaetes; Clytius,
Bold Icetäon, and Ucalegon,
With sage Antenor, wise in council both:
All these were gather'd at the Scaean gate;
By age exempt from war, but in discourse
Abundant, as the cricket, that on high
From topmost boughs of forest tree sends forth
His delicate music; so on Ilium's tow'rs
Sat the sage chiefs and councillors of Troy.
Helen they saw, as to the tow'r she came;
And "'tis no marvel," one to other said,
"The valiant Trojans and the well-greav'd Greeks
For beauty such as this should long endure
The toils of war; for goddess-like she seems;
And yet, despite her beauty, let her go,
Nor bring on us and on our sons a curse."
Thus they; but aged Priam Helen call'd:
"Come here, my child, and sitting by my side,
From whence thou canst discern thy former Lord,
His kindred, and thy friends (not thee I blame,
But to the Gods I owe this woful war),
Tell me the name of yonder mighty chief
Among the Greeks a warrior brave and strong:
Others in height surpass him; but my eyes
A form so noble never yet beheld,
Nor so august; he moves, a King indeed!"
To whom in answer, Helen, heav'nly fair:
"With rev'rence, dearest father, and with shame
I look on thee: oh would that I had died
That day when hither with thy son I came,
And left my husband, friends, and darling child,
And all the lov'd companions of my youth:
That I died not, with grief I pine away.
But to thy question; I will tell thee true;
Yon chief is Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Wide-reigning, mighty monarch, ruler good,
And valiant warrior; in my husband's name,
Lost as I am, I call'd him brother once."
She spoke: th' old man admiring gaz'd, and cried,
"Oh bless'd Atrides, child of happy fate,
Favour'd of Heav'n! how many noble Greeks
Obey thy rule! In vine-clad Phrygia once
I saw the hosts of Phrygian warriors wheel
Their rapid steeds; and with them, all the bands
Of Otreus, and of Mygdon, godlike King,
Who lay encamp'd beside Sangarius' stream:
I too with them was number'd, in the day
When met them in the field the Amazons,
The woman-warriors; but their forces all
Reach'd not the number of the keen-ey'd Greeks."
Ulysses next the old man saw, and ask'd,
"Tell me again, dear child, who this may be,
In stature less than Atreus' royal son,
But broader-shoulder'd, and of ampler chest.
His arms are laid upon the fertile plain,
But he himself is moving through the ranks,
Inspecting, like a full-fleec'd ram, that moves
Majestic through a flock of snow-white ewes."
To whom Jove's offspring, Helen, thus replied:
"The wise Ulysses that, Laertes' son:
Though bred in rugged Ithaca, yet vers'd
In ev'ry stratagem, and deep device."
"O woman," then the sage Antenor said,
"Of these thy words I can the truth avouch;
For hither when on thine account to treat,
Brave Meneläus and Ulysses came,
I lodg'd them in my house, and lov'd them both,
And studied well the form and mind of each.
As they with Trojans mix'd in social guise,
When both were standing, o'er his comrade high
With broad-set shoulders Meneläus stood;
Seated, Ulysses was the nobler form:
Then, in the great Assembly, when to all
Their public speech and argument they fram'd,
In fluent language Meneläus spoke,
In words though few, yet clear; though young in years,
No wordy babbler, wasteful of his speech:
But when the skill'd Ulysses rose to speak,
With down-cast visage would he stand, his eyes
Bent on the ground; the staff he bore, nor back
He wav'd, nor forward, but like one untaught,
He held it motionless; who only saw
Would say that he was mad, or void of sense;
But when his chest its deep-ton'd voice sent forth,
With words that fell like flakes of wintry snow,

No mortal with Ulysses could compare:
Then little reck'd we of his outward show."
At sight of Ajax next th' old man enquir'd;
"Who is yon other warrior, brave and strong,
Tow'ring o'er all with head and shoulders broad?"
To whom, in answer, Helen, heav'nly fair:
"Gigantic Ajax that, the prop of Greece;
And by his side Idomeneus of Crete
Stands godlike, circled round by Cretan chiefs.
The warlike Meneläus welcom'd him
Oft in our palace, when from Crete he came.
Now all the other keen-ey'd Greeks I see,
Whom once I knew, and now could call by name;
But two I miss, two captains of the host,
My own two brethren, and my mother's sons,
Castor and Pollux; Castor, charioteer
Unrivalled, Pollux, matchless pugilist.
In Lacedaemon have they stay'd behind?
Or can it be, in ocean-going ships
That they have come indeed, but shun to join
The fight of warriors, fearful of the shame,
And deep disgrace that on my name attend?"
Thus she; but they beneath the teeming earth
In Lacedaemon lay, their native land.*

BOOK XXIV

The games were ended, and the multitude
Amid the ships their sev'ral ways dispers'd:
Some to their supper, some to gentle sleep
Yielding, delighted; but Achilles still
Mourn'd o'er his lov'd companion; not on him
Lighted all-conqu'ring sleep, but to and fro
Restless he toss'd, and on Patroclus thought,
His vigour and his courage; all the deeds
They two together had achiev'd; the toils,
The perils they had undergone, amid
The strife of warriors, and the angry waves.
Stirr'd by such mem'ries, bitter tears he shed;
Now turning on his side, and now again
Upon his back; then prone upon his face;
Then starting to his feet, along the shore
All objectless, despairing, would he roam;
Nor did the morn, above the sea appearing,
Unmark'd of him arise; his flying steeds
He then would harness, and, behind the car
The corpse of Hector trailing in the dust,
Thrice make the circuit of Patroclus' tomb;
Then would he turn within his tent to rest,
Leaving the prostrate corpse with dust defil'd;
But from unseemly marks the valiant dead
Apollo guarded, who with pity view'd
The hero, though in death; and round him threw
His golden ægis; nor, though dragg'd along,
Allow'd his body to receive a wound.
Thus foully did Achilles in his rage
Misuse the mighty dead; the blessed Gods
With pitying grief beheld the sight, and urg'd
That Hermes should by stealth the corpse remove.
The counsel pleas'd the rest; but Juno still,
And Neptune, and the blue-ey'd Maid, retain'd
The hatred, unappeas'd, with which of old
Troy and her King and people they pursued;
Since Paris to the rival Goddesses,
Who to his sheepfold came, gave deep offence,
Preferring her who brought him in return
The fatal boon of too successful love.
But when the twelfth revolving day was come,
Apollo thus th' assembled Gods address'd:
"Shame on ye, Gods, ungrateful! have ye not,
At Hector's hand, of bulls and choicest goats
Receiv'd your off'rings meet? and fear ye now
E'en his dead corpse to save, and grant his wife,
His mother, and his child, his aged sire
And people, to behold him, and to raise
His fun'ral pile, and with due rites entomb?
But fell Achilles all your aid commands;
Of mind unrighteous, and inflexible
His stubborn heart; his thoughts are all of blood;
E'en as a lion, whom his mighty strength
And dauntless courage lead to leap the fold,
And 'mid the trembling flocks to seize his prey;
E'en so Achilles hath discarded ruth,
And conscience, arbiter of good and ill.
A man may lose his best-lov'd friend, a son,
Or his own mother's son, a brother dear:
He mourns and weeps, but time his grief allays,

*Book VI (lines 279–611) and Book XXII (complete) of the *Iliad* will be found starting on page 1185–a.

For fate to man a patient mind hath giv'n:
But godlike Hector's body, after death,
Achilles, unrelenting, foully drags,
Lash'd to his car, around his comrades tomb.
This is not to his praise; though brave he be,
Yet thus our anger he may justly rouse,
Who in his rage insults the senseless clay."
To whom, indignant, white-arm'd Juno thus:
"Some show of reason were there in thy speech,
God of the silver bow, could Hector boast
Of equal dignity with Peleus' son.
A mortal one, and nurs'd at woman's breast;
The other, of a Goddess born, whom I
Nurtur'd and rear'd, and to a mortal gave
In marriage; gave to Peleus, best belov'd
By all th' Immortals, of the race of man.
Ye, Gods, attended all the marriage rites;
Thou too, companion base, false friend, wast there,
And, playing on thy lyre, didst share the feast."
To whom the Cloud-compeller answer'd thus:
"Juno, restrain thy wrath; they shall not both
Attain like honour; yet was Hector once,
Of all the mortals that in Ilium dwell,
Dearest to all the Gods, and chief to me;
For never did he fail his gifts to bring,
And with burnt-off'rings and libations due
My altars crown; such worship I receiv'd.
Yet shall bold Hector's body, not without
The knowledge of Achilles, be remov'd;
For day and night his Goddess-mother keeps
Her constant watch beside him. Then, some God
Bid Thetis hither to my presence haste;
And I with prudent words will counsel her,
That so Achilles may at Priam's hand
Large ransom take, and set brave Hector free."
He said; and promptly on his errand sprang
The storm-swift Iris; in the dark-blue sea
She plung'd, midway 'twixt Imbros' rugged shore
And Samos' isle; the parting waters plash'd.
As down to ocean's lowest depths she drop-p'd,
Like to a plummet, which the fisherman
Lets fall, encas'd in wild bull's horn, to bear
Destruction to the sea's voracious tribes.
There found she Thetis in a hollow cave,
Around her rang'd the Ocean Goddesses:
She, in the midst, was weeping o'er the fate
Her matchless son awaiting, doom'd to die
Far from his home, on fertile plains of Troy.
Swift-footed Iris at her side appear'd,
And thus address'd her: "Hasten, Thetis; Jove,
Lord of immortal counsel, summons thee."
To whom the silver-footed Goddess thus:
"What would with me the mighty King of Heav'n?
Press'd as I am with grief, I am asham'd
To mingle with the Gods; yet will I go:
Nor shall he speak in vain, whate'er his words."
Thus as she spoke, her veil the Goddess took,
All black, than which none deeper could be found;
She rose to go; the storm-swift Iris led
The way before her; ocean's parted waves
Around their path receded; to the beach
Ascending, upwards straight to Heav'n they sprang.
Th' all-seeing son of Saturn there they found,
And rang'd around him all th' immortal Gods.
Pallas made way; and by the throne of Jove
Sat Thetis, Juno proff'ring to her hand
A goblet fair of gold, and adding words
Of welcome; she the cup receiv'd, and drank.
Then thus began the sire of Gods and men:
"Thou, Thetis, sorrowing to Olympus com'st,
Borne down by ceaseless grief; I know it well;
Yet hear the cause for which I summon'd thee.
About Achilles, thy victorious son,
And valiant Hector's body, for nine days
Hath contest been in Heav'n; and some have urg'd
That Hermes should by stealth the corpse remove.
This to Achilles' praise I mean to turn,
And thus thy rev'rence and thy love retain.
Then haste thee to the camp, and to thy son
My message bear; tell him that all the Gods
Are fill'd with wrath; and I above the rest
Am angry, that beside the beaked ships,
He, mad with rage, the corpse of Hector keeps:

So may he fear me, and restore the dead.
Iris meantime to Priam I will send,
And bid him seek the Grecian ships, and there
Obtain his son's release: and with him bring
Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart."
He said; the silver-footed Queen obey'd;
Down from Olympus' heights in haste she sped,
And sought her son; him found she in his tent,
Groaning with anguish, while his comrades round,
Plying their tasks, prepar'd the morning meal.
For them a goodly sheep, full-fleec'd, was slain.
Close by his side his Goddess-mother stood,
And gently touch'd him with her hand, and said,
"How long, my son, wilt thou thy soul consume
With grief and mourning, mindful nor of food
Nor sleep? nor dost thou wisely, to abstain
From woman's love; for short thy time on earth:
Death and imperious fate are close at hand.
Hear then my words; a messenger from Jove
To thee I come, to tell thee that the Gods
Are fill'd with wrath, and he above the rest
Is angry, that beside the beakèd ships
Thou, mad with rage, the corpse of Hector keep'st.
Then ransom take, and liberate the dead."
To whom Achilles, swift of foot, replied:
"So be it; ransom let him bring, and bear
His dead away, if such the will of Jove."
Thus, in the concourse of the ships, they two,
Mother and son, their lengthen'd converse held.
Then Saturn's son to Iris gave command:
"Haste thee, swift Iris, from Olympus' height,
To Troy, to royal Priam bear my words;
And bid him seek the Grecian ships, and there
Obtain his son's release; and with him take
Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart.
Alone, no Trojan with him, must he go;
Yet may a herald on his steps attend,
Some aged man, his smoothly-rolling car
And mules to drive; and to the city back
To bring his dead, whom great Achilles slew.
Nor let the fear of death disturb his mind:
Hermes shall with him, as his escort, go,
And to Achilles' presence safely bring.
Arriv'd within the tent, nor he himself
Will slay him, but from others will protect.
Not ignorant is he, nor void of sense,
Nor disobedient to the Gods' behest;
But will with pitying eyes his suppliant view."
He said; and on his errand sped in haste
The storm-swift Iris; when to Priam's house
She came, the sounds of wailing met her ear.
Within the court, around their father, sat
His sons, their raiment all bedew'd with tears;
And in the midst, close cover'd with his robe,
Their sire, his head and neck with dirt defil'd,
Which, wallowing on the earth, himself had heap'd,
With his own hands, upon his hoary head.
Throughout the house his daughters loudly wail'd
In mem'ry of the many and the brave
Who lay in death, by Grecian warriors slain.
Beside him stood the messenger of Jove,
And whisper'd, while his limbs with terror shook:
"Fear nothing, Priam, son of Dardanus,
Nor let thy mind be troubled; not for ill,
But here on kindly errand am I sent:
To thee I come, a messenger from Jove,
Who from on high looks down on thee with eyes
Of pitying love; he bids thee ransom home
The godlike Hector's corpse; and with thee take
Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart.
Alone, no Trojan with thee, must thou go;
Yet may a herald on thy steps attend,
Some aged man, thy smoothly-rolling car
And mules to drive, and to the city back
To bring thy dead, whom great Achilles slew.
Nor let the fear of death disturb thy mind:
Hermes shall with thee, as thine escort, go,
And to Achilles' presence safely bring.
Arriv'd within the tent, nor he himself
Will slay thee, but from others will protect;
Not ignorant is he, nor void of sense,
Nor disobedient to the Gods' behest,
But will with pitying eyes his suppliant view."
Swift-footed Iris said, and vanish'd straight:
He to his sons commandment gave, the mules

To yoke beneath the smoothly-rolling car,
And on the axle fix the wicker seat.
Himself the lofty cedar chamber sought,
Fragrant, high-roof'd, with countless treasures stor'd;
And call'd to Hecuba his wife, and said,
"Good wife, a messenger from Jove hath come,
Who bids me seek the Grecian ships, and there
Obtain my son's release; and with me take
Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart.
Say then, what think'st thou? for my mind inclines
To seek the ships within the Grecian camp."
So he; but Hecuba lamenting cried,
"Alas, alas! where are thy senses gone?
And where the wisdom, once of high repute
'Mid strangers, and 'mid those o'er whom thou reign'st?
How canst thou think alone to seek the ships,
Ent'ring his presence, who thy sons hath slain,
Many and brave? an iron heart is thine!
Of that bloodthirsty and perfidious man,
If thou within the sight and reach shalt come,
No pity will he feel, no rev'rence show:
Rather remain we here apart and mourn;
For him, when at his birth his thread of life
Was spun by fate, 'twas destin'd that afar
From home and parents, he should glut the maw
Of rav'ning dogs, by that stern warrior's tent,
Whose inmost heart I would I could devour:
Such for my son were adequate revenge,
Whom not in ignominious flight he slew;
But standing, thoughtless of escape or flight,
For Trojan men and Troy's deep-bosom'd dames."
To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire:
"Seek not to hinder me; nor be thyself
A bird of evil omen in my house;
For thou shalt not persuade me. If indeed
This message had been brought by mortal man,
Prophet, or seer, or sacrificing priest,
I should have deem'd it false, and laugh'd to scorn
The idle tale; but now (for I myself
Both saw and heard the Goddess) I must go;
Nor unfulfill'd shall be the words I speak:
And if indeed it be my fate to die
Beside the vessels of the brass-clad Greeks,
I am content! by fierce Achilles' hand
Let me be slain, so once more in my arms
I hold my boy, and give my sorrow vent."
Then raising up the coffer's polish'd lid,
He chose twelve gorgeous shawls, twelve single cloaks,
As many rugs, as many splendid robes,
As many tunics; then of gold he took
Ten talents full; two tripods, burnish'd bright,
Four caldrons; then a cup of beauty rare,
A rich possession, which the men of Thrace
Had giv'n, when there he went ambassador;
E'en this he spar'd not, such his keen desire
His son to ransom. From the corridor
With angry words he drove the Trojans all:
"Out with ye, worthless rascals, vagabonds!
Have ye no griefs at home, that here ye come
To pester me? or is it not enough
That Jove with deep affliction visits me,
Slaying my bravest son? ye to your cost
Shall know his loss: since now that he is gone,
The Greeks shall find you easier far to slay.
But may my eyes be clos'd in death, ere see
The city sack'd, and utterly destroy'd."
He said, and with his staff drove out the crowd;
Before the old man's anger fled they all;
Then to his sons in threat'ning tone he cried;
To Paris, Helenus, and Agathon,
Pammon, Antiphonus, Polites brave,
Deiphobus, and bold Hippothöus,
And godlike Dius; all these nine with threats
And angry taunts the aged sire assail'd:
"Haste, worthless sons, my scandal and my shame!
Would that ye all beside the Grecian ships
In Hector's stead had died! Oh woe is me,
Who have begotten sons, in all the land
The best and bravest; now remains not one;
Mestor, and Troïlus, dauntless charioteer,
And Hector, who a God 'mid men appear'd,
Nor like a mortal's offspring, but a God's:
All these hath Mars cut off; and left me none,
None but the vile and refuse; liars all,
Vain skipping coxcombs, in the dance alone,
And in nought else renown'd; base plunderers,
From their own countrymen, of lambs and kids.

When, laggards, will ye harness me the car
Equipp'd with all things needed for the way?"
He said; they quail'd beneath their father's wrath,
And brought the smoothly-running mule-wain out,
Well-fram'd, new-built; and fix'd the wicker seat;
Then from the peg the mule-yoke down they took,
Of boxwood wrought, with boss and rings complete;
And with the yoke, the yoke-band brought they forth,
Nine cubits long; and to the polish'd pole
At the far end attach'd; the breast-rings then
Fix'd to the pole-piece: and on either side
Thrice round the knob the leathern thong they wound.
And bound it fast, and inward turn'd the tongue.
Then the rich ransom, from the chambers brought,
Of Hector's head, upon the wain they pil'd;
And yok'd the strong-hoof'd mules, to harness train'd,
The Mysians' splendid present to the King:
To Priam's car they harness'd then the steeds,
Which he himself at polish'd manger fed.
Deep thoughts revolving, in the lofty halls
Were met the herald and the aged King,
When Hecuba with troubled mind drew near;
In her right hand a golden cup she bore
Of luscious wine, that ere they took their way,
They to the Gods might due libations pour;
Before the car she stood, and thus she spoke:
"Take, and to father Jove thine off'ring pour,
And pray that he may bring thee safely home
From all thy foes; since sore against my will
Thou needs wilt venture to the ships of Greece.
Then to Idæan Jove, the cloud-girt son
Of Saturn, who th' expanse of Troy surveys,
Prefer thy pray'r, beseeching him to send,
On thy right hand, a wingèd messenger,
The bird he loves the best, of strongest flight;
That thou thyself mayst see and know the sign,
And, firm in faith, approach the ships of Greece.
But should all-seeing Jove the sign withhold,
Then not with my consent shouldst thou attempt,
Whate'er thy wish, to reach the Grecian ships."
To whom, in answer, godlike Priam thus:
"O woman, I refuse not to obey
Thy counsel; good it is to raise the hands
In pray'r to Heav'n, and Jove's protection seek."
The old man said; and bade th' attendant pour
Pure water on his hands; with ewer she,
And basin, stood beside him: from his wife.
The due ablutions made, he took the cup;
Then in the centre of the court he stood,
And as he pour'd the wine, look'd up to Heav'n,
And thus with voice uplifted pray'd aloud:
"O father Jove, who rul'st on Ida's height,
Most great, most glorious! grant that I may find
Some pity in Achilles' heart; and send,
On my right hand, a wingèd messenger,
The bird thou lov'st the best, of strongest flight,
That I myself may see and know the sign,
And, firm in faith, approach the ships of Greece."
Thus as he pray'd, the Lord of counsel heard;
And sent forthwith an eagle, feather'd king,
Dark bird of chase, and Dusky thence surnam'd:
Wide as the portals, well secur'd with bolts,
That guard some wealthy monarch's lofty hall,
On either side his ample pinions spread.
On the right hand appear'd he, far above
The city soaring; they the fav'ring sign
With joy beheld, and ev'ry heart was cheer'd.
Mounting his car in haste, the aged King
Drove thro' the court, and thro' the echoing porch;
The mules in front, by sage Idæus driv'n,
That drew the four-wheel'd wain; behind them came
The horses, down the city's steep descent
Urg'd by th' old man to speed; the crowd of friends
That follow'd mourn'd for him, as doom'd to death.
Descended from the city to the plain,
His sons and sons-in-law to Ilium took

Their homeward way; advancing o'er the plain
They two escap'd not Jove's all-seeing eye;
Pitying he saw the aged sire; and thus
At once to Hermes spoke, his much-lov'd son:
"Hermes, for thou in social converse lov'st
To mix with men, and hear'st whome'er thou wilt;
Haste thee, and Priam to the Grecian ships
So lead, that none of all the Greeks may see
Ere at Achilles' presence he attain."
He said; nor disobey'd the heav'nly Guide;
His golden sandals on his feet he bound,
Ambrosial work; which bore him o'er the waves,
Swift as the wind, and o'er the wide-spread earth;
Then took his rod, wherewith he seals at will
The eyes of men, and wakes again from sleep.
This in his hand he bore, and sprang for flight.
Soon the wide Hellespont he reach'd, and Troy,
And pass'd in likeness of a princely youth,
In op'ning manhood, fairest term of life.
The twain had pass'd by Ilus' lofty tomb,
And halted there the horses and the mules
Beside the margin of the stream to drink;
For darkness now was creeping o'er the earth:
When through the gloom the herald Hermes saw
Approaching near, to Priam thus he cried:
"O son of Dardanus, bethink thee well;
Of prudent counsel great is now our need.
A man I see, and fear he means us ill.
Say, with the horses shall we fly at once,
Or clasp his knees, and for his mercy sue?"
The old man heard, his mind confus'd with dread;
So grievously he fear'd, that ev'ry hair
Upon his bended limbs did stand on end;
He stood astounded; but the Guardian-God
Approach'd, and took him by the hand, and said:
"Where, father, goest thou thus with horse and mule
In the still night, when men are sunk in sleep?
And fear'st thou not the slaughter-breathing Greeks,
Thine unrelenting foes, and they so near?
If any one of them should see thee now,
So richly laden in the gloom of night,
How wouldst thou feel? thou art not young thyself,
And this old man, thy comrade, would avail
But little to protect thee from assault.
I will not harm thee, nay will shield from harm,
For like my father's is, methinks, thy face."
To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire:
"'Tis as thou say'st, fair son; yet hath some God
Extended o'er me his protecting hand,
Who sends me such a guide, so opportune.
Bless'd are thy parents in a son so grac'd
In face and presence, and of mind so wise."
To whom in answer thus the Guardian-God:
"O father, well and wisely dost thou speak;
But tell me this, and truly: dost thou bear
These wealthy treasures to some foreign land,
That they for thee in safety may be stor'd?
Or have ye all resolv'd to fly from Troy
In fear, your bravest slain, thy gallant son,
Who never from the Greeks' encounter flinch'd?"
To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire:
"Who art thou, noble Sir, and what thy race,
That speak'st thus fairly of my hapless son?"
To whom in answer thus the Guardian-God:
"Try me, old man; of godlike Hector ask;
For often in the glory-giving fight
These eyes have seen him; chief, when to the ships
The Greeks he drove, and with the sword destroy'd.
We gaz'd in wonder; from the fight restrain'd
By Peleus' son, with Agamemnon wroth.
His follower I; one ship convey'd us both;
One of the Myrmidons I am; my sire
Polyctor, rich, but aged, e'en as thou.
Six sons he hath, besides myself, the sev'nth;
And I by lot was drafted for the war.
I from the ships am to the plain come forth;
For with the dawn of day the keen-ey'd Greeks
Will round the city marshal their array.
They chafe in idleness; the chiefs in vain
Strive to restrain their ardour for the fight."
To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire:
"If of Achilles, Peleus' son, thou art
Indeed a follower, tell me all the truth;
Lies yet my son beside the Grecian ships,

Or hath Achilles torn him limb from limb,
And to his dogs the mangled carcase giv'n?"
To whom in answer thus the Guardian-God:
"On him, old man, nor dogs nor birds have fed,
But by the ship of Peleus' son he lies
Within the tent; twelve days he there hath lain,
Nor hath corruption touch'd his flesh, nor worms,
That wont to prey on men in battle slain.
The corpse, indeed, with each returning morn,
Around his comrade's tomb Achilles drags,
Yet leaves it still uninjur'd; thou thyself
Mightst see how fresh, as dew-besprent, he lies,
From blood-stains cleans'd, and clos'd his many wounds,
For many a lance was buried in his corpse.
So, e'en in death, the blessed Gods above,
Who lov'd him well, protect thy noble son."
He said; th' old man rejoicing heard his words,
And answer'd, "See, my son, how good it is
To give th' immortal Gods their tribute due;
For never did my son, while yet he liv'd,
Neglect the Gods who on Olympus dwell;
And thence have they remember'd him in death.
Accept, I pray, this goblet rich-emboss'd;
Be thou my guard, and, under Heav'n, my guide,
Until I reach the tent of Peleus' son."
To whom in answer thus the Guardian-God:
"Old father, me thy younger wouldst thou tempt,
In vain; who bidd'st me at thy hands accept
Thy proffer'd presents, to Achilles' wrong.
I dread his anger; and should hold it shame
To plunder him, through fear of future ill.
But, as thy guide, I could conduct thee safe,
As far as Argos, journeying by thy side,
On ship-board or on foot; nor by the fault
Of thy conductor shouldst thou meet with harm."
Thus spoke the Guardian-God, and on the car
Mounting in haste, he took the whip and reins,
And with fresh vigour mules and horses fill'd.
When to the ship-tow'rs and the trench they came,
The guard had late been busied with their meal;
And with deep sleep the heav'nly Guide o'erspread
The eyes of all; then open'd wide the gates,
And push'd aside the bolts, and led within
Both Priam, and the treasure-laden wain.
But when they reach'd Achilles' lofty tent,
(Which for their King the Myrmidons had built
Of fir-trees fell'd, and overlaid the roof
With rushes mown from off the neighb'ring mead;
And all around a spacious court enclos'd
With cross-set palisades; a single bar
Of fir the gateway guarded, which to shut
Three men, of all the others, scarce suffic'd,
And three to open; but Achilles' hand
Unaided shut with ease the massive bar)
Then for the old man Hermes op'd the gate,
And brought within the court the gifts design'd
For Peleus' godlike son; then from the car
Sprang to the ground, and thus to Priam spoke:
"Old man, a God hath hither been thy guide;
Hermes I am, and sent to thee from Jove,
Father of all, to bring thee safely here.
I now return, nor to Achilles' eyes
Will I appear; beseems it not a God
To greet a mortal in the sight of all.
But go thou in, and clasp Achilles' knees,
And supplicate him for his father's sake,
His fair-hair'd mother's, and his child's, that so
Thy words may stir an answer in his heart."
Thus saying, Hermes to Olympus' heights
Return'd; and Priam from his chariot sprang,
And left Idæus there, in charge to keep
The horses and the mules, while he himself
Enter'd the dwelling straight, where wont to sit
Achilles, lov'd of Heav'n. The chief he found
Within, his followers seated all apart;
Two only in his presence minister'd,
The brave Automedon, and Alcimus,
A warrior bold; scarce ended the repast
Of food and wine; the table still was set.
Great Priam enter'd, unperceiv'd of all;
And standing by Achilles, with his arms
Embrac'd his knees, and kiss'd those fearful hands,

Blood-stain'd, which many of his sons had slain.
As when a man, by cruel fate pursued,
In his own land hath shed another's blood,
And flying, seeks beneath some wealthy house
A foreign refuge; wond'ring, all behold:
On godlike Priam so with wonder gaz'd
Achilles; wonder seiz'd th' attendants all,
And one to other looked; then Priam thus
To Peleus' son his suppliant speech address'd:
"Think, great Achilles, rival of the Gods,
Upon thy father, e'en as I myself
Upon the threshold of unjoyous age:
And haply he, from them that dwell around
May suffer wrong, with no protector near
To give him aid; yet he, rejoicing, knows
That thou still liv'st; and day by day may hope
To see his son returning safe from Troy;
While I, all hapless, that have many sons,
The best and bravest through the breadth of Troy,
Begotten, deem that none are left me now.
Fifty there were, when came the sons of Greece;
Nineteen the offspring of a single womb;
The rest, the women of my household bore.
Of these have many by relentless Mars
Been laid in dust; but he, my only one,
The city's and his brethren's sole defence,
He, bravely fighting in his country's cause,
Hector, but lately by thy hand hath fall'n:
On his behalf I venture to approach
The Grecian ships; for his release to thee
To make my pray'r, and priceless ransom pay.
Then thou, Achilles, reverence the Gods;
And, for thy father's sake, look pitying down
On me, more needing pity; since I bear
Such grief as never man on earth hath borne,
Who stoop to kiss the hand that slew my son."
Thus as he spoke, within Achilles' breast
Fond mem'ry of his father rose; he touch'd
The old man's hand, and gently put him by;
Then wept they both, by various mem'ries stirr'd:
One, prostrate at Achilles' feet, bewail'd
His warrior son; Achilles for his sire,
And for Patroclus wept, his comrade dear;
And through the house their weeping loud was heard.
But when Achilles had indulg'd his grief,
And eas'd the yearning of his heart and limbs,
Uprising, with his hand the aged sire,
Pitying his hoary head and hoary beard,
He rais'd, and thus with gentle words address'd:
"Alas, what sorrows, poor old man, are thine!
How couldst thou venture to the Grecian ships
Alone, and to the presence of the man
Whose hand hath slain so many of thy sons,
Many and brave? an iron heart is thine!
But sit thou on this seat; and in our hearts,
Though filled with grief, let us that grief suppress;
For woful lamentation nought avails.
Such is the thread the Gods for mortals spin,
To live in woe, while they from cares are free.
Two coffers lie beside the door of Jove,
With gifts for man: one good, the other ill;
To whom from each the Lord of lightning gives,
Him sometimes evil, sometimes good befalls;
To whom the ill alone, him foul disgrace
And grinding mis'ry o'er the earth pursue:
By God and man alike despis'd he roams.
Thus from his birth the Gods to Peleus gave
Excellent gifts; with wealth and substance bless'd
Above his fellows; o'er the Myrmidons
He rul'd with sov'reign sway; and Heav'n bestow'd
On him, a mortal, an immortal bride.
Yet this of ill was mingled in his lot,
That in his house no rising race he saw
Of future Kings; one only son he had,
One doom'd to early death; nor is it mine
To tend my father's age; but far from home
Thee and thy sons in Troy I vex with war.
Much have we heard too of thy former wealth;
Above what Lesbos northward, Macar's seat,
Contains, and Upper Phrygia, and the shores
Of boundless Hellespont, 'tis said that thou
In wealth and number of thy sons wast bless'd.
But since on thee this curse the Gods have brought,
Still round thy city war and murder rage.
Bear up, nor thus with grief incessant mourn;
Vain is thy sorrow for thy gallant son;
Thou canst not raise him, and mayst suffer more."

To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire;
"Tell me not yet, illustrious chief, to sit,
While Hector lies, uncar'd for, in the tent;
But let me quickly go, that with mine eyes
I may behold my son; and thou accept
The ample treasures which we tender thee:
Mayst thou enjoy them, and in safety reach
Thy native land, since thou hast spar'd my life,
And bidd'st me still behold the light of Heav'n."
To whom Achilles thus with stern regard:
"Old man, incense me not; I mean myself
To give thee back thy son; for here of late
Despatch'd by Jove, my Goddess-mother came,
The daughter of the aged Ocean-God:
And thee too, Priam, well I know, some God
(I cannot err) hath guided to our ships.
No mortal, though in vent'rous youth, would dare
Our camp to enter; nor could hope to pass
Unnotic'd by the watch, nor easily
Remove the pond'rous bar that guards our doors.
But stir not up my anger in my grief;
Lest, suppliant though thou be, within my tent
I brook thee not, and Jove's command transgress."
He said; the old man trembled, and obey'd;
Then to the door-way, with a lion's spring,
Achilles rush'd; not unaccompanied;
With him Automedon and Alcimus,
His two attendants, of his followers all,
Next to the lost Patroclus, best-esteem'd;
They from the yoke the mules and horses loos'd;
Then led the herald of the old man in,
And bade him sit; and from the polish'd wain
The costly ransom took of Hector's head.
Two robes they left, and one well-woven vest,
To clothe the corpse, and send with honour home.
Then to the female slaves he gave command
To wash the body, and anoint with oil,
Apart, that Priam might not see his son;
Lest his griev'd heart its passion unrestrain'd
Should utter, and Achilles, rous'd to wrath,
His suppliant slay, and Jove's command transgress.
When they had wash'd the body, and with oil
Anointed, and around it wrapp'd the robe
And vest, Achilles lifted up the dead
With his own hands, and laid him on the couch;
Which to the polish'd wain his followers rais'd.
Then groaning, his friend by name he call'd:
"Forgive, Patroclus! be not wroth with me,
If in the realm of darkness thou shouldst hear
That godlike Hector to his father's arms,
For no mean ransom, I restore; whereof
A fitting share for thee I set aside."
This said, Achilles to the tent return'd;
On the carv'd couch, from whence he rose, he sat
Beside the wall; and thus to Priam spoke:
"Old man, thy son, according to thy pray'r,
Is giv'n thee back; upon the couch he lies;
Thyself shalt see him at the dawn of day.
Meanwhile the ev'ning meal demands our care.
Not fair-hair'd Niobe abstain'd from food
When in the house her children lay in death,
Six beauteous daughters and six stalwart sons.
The youths, Apollo with his silver bow,
The maids, the Archer-Queen, Diana, slew,
With anger fill'd that Niobe presum'd
Herself with fair Latona to compare,
Her many children with her rival's two;
So by the two were all the many slain.
Nine days in death they lay; and none was there
To pay their fun'ral rites; for Saturn's son
Had given to all the people hearts of stone.
At length th' immortal Gods entomb'd the dead.
Nor yet did Niobe, when now her grief
Had worn itself in tears, from food refrain.
And now in Sipylus, amid the rocks,
And lonely mountains, where the Goddess nymphs
That love to dance by Achelöus' stream,
'Tis said, were cradled, she, though turn'd to stone,
Broods o'er the wrongs inflicted by the Gods.
So we too, godlike sire, the meal may share;
And later, thou thy noble son mayst mourn,
To Troy restor'd—well worthy he thy tears."
This said, he slaughter'd straight a white-fleec'd sheep;

His comrades then the carcase flay'd and dress'd:
The meat prepar'd, and fasten'd to the spits;
Roasted with care, and from the fire with-drew.
The bread Automedon from baskets fair
Apportion'd out; the meat Achilles shar'd.
They on the viands set before them fell.
The rage of thirst and hunger satisfied,
In wonder Priam on Achilles gaz'd,
His form and stature; as a God he seem'd;
And he too look'd on Priam, and admir'd
His venerable face, and gracious speech.
With mutual pleasure each on other gaz'd,
Till godlike Priam first address'd his host:
"Dismiss me now, illustrious chief, to rest;
And lie we down, in gentle slumbers wrapp'd;
For never have mine eyes been clos'd in sleep,
Since by thy hand my gallant son was slain:
But groaning still, I brood upon my woes,
And in my court with dust my head defile.
Now have I tasted bread, now ruddy wine
Hath o'er my palate pass'd; but not till now."
Thus he; his comrades and th' attendant maids
Achilles order'd in the corridor
Two mattresses to place, with blankets fair
Of purple wool o'erlaid; and on the top
Rugs and soft sheets for upper cov'ring spread.
They from the chamber, torch in hand, with-drew,
And with obedient haste two beds prepar'd.
Then thus Achilles spoke in jesting tone:
"Thou needs must sleep without, my good old friend;
Lest any leader of the Greeks should come,
As is their custom, to confer with me;
Of them whoe'er should find thee here by night
Forthwith to Agamemnon would report,
And Hector might not be so soon restor'd.
But tell me truly this; how many days
For godlike Hector's fun'ral rites ye need;
That for so long a time I may myself
Refrain from combat, and the people stay."
To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire:
"If by thy leave we may indeed perform
His fun'ral rites, to thee, Achilles, great
Will be our gratitude, if this thou grant.
Thou know'st how close the town is hemm'd around;
And from the mountain, distant as it is,
The Trojans well may fear to draw the wood.
Nine days to public mourning would we give;
The tenth, to fun'ral rites and fun'ral feast;
Then on th' eleventh would we raise his mound;
The twelfth, renew the war, if needs we must."
To whom Achilles swift of foot replied:
"So shall it be, old Priam; I engage
To stay the battle for the time requir'd."
Thus speaking, with his hand the old man's wrist
He grasp'd, in token that he need not fear.
Then in the corridor lay down to rest
Old Priam and the herald, Elders sage;
While in his tent's recess Achilles slept,
The fair Brisëis resting by his side.
In night-long slumbers lay the other Gods,
And helmèd chiefs, by gentle sleep subdued;
But on the eyes of Hermes, Guardian-God,
No slumber fell, deep pond'ring in his mind
How from the ships in safety to conduct
The royal Priam, and the guard elude.
Above the sleeper's head he stood, and cried:
"Old man, small heed thou tak'st of coming ill,
Who, when Achilles gives thee leave to go,
Sleep'st undisturb'd, surrounded by thy foes.
Thy son hath been restor'd, and thou hast paid
A gen'rous price; but to redeem thy life,
If Agamemnon and the other Greeks
Should know that thou art here, full thrice so much
Thy sons, who yet are left, would have to pay."
He said; the old man trembled, and arous'd
The herald; while the horses and the mules
Were yok'd by Hermes, who with silent speed
Drove through th' encampment, unobserv'd of all.
But when they came to eddying Xanthus' ford,
Fair-flowing stream, born of immortal Jove,
To high Olympus Hermes took his flight
As morn, in saffron robe, o'er all the earth
Was light diffusing; they with fun'ral wail
Drove cityward the horses; following came
The mules that drew the litter of the dead.
The plain they travers'd o'er, observ'd of none,
Or man or woman, till Cassandra, fair
As golden Venus, from the topmost heigh:
Of Pergamus, her father in his car

Upstanding saw, the herald at his side.
Him too she saw, who on the litter lay;
Then lifted up her voice, and cried aloud
To all the city, "Hither, Trojans, come,
Both men and women, Hector see restor'd;
If, while he liv'd, returning from the fight,
Ye met him e'er rejoicing, who indeed
Was all the city's chiefest joy and pride."
She said; nor man nor woman then was left
Within the city; o'er the minds of all
Grief pass'd, resistless; to the gates in throngs
They press'd, to crowd round him who brought the dead.
The first to clasp the body were his wife
And honour'd mother; eagerly they sprang
On the smooth-rolling wain, to touch the head
Of Hector; round them, weeping, stood the crowd
Weeping, till sunset, all the live-long day
Had they before the gates for Hector mourn'd;
Had not old Priam from the car address'd
The crowd: "Make way, that so the mules may pass;
When to my house I shall have brought my dead,
Ye there may vent your sorrow as ye will."
Thus as he spoke, obedient to his word
They stood aside, and for the car made way:
But when to Priam's lordly house they came,
They laid him on a rich-wrought couch, and call'd
The minstrels in, who by the hero's bed
Should lead the melancholy chorus; they
Pour'd forth the music of the mournful dirge,
While women's voices join'd in loud lament.
White-arm'd Andromache the wail began,
The head of Hector clasping in her hands:
"My husband, thou art gone in pride of youth,
And in thine house hast left me desolate;
Thy child an infant still, thy child and mine,
Unhappy parents both! nor dare I hope
That he may reach the ripeness of his youth;
For ere that day shall Troy in ruin fall,
Since thou art gone, her guardian! thou whose arm
Defended her, her wives, and helpless babes!
They now shall shortly o'er the sea be borne,
And with them I shall go; thou too, my child,
Must follow me, to servile labour doom'd,
The suff'ring victim of a tyrant Lord;
Unless perchance some angry Greek may seize
And dash thee from the tow'r—a woful death!
Whose brother, or whose father, or whose son
By Hector hath been slain; for many a Greek
By Hector's hand hath bit the bloody dust;
Not light in battle was thy father's hand!
Therefore for him the gen'ral city mourns;
Thou to thy parents bitter grief hast caus'd,
Hector! but bitt'rest grief of all hast left
To me! for not to me was giv'n to clasp
The hand extended from thy dying bed,
Nor words of wisdom catch, which night and day,
With tears, I might have treasur'd in my heart."
Weeping she spoke—the women join'd the wail.
Then Hecuba took up the loud lament:
"Hector, of all my children dearest thou!
Dear to th' Immortals too in life wast thou,
And they in death have borne thee still in mind;
For other of my sons, his captives made,
Across the wat'ry waste, to Samos' isle
Or Imbros, or th' inhospitable shore
Of Lemnos, hath Achilles, swift of foot,
To slav'ry sold; thee, when his sharp-edg'd spear
Had robb'd thee of thy life, he dragg'd indeed
Around Patroclus' tomb, his comrade dear,
Whom thou hadst slain; yet so he rais'd not up
His dead to life again; now liest thou here,
All fresh and fair, as dew-besprent; like one
Whom bright Apollo, with his arrows keen,
God of the silver bow, hath newly slain."
Weeping, she spoke; and rous'd the gen'ral grief.
Then Helen, third, the mournful strain renew'd:
"Hector, of all my brethren dearest thou!
True, godlike Paris claims me as his wife,
Who bore me hither—would I then had died!
But twenty years have pass'd since here I came,
And left my native land; yet ne'er from thee
I heard one scornful, one degrading word;
And when from others I have borne reproach,
Thy brothers, sisters, or thy brothers' wives,
Or mother, (for thy sire was ever kind

E'en as a father) thou hast check'd them still
With tender feeling, and with gentle words.
For thee I weep, and for myself no less:
For, through the breadth of Troy, none love me now,
None kindly look on me, but all abhor."
Weeping she spoke, and with her wept the crowd.
At length the aged Priam gave command:
"Haste now, ye Trojans, to the city bring
Good store of fuel; fear no treach'rous wile;
For when he sent me from the dark-ribb'd ships,
Achilles promis'd that from hostile arms
Till the twelfth morn we should no harm sustain."
He said; and they the oxen and the mules
Yok'd to the wains, and from the city throng'd:
Nine days they labour'd, and brought back to Troy
Good store of wood; but when the tenth day's light
Upon the earth appear'd, weeping, they bore
Brave Hector out; and on the fun'ral pile
Laying the glorious dead, applied the torch.
While yet the rosy-finger'd morn was young
Round noble Hector's pyre the people press'd:
When all were gather'd round, and closely throng'd,
First on the burning mass, as far as spread
The range of fire, they pour'd the ruddy wine,
And quench'd the flames: his brethren then and friends
Weeping, the hot tears flowing down their cheeks,
Collected from the pile the whiten'd bones;
These in a golden casket they enclos'd,
And o'er it spread soft shawls of purple dye;
Then in a grave they laid it, and in haste
With stone in pond'rous masses cover'd o'er;
And rais'd a mound, and watch'd on ev'ry side,
From sudden inroad of the Greeks to guard.
The mound erected, back they turn'd; and all
Assembled duly, shar'd the solemn feast
In Priam's palace, Heav'n-descended King.
Such were the rites to glorious Hector paid.

THE ODYSSEY[1]

BOOK XXI

Pallas, the goddess of the azure eyes,
Woke in the mind of sage Penelope,
The daughter of Icarius, this design,—
To put into the suitors' hands the bow
And gray steel rings, and to propose a game
That in the palace was to usher in
The slaughter. So she climbed the lofty stair,
Up from the hall, and took in her plump hand
The fair carved key; its wards were wrought of brass,
And ivory was the handle. Soon she reached
The furthest room with her attendant maids.
There lay the treasures of Ulysses,—brass
And gold, and steel divinely wrought. There lay
His bow unstrung; there lay his quiver charged
With arrows; many were the deadly shafts
It held, a stranger's gift, who met him once
In Lacedaemon, Iphitus by name,
The son of Eurytus, and like the gods
In presence. In Messenè met the twain,
And in the mansion of Orsilochus,
The warlike. Thither had Ulysses come
To claim a debt from all the region round;
For rovers from Messenè to their ships
Had driven and carried off from Ithaca
Three hundred sheep and those who tended them.
For this Ulysses, though a stripling yet,
Came that long voyage, on an embassy,
Sent by his father and the other chiefs.
And Iphitus had come in search of steeds
Which he had lost,—twelve mares, and under them
Twelve hardy mules, their foals. That errand brought
The doom of death upon him. For he came,
In journeying, to the abode of Hercules,
The mighty hero-son of Jupiter,
Famed for his labors, who, in his own house,
Slew Iphitus, the stranger. Cruel wretch!
Who reverenced not the vengeance of the gods,
Nor what was due to his own board, at which
He placed his guest, and slew him afterward,

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And in his stables kept the goodly mares.
'T was when this guest was seeking for his steeds
He met Ulysses, and bestowed on him
The bow, which mighty Eurytus once bore,
And dying in his lofty palace left
The weapon to his son. Ulysses gave
In turn a trenchant sword and massive lance,
A pledge of kindly hospitality,
Begun, but not continued till they sat
Each at the other's table; for the son
Of Jove first took the life of him who gave
The bow, the godlike son of Eurytus.
That bow Ulysses, when he went to war
In his black galleys, never took with him,
But left it in his palace, to be kept
In memory of a beloved friend,
And only bore it in his own domain.
Now when the glorious lady reached the room,
And stood upon the threshold, wrought of oak
And polished by the workman's cunning hand,
Who stretched the line upon it, and set up
Its posts, and hung its shining doors, she loosed
With a quick touch the thong that held the ring,
Put in the key, and with a careful aim
Struck back the sounding bolts. As when a bull
Roars in the field, such sound the beautiful doors,
Struck with the key, gave forth, and instantly
They opened to her. Up the lofty floor
She stepped, where stood the coffer that contained
The perfumed garments. Reaching forth her hand,
The queen took down the bow, that hung within
Its shining case, and sat her down, and laid
The case upon her knees, and, drawing forth
The monarch's bow, she wept aloud. As soon
As that new gush of tears had ceased to fall,
Back to the hall she went, and that proud throng
Of suitors, bearing in her hand the bow
Unstrung, and quiver, where the arrows lay
Many and deadly. Her attendant maids
Brought also down a coffer, where were laid
Much brass and steel, provided by the king
For games like these. The glorious lady then,
In presence of the suitors, stood beside
The columns that upheld the stately roof.
She held a lustrous veil before her cheeks,
And, while on either side of her a maid
Stood modestly, bespake the suitors thus:—
"Hear, noble suitors! ye who throng these halls,
And eat and drink from day to day, while long
My husband has been gone; your sole excuse
For all this lawlessness the claim ye make
That I become a bridè. Come then, for now
A contest is proposed. I bring to you
The mighty bow that great Ulysses bore.
Whoe'er among you he may be whose hand
Shall bend this bow, and send through these twelve rings
An arrow, him I follow hence, and leave
This beautiful abode of my young years,
With all its plenty,—though its memory,
I think, will haunt me even in my dreams."
She spake, and bade the master of the swine,
The good Eumaeus, place the bow and rings
Of hoary steel before the suitor-train.
In tears he bore the bow and laid it down.
The herdsman also wept to see again
His master's bow. Antinoüs called to both
With a loud voice, and chid them angrily:—
"Ye silly rustics, who can never see
Beyond the hour, why trouble with your tears
The lady who had grief enough besides
For her lost husband? Sit and share the feast
In silence, or go forth and leave the bow;
A difficult contest it will be for us,
Nor, as I think, will this fair bow be bent
With ease, since surely there is no man here
Such as Ulysses was. I saw him once,
While but a child, and still remember him."
He spake, yet in his secret heart believed
That he should bend the bow, and send a shaft
Through all the rings. And yet he was the first
To taste the steel,—an arrow from the hand
Of the great chief Ulysses,—whom he wronged
In his own palace, and to equal wrong

Encouraged others. Then Telemachus
Rose in his sacred might, and thus began:—
"Alas! it must be that Saturnian Jove
Has made me lose my wits. Wise as she is,
My mother promises to leave her home
And follow some one else, and yet I laugh,
And am delighted in my foolish heart.
Come then, since such a contest is proposed,
Ye suitors! and for such a woman too.
The like is not in all the lands of Greece,
Argos, Mycenae, or the hallowed shore
Of Pylos, or in Ithaca itself,
Or the dark mainland coast. Ye know it well;
Why should I praise my mother? Come then, all;
Let there be no excuses for delay,
Nor longer leave the bow untried, that we
May see the event. I too am moved to try;
And if I bend the bow, and send a shaft
Through all the rings, my gracious mother then
Will not, to my great grief, renounce her home,
And, following another, leave me here,
Although my prowess even now might win
The glorious prizes that my father won."
He spake and, rising, from his shoulders took
The purple cloak, and laid the trenchant sword
Aside; and first he placed the rings of steel
In order, opening for them in the ground
A long trench by a line, and stamping close
The earth around them. All admired the skill
With which he ranged them never having seen
The game before. And then he took his place
Upon the threshold, and essayed the bow;
And thrice he made the attempt, and thrice gave o'er,
Yet hoping still to draw the cord, and send
An arrow through the rings. He would have drawn
The bow at the fourth trial, but a nod
Given by his father caused him to forbear,
Though eager for the attempt. And then again
The princely youth bespake the suitors thus:—
"Well, this is strange! I may hereafter prove
A craven and a weakling, or perchance
Am yet too young, and cannot trust my arm
To do me right against the man who first
Assaults me. Come then, ye whose strength excels
My own, and try the bow, and end the strife."
He spake, and setting down the bow to lean
Against the firm smooth panels of the wall,
And the swift shaft against the bow's fair curve,
He took again his seat upon the throne
From which he rose. And then Eupeithes' son,
Antinoüs, to the crowd of suitors said:—
"Rise one by one, my friends, from right to left.
Begin where he begins who pours the wine."
So spake Antinoüs, and the rest approved.
Then rose Leiodes, son of Œnops, first.
He was their seer, and always had his seat
Beside the ample bowl. From deeds of wrong
He shrank with hatred, and was sore incensed
Against the suitors all. He took the bow
And shaft, and, going to the threshold, stood
And tried the bow, yet bent it not; it galled
His hands, for they were soft, and all unused
To such a task; and thus at length he spake:—
"O friends, I bend it not; another hand
Must try. This bow, upon this very spot,
Will take from many a prince the breath of life.
And better were it thus to die, by far,
Than, living, fail of that intent for which
We haunt this place, and still from day to day
Assemble. There is many a one whose wish
And hope are strong to wed Penelope,
The consort of Ulysses; but so soon
As he shall see and try the hero's bow
Let him with marriage presents seek to gain
Some other bride among the long-robed dames,
Achaia's daughters. Let him leave the queen
To wed the suitor who shall bring to her
The richest gifts, and him whom fate appoints."
He spake, and setting down the bow to lean

Against the firm smooth panels of the wall,
And the swift shaft against the bow's fair curve,
He took again his seat upon the throne
From which he rose. Antinoüs then took up
The word and answered, and reproached him thus:—
"What words are these, Leiodes, that have passed
Thy lips? harsh words and fearful,—that this bow
Shall take from many princes here the breath
Of life, and all because thou hast no power
To bend it? Thy good mother bore thee not
To draw the bow and send the arrow forth,
But others of the noble suitor-train
Are here, by whom this bow shall yet be bent."
Then to Melanthius, keeper of the goats,
Antinoüs gave this bidding. "Light a fire
With speed, Melanthius, in the palace here,
And place a seat before it. Lay a fleece
Upon the seat, and bring us from within
An ample roll of fat, that we young men
By warming and anointing may make soft
The bow, and draw the cord, and end the strife."
He spake; Melanthius kindled instantly
A glowing fire, and near it placed a seat,
And on the seat a fleece, and from within
Brought forth an ample roll of fat, with which
The young men, having warmed it, smeared the bow
And tried, but bent it not, too weak by far
For such a feat. Antinoüs kept aloof,
He and the godlike youth Eurymachus,
Two princes who in might excelled the rest.
The herdsman of Ulysses meantime left
The palace, and with him the swineherd went,
And after them Ulysses. When they all
Were now without the gate and palace court,
Ulysses spake to them, and blandly said:—
"Herdsman and swineherd, shall I say to you
Somewhat, or shall I keep it back? My heart
Moves me to say it. Should Ulysses come,
Led by some god, and suddenly, what aid
Would he receive from you? Would ye take part
With him, or with the suitors? Frankly speak;
And tell me what your hearts would bid you do."
Then answered thus the keeper of the herds:
"O Father Jove! wouldst thou but grant my wish,
And let some god conduct him hither, then
Shall it be seen what might is in these hands!"
So also did Eumaeus offer prayer
To all the deities, that speedily
The wise Ulysses might return; and when
The chief perceived in all its truth the thought
And purpose of their hearts, he spake and said:—
"Know, then, that I myself am he, at home
Again, returning in the twentieth year,
And after many sufferings, to the land
That saw my birth. I know that I am come
Welcome to you alone of all my train
Of servants, since I hear no others pray
For my return. Hear, then, what I engage
Shall be hereafter. If some god o'ercome
For me these arrogant suitors, I will give
To each of you a wife and lands, and build
For each a house near mine, and ye shall be
The friends and brothers of Telemachus
Thenceforth. And now, that ye may surely know
And trust me, I will show a token here,—
A scar which once the white tooth of a boar
Made, when long since, on the Parnassian mount,
I hunted with Autolycus's sons."
Thus having said, he drew from the broad scar
The covering rags; they looked and knew it well,
And wept, and round Ulysses threw their arms,
And kissed in that embrace the hero's head
And shoulders, while Ulysses also kissed
Their heads and hands. The sun would have gone down
Upon their weeping, but for him. He said:—
"Cease now from tears, lest some one from the hall
Should see us, and report of us within.
Now let us enter, not in company,—
I first, and ye thereafter, one by one,

And let the sign be this: the others all—
The haughty suitors—will refuse to me
The bow and quiver. When thou bearest it,
My noble friend Eumaeus, through the halls,
Bring it and place it in my hands, and charge
The women to make fast the solid doors;
And then if any one of them should hear
A groan or other noise of men within,
Let her not issue forth, but silently
Pursue her task. Meantime be it thy care,
My good Philoetius, with a key to lock
The portals of the court and fix the chain."
Thus having said, into that noble pile
He passed again, and took the seat from which
He lately rose, and afterward, in turn,
Entered the servants of the godlike chief.
Eurymachus was busy with the bow,
Turning and warming it before the blaze
On both its sides. He could not bend it thus.
There came a deep sigh from his boastful heart,
And greatly was he vexed, and sadly said:—
"Alas! great cause of grief indeed is here
For me and all. 'T is not that I lament
So much the losing of the bride, although
That also vexes me,—there yet remain
Many fair ladies of the Achaian stock,
Both in the sea-girt lands of Ithaca
And other regions,—yet if we be found
To fall in strength of arm so far below
The great Ulysses that we cannot bend
His bow, our sons will hear of it with shame."
Eupeithes' son, Antinoüs, answered thus:
"Not so, Eurymachus, as thou thyself
Shouldst know. This day is held a solemn feast
Of Phoebus by the people. Who would draw
The bow to-day? Nay, lay it by in peace,
And suffer all the rings to stand as now;
For no man, as I think, will dare to come
Into the palace of Laertes' son
And take them hence. Let him who bears the cup
Begin to serve the wine, that, having poured
Part to the gods, we may lay down the bow,
And with the morning let Melanthius come,—
The goatherd,—bringing with him from the flock
The choicest goats, that we may burn the thighs,
An offering to the god of archery,
Apollo. Then will we again essay
The bow, and bring the contest to an end."
So spake Antinoüs, and they all approved.
Then heralds came, and on the suitors' hands
Poured water; youths filled up the cups with wine,
Beginning at the right, and gave to each
His share; and when they all had poured a part,
And each had drunk, the shrewd Ulysses thus
With artful speech bespake the suitor-train:—
"Hearken, ye suitors of the illustrious queen,
To what my heart is prompting me to say;
But chiefly to Eurymachus I make
My suit, and to Antinoüs, who so well
Hath counselled to lay by the bow and trust
The gods. To-morrow Phoebus will bestow
The needed strength on whomsoe'er he will;
But let me take that polished bow, and try
Among you, whether still the power that dwelt
In these once pliant limbs abides in them,
Or whether happily it has passed from me
Amid my wanderings and a life of want."
He spake, and all were vehemently moved
With anger, for they feared that he would bend
The bow, and thus Antinoüs, railing, spake:—
"Thou worthless vagabond, without a spark
Of reason, art thou not content to sit
And banquet with the proudest, where no part
Of all the feast escapes thee, hearing all
That we are saying, which no other man,
Stranger and beggar, is allowed to hear!
This good wine makes thee foolish, as wine oft
Makes those who swallow it too greedily,
And drink not with due stint. It maddened once
Eurytion, the famed Centaur, in the halls
Of the large-souled Pirithoüs. He had come
Among the Lapithae, and when inflamed
With wine to madness, in those very halls
Did lawless deeds. The heroes were incensed.

They rushed upon him, dragged him through the porch
And out of doors, and there cut off his nose
And ears, and he departed, frenzied still,
And bearing in bewilderment of mind
His punishment, whence war arose between
Centaurs and men; yet surely he had brought
The evil on himself, when overcome
With wine. Such fearful mischief I foretell
Will light on thee, if thou shouldst bend this bow,
Nor canst thou hope for favor here among
The people. We will send thee speedily,
In a black galley, to King Echetus,
The enemy of human kind, from whom
Thou shalt find no escape. Drink, then, in peace
Thy wine, and seek no strife with younger men."
Then spake the sage Penelope again:
"Truly, Antinoüs, it becomes thee not,
Nor is it just, to vex the stranger guests
Who seek the palace of Telemachus.
Dost thou, then, think that, should this stranger bend,
Proud as he is of his great strength of arm,
The mighty bow that once Ulysses bore,
He leads me hence a bride? No hope of that
Is in his heart, and let no one of you
Who banquet here allow a thought like that
To vex him; 't is a thing that cannot be."
Then to the queen, Eurymachus, the son
Of Polybus, replied: "We do not fear,
Sage daughter of Icarius, that this man
Will lead thee hence a bride; it cannot be.
We fear the speech of men and women both.
The very meanest of the Achaian race
Will say: 'Degenerate men are these, who seek
To wed the consort of a glorious chief,
Not one of whom can draw the bow he bore;
And now there comes a wandering beggar-man,
Who draws the bow with ease, and sends a shaft
Through all the rings of steel.' Thus will they speak,
And this will be to us a cause of shame!"
And then the sage Penelope rejoined:
"Eurymachus, it cannot be that those
Should earn the general praise who make the wealth
Of a most worthy man their spoil, and bring
Dishonor on his house. The stranger's frame
Is powerful and well knit; he claims to be
Of noble parentage. Now let him take
The bow, and we will see the event; but this
I promise, and will make my promise good;
If he should bend it,—if Apollo give
To him that glory,—he shall have from me
A tunic and a cloak, fair garments both,
And a keen javelin, his defence against
Both dogs and men, a two-edged sword besides.
And sandals for his feet, and I engage
To send him whither he desires to go."
Then spake discreet Telemachus again:
"Mother, in all Achaia there is none
Who has more power than I can claim, to grant
Or to deny the bow to whom I will.
No one of those who rule the rugged coast
Of Ithaca, or isles where Elis breeds
Her mares, may interpose to thwart my will,
If on the stranger I bestow the bow
To be his own, and bid him take it hence.
Withdraw, O queen, into thy bower; direct
Thy household tasks, the distaff and the web,
And bid thy maidens speed the work. The bow
Belongs to men, and most to me; for here,
Within these walls, the authority is mine."
The queen, astonished, heard him and withdrew,
But kept her son's wise sayings in her heart
And then ascending to her bower, among
Her maids, she wept her well-beloved lord,
Ulysses, till the blue-eyed Pallas came,
And poured upon her lids the balm of sleep.
Meantime the worthy swineherd bore the bow
In hand, and all along the palace-halls
The suitor-crew were chiding him aloud,
And thus an insolent youth among them spake:—
"Thou awkward swineherd, whither goest thou
With the curved bow? Thy own fleet dogs which thou
Hast reared shall soon devour thee, far from men
And midst thy herds of swine, if we find grace
With Phoebus and the other deathless gods."
Such were their words; the swineherd where he stood

Set down the bow in fear, for many a voice
Called to him in the hall. On the other side
Shouted Telemachus with threatening words:—
"Nay, father, carry on the bow, nor think
To stop at every man's command; lest I,
Though younger than thyself, cast stones at thee,
And chase thee to the fields, for I in strength
Excel thee. Would that I excelled as far
In strength of arm the suitors in these halls,
Then would I roughly through the palace-gates
Drive many who are plotting mischief now."
He spake, and all with hearty laughter heard
His words, and for their sake allowed their wrath
Against the prince to cool. The swineherd went
Forward, along the hall, and, drawing near
The wise Ulysses, gave into his hands
The bow; and then he called the nurse aside,
Dame Eurycleia, and bespake her thus:—
"Sage Eurycleia, from Telemachus
I charge thee to make fast the solid doors,
And then, if any of the maids should hear
A groan or other noise of men within,
Let her not issue forth, but silently
Pursue the task in hand, and keep her place."
He spake, nor were his words in vain. The dame
Made fast the doors of that magnificent hall,
While silently Philoetius hastened forth
And locked the portals of the high-walled court.
A cable of the bark of Byblos lay
Beneath the portico,—it once had served
A galley,—and with this the herdsman tied
The portals, and, returning, took the seat
Whence he had risen, but ever kept his eye
Fixed on his lord. Ulysses, meantime, held
The bow, and, turning it, intently eyed
Side after side, and tried each part in turn,
For fear that worms, while he was far away,
Had pierced the horn. At this, a youth among
The suitors, turning to his neighbor, said:—
"Lo an inspector and a judge of bow!
Perhaps he has a bow like that at home,
Or else would make one like it. How he shifts
The thing with busy hands from side to side,—
The vagabond, well trained in knavish tricks!"
Then also said another insolent youth:
"May he in all things be as fortunate
As now, when he shall try to bend that bow!"
Such was their talk; but when the wary chief
Had poised and shrewdly scanned the mighty bow,
Then, as a singer, skilled to play the harp,
Stretches with ease on its new fastenings
A string, the twisted entrails of a sheep,
Made fast at either end, so easily
Ulysses bent that mighty bow. He took
And drew the cord with his right hand; it twanged
With a clear sound as when a swallow screams.
The suitors were dismayed, and all grew pale.
Jove in loud thunder gave a sign from heaven.
The much-enduring chief, Ulysses, heard
With joy the friendly omen, which the son
Of crafty Saturn sent him. He took up
A winged arrow, that before him lay
Upon a table, drawn; the others still
Were in the quiver's womb; the Greeks were yet
To feel them. This he set with care against
The middle of the bow, and toward him drew
The cord and arrow-notch, just where he sat,
And, aiming opposite, let fly the shaft.
He missed no ring of all; from first to last
The brass-tipped arrow threaded every one.
Then to Telemachus Ulysses said:—
"Telemachus, the stranger sitting here
Hath not disgraced thee. I have neither missed
The rings, nor found it hard to bend the bow;
Nor has my manly strength decayed, as these
Who seek to bring me to contempt pretend;
And now the hour is come when we prepare
A supper for Achaians, while the day
Yet lasts, and after supper the delights
Of song and harp, which nobly grace a feast."
He spake, and nodded to Telemachus,
His well-beloved son, who girded on
His trenchant sword, and took in hand his spear,

And, armed with glittering brass for battle, came
And took his station by his father's seat.

BOOK XXII

THEN did Ulysses cast his rags aside,
And, leaping to the threshold, took his stand
On its broad space, with bow and quiver filled
With arrows. At his feet the hero poured
The winged shafts, and to the suitors called:—
"That difficult strife is ended. Now I take
Another mark, which no man yet has hit.
Now shall I see if I attain my aim,
And, by the aid of Phoebus, win renown."
He spake; and, turning, at Antinoüs aimed
The bitter shaft,—Antinoüs, who just then
Had grasped a beautiful two-eared cup of gold,
About to drink the wine. He little thought
Of wounds and death; for who, when banqueting
Among his fellows, could suspect that one
Alone against so many men would dare,
However bold, to plan his death, and bring
On him the doom of fate? Ulysses struck
The suitor with the arrow at the throat.
The point came through the tender neck behind,
Sideways he sank to earth; his hand let fall
The cup; the dark blood in a thick warm stream
Gushed from the nostrils of the smitten man.
He spurned the table with his feet, and spilled
The viands; bread and roasted meats were flung
To lie polluted on the floor. Then rose
The suitors in a tumult, when they saw
The fallen man; from all their seats they rose
Throughout the hall, and to the massive walls
Looked eagerly; there hung no buckler there,
No sturdy lance for them to wield. They called
Thus to Ulysses with indignant words:—
"Stranger! in evil hour hast thou presumed
To aim at men; and thou shalt henceforth bear
Part in no other contest. Even now
Is thy destruction close to thee. Thy hand
Hath slain the noblest youth in Ithaca.
The vultures shall devour thy flesh for this."
So each one said; they deemed he had not slain
The suitor wittingly; nor did they see,
Blind that they were, the doom which in that hour
Was closing round them all. Then with a frown
The wise Ulysses looked on them, and said:—
"Dogs! ye had thought I never would come back
From Ilium's coast, and therefore ye devoured
My substance here, and offered violence
To my maid-servants, and pursued my wife
As lovers, while I lived. Ye dreaded not
The gods who dwell in the great heaven, nor feared
Vengeance hereafter from the hands of men;
And now destruction overhangs you all."
He spake, and all were pale with fear, and each
Looked round for some escape from death. Alone
Eurymachus found voice, and answered thus:—
"If thou indeed be he, the Ithacan
Ulysses, now returned to thine old home,
Well hast thou spoken of the many wrongs
Done to thee by the Achaians in thy house
And in thy fields. But there the man lies slain
Who was the cause of all. Antinoüs first
Began this course of wrong. Nor were his thoughts
So much of marriage as another aim,—
Which Saturn's son denied him,—to bear rule
Himself o'er those who till the pleasant fields
Of Ithaca, first having slain thy son
In ambush. But he now has met his fate.
Spare, then, thy people. We will afterward
Make due amends in public for the waste
Here in thy palace of the food and wine.
For each of us shall bring thee twenty beeves,
And brass and gold, until thy heart shall be
Content. Till then we cannot blame thy wrath."

Sternly the wise Ulysses frowned, and said:
"Eurymachus, if thou shouldst offer me
All that thou hast, thy father's wealth entire,
And add yet other gifts, not even then
Would I refrain from bloodshed, ere my hand
Avenged my wrongs upon the suitor-crew.
Choose then to fight or flee, whoever hopes
Escape from death and fate; yet none of you
Will now, I think, avoid that bitter doom."
He spake. At once their knees and head grew faint,
And thus Eurymachus bespake the rest:—
"This man, O friends, to his untamable arm
Will give no rest, but with that bow in hand,
And quiver, will send forth from where he stands
His shafts, till he has slain us all. Prepare
For combat then, and draw your swords, and hold
The tables up against his deadly shafts,
And rush together at him as one man,
And drive him from the threshold through the door.
Then, hurrying through the city, let us sound
The alarm, and soon he will have shot his last."
He spake, and, drawing his keen two-edged sword
Of brass, sprang toward him with a dreadful cry,
Just as the great Ulysses, sending forth
An arrow, smote the suitor on the breast,
Beside the nipple. The swift weapon stood
Fixed in his liver; to the ground he flung
The sword, and reeling giddily around
The table, fell; he brought with him to earth
The viands and the double cup, and smote
The pavement with his forehead heavily,
And in great agony. With both his feet
He struck and shook his throne, and darkness came
Over his eyes. Then rushed Amphinomus
Against the glorious chief, and drew his sword
To thrust him from the door. Telemachus
O'ertook him, and between his shoulders drove
A brazen lance. Right through his breast it went,
And he fell headlong, with his forehead dashed
Against the floor. Telemachus drew back,
And left his long spear in Amphinomus,
Lest, while he drew it forth, some one among
The Achaians might attack him with the sword,
And thrust him through or hew him down. In haste
He reached his father's side, and quickly said:—
"Now, father, will I bring to thee a shield,
Two javelins, and a helmet wrought of brass,
Well fitted to the temples. I will case
Myself in armor, and will also give
Arms to the swineherd, and to him who tends
The beeves; for men in armor combat best."
And wise Ulysses answered: "Bring them then,
And quickly, while I yet have arrows here
For my defence, lest, when I am alone,
They drive me from my station at the door."
He spake. Obedient to his father's word,
Telemachus was soon within the room
In which the glorious arms were laid. He took
Four bucklers thence, eight spears, and helmets four
Of brass, each darkened with its horsehair crest,
And bore them forth, and quickly stood again
Beside his father. But he first encased
His limbs in brass; his followers also put
Their shining armor on, and took their place
Beside the wise Ulysses, eminent
In shrewd devices. He, while arrows yet
Were ready to his hand, with every aim
Brought down a suitor; side by side they fell.
But when the shafts were spent, the archer-king
Leaned his good bow beside the shining wall,
Against a pillar of the massive pile,
And round his shoulders slung a fourfold shield,
And crowned his martial forehead with a helm
Wrought fairly, with a heavy horsehair crest
That nodded gallantly above, and took
In hand the two stout lances tipped with brass.
In the strong wall there was a postern door,
And, near the outer threshold of the pile,
A passage from it to a narrow lane,

Closed with well-fitting doors. Ulysses bade
The noble swineherd take his station there,
And guard it well, as now the only way
Of entrance. Agelaüs called aloud
To all his fellows, and bespake them thus:—
"Friends! will no one among you all go up
To yonder postern door, and make our plight
Known to the people? Then the alarm would spread,
And this man haply will have shot his last."
Melanthius, keeper of the goats, replied:
"Nay, noble Agelaüs; 't is too near
The palace gate; the entrance of the lane
Is narrow, and a single man, if brave,
Against us all might hold it. I will bring
Arms from the chamber to equip you all;
For there within, and nowhere else, I deem,
Ulysses and his son laid up their arms."
Thus having said, the keeper of the goats,
Melanthius, climbed the palace stairs, and gained
The chamber of Ulysses. Taking thence
Twelve shields, as many spears, as many helms
Of brass, with each its heavy horsehair plume,
He came, and gave them to the suitors' hands.
Then sank the hero's heart, and his knees shook
As he beheld the suitors putting on
Their armor, and uplifting their long spears.
The mighty task appalled him, and he thus
Bespake Telemachus with winged words:—
"Telemachus, some woman here, or else
Melanthius, makes the battle hard for us."
And thus discreet Telemachus replied:
"Father, I erred in this. I was the cause,
And no one else; I left the solid door
Ajar; the spy was shrewder far than I.
Now, good Eumaeus, shut the chamber door,
And see if any of the palace-maids
Have brought these arms, or if I rightly fix
The guilt upon Melanthius, Dolius' son."
So talked they with each other, while again
Melanthius, stealing toward the chamber, thought
To bring yet other shining weapons thence.
The noble swineherd marked him as he went,
And quickly drawing near Ulysses said:—
"Son of Laertes! nobly born and wise!
The knave whom we suspect is on his way
Up to thy chamber. Tell me now, I pray,
And plainly, shall I make an end of him,
If I may prove the stronger man, or bring
The wretch into thy presence, to endure
The vengeance due to all the iniquities
Plotted by him against thee in these halls?"
Ulysses, the sagacious, answered thus:
"Telemachus and I will keep at bay
The suitors in this place, however fierce
Their onset, while ye two bind fast his hands
And feet behind his back, and bringing him
Into the chamber, with the door made fast
Behind you, tie him with a double cord,
And draw him up a lofty pillar close
To the timbers of the roof, that, swinging there,
He may live long and suffer grievous pain."
He spake; they hearkened and obeyed, and went
Up to the chamber unperceived by him
Who stood within and searched a nook for arms.
On each side of the entrance, by its posts,
They waited for Melanthius. Soon appeared
The goatherd at the threshold of the room,
Bearing a beautiful helmet in one hand,
And in the other a broad ancient shield,
Defaced by age and mould. Laertes once,
The hero, bore it when a youth, but now
Long time it lay unused, with gaping seams.
They sprang and seized the goatherd, dragging him
Back to the chamber by the hair; and there
They cast him, in an agony of fear,
Upon the floor, and bound his hands and feet
With a stout cord behind his back, as bade
The great Ulysses, much-enduring son
Of old Laertes. Round him then they looped
A double cord, and swung him up beside
A lofty pillar, till they brought him near
The timbers of the roof. And then didst thou,
Eumaeus, say to him in jeering words:—
"Melanthius, there mayst thou keep watch all night
On a soft bed, a fitting place for thee;
And when the Mother of the Dawn shall come
Upon her golden seat from ocean's streams,
Thou wilt not fail to see her. Thou mayst then
Drive thy goats hither for the suitors' feast."

They left him in that painful plight, and put
Their armor on, and closed the shining door,
And went, and by Ulysses, versed in wiles,
Stood breathing valor. Four were they who stood
Upon that threshold, while their foes within
Were many and brave. Then Pallas, child of Jove,
Drew near, like Mentor both in shape and voice.
Ulysses saw her, and rejoiced and said:—
"Come, Mentor, to the aid of one who loves
And has befriended thee, thy peer in age."
Thus said Ulysses, but believed he spake
To Pallas, scatterer of hosts. Fierce shouts
Came from the suitors in the hall, and first,
Thus Agelaüs railed, Damastor's son:—
"Mentor, let not Ulysses wheedle thee
To join him, and make war on us, for this
Our purpose is, and it will be fulfilled:
When by our hands the father and the son
Are slain, thou also shalt be put to death
For this attempt, and thy own head shall be
The forfeit. When we shall have taken thus
Thy life with our good weapons, we will seize
On all thou hast, on all thy wealth within
Thy dwelling or without, and, mingling it
With the possessions of Ulysses, leave
Within thy palaces no son of thine
Or daughter living, and no virtuous wife
Of thine, abiding here in Ithaca."
He spake, and woke new anger in the heart
Of Pallas, and she chid Ulysses thus:—
"Ulysses, thou art not, in might of arm
And courage, what thou wert when waging war
Nine years without a pause against the men
Of Troy for Helen's sake, the child of Jove,
And many didst thou slay in deadly strife,
And Priam's city, with its spacious streets,
Was taken through thy counsels. How is it
That, coming to thy own possessions here
And thy own palace, thou dost sadly find
Thy ancient valor fail thee in the strife
Against the suitors? Now draw near, my friend,
And stand by me, and see what I shall do,
And own that Mentor, son of Alcimus,
Amid a press of foes requites thy love."
She spake, but gave not to Ulysses yet
The certain victory; for she meant to put
To further proof the courage and the might
Both of Ulysses and his emulous son.
To the broad palace roof she rose, and sat
In shape a swallow. Agelaüs now,
Damastor's son, cheered on with gallant words
His friends; so also did Amphimedon,
Eurynomus, and Demoptolemus,
Polyctor's son, Peisander, and with these
Sagacious Polybus. These six excelled
In valor all the suitors who survived,
And they were fighting for their lives. The bow
And the fleet shafts had smitten down their peers.
Thus to his fellows Agelaüs spake:—
"O friends, this man will now be forced to stay
His fatal hand. See, Mentor leaves his side,
After much empty boasting, and those four
Are at the entrance gate alone. Now aim
At him with your long spears,—not all at once,
Let six first hurl their weapons, and may Jove
Grant that we strike Ulysses down, and win
Great glory! For the others at his side
We care but little, if their leader fall."
He spake; they hearkened. Eagerly they cast
Their lances. Pallas made their aim to err.
One struck a pillar of the massive pile;
One struck the panelled door; one ashen shaft,
Heavy with metal, rang against the wall.
And when they had escaped that flight of spears,
Hurled from the crowd, the much-enduring man,
Ulysses, thus to his companions said:—
"Now is the time, my friends, to send our spears
Into the suitor-crowd, who, not content
With wrongs already done us, seek our lives."
He spake, and, aiming opposite, they cast
Their spears. The weapon which Ulysses flung
Slew Demoptolemus; his son struck down
Euryades; the herdsman smote to death
Peisander, and the swineherd Elatus.
These at one moment fell, and bit the dust
Of the broad floor. Back flew the suitor-crowd

To a recess; and after them the four
Rushed on, and plucked their weapons from the dead.
Again the suitors threw their spears; again
Did Pallas cause their aim to err. One struck
A pillar of the massive pile, and one
The panelled door; another ashen shaft,
Heavy with metal, rang against the wall.
Yet did the weapon of Amphimedon
Strike lightly on the wrist Telemachus.
The brass just tore the skin. Ctesippus grazed
The shoulder of Eumaeus with his spear,
Above the shield; the spear flew over it
And fell to earth. Then they who stood beside
The sage Ulysses, versed in wiles, once more
Flung their keen spears. The spoiler of walled towns,
Ulysses, slew Eurydamas; his son
Struck down Amphimedon; the swineherd took
The life of Polybus; the herdsman smote
Ctesippus, driving through his breast the spear,
And called to him, and gloried o'er his fall:—
"O son of Polytherses, prompt to rail!
Beware of uttering, in thy foolish pride,
Big words hereafter; leave it to the gods,
Mightier are they than we. See, I repay
The hospitable gift of a steer's foot,
Which once the great Ulysses from thy hand
Received, as he was passing through this hall."
Thus spake the keeper of the horned herd.
Meantime, Ulysses slew Damastor's son
With his long spear, in combat hand to hand.
Telemachus next smote Evenor's son,
Leiocritus. He sent the brazen spear
Into his bowels; through his body passed
The weapon, and he fell upon his face.
His forehead struck the floor. Then Pallas held
On high her fatal aegis. From the roof
She showed it, and their hearts grew wild with fear.
They fled along the hall as flees a herd
Of kine, when the swift gadfly suddenly
Has come among them, and has scattered them
In springtime, when the days are growing long.
Meantime, like falcons with curved claws and beaks,
That, coming from the mountain summits, pounce
Upon the smaller birds, and make them fly
Close to the fields among the snares they dread,
And seize and slay, nor can the birds resist
Or fly, and at the multitude of prey
The fowlers' hearts are glad; so did the four
Smite right and left the suitors hurrying through
The palace-hall, and fearful moans arose
As heads were smitten by the sword, and all
The pavement swam with blood. Leiodes then
Sprang forward to Ulysses, clasped his knees,
And supplicated him with winged words:—
"I come, Ulysses, to thy knees. Respect
And spare me. Never have I said or done,
Among the women of thy household, aught
That could be blamed, and I essayed to check
The wrongs of other suitors. Little heed
They gave my counsels, nor withheld their hands
From evil deeds, and therefore have they drawn
Upon themselves an evil fate. But I,
Who have done nothing,—I their soothsayer,—
Must I too die? Then is there no reward
Among the sons of men for worthy deeds."
Ulysses, the sagacious, frowned and said:
"If then, in truth, thou wert as thou dost boast,
A soothsayer among these men, thy prayer
Within these palace-walls must oft have been
That far from me might be the blessed day
Of my return, and that my wife might take
With thee her lot, and bring forth sons to thee,
And therefore shalt thou not escape from death."
He spake, and seizing with his powerful hand
A falchion lying near, which from the grasp
Of Agelaüs fell when he was slain,
Just at the middle of the neck he smote
Leiodes, while the words were on his lips,
And the head fell, and lay amid the dust.
Phemius, the son of Terpius, skilled in song,
Alone escaped the bitter doom of death.

He by constraint had sung among the train
Of suitors, and was standing now beside
The postern door, and held his sweet-toned lyre,
And pondered whether he should leave the hall,
And sit before the altar of the great
Herceian Jove, where, with Laertes, once
Ulysses oft had burned the thighs of beeves,
Or whether he should fling himself before
Ulysses, as a suppliant, at his knees.
This to his thought seemed wisest,—to approach
Laertes' son, and clasp his knees. He placed
His sweet harp on the floor, between the cup
And silver-studded seat, and went and clasped
The hero's knees, and said in winged words:—
"I come, Ulysses, to thy knees. Respect
And spare me. It will be a grief to thee,
Hereafter, shouldst thou slay a bard, who sings
For gods and men alike. I taught myself
This art; some god has breathed into my mind
Songs of all kinds, and I could sing to thee
As to a god. O, seek not then to take
My life! Thy own dear son Telemachus
Will bear me witness that not willingly
Nor for the sake of lucre did I come
To sing before the suitors at their feasts
And in thy palace, but was forced to come
By numbers and by mightier men than I."
He ceased; Telemachus, the mighty, heard
And thus bespake his father at his side:—
"Refrain; smite not the guiltless with the sword;
And be the herald, Medon, also spared,
Who in our palace had the care of me
Through all my childhood; if he be not slain
Already by Philoetius, or by him
Who tends the swine, or if he have not met
Thyself, when thou wert ranging through the hall."
He spake, and the sagacious Medon heard,
As crouching underneath a throne he lay,
Wrapped in the skin just taken from a steer,
To hide from the black doom of death. He came
From where he lay, and quickly flung aside
The skin, and, springing forward, clasped the knees
Of the young prince, and said in winged words:—
"Dear youth, behold me here; be merciful;
Speak to thy father, that he put not forth
His sword to slay me, eager as he is
For vengeance, and incensed against the men
Who haunt these halls to make his wealth a spoil,
And in their folly hold thyself in scorn."
He spake; the sage Ulysses smiled and said:
"Be of good cheer, since this my son protects
And rescues thee. Now mayst thou well perceive,
And say to other men, how much more safe
Is doing good than evil. Go thou forth
Out of this slaughter to the open court,
Thou and the illustrious bard, and sit ye there,
While here within I do what yet I must."
He spake; they moved away and left the hall,
And by the altar of almighty Jove
Sat looking round them still in fear of death.
Meantime, Ulysses passed with searching look
O'er all the place, to find if yet remained
A single one of all the suitor-crew
Alive, and skulking from his bitter doom.
He saw that all had fallen in blood and dust,
Many as fishes on the shelving beach
Drawn from the hoary deep by those who tend
The nets with myriad meshes. Poured abroad
Upon the sand, while panting to return
To the salt sea they lie, till the hot sun
Takes their life from them; so the suitors lay
Heaped on each other. Then Ulysses took
The word, and thus bespake Telemachus:—
"Go now, Telemachus, and hither call
The nurse, Dame Eurycleia. I would say
Somewhat to her that comes into my thought."
So spake the chief. Telemachus obeyed
The word, and smote the door, and called the nurse:—
"Come hither, ancient dame, who hast in charge
To oversee the women in their tasks;
My father calls thee, and would speak with thee."
He spake; nor flew the word in vain; she flung

Apart the portals of those stately rooms,
And came in haste. Before her went the prince.
Among the corpses of the slain they found
Ulysses, stained with blood, and grimed with dust.
As when a lion, who has just devoured
A bullock of the pasture, moves away,
A terror to the sight, with breast and cheeks
All bathed in blood; so did Ulysses seem,
His feet and hands steeped in the blood of men.
She, when she saw the corpses and the pools
Of blood, and knew the mighty task complete,
Was moved to shout for joy. Ulysses checked
Her eager zeal, and said in winged words:—
"Rejoice in spirit, dame, but calm thyself,
And shout not. To exult aloud o'er those
Who lie in death is an unholy thing.
The pleasure of the gods, and their own guilt,
Brought death on these; for no respect had they
To any of their fellow-men,—the good
Or evil,—whosoever he might be
That came to them, and thus on their own heads
They drew this fearful fate. Now name to me
The women of the palace; let me know
Who is disloyal, and who innocent."
Then thus the well-beloved nurse replied:
"My son, I will declare the truth. There dwell
Here in thy palace fifty serving-maids,
Whom we have taught to work, to comb the fleece
And serve the household. Twelve of these have walked
The way of shame. To me they give no heed,
Nor to Penelope herself. Thy son
Has just now grown to manhood, and the queen
Has never suffered him to rule the maids;
But let me now, ascending to her room,—
The royal bower,—apprise thy wife, to whom
Some deity has sent the gift of sleep."
Ulysses, the sagacious, answered thus:
"Wake her not yet, but go and summon all
The women who have wrought these shameful deeds."
He spake; the matron through the palace went
To seek the women, and to bid them come.
Meanwhile, Ulysses called Telemachus,
The herdsman and the swineherd to his side,
And thus commanded them with winged words:—
"Begin to carry forth the dead, and call
The women to your aid; and next make clean,
With water and with thirsty sponges, all
The sumptuous thrones and tables. When ye thus
Have put the hall in order, lead away
The serving-maids, and in the space between
The kitchen vault and solid outer wall
Smite them with your long swords till they give up
The ghost, and lose the memory evermore
Of secret meetings with the suitor-train."
He spake; the women came, lamenting loud
With many tears, and carried forth the dead,
Leaning upon each other as they went,
And placed them underneath the portico
Of the walled court. Ulysses gave command,
Hastening their task, as all unwillingly
They bore the corpses forth. With water next,
And thirsty sponges in their hands, they cleansed
The sumptuous thrones and tables. Then the prince,
Telemachus, with shovels cleared the floor,
The herdsman and the swineherd aiding him,
And made the women bear the rubbish forth.
And now when all within was once again
In seemly order, they led forth the maids
From that fair pile into the space between
The kitchen vault and solid outer wall,
A narrow space from which was no escape,
And thus discreet Telemachus began:—
"I will not take away these creatures' lives
By a pure death,—these who so long have heaped
Reproaches on my mother's head and mine,
And played the wanton with the suitor-crew."
He spake, and made the hawser of a ship
Fast to a lofty shaft; the other end
He wound about the kitchen vault. So high
He stretched it that the feet of none who hung
On it might touch the ground. As when a flock

Of broad-winged thrushes or wild pigeons strike
A net within a thicket, as they seek
Their perch, and find unwelcome durance there,
So hung the women, with their heads a-row,
And cords about their necks, that they might die
A miserable death. A little while,
And but a little, quivered their loose feet
In air. They led Melanthius from the hall
And through the porch, cut off his nose and ears,
Wrenched out the parts of shame, a bloody meal
For dogs, and in their anger from the trunk
Lopped hands and feet. Then having duly washed
Their feet and hands, they came into the hall,
And to Ulysses; they had done their work.
And then to the dear nurse Ulysses said:—
"Bring sulphur, dame, the cure of noxious air,
And fire, that I may purge the hall with smoke;
And go, and bid Penelope come down,
With her attendant women, and command
That all the handmaids of the household come."
And thus in turn Dame Eurycleia spake:
"Well hast thou said, my son, but suffer me
To bring thee clothes, a tunic and a cloak,
Nor with those rags on thy broad shoulders stand
In thine own palace; it becomes thee not."
Ulysses, the sagacious, answered thus:
"First let a fire be kindled in this hall."
He spake, and Eurycleia, the dear nurse,
Obeyed, and brought the sulphur and the fire.
Ulysses steeped in smoke the royal pile,
Both hall and court. The matron, passing through
The stately palace of Ulysses, climbed
The stair to find and summon all the maids.
And forth they issued, bearing in their hands
Torches, and, crowding round Ulysses, gave
Glad greeting, seized his hands, embraced him, kissed
His hands and brow and shoulders. The desire
To weep for joy o'ercame the chief; his eyes
O'erflowed with tears; he sobbed; he knew them all.

VERGIL (B. C. 70–19)

THE ÆNEID[1]

BOOK II

ARGUMENT

ÆNEAS relates how the city of Troy was taken after a ten years' siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fix'd resolution he had taken not to survive the ruins of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defense of it. At last, having been before advis'd by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevail'd upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to do this, he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterward appears to him, and tells him the land which was design'd for him.

ALL were attentive to the godlike man,
When from his lofty couch he thus began:
"Great queen, what you command me to relate
Renews the sad remembrance of our fate:
An empire from its old foundations rent,
And ev'ry woe the Trojans underwent;
A peopled city made a desert place;
All that I saw, and part of which I was:
Not ev'n the hardest of our foes could hear,
Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear.
And now the latter watch of wasting night,
And setting stars, to kindly rest invite;
But, since you take such int'rest in our woe,
And Troy's disastrous end desire to know,
I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell
What in our last and fatal night befell.
"By destiny compell'd, and in despair,

[1] Translation by Dryden.

The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war,
And by Minerva's aid a fabric rear'd,
Which like a steed of monstrous height appear'd:
The sides were plank'd with pine; they feign'd it made
For their return, and this the vow they paid.
Thus they pretend, but in the hollow side
Selected numbers of their soldiers hide:
With inward arms the dire machine they load,
And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.
In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle
(While Fortune did on Priam's empire smile)
Renown'd for wealth; but, since, a faithless bay,
Where ships expos'd to wind and weather lay.
There was their fleet conceal'd. We thought, for Greece
Their sails were hoisted, and our fears release.
The Trojans, coop'd within their walls so long,
Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,
Like swarming bees, and with delight survey
The camp deserted, where the Grecians lay:
The quarters of the sev'ral chiefs they show'd;
Here Phœnix, here Achilles, made abode;
Here join'd the battles; there the navy rode.
Part on the pile their wond'ring eyes employ:
The pile by Pallas rais'd to ruin Troy.
Thymœtes first ('t is doubtful whether hir'd,
Or so the Trojan destiny requir'd)
Mov'd that the ramparts might be broken down,
To lodge the monster fabric in the town.
But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,
The fatal present to the flames design'd,
Or to the wat'ry deep; at least to bore
The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore.
The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide,
With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.
Laocoon, follow'd by a num'rous crowd,
Ran from the fort, and cried, from far, aloud:
'O wretched countrymen! what fury reigns?
What more than madness has possess'd your brains?
Think you the Grecians from your coasts are gone?
And are Ulysses' arts no better known?
This hollow fabric either must inclose,
Within its blind recess, our secret foes;
Or 't is an engine rais'd above the town,
T' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.
Somewhat is sure design'd, by fraud or force:
Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse.'
Thus having said, against the steed he threw
His forceful spear, which, hissing as it flew,
Pierc'd thro' the yielding planks of jointed wood,
And trembling in the hollow belly stood.
The sides, transpierc'd, return a rattling sound,
And groans of Greeks inclos'd come issuing thro' the wound.
And, had not Heav'n the fall of Troy design'd,
Or had not men been fated to be blind,
Enough was said and done t' inspire a better mind.
Then had our lances pierc'd the treach'rous wood,
And Ilian tow'rs and Priam's empire stood.
Meantime, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring
A captive Greek, in bands, before the king;
Taken, to take; who made himself their prey,
T' impose on their belief, and Troy betray;
Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent
To die undaunted, or to circumvent.
About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;
All press to see, and some insult the foe.
Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles disguis'd;
Behold a nation in a man compris'd.
Trembling and miscreant stood, unarm'd and bound;
He star'd, and roll'd his haggard eyes around,
Then said: 'Alas! what earth remains, what sea
Is open to receive unhappy me?
What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends?'

He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye.
Our pity kindles, and our passions die.
We cheer the youth to make his own defense,
And freely tell us what he was, and whence:
What news he could impart, we long to know,
And what to credit from a captive foe.
"His fear at length dismiss'd, he said: 'Whate'er
My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere:
I neither can nor dare my birth disclaim;
Greece is my country, Sinon is my name.
Tho' plung'd by Fortune's pow'r in misery,
'Tis not in Fortune's pow'r to make me lie.
If any chance has hither brought the name
Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,
Who suffer'd from the malice of the times,
Accus'd and sentenc'd for pretended crimes,
Because these fatal wars he would prevent;
Whose death the wretched Greeks too late lament—
Me, then a boy, my father, poor and bare
Of other means, committed to his care,
His kinsman and companion in the war.
While Fortune favor'd, while his arms support
The cause, and rul'd the counsels, of the court,
I made some figure there; nor was my name
Obscure, nor I without my share of fame.
But when Ulysses, with fallacious arts,
Had made impression in the people's hearts,
And forg'd a treason in my patron's name
(I speak of things too far divulg'd by fame),
My kinsman fell. Then I, without support,
In private mourn'd his loss, and left the court.
Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate
With silent grief, but loudly blam'd the state,
And curs'd the direful author of my woes.
'T was told again; and hence my ruin rose.
I threaten'd, if indulgent Heav'n once more
Would land me safely on my native shore,
His death with double vengeance to restore.
This mov'd the murderer's hate; and soon ensued
Th' effects of malice from a man so proud.
Ambiguous rumors thro' the camp he spread,
And sought, by treason, my devoted head;
New crimes invented; left unturn'd no stone,
To make my guilt appear, and hide his own;
Till Calchas was by force and threat'ning wrought—
But why—why dwell I on that anxious thought?
If on my nation just revenge you seek,
And 't is t' appear a foe, t' appear a Greek;
Already you my name and country know;
Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike the blow:
My death will both the kingly brothers please,
And set insatiate Ithacus at ease.'
This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken starts,
Rais'd expectations in our longing hearts:
Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts.
His former trembling once again renew'd,
With acted fear, the villain thus pursued:
"'Long had the Grecians (tir'd with fruitless care,
And wearied with an unsuccessful war)
Resolv'd to raise the siege, and leave the town;
And, had the gods permitted, they had gone;
But oft the wintry seas and southern winds
Withstood their passage home, and chang'd their minds.
Portents and prodigies their souls amaz'd;
But most, when this stupendous pile was rais'd:
Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were seen,
And thunders rattled thro' a sky serene.
Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire event,
Eurypylus t' enquire their fate was sent.
He from the gods this dreadful answer brought:
"O Grecians, when the Trojan shores you sought,
Your passage with a virgin's blood was bought:
So must your safe return be bought again,
And Grecian blood once more atone the main."
The spreading rumor round the people ran;
All fear'd, and each believ'd himself the man.
Ulysses took th' advantage of their fright;
Call'd Calchas, and produc'd in open sight:
Then bade him name the wretch, ordain'd by fate

The public victim, to redeem the state.
Already some presag'd the dire event,
And saw what sacrifice Ulysses meant.
For twice five days the good old seer withstood
Th' intended treason, and was dumb to blood,
Till, tir'd with endless clamors and pursuit
Of Ithacus, he stood no longer mute;
But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd that I
Was destin'd by the wrathful gods to die.
All prais'd the sentence, pleas'd the storm should fall
On one alone, whose fury threaten'd all.
The dismal day was come; the priests prepare
Their leaven'd cakes, and fillets for my hair.
I follow'd nature's laws, and must avow
I broke my bonds and fled the fatal blow.
Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay,
Secure of safety when they sail'd away.
But now what further hopes for me remain,
To see my friends, or native soil, again;
My tender infants, or my careful sire,
Whom they returning will to death require;
Will perpetrate on them their first design,
And take the forfeit of their heads for mine?
Which, O! if pity mortal minds can move,
If there be faith below, or gods above,
If innocence and truth can claim desert,
Ye Trojans, from an injur'd wretch avert.'
"False tears true pity move; the king commands
To loose his fetters, and unbind his hands:
Then adds these friendly words: 'Dismiss thy fears;
Forget the Greeks; be mine as thou wert theirs.
But truly tell, was it for force or guile,
Or some religious end, you rais'd the pile?'
Thus said the king. He, full of fraudful arts,
This well-invented tale for truth imparts:
'Ye lamps of heav'n!' he said, and lifted high
His hands now free, 'thou venerable sky!
Inviolable pow'rs, ador'd with dread!
Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this head!
Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled!
Be all of you adjur'd; and grant I may,
Without a crime, th' ungrateful Greeks betray,
Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,
And justly punish whom I justly hate!
But you, O king, preserve the faith you gave,
If I, to save myself, your empire save.
The Grecian hopes, and all th' attempts they made,
Were only founded on Minerva's aid.
But from the time when impious Diomede,
And false Ulysses, that inventive head,
Her fatal image from the temple drew,
The sleeping guardians of the castle slew,
Her virgin statue with their bloody hands
Polluted, and profan'd her holy bands;
From thence the tide of fortune left their shore,
And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before:
Their courage languish'd, as their hopes decay'd;
And Pallas, now averse, refus'd her aid.
Nor did the goddess doubtfully declare
Her alter'd mind and alienated care.
When first her fatal image touch'd the ground,
She sternly cast her glaring eyes around,
That sparkled as they roll'd, and seem'd to threat:
Her heav'nly limbs distill'd a briny sweat.
Thrice from the ground she leap'd, was seen to wield
Her brandish'd lance, and shake her horrid shield.
Then Calchas bade our host for flight prepare,
And hope no conquest from the tedious war,
Till first they sail'd for Greece; with pray'rs besought
Her injur'd pow'r, and better omens brought.
And now their navy plows the wat'ry main,
Yet soon expect it on your shores again,
With Pallas pleas'd; as Calchas did ordain.
But first, to reconcile the blue-ey'd maid
For her stol'n statue and her tow'r betray'd,
Warn'd by the seer, to her offended name
We rais'd and dedicate this wondrous frame,
So lofty, lest thro' your forbidden gates
It pass, and intercept our better fates:
For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost;

And Troy may then a new Palladium boast;
For so religion and the gods ordain,
That, if you violate with hands profane
Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall burn,
(Which omen, O ye gods, on Græcia turn!)
But if it climb, with your assisting hands,
The Trojan walls, and in the city stands;
Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenæ burn,
And the reverse of fate on us return.'
"With such deceits he gain'd their easy hearts,
Too prone to credit his perfidious arts.
What Diomede, nor Thetis' greater son,
A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege, had done—
False tears and fawning words the city won.
"A greater omen, and of worse portent,
Did our unwary minds with fear torment,
Concurring to produce the dire event.
Laocoon, Neptune's priest by lot that year,
With solemn pomp then sacrific'd a steer;
When, dreadful to behold, from sea we spied
Two serpents, rank'd abreast, the seas divide,
And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.
Their flaming crests above the waves they show;
Their bellies seem to burn the seas below;
Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
And on the sounding shore the flying billows force.
And now the strand, and now the plain they held;
Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd;
Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they came,
And lick'd their hissing jaws, that sputter'd flame.
We fled amaz'd; their destin'd way they take,
And to Laocoon and his children make;
And first around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs and bodies grind.
The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade;
Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'd;
And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
The priest thus doubly chok'd, their crests divide,
And tow'ring o'er his head in triumph ride.
With both his hands he labors at the knots;
His holy fillets the blue venom blots;
His roaring fills the flitting air around.
Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,
And with loud bellowings breaks the yielding skies.
Their tasks perform'd, the serpents quit their prey,
And to the tow'r of Pallas make their way:
Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected there
By her large buckler and protended spear.
Amazement seizes all; the gen'ral cry
Proclaims Laocoon justly doom'd to die,
Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
And dar'd to violate the sacred wood.
All vote t' admit the steed, that vows be paid
And incense offer'd to th' offended maid.
A spacious breach is made; the town lies bare;
Some hoisting-levers, some the wheels prepare
And fasten to the horse's feet; the rest
With cables haul along th' unwieldy beast.
Each on his fellow for assistance calls;
At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around.
Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending down,
It enters o'er our heads, and threats the town.
O sacred city, built by hands divine!
O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!
Four times he struck: as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate,
We haul along the horse in solemn state;
Then place the dire portent within the tow'r.
Cassandra cried, and curs'd th' unhappy hour;
Foretold our fate; but, by the god's decree,

All heard, and none believ'd the prophecy.
With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste,
In jollity, the day ordain'd to be the last.
Meantime the rapid heav'ns roll'd down the light,
And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night;
Our men, secure, nor guards nor sentries held,
But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.
The Grecians had embark'd their naval pow'rs
From Tenedos, and sought our well-known shores,
Safe under covert of the silent night,
And guided by th' imperial galley's light;
When Sinon, favor'd by the partial gods,
Unlock'd the horse, and op'd his dark abodes;
Restor'd to vital air our hidden foes,
Who joyful from their long confinement rose.
Tysander bold, and Sthenelus their guide,
And dire Ulysses down the cable slide:
Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus haste;
Nor was the Podalirian hero last,
Nor injur'd Menelaüs, nor the fam'd
Epeüs, who the fatal engine fram'd.
A nameless crowd succeed; their forces join
T' invade the town, oppress'd with sleep and wine.
Those few they find awake first meet their fate;
Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.
"'T was in the dead of night, when sleep repairs
Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
When Hector's ghost before my sight appears:
A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bath'd in tears;
Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,
Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain.
Swol'n were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
Thro' the bor'd holes; his body black with dust;
Unlike that Hector who return'd from toils
Of war, triumphant, in Æacian spoils,
Or him who made the fainting Greeks retire,
And launch'd against their navy Phrygian fire.
His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore;
And all the wounds he for his country bore
Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran.
I wept to see the visionary man,
And, while my trance continued, thus began:
'O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
O, long expected by thy friends! from whence
Art thou so late return'd for our defense?
Do we behold thee, wearied as we are
With length of labors, and with toils of war?
After so many fun'rals of thy own
Art thou restor'd to thy declining town?
But say, what wounds are these? What new disgrace
Deforms the manly features of thy face?'
"To this the specter no reply did frame,
But answer'd to the cause for which he came,
And, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
This warning in these mournful words express'd:
'O goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
The foes already have possess'd the wall;
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
More than enough to duty and to fame.
If by a mortal hand my father's throne
Could be defended, 't was by mine alone.
Now Troy to thee commends her future state,
And gives her gods companions of thy fate:
From their assistance happier walls expect,
Which, wand'ring long, at last thou shalt erect.'
He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,
The venerable statues of the gods,
With ancient Vesta from the sacred choir,
The wreaths and relics of th' immortal fire.
"Now peals of shouts come thund'ring from afar,
Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war:
The noise approaches, tho' our palace stood
Aloof from streets, encompass'd with a wood.

Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' alarms
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.
Fear broke my slumbers; I no longer stay,
But mount the terrace, thence the town survey,
And hearken what the frightful sounds convey.
Thus, when a flood of fire by wind is borne,
Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing corn;
Or deluges, descending on the plains,
Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the pains
Of lab'ring oxen and the peasant's gains;
Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away
Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey:
The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees from far
The wasteful ravage of the wat'ry war.
Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd,
And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd.
The palace of Deïphobus ascends
In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.
Ucalegon burns next: the seas are bright
With splendor not their own, and shine with Trojan light.
New clamors and new clangors now arise,
The sound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries.
With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' alarms,
Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms,
But first to gather friends, with them t' oppose
(If fortune favor'd) and repel the foes;
Spurr'd by my courage, by my country fir'd,
With sense of honor and revenge inspir'd.
"Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,
Had scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the flame:
With relics loaden, to my doors he fled,
And by the hand his tender grandson led.
'What hope, O Pantheus? whither can we run?
Where make a stand? and what may yet be done?'
Scarce had I said, when Pantheus, with a groan:
'Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town!
The fatal day, th' appointed hour, is come,
When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom
Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands.
The fire consumes the town, the foe commands;
And armed hosts, an unexpected force,
Break from the bowels of the fatal horse.
Within the gates, proud Sinon throws about
The flames; and foes for entrance press without,
With thousand others, whom I fear to name,
More than from Argos or Mycenæ came.
To sev'ral posts their parties they divide;
Some block the narrow streets, some scour the wide:
The bold they kill, th' unwary they surprise;
Who fights finds death, and death finds him who flies.
The warders of the gate but scarce maintain
Th' unequal combat, and resist in vain.'
"I heard; and Heav'n, that well-born souls inspires,
Prompts me thro' lifted swords and rising fires
To run where clashing arms and clamor calls,
And rush undaunted to defend the walls.
Ripheus and Iph'itus by my side engage,
For valor one renown'd, and one for age.
Dymas and Hypanis by moonlight knew
My motions and my mien, and to my party drew;
With young Corœbus, who by love was led
To win renown and fair Cassandra's bed,
And lately brought his troops to Priam's aid,
Forewarn'd in vain by the prophetic maid.
Whom when I saw resolv'd in arms to fall,
And that one spirit animated all:
'Brave souls!' said I,—'but brave, alas! in vain—
Come, finish what our cruel fates ordain.
You see the desp'rate state of our affairs,
And heav'n's protecting pow'rs are deaf to pray'rs.
The passive gods behold the Greeks defile
Their temples, and abandon to the spoil
Their own abodes: we, feeble few, conspire
To save a sinking town, involv'd in fire.
Then let us fall, but fall amidst our foes:
Despair of life the means of living shows.'
So bold a speech incourag'd their desire
Of death, and added fuel to their fire.
"As hungry wolves, with raging appetite,

Scour thro' the fields, nor fear the stormy night—
Their whelps at home expect the promis'd food,
And long to temper their dry chaps in blood—
So rush'd we forth at once; resolv'd to die,
Resolv'd, in death, the last extremes to try.
We leave the narrow lanes behind, and dare
Th' unequal combat in the public square:
Night was our friend; our leader was despair.
What tongue can tell the slaughter of that night?
What eyes can weep the sorrows and affright?
An ancient and imperial city falls;
The streets are fill'd with frequent funerals;
Houses and holy temples float in blood,
And hostile nations make a common flood.
Not only Trojans fall; but, in their turn,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn.
Ours take new courage from despair and night:
Confus'd the fortune is, confus'd the fight.
All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears;
And grisly Death in sundry shapes appears.
Androgeos fell among us, with his band,
Who thought us Grecians newly come to land.
'From whence,' said he, 'my friends, this long delay?
You loiter, while the spoils are borne away:
Our ships are laden with the Trojan store;
And you, like truants, come too late ashore.'
He said, but soon corrected his mistake,
Found, by the doubtful answers which we make:
Amaz'd, he would have shunn'd th' unequal fight;
But we, more num'rous, intercept his flight.
As when some peasant, in a bushy brake,
Has with unwary footing press'd a snake;
He starts aside, astonish'd, when he spies
His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes;
So from our arms surpris'd Androgeos flies.
In vain; for him and his we compass'd round,
Possess'd with fear, unknowing of the ground,
And of their lives an easy conquest found.
Thus Fortune on our first endeavor smil'd.
Corœbus then, with youthful hopes beguil'd,
Swoln with success, and of a daring mind,
This new invention fatally design'd.
'My friends,' said he, 'since Fortune shows the way,
'Tis fit we should th' auspicious guide obey.
For what has she these Grecian arms bestow'd,
But their destruction, and the Trojans' good?
Then change we shields, and their devices bear:
Let fraud supply the want of force in war.
They find us arms.' This said, himself he dress'd
In dead Androgeos' spoils, his upper vest,
His painted buckler, and his plumy crest.
Thus Ripheus, Dymas, all the Trojan train,
Lay down their own attire, and strip the slain.
Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill presage,
Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy rage;
Unknown, assaulting whom we blindly meet,
And strew with Grecian carcasses the street.
Thus while their straggling parties we defeat,
Some to the shore and safer ships retreat;
And some, oppress'd with more ignoble fear,
Remount the hollow horse, and pant in secret there.
"But, ah! what use of valor can be made,
When heav'n's propitious pow'rs refuse their aid!
Behold the royal prophetess, the fair
Cassandra, dragg'd by her dishevel'd hair,
Whom not Minerva's shrine, nor sacred bands,
In safety could protect from sacrilegious hands:
On heav'n she cast her eyes, she sigh'd, she cried—
'T was all she could—her tender arms were tied.
So sad a sight Corœbus could not bear;
But, fir'd with rage, distracted with despair,
Amid the barb'rous ravishers he flew:
Our leader's rash example we pursue.
But storms of stones, from the proud temple's height,
Pour down, and on our batter'd helms alight:
We from our friends receiv'd this fatal blow,

Who thought us Grecians, as we seem'd in show.
They aim at the mistaken crests, from high;
And ours beneath the pond'rous ruin lie.
Then, mov'd with anger and disdain, to see
Their troops dispers'd, the royal virgin free,
The Grecians rally, and their pow'rs unite,
With fury charge us, and renew the fight.
The brother kings with Ajax join their force,
And the whole squadron of Thessalian horse.
"Thus, when the rival winds their quarrel try,
Contending for the kingdom of the sky,
South, east, and west, on airy coursers borne;
The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn:
Then Nereus strikes the deep; the billows rise,
And, mix'd with ooze and sand, pollute the skies.
The troops we squander'd first again appear
From sev'ral quarters, and enclose the rear.
They first observe, and to the rest betray,
Our diff'rent speech; our borrow'd arms survey.
Oppress'd with odds, we fall; Corœbus first,
At Pallas' altar, by Peneleus pierc'd.
Then Ripheus follow'd, in th' unequal fight;
Just of his word, observant of the right:
Heav'n thought not so. Dymas their fate attends,
With Hypanis, mistaken by their friends.
Nor, Pantheus, thee, thy miter, nor the bands
Of awful Phœbus, sav'd from impious hands.
Ye Trojan flames, your testimony bear,
What I perform'd, and what I suffer'd there;
No sword avoiding in the fatal strife,
Expos'd to death, and prodigal of life!
Witness, ye heav'ns! I live not by my fault:
I strove to have deserv'd the death I sought.
But, when I could not fight, and would have died,
Borne off to distance by the growing tide,
Old Iphitus and I were hurried thence,
With Pelias wounded, and without defense.
New clamors from th' invested palace ring:
We run to die, or disengage the king.
So hot th' assault, so high the tumult rose,
While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppose,
As all the Dardan and Argolic race
Had been contracted in that narrow space;
Or as all Ilium else were void of fear,
And tumult, war, and slaughter, only there.
Their targets in a tortoise cast, the foes,
Secure advancing, to the turrets rose:
Some mount the scaling ladders; some, more bold,
Swerve upwards, and by posts and pillars hold;
Their left hand gripes their bucklers in th' ascent,
While with the right they seize the battlement.
From their demolish'd tow'rs the Trojans throw
Huge heaps of stones, that, falling, crush the foe;
And heavy beams and rafters from the sides
(Such arms their last necessity provides)
And gilded roofs, come tumbling from on high,
The marks of state and ancient royalty.
The guards below, fix'd in the pass, attend
The charge undaunted, and the gate defend.
Renew'd in courage with recover'd breath,
A second time we ran to tempt our death,
To clear the palace from the foe, succeed
The weary living, and revenge the dead.
"A postern door, yet unobserv'd and free,
Join'd by the length of a blind gallery,
To the king's closet led: a way well known
To Hector's wife, while Priam held the throne,
Thro' which she brought Astyanax, unseen,
To cheer his grandsire and his grandsire's queen.
Thro' this we pass, and mount the tow'r, from whence
With unavailing arms the Trojans make defense.
From this the trembling king had oft descried
The Grecian camp, and saw their navy ride.
Beams from its lofty height with swords we hew,
Then, wrenching with our hands, th' assault renew;
And, where the rafters on the columns meet,

We push them headlong with our arms and feet.
The lightning flies not swifter than the fall,
Nor thunder louder than the ruin'd wall:
Down goes the top at once; the Greeks beneath
Are piecemeal torn, or pounded into death.
Yet more succeed, and more to death are sent;
We cease not from above, nor they below relent.
Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, threat'ning loud,
With glitt'ring arms conspicuous in the crowd.
So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested snake,
Who slept the winter in a thorny brake,
And, casting off his slough when spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns;
Restor'd with pois'nous herbs, his ardent sides
Reflect the sun; and rais'd on spires he rides;
High o'er the grass, hissing he rolls along,
And brandishes by fits his forky tongue.
Proud Periphas, and fierce Automedon,
His father's charioteer, together run
To force the gate; the Scyrian infantry
Rush on in crowds, and the barr'd passage free.
Ent'ring the court, with shouts the skies they rend;
And flaming firebrands to the roofs ascend.
Himself, among the foremost, deals his blows,
And with his ax repeated strokes bestows
On the strong doors; then all their shoulders ply,
Till from the posts the brazen hinges fly.
He hews apace; the double bars at length
Yield to his ax and unresisted strength.
A mighty breach is made: the rooms conceal'd
Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd;
The halls of audience, and of public state,
And where the lonely queen in secret sate.
Arm'd soldiers now by trembling maids are seen,
With not a door, and scarce a space, between.
The house is fill'd with loud laments and cries,
And shrieks of women rend the vaulted skies;
The fearful matrons run from place to place,
And kiss the thresholds, and the posts embrace.
The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies,
And all his father sparkles in his eyes;
Nor bars, nor fighting guards, his force sustain:
The bars are broken, and the guards are slain.
In rush the Greeks, and all the apartments fill;
Those few defendants whom they find, they kill.
Not with so fierce a rage the foaming flood
Roars, when he finds his rapid course withstood;
Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,
And sweeps the cattle and the cots away.
These eyes beheld him when he march'd between
The brother kings: I saw th' unhappy queen,
The hundred wives, and where old Priam stood,
To stain his hallow'd altar with his blood.
The fifty nuptial beds (such hopes had he,
So large a promise, of a progeny),
The posts, of plated gold, and hung with spoils,
Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.
Where'er the raging fire had left a space,
The Grecians enter and possess the place.
"Perhaps you may of Priam's fate enquire.
He, when he saw his regal town on fire,
His ruin'd palace, and his ent'ring foes,
On ev'ry side inevitable woes,
In arms, disus'd, invests his limbs, decay'd,
Like them, with age; a late and useless aid.
His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain;
Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with pain,
Despairing of success, ambitious to be slain!
Uncover'd but by heav'n, there stood in view
An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass round
The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train
Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain.
Driv'n like a flock of doves along the sky,

Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.
The queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,
And hanging by his side a heavy sword,
'What rage,' she cried, 'has seiz'd my husband's mind?
What arms are these, and to what use design'd?
These times want other aids! Were Hector here.
Ev'n Hector now in vain, like Priam, would appear.
With us, one common shelter thou shalt find,
Or in one common fate with us be join'd.'
She said, and with a last salute embrac'd
The poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.
Behold! Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Pursued by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs.
Thro' swords and foes, amaz'd and hurt, he flies
Thro' empty courts and open galleries.
Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,
And often reaches and his thrusts renews.
The youth, transfix'd, with lamentable cries,
Expires before his wretched parent's eyes:
Whom gasping at his feet when Priam saw,
The fear of death gave place to nature's law;
And, shaking more with anger than with age,
'The gods,' said he, 'requite thy brutal rage!
As sure they will, barbarian, sure they must,
If there be gods in heav'n, and gods be just—
Who tak'st in wrongs an insolent delight;
With a son's death t' infect a father's sight.
Not he, whom thou and lying fame conspire
To call thee his—not he, thy vaunted sire,
Thus us'd my wretched age: the gods he fear'd,
The laws of nature and of nations heard.
He cheer'd my sorrows, and, for sums of gold,
The bloodless carcass of my Hector sold;
Pitied the woes a parent underwent,
And sent me back in safety from his tent.'
"This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
Which, flutt'ring, seem'd to loiter as it flew:
Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield.
"Then Pyrrhus thus: 'Go thou from me to fate,
And to my father my foul deeds relate.
Now die!' With that he dragg'd the trembling sire,
Slidd'ring thro' clotter'd blood and holy mire,
(The mingled paste his murder'd son had made,)
Haul'd from beneath the violated shade,
And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid.
His right hand held his bloody fauchion bare,
His left he twisted in his hoary hair;
Then, with a speeding thrust, his heart he found:
The lukewarm blood came rushing thro' the wound,
And sanguine streams distain'd the sacred ground.
Thus Priam fell, and shar'd one common fate
With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd state:
He, who the scepter of all Asia sway'd,
Whom monarchs like domestic slaves obey'd.
On the bleak shore now lies th' abandon'd king,
A headless carcass, and a nameless thing.
"Then, not before, I felt my cruddled blood
Congeal with fear, my hair with horror stood:
My father's image fill'd my pious mind,
Lest equal years might equal fortune find.
Again I thought on my forsaken wife,
And trembled for my son's abandon'd life.
I look'd about, but found myself alone,
Deserted at my need! My friends were gone.
Some spent with toil, some with despair oppress'd,
Leap'd headlong from the heights; the flames consum'd the rest.
Thus, wand'ring in my way, without a guide,
The graceless Helen in the porch I spied
Of Vesta's temple; there she lurk'd alone;
Muffled she sate, and, what she could, unknown:
But, by the flames that cast their blaze around,
That common bane of Greece and Troy I found.
For Ilium burnt, she dreads the Trojan sword;
More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd lord;
Ev'n by those gods who refug'd her abhorr'd.
Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard,
Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward:

'Shall she triumphant sail before the wind,
And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind?
Shall she her kingdom and her friends review,
In state attended with a captive crew,
While unreveng'd the good old Priam falls,
And Grecian fires consume the Trojan walls?
For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood
Were swell'd with bodies, and were drunk with blood?
'T is true, a soldier can small honor gain,
And boast no conquest, from a woman slain:
Yet shall the fact not pass without applause,
Of vengeance taken in so just a cause;
The punish'd crime shall set my soul at ease,
And murm'ring manes of my friends appease.'
Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasing light
Spread o'er the place; and, shining heav'nly bright,
My mother stood reveal'd before my sight.
Never so radiant did her eyes appear;
Not her own star confess'd a light so clear:
Great in her charms, as when on gods above
She looks, and breathes herself into their love.
She held my hand, the destin'd blow to break;
Then from her rosy lips began to speak:
'My son, from whence this madness, this neglect
Of my commands, and those whom I protect?
Why this unmanly rage? Recall to mind
Whom you forsake, what pledges leave behind.
Look if your helpless father yet survive,
Or if Ascanius or Creüsa live.
Around your house the greedy Grecians err;
And these had perish'd in the nightly war,
But for my presence and protecting care.
Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in fault;
But by the gods was this destruction brought.
Now cast your eyes around, while I dissolve
The mists and films that mortal eyes involve,
Purge from your sight the dross, and make you see
The shape of each avenging deity.
Enlighten'd thus, my just commands fulfil,
Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.
Where yon disorder'd heap of ruin lies,
Stones rent from stones; where clouds of dust arise—
Amid that smother Neptune holds his place,
Below the wall's foundation drives his mace,
And heaves the building from the solid base.
Look where, in arms, imperial Juno stands
Full in the Scæan gate, with loud commands,
Urging on shore the tardy Grecian bands.
See! Pallas, of her snaky buckler proud,
Bestrides the tow'r, refulgent thro' the cloud:
See! Jove new courage to the foe supplies,
And arms against the town the partial deities.
Haste hence, my son; this fruitless labor end:
Haste, where your trembling spouse and sire attend:
Haste; and a mother's care your passage shall befriend.'
She said, and swiftly vanish'd from my sight,
Obscure in clouds and gloomy shades of night.
I look'd, I listen'd; dreadful sounds I hear;
And the dire forms of hostile gods appear.
Troy sunk in flames I saw (nor could prevent),
And Ilium from its old foundations rent;
Rent like a mountain ash, which dar'd the winds,
And stood the sturdy strokes of lab'ring hinds.
About the roots the cruel ax resounds;
The stumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated wounds:
The war is felt on high; the nodding crown
Now threats a fall, and throws the leafy honors down.
To their united force it yields, tho' late,
And mourns with mortal groans th' approaching fate:
The roots no more their upper load sustain;
But down she falls, and spreads a ruin thro' the plain.
"Descending thence, I scape thro' foes and fire:
Before the goddess, foes and flames retire.
Arriv'd at home, he, for whose only sake.
Or most for his, such toils I undertake,
The good Anchises, whom, by timely flight,
I purpos'd to secure on Ida's height,
Refus'd the journey, resolute to die
And add his fun'rals to the fate of Troy,
Rather than exile and old age sustain.
'Go you, whose blood runs warm in ev'ry vein.
Had Heav'n decreed that I should life enjoy,
Heav'n had decreed to save unhappy Troy.
'T is, sure, enough, if not too much, for one,

Twice to have seen our Ilium overthrown.
Make haste to save the poor remaining crew,
And give this useless corpse a long adieu.
These weak old hands suffice to stop my breath;
At least the pitying foes will aid my death,
To take my spoils, and leave my body bare:
As for my sepulcher, let Heav'n take care.
'T is long since I, for my celestial wife
Loath'd by the gods, have dragg'd a ling-'ring life;
Since ev'ry hour and moment I expire,
Blasted from heav'n by Jove's avenging fire.'
This oft repeated, he stood fix'd to die:
Myself, my wife, my son, my family,
Intreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful cry—
'What, will he still persist, on death resolve,
And in his ruin all his house involve!'
He still persists his reasons to maintain;
Our pray'rs, our tears, our loud laments, are vain.
"Urg'd by despair, again I go to try
The fate of arms, resolv'd in fight to die:
'What hope remains, but what my death must give?
Can I, without so dear a father, live?
You term it prudence, what I baseness call:
Could such a word from such a parent fall?
If Fortune please, and so the gods ordain,
That nothing should of ruin'd Troy remain,
And you conspire with Fortune to be slain,
The way to death is wide, th' approaches near:
For soon relentless Pyrrhus will appear,
Reeking with Priam's blood—the wretch who slew
The son (inhuman) in the father's view,
And then the sire himself to the dire altar drew.
O goddess mother, give me back to Fate;
Your gift was undesir'd, and came too late!
Did you, for this, unhappy me convey
Thro' foes and fires, to see my house a prey?
Shall I my father, wife, and son behold,
Welt'ring in blood, each other's arms infold?
Haste! gird my sword, tho' spent and overcome:
'T is the last summons to receive our doom.
I hear thee, Fate; and I obey thy call!
Not unreveng'd the foe shall see my fall.
Restore me to the yet unfinish'd fight:
My death is wanting to conclude the night.'
Arm'd once again, my glitt'ring sword I wield,
While th' other hand sustains my weighty shield,
And forth I rush to seek th' abandon'd field.
I went; but sad Creüsa stopp'd my way,
And cross the threshold in my passage lay,
Embrac'd my knees, and, when I would have gone,
Shew'd me my feeble sire and tender son:
'If death be your design, at least,' said she,
'Take us along to share your destiny.
If any farther hopes in arms remain,
This place, these pledges of your love, maintain.
To whom do you expose your father's life,
Your son's, and mine, your now forgotten wife!'
While thus she fills the house with clam'rous cries,
Our hearing is diverted by our eyes:
For, while I held my son, in the short space
Betwixt our kisses and our last embrace;
Strange to relate, from young Iülus' head
A lambent flame arose, which gently spread
Around his brows, and on his temples fed.
Amaz'd, with running water we prepared
To quench the sacred fire, and slake his hair;
But old Anchises, vers'd in omens, rear'd
His hands to heav'n, and this request preferr'd:
'If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend
Thy will; if piety can pray'rs commend,
Confirm the glad presage which thou art pleas'd to send.'
Scarce had he said, when, on our left, we hear
A peal of rattling thunder roll in air:
There shot a streaming lamp along the sky,
Which on the winged lightning seem'd to fly;
From o'er the roof the blaze began to move,
And, trailing, vanish'd in th' Idæan grove.
It swept a path in heav'n, and shone a guide,
Then in a steaming stench of sulphur died.
"The good old man with suppliant hands implor'd
The gods' protection, and their star ador'd.
'Now, now,' said he, 'my son, no more delay!
I yield, I follow where Heav'n shews the way.
Keep, O my country gods, our dwelling place,
And guard this relic of the Trojan race,

This tender child! These omens are your own,
And you can yet restore the ruin'd town.
At least accomplish what your signs foreshow:
I stand resign'd, and am prepar'd to go.'
"He said. The crackling flames appear on high,
And driving sparkles dance along the sky.
With Vulcan's rage the rising winds conspire,
And near our palace roll the flood of fire.
'Haste, my dear father ('t is no time to wait),
And load my shoulders with a willing freight.
Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care;
One death, or one deliv'rance, we will share.
My hand shall lead our little son; and you,
My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.
Next, you, my servants, heed my strict commands:
Without the walls a ruin'd temple stands,
To Ceres hallow'd once; a cypress nigh
Shoots up her venerable head on high,
By long religion kept; there bend your feet,
And in divided parties let us meet.
Our country gods, the relics, and the bands,
Hold you, my father, in your guiltless hands:
In me 't is impious holy things to bear,
Red as I am with slaughter, new from war,
Till in some living stream I cleanse the guilt
Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt.'
Thus, ord'ring all that prudence could provide,
I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide
And yellow spoils; then, on my bending back,
The welcome load of my dear father take;
While on my better hand Ascanius hung,
And with unequal paces tripp'd along.
Creüsa kept behind; by choice we stray
Thro' ev'ry dark and ev'ry devious way.
I, who so bold and dauntless, just before,
The Grecian darts and shock of lances bore,
At ev'ry shadow now am seiz'd with fear,
Not for myself, but for the charge I bear;
Till, near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at last,
Secure, and deeming all the danger past,
A frightful noise of trampling feet we hear.
My father, looking thro' the shades, with fear,
Cried out: 'Haste, haste, my son, the foes are nigh;
Their swords and shining armor I descry.'
Some hostile god, for some unknown offense,
Had sure bereft my mind of better sense;
For, while thro' winding ways I took my flight,
And sought the shelter of the gloomy night,
Alas! I lost Creüsa: hard to tell
If by her fatal destiny she fell,
Or weary sate, or wander'd with affright;
But she was lost for ever to my sight.
I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
My friends, at Ceres' now deserted seat.
We met: not one was wanting; only she
Deceiv'd her friends, her son, and wretched me.
"What mad expressions did my tongue refuse!
Whom did I not, of gods or men, accuse!
This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more
Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.
Stung with my loss, and raving with despair,
Abandoning my now forgotten care,
Of counsel, comfort, and of hope bereft,
My sire, my son, my country gods I left.
In shining armor once again I sheathe
My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.
Then headlong to the burning walls I run,
And seek the danger I was forc'd to shun.
I tread my former tracks; thro' night explore
Each passage, ev'ry street I cross'd before.
All things were full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.
Then to my father's house I make repair,
With some small glimpse of hope to find her there.
Instead of her, the cruel Greeks I met;
The house was fill'd with foes, with flames beset.
Driv'n on the wings of winds, whole sheets of fire,
Thro' air transported, to the roofs aspire.
From thence to Priam's palace I resort,
And search the citadel and desert court.
Then, unobserv'd, I pass by Juno's church:
A guard of Grecians had possess'd the porch;
There Phœnix and Ulysses watch the prey,
And thither all the wealth of Troy convey:
The spoils which they from ransack'd houses brought,
And golden bowls from burning altars caught,
The tables of the gods, the purple vests,

The people's treasure, and the pomp of priests.
A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd hands,
And captive matrons, in long order stands.
Then, with ungovern'd madness, I proclaim,
Thro' all the silent street, Creüsa's name:
Creüsa still I call; at length she hears,
And sudden thro' the shades of night appears—
Appears, no more Creüsa, nor my wife,
But a pale specter, larger than the life.
Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with fear,
I stood; like bristles rose my stiffen'd hair.
Then thus the ghost began to soothe my grief:
'Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief.
Desist, my much-lov'd lord, t' indulge your pain;
You bear no more than what the gods ordain.
My fates permit me not from hence to fly;
Nor he, the great controller of the sky.
Long wand'ring ways for you the pow'rs decree;
On land hard labors, and a length of sea.
Then, after many painful years are past,
On Latium's happy shore you shall be cast,
Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds
The flow'ry meadows, and the feeding folds.
There end your toils; and there your fates provide
A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride:
There fortune shall the Trojan line restore,
And you for lost Creüsa weep no more.
Fear not that I shall watch, with servile shame,
Th' imperious looks of some proud Grecian dame;
Or, stooping to the victor's lust, disgrace
My goddess mother, or my royal race.
And now, farewell! The parent of the gods
Restrains my fleeting soul in her abodes:
I trust our common issue to your care.'
She said, and gliding pass'd unseen in air.
I strove to speak: but horror tied my tongue;
And thrice about her neck my arms I flung,
And, thrice deceiv'd, on vain embraces hung.
Light as an empty dream at break of day,
Or as a blast of wind, she rush'd away.
"Thus having pass'd the night in fruitless pain,
I to my longing friends return again,
Amaz'd th' augmented number to behold,
Of men and matrons mix'd, of young and old;
A wretched exil'd crew together brought,
With arms appointed, and with treasure fraught,
Resolv'd, and willing, under my command,
To run all hazards both of sea and land.
The Morn began, from Ida, to display
Her rosy cheeks; and Phosphor led the day:
Before the gates the Grecians took their post,
And all pretense of late relief was lost.
I yield to Fate, unwillingly retire,
And, loaded, up the hill convey my sire."

LAYS FROM THE ELDER EDDA[1]

(c. Eleventh Century A. D.)

Sigurd the Volsung, married to Gudrun, the daughter of King Guiki, is the only warrior able to pass through the flames guarding his first love, the fair Brynhild. When Brynhild learns that her victor and lover is wedded to Gudrun, she demands vengeance. Guttorm, who is not under the oath of peace, stabs Sigurd in his bedchamber. Brynhild thereupon takes her life.

. . . . . .

"So draw ye round and hearken, English Folk,
Unto the best tale pity ever wrought!
Of how from dark to dark bright Sigurd broke,
Of Brynhild's glorious soul with love distraught,
Of Gudrun's weary wandering unto naught,
Of utter love defeated utterly,
Of grief too strong to give Love time to die!"

WILLIAM MORRIS

THE LAY CALLED THE SHORT LAY OF SIGURD

SIGURD of yore,
Sought the dwelling of Giuki,
As he fared, the young Volsung,
After fight won;

[1]Translation by Magnûsson and Morris.

Troth he took
From the two brethren;
Oath swore they betwixt them,
Those bold ones of deed.

A may[1] they gave to him
And wealth manifold,
Gudrun the young,
Giuki's daughter:
They drank and gave doom
Many days together,
Sigurd the young,
And the sons of Giuki.

Until they wended
For Brynhild's wooing,
Sigurd a-riding
Amidst their rout;
The wise young Volsung
Who knew of all ways—
Ah! he had wed her,
Had fate so willed it.

Southlander Sigurd
A naked sword,
Bright, well grinded,
Laid betwixt them;
No kiss he won
From the fair woman,
Nor in arms of his
Did the Hun King hold her,
Since he gat the young maid
For the son of Giuki.

No lack in her life
She wotted of now,
And at her death-day
No dreadful thing
For a shame indeed
Or a shame in seeming;
But about and betwixt
Went baleful fate.

Alone, abroad,
She sat of an evening,
Of full many things
She fell a-talking:
"O for my Sigurd!
I shall have death,
Or my fair, my lovely,
Laid in mine arms.

[1]Maid.

"For the word once spoken,
I sorrow sorely—
His queen is Gudrun,
I am wed to Gunnar;
The dread Norns wrought for us
A long while of woe."

Oft with heart deep
In dreadful thoughts,
O'er ice-fields and ice-hills
She fared a-night time,
When he and Gudrun
Were gone to their fair bed,
And Sigurd wrapped
The bed-gear round her.

"Ah! now the Hun King
His queen in arms holdeth,
While love I go lacking,
And all things longed for
With no delight
But in dreadful thought."

These dreadful things
Thrust her toward murder:
—"Listen, Gunnar,
For thou shalt lose
My wide lands,
Yea, me myself!
Never love I my life,
With thee for my lord—

"I will fare back thither
From whence I came,
To my nighest kin
And those that know me
There shall I sit
Sleeping my life away,
Unless thou slayest
Sigurd the Hun King,
Making thy might more
E'en than his might was!

"Yea, let the son fare
After the father,
And no young wolf
A long while nourish!
For on each man lieth
Vengeance lighter,
And peace shall be surer
If the son live not."

Adrad was Gunnar,
Heavy-hearted was he,

And in doubtful mood
Day-long he sat.
For naught he wotted,
Nor might see clearly
What was the seemliest
Of deeds to set hand to;
What of all deeds
Was best to be done:
For he minded the vows
Sworn to the Volsung,
And the sore wrong
To be wrought against Sigurd.

Wavered his mind
A weary while,
No wont it was
Of those days worn by,
That queens should flee
From the realms of their kings.

"Brynhild to me
Is better than all,
The child of Budli
Is the best of women.
Yea, and my life
Will I lay down,
Ere I am twinned
From that woman's treasure."

He bade call Hogni
To the place where he bided;
With all the trust that might be,
Trowed he in him.

"Wilt thou bewray Sigurd
For his wealth's sake?—
Good it is to rule
O'er the Rhine's metal;
And well content
Great wealth to wield,
Biding in peace
And blissful days."

One thing alone Hogni
Had for an answer:
"Such doings for us
Are naught seemly to do;
To rend with sword
Oaths once sworn,
Oaths once sworn,
And troth once plighted.

"Nor know we on mould,
Men of happier days,
The while we four
Rule over the folk;
While the bold in battle,
The Hun King, bides living.

"And no nobler kin
Shall be known afield,
If our five sons
We long may foster;
Yea, a goodly stem
Shall surely wax.
—But I clearly see
In what wise it standeth,
Brynhild's sore urging
O'ermuch on thee beareth.

"Guttorm shall we
Get for the slaying,
Our younger brother
Bare of wisdom;
For he was out of
All the oaths sworn,
All the oaths sworn,
And the plighted troth."

Easy to rouse him
Who of naught recketh!
—Deep stood the sword
In the heart of Sigurd.

There, in the hall,
Gat the high-hearted vengeance;
For he cast his sword
At the reckless slayer:
Out at Guttorm
Flew Gram the mighty,
The gleaming steel
From Sigurd's hand.

Down fell the slayer
Smitten asunder;
The heavy head
And the hands fell one way,
But the feet and such like
Aback where they stood.

Gudrun was sleeping
Soft in the bed,
Empty of sorrow
By the side of Sigurd:
When she awoke
With all pleasure gone,
Swimming in blood
Of Frey's beloved.

So sore her hands
She smote together,
That the great-hearted
Gat raised in bed;
—"O Gudrun, weep not
So woefully,
Sweet lovely bride,
For thy brethren live for thee!

"A young child have I
For heritor;
Too young to win forth
From the house of his foes.—
Black deeds and ill
Have they been a-doing,
Evil rede
Have they wrought at last.

"Late, late, rideth with them
Unto the Thing,
Such sister's son,
Though seven thou bear,—
—But well I wot
Which way all goeth;
Alone wrought Brynhild
This bale against us.

"That maiden loved me
Far before all men,
Yet wrong to Gunnar
I never wrought;
Brotherhood I heeded
And all bounden oaths,
That none should deem me
His queen's darling."

Weary sighed Gudrun,
As the king gat ending,
And so sore her hands
She smote together,
That the cups arow
Rang out therewith,
And the geese cried on high
That were in the homefield.

Then laughed Brynhild
Budli's daughter,
Once, once only,
From out her heart;
When to her bed
Was borne the sound
Of the sore greeting
Of Giuki's daughter.

Then, quoth Gunnar,
The king, the hawk-bearer,
"Whereas, thou laughest,
O hateful woman,
Glad on thy bed,
No good it betokeneth:
Why lackest thou else
Thy lovely hue?
Feeder of foul deeds,
Fey do I deem thee,

"Well worthy art thou
Before all women,
That thine eyes should see
Atli slain of us;
That thy brother's wounds
Thou shouldst see a-bleeding,
That his bloody hurts
Thine hands should bind."

"No man blameth thee, Gunnar,
Thou hast fulfilled death's measure
But naught Atli feareth
All thine ill will;
Life shall he lay down
Later than ye,
And still bear more might
Aloft than thy might.

"I shall tell thee, Gunnar,
Though well the tale thou knowest,
In what early days
Ye dealt abroad your wrong:
Young was I then,
Worn with no woe,
Good wealth I had
In the house of my brother!

"No mind had I
That a man should have me,
Or ever ye Giukings,
Rode into our garth;
There ye sat on your steeds
Three kings of the people—
—Ah! that that faring
Had never befallen!

"Then spake Atli
To me apart,
And said that no wealth
He would give unto me,
Neither gold nor lands
If I would not be wedded;
Nay, and no part

Of the wealth apportioned,
Which in my first days
He gave me duly;
Which in my first days
He counted down.

"Wavered the mind
Within me then,
If to fight I should fall
And the felling of folk,
Bold in byrny
Because of my brother;
A deed of fame
Had that been to all folk,
But to many a man
Sorrow of mind.

"So I let all sink
Into peace at the last:
More grew I minded
For the mighty treasure,
The red-shining rings
Of Sigmund's son;
For no man's wealth else
Would I take unto me.

"For myself had I given
To that great king
Who sat amid gold
On the back of Grani;
Nought were his eyen
Like to your eyen,
Nor in any wise
Went his visage with yours;
Though ye might deem you
Due kings of men.

"One I loved,
One, and none other,
The gold-decked may
Had no doubtful mind;
Thereof shall Atli
Wot full surely,
When he getteth to know
I am gone to the dead.

"Far be it from me,
Feeble and wavering,
Ever to love
Another's love—
—Yet shall my woe
Be well avenged."

Up rose Gunnar,
The great men's leader,
And cast his arms
About the queen's neck;
And all went nigh
One after other,
With their whole hearts
Her heart to turn.
But then all these
From her neck she thrust,
Of her long journey
No man should let her.

Then called he Hogni
To have talk with him:
"Let all folk go
Forth into the hall,
Thine with mine—
—O need sore and mighty!—
To wot if we yet
My wife's parting may stay.
Till with time's wearing
Some hindrance wax."

One answer Hogni
Had for all;
"Nay, let hard need
Have rule thereover,
And no man let her
Of her long journey!
Never born again,
May she come back thence!

"Luckless she came
To the lap of her mother,
Born into the world
For utter woe,
To many a man
For heart-whole mourning."

Upraised he turned
From the talk and the trouble,
To where the gem-field
Dealt out goodly treasure;
As she looked and beheld
All the wealth that she had,
And the hungry bondmaids,
And maids of the hall.

With no good in her heart
She donned her gold byrny,
Ere she thrust the sword-point
Through the midst of her body:
On the bolster's far side

Sank she adown,
And, smitten with sword,
Still bethought her of redes.

"Let all come forth
Who are fain the red gold,
Or things less worthy
To win from my hands;
To each one I give
A necklace gilt over,
Wrought hangings and bed-gear,
And bright woven weed."

All they kept silence,
And thought what to speak,
Then all at once
Answer gave:
"Full enow are death-doomed,
Fain are we to live yet,
Maids of the hall
All meet work winning."

From her wise heart at last
The linen-clad damsel,
The one of few years
Gave forth the word:
"I will that none driven
By hand or by word,
For our sake should lose
Well-loved life.

"Thou on the bones of you
Surely shall burn,
Less dear treasure
At your departing
Nor with Menia's Meal[1]
Shall ye come to see me."

"Sit thee down, Gunnar,
A word must I say to thee
Of the life's ruin
Of thy lightsome bride—
—Nor shall thy ship
Swim soft and sweetly
For all that I
Lay life adown.

"Sooner than ye might deem
Shall ye make peace with Gudrun,
For the wise woman
Shall lull in the young wife
The hard memory
Of her dead husband.

[1]Gold

"There is a may born
Reared by her mother,
Whiter and brighter
Than is the bright day;
She shall be Swanhild,
She shall be Sunbeam.

"Thou shalt give Gudrun
Unto a great one,
Noble, well-praised
Of the world's folk;
Not with her goodwill,
Or love shalt thou give her;
Yet will Atli
Come to win her,
My very brother,
Born of Budli.

—"Ah! many a memory
Of how ye dealt with me,
How sorely, how evilly
Ye ever beguiled me,
How all pleasure left me
The while my life lasted!—

"Fain wilt thou be
Oddrun to win,
But thy good liking
Shall Atli let;
But in secret wise
Shall ye win together,
And she shall love thee
As I had loved thee,
If in such wise
Fate had willed it.

"But with all ill
Shall Atli sting thee,
Into the strait worm-close
Shall he cast thee.

"But no long space
Shall slip away
Ere Atli too
All life shall lose.
Yea, all his weal
With the life of his sons,
For a dreadful bed
Dights Gudrun for him,
From a heart sore laden,
With the sword's sharp edge.

"More seemly for Gudrun,
Your very sister,

In death to wend after
Her love first wed;
Had but good rede
To her been given,
Or if her heart
Had been like to my heart.

—"Faint my speech groweth—
But for our sake
Ne'er shall she lose
Her life beloved;
The sea shall have her,
High billows bear her
Forth unto Jonakr's
Fair land of his fathers.

"There shall she bear sons,
Stays of a heritage,
Stays of a heritage,
Jonakr's sons;
And Swanhild shall she
Send from the land,
That may born of her,
The may born of Sigurd.

"Her shall bite
The rede of Bikki,
Whereas for no good
Wins Jormunrek life;
And so is clean perished
All the kin of Sigurd,
Yea, and more greeting,
And more for Gudrun.

"And now one prayer
Yet pray I of thee—
The last word of mine
Here in the world—
So broad on the field
Be the burg of the dead
That fair space may be left
For us all to lie down,
All those that died
At Sigurd's death!

"Hang round that burg
Fair hangings and shields,
Web by Gauls woven,
And folk of the Gauls:
There burn the Hun King
Lying beside me.

"But on the other side
Burn by the Hun King
Those who served me
Strewn with treasure;
Two at the head,
And two at the feet,
Two hounds therewith,
And two hawks moreover:
Then is all dealt
With even dealing.

"Lay there amidst us
The ring-dight metal,
The sharp-edged steel,
That so lay erst;
When we both together
Into one bed went,
And were called by the name
Of man and wife.

"Never, then, belike
Shall clash behind him
Valhall's bright door
With rings bedight:
And if my fellowship
Followeth after,
In no wretched wise
Then shall we wend.

"For him shall follow
My five bondmaids,
My eight bondsmen,
No borel folk:
Yea, and my fosterer,
And my father's dower
That Budli of old days
Gave to his dear child.

"Much have I spoken,
More would I speak,
If the sword would give me
Space for speech;
But my words are waning,
My wounds are swelling—
Naught but truth have I told—
—And now make I ending."

THE HELL-RIDE OF BRYNHILD

After the death of Brynhild were made two bales, one for Sigurd, and that was first burned; but Brynhild was burned on the other, and she was in a chariot hung about with goodly hangings.

And so folk say that Brynhild drave in

her chariot down along the way to Hell, and passed by an abode where dwelt a certain giantess, and the giantess spake:—

"Nay, with my goodwill
Never goest thou
Through this stone-pillared
Stead of mine!
More seemly for thee
To sit sewing the cloth,
Than to go look on
The love of another.

"What dost thou, going
From the land of the Gauls,
O restless head,
To this mine house?
Golden girl, hast thou not,
If thou listest to hearken,
In sweet wise from thy hands
The blood of men washen?"

BRYNHILD

"Nay, blame me naught,
Bride of the rock-hall,
Though I roved a warring
In the days that were;
The higher of us twain
Shall I ever be holden
When of our kind
Men make account."

THE GIANT-WOMAN

"Thou, O Brynhild,
Budli's daughter,
Wert the worst ever born
Into the world:
For Giuki's children
Death hast thou gotten,
And turned to destruction
Their goodly dwelling."

BRYNHILD

"I shall tell thee
True tale from my chariot,
O thou who naught wottest,
If thou listest to wot;
How for me they have gotten
Those heirs of Giuki,
A loveless life,
A life of lies.

"Hild under helm,
The Hlymdale people,
E'en those who knew me,
Ever would call me.

"The changeful shapes
Of us eight sisters,
The wise king bade
Under oak-tree to bear:
Of twelve winters was I,
If thou listest to wot,
When I sware to the young lord
Oaths of love.

"Thereafter gat I
Mid the folk of the Goths,
For Helmgunnar the old,
Swift journey to Hell,
And gave to Aud's brother
The young, gain and glory;
Whereof overwrath
Waxed Odin with me.

"So he shut me in shield-wall
In Skata grove,
Red shields and white
Close set around me;
And bade him alone
My slumber to break
Who in no land
Knew how to fear.

"He set round my hall,
Toward the south quarter,
The Bane of all trees
Burning aloft;
And ruled that he only
Thereover should ride
Who should bring me the gold
O'er which Fafnir brooded.

"Then upon Grani rode
The goodly gold-strewer
To where my fosterer
Ruled his fair dwelling.
He who alone there
Was deemed best of all,
The War-lord of the Danes,
Well worthy of men.

"In peace did we sleep
Soft in one bed,
As though he had been
Naught but my brother:
There as we lay
Through eight nights wearing,

No hand in love
On each other we laid.

"Yet thence blamed me, Gudrun,
Giuki's daughter,
That I had slept
In the arms of Sigurd;
And then I wotted
As I fain had not wotted,
That they had bewrayed me
In my betrothals.

"Ah! for unrest
All too long
Are men and women
Made alive!
Yet we twain together
Shall wear through the ages,
Sigurd and I.—
—Sink adown, O giant-wife!"

FRAGMENTS OF THE LAY OF BRYNHILD

HOGNI *said:*

WHAT hath wrought Sigurd
Of any wrong-doing
That the life of the famed one
Thou art fain of taking?

GUNNAR *said:*

To me has Sigurd
Sworn many oaths,
Sworn many oaths,
And sworn them lying,
And he bewrayed me
When it behoved him
Of all folk to his troth
To be the most trusty.

HOGNI *said:*

Thee hath Brynhild
Unto all bale,
And all hate whetted,
And a work of sorrow;
For she grudges to Gudrun
All goodly life;
And to thee the bliss
Of her very body.

. . . . . .

Some the wolf roasted,
Some minced the worm,
Some unto Guttorm
Gave the wolf-meat,
Or ever they might
In their lust for murder
On the high king
Lay deadly hand.

Sigurd lay slain
On the south of the Rhine.
High from the fair tree
Croaked forth the raven,
"Ah, yet shall Atli
On you redden edges,
The old oaths shall weigh
On your souls, O warriors."

Without stood Gudrun,
Giuki's daughter,
And the first word she said
Was even this word:
"Where then is Sigurd,
Lord of the Warfolk,
Since my kin
Come riding the foremost?"

One word Hogni
Had for an answer:
"Our swords have smitten
Sigurd asunder,
And the grey horse hangs drooping
O'er his lord lying dead."

Then quoth Brynhild,
Budli's daughter;
"Good weal shall ye have
Of weapons and lands,
That Sigurd alone
Would surely have ruled
If he had lived
But a little longer.

"Ah, nothing seemly
For Sigurd to rule
Giuki's house
And the folk of the Goths,
When of him five sons
For the slaying of men,
Eager for battle
Should have been begotten!"

Then laughed Brynhild—
Loud rang the whole house—
One laugh only
From out her heart:

"Long shall your bliss be
Of lands and people,
Whereas the famed lord
You have felled to the earth!"

Then spake Gudrun,
Giuki's daughter;
"Much thou speakest,
Many things fearful,
All grame be on Gunnar
The bane of Sigurd!
From a heart full of hate
Shall come heavy vengeance."

Forth sped the even
Enow there was drunken,
Full enow was there
Of all soft speech;
And all men got sleep
When to bed they were gotten;
Gunnar only lay waking
Long after all men.

His feet fell he to moving,
Fell to speak to himself
The waster of men,
Still turned in his mind
What on the bough
Those twain would be saying,
The raven and erne,
As they rode their ways homeward.

But Brynhild awoke,
Budli's daughter,
May of the shield-folk,
A little ere morning:
"Thrust ye on, hold ye back,
—Now all harm is wrought,—
To tell of my sorrow,
Or to let all slip by me?"

All kept silence
After her speaking,
None might know
That woman's mind,
Or why she must weep
To tell of the work
That laughing once
Of men she prayed.

BRYNHILD *spake:*

In dreams, O Gunnar,
Grim things fell on me;
Dead-cold the hall was,
And my bed was a-cold,
And thou, lord, wert riding
Reft of all bliss,
Laden with fetters
'Mid the host of thy foemen.

So now all ye,
O House of the Niblungs,
Shall be brought to naught,
O ye oath-breakers!

Think'st thou not, Gunnar,
How that betid,
When ye let the blood run
Both in one footstep?
With ill reward
Hast thou rewarded
His heart so fain
To be the foremost!

As well was seen
When he rode his ways,
That king of all worth,
Unto my wooing;
How the host-destroyer
Held to the vows
Sworn beforetime,
Sworn to the young king.

For his wounding-wand
All wrought with gold,
The king beloved
Laid between us;
Without were its edges
Wrought with fire,
But with venom-drops
Deep dyed within.

Thus this song telleth of the death of Sigurd, and setteth forth how that they slew him without doors; but some say that they slew him within doors, sleeping in his bed. But the Dutch Folk say that they slew him out in the wood: and so sayeth the ancient song of Gudrun, that Sigurd and the sons of Giuki were riding to the Thing whenas he was slain. But all with one accord say that they bewrayed him in their troth with him, and fell on him as he lay unarrayed and unawares.

THE NIBELUNGENLIED[1]

(Twelfth Century)

HOW SIEGFRIED FIRST SAW KRIEMHILD

Now went she forth, the loveliest, as forth the morning goes
From misty clouds outbeaming; then all his weary woes
Left him, in heart who bore her, and so long time had done.
He saw there stately standing the fair, the peerless one.

Many a stone full precious flashed from her vesture bright;
Her rosy blushes darted a softer, milder light.
Whate'er might be his wishes, each could not but confess
He ne'er on earth had witnessed such perfect loveliness.

As the moon arising outglitters every star
That through the clouds so purely glimmers from afar,
E'en so love-breathing Kriemhild dimmed every beauty nigh.
Well might at such a vision many a bold heart beat high.

Rich chamberlains before them marched on in order due;
Around th' high-mettled champions close and closer drew.
Each pressing each, and struggling to see the matchless maid.
Then inly was Sir Siegfried both well and ill apaid.

Within himself thus thought he: "How could I thus misdeem
That I should dare to woo thee? sure 'twas an idle dream!
Yet, rather than forsake thee, far better were I dead."
Thus thinking, thus impassioned, waxed he ever white and red.

So stood the son of Sieglind in matchless grace arrayed,
As though upon a parchment in glowing hues portrayed
By some good master's cunning; all owned, and could no less,
Eye had not seen a pattern of such fair manliness.

Those who the dames attended bade all around make way;
Straight did the gentle warriors, as such became, obey.
There many a knight, enraptured, saw many a dame in place
Shine forth in bright perfection of courtliness and grace.

Then the bold Burgundian, Sir Gernot, spoke his thought:—
"Him who in hour of peril his aid so frankly brought,
Requite, dear brother Gunther, as fits both him and you,
Before this fair assembly; th' advice I give, I ne'er shall rue.

"Bid Siegfried come to Kriemhild; let each the other meet:
'Twill sure be to our profit, if she the warrior greet.
'Twill make him ours for ever, this man of matchless might,
If she but gives him greeting, who never greeted knight."

Then went King Gunther's kinsmen, a high-born haughty band,
And found and fair saluted the knight of Netherland:—
"The king to court invites you, such favor have you won;
His sister there will greet you: this to honor you is done."

Glad man was then Sir Siegfried at this unlooked-for gain;
His heart was full of pleasure without alloy of pain,

[1]Adventures 5, 14, 16, 39. Translation by Lettsom.

To see and meet so friendly fair Uta's fairer child.
Then greeted she the warrior maidenly and mild.

There stood he, the high-minded, beneath her star-bright eye,
His cheek as fire all glowing; then said she modestly,
"Sir Siegfried, you are welcome, noble knight and good!"
Yet loftier at that greeting rose his lofty mood.

He bowed with soft emotion, and thanked the blushing fair;
Love's strong constraint together impelled th' enamored pair;
Their longing eyes encountered, their glances every one
Bound knight and maid for ever; yet all by stealth was done.

That in the warmth of passion he pressed her lily hand,
I do not know for certain, but well understand
'Twere surely past believing they ventured not on this:
Two loving hearts, so meeting, else had done amiss.

No more in pride of summer nor in bloom of May
Knew he such heartfelt pleasure as on this happy day,
When she, than May more blooming, more bright than summer's pride,
His own, a dream no longer, was standing by his side.

Then thought full many a champion, "Would this had happed to me,
To be with lovely Kriemhild as Siegfried now I see,
Or closer e'en than Siegfried: well were I then, I ween."
Never yet was champion who so deserved a queen.

Whate'er the king or country of the guests assembled there,
All could look on nothing save on that gentle pair.

Now 'twas allowed that Kriemhild the peerless knight should kiss.
Ne'er in the world had drained he so full a draught of bliss. . . .

She now the minster entered; her followed many a dame;
There so her stately beauty her rich attire became,
That dropped each high aspiring, born but at once to die.
Sure was that maid created to ravish every eye.

Scarce could wait Sir Siegfried till the mass was sung.
Well might he thank his fortune that, all those knights among,
To him inclined the maiden whom still in heart he bore,
While he to her, as fitted, returned as much or more.

When now before the minster after the mass she stood,
Again to come beside her was called the champion good.
Then first by that sweet maiden thanks to the knight were given,
That he before his comrades so warrior-like had striven.

"God you reward, Sir Siegfried!" said the noble child,
"For all your high deservings in honor's bead-roll filed,
The which I know from all men have won you fame and grace."
Sir Siegfried, love-bewildered, looked Kriemhild in the face.

"Ever," said he, "your brethren I'll serve as best I may,
Nor once, while I have being, will head on pillow lay,
Till I have done to please them whate'er they bid me do;
And this, my lady Kriemhild, is all for love of you."

HOW THE TWO QUEENS REVILED ONE ANOTHER

One day at th' hour of vespers a loud alarum rose
From certain lusty champions that for their pastime chose
To prove themselves at tilting in the castle court;
Then many a knight and lady ran thither to see the sport.

There were the proud queens sitting together, as befell,
Each on a good knight thinking that either loved full well.
Then thus began fair Kriemhild, "My husband's of such might,
That surely o'er these kingdoms he ought to rule by right."

Then answered lady Brunhild, "Nay, how can that be shown?
Were there none other living but thou and he alone,
Then might, no doubt, the kingdoms be ruled by him and thee;
But long as Gunther's living, that sure can never be."

Thereto rejoined fair Kriemhild, "See'st thou how proud he stands,
How proud he stalks,—conspicuous among those warrior bands,
As doth the moon far-beaming the glimmering stars outshine?
Sure have I cause to pride me when such a knight is mine."

Thereto replied Queen Brunhild, "How brave soe'er he be,
How stout so'er or stately, one greater is than he:
Gunther, thy noble brother, a higher place may claim,
Of knights and kings the foremost in merit and in fame."

Thereto rejoined fair Kriemhild, "So worthy is my mate,
All praise that I can give him can ne'er be termed too great.
In all he does how matchless! In honor too how clear!
Believ'st thou this, Queen Brunhild? At least he's Gunther's peer."

"Thou shouldst not so perversely, Kriemhild, my meaning take.
What I said, assure thee, with ample cause I spake.
I heard them both allow it, then when both first I saw,
And the stout king in battle compelled me to his law.

"E'en then, when my affection he so knightly wan,
'Twas fairly owned by Siegfried that he was Gunther's man.
Myself I heard him own it, and such I hold him still."
"Forsooth," replied fair Kriemhild, "they must have used me ill.

"How could my noble brethren their power have so applied,
As to make me, their sister, a lowly vassal's bride?
For manners' sake then, Brunhild, this idle talk give o'er,
And by our common friendship, let me hear no more."

"Give o'er will I never," the queen replied again:
"Shall I renounce the service of all the knightly train
That hold of him, our vassal, and are our vassals too?"
Into sudden anger at this fair Kriemhild flew:

"Ay! but thou must renounce it, for never will he grace
Thee with his vassal service: he fills a higher place
Than e'en my brother Gunther, noble though be his strain.
Henceforth thou shouldst be wiser, nor hold such talk again.
"I wonder too, since Siegfried thy vassal is by right,
Since both of us thou rulest with so much power and might,

Why to thee his service so long he has denied.
Nay! I can brook no longer thy insolence and pride."

"Thyself too high thou bearest," Brunhild answer made:
"Fain would I see this instant whether to thee be paid
Public respect and honor such as waits on me."
Then both the dames with anger lowering you might see.

"So shall it be," said Kriemhild: "to meet thee I'm prepared.
Since thou my noble husband a vassal hast declared,
By the men of both our consorts to-day it shall be seen,
That I the church dare enter before King Gunther's queen.

"To-day by proof thou'lt witness what lofty birth is mine,
And that my noble husband worthier is than thine;
Nor for this with presumption shall I be taxed, I trow;
To-day thou'lt see moreover thy lowly vassal go

"To court before the warriors here in Burgundy.
Assure thee, thou'lt behold me honored more royally
Than the proudest princess that ever here wore crown."
The dames their spite attested with many a scowl and frown.

"Since thou wilt be no vassal," Brunhild rejoined again,
"Then thou with thy women must apart remain
From my dames and damsels, as to the church we go."
Thereto Kriemhild answered, "Trust me it shall be so.

"Array ye now, my maidens," said Siegfried's haughty dame:
"You must not let your mistress here be put to shame;
That you have gorgeous raiment make plain to every eye.
What she has just asserted, she soon shall fain deny."

They needed not much bidding: all sought out their best;
Matrons alike and maidens each donned a glittering vest.
Queen Brunhild with her meiny was now upon her way.
By this was decked fair Kriemhild in royal rich array.

With three-and-forty maidens, whom she to Rhine had brought;
Bright stuffs were their apparel, in far Arabia wrought.
So towards the minster marched the maidens fair;
All the men of Siegfried were waiting for them there.

Strange thought it each beholder, what there by all was seen,
How with their trains far-sundered passed either noble queen,
No walking both together as was their wont before;
Full many a prowest warrior thereafter rued it sore.

Now before the minster the wife of Gunther stood;
Meanwhile by way of pastime many a warrior good
Held light and pleasant converse with many a smiling dame;
When up the lovely Kriemhild with her radiant meiny came.

All that the noblest maidens had ever donned before
Was as wind to the splendor her dazzling ladies wore.
So rich her own apparel in gold and precious things,
She alone might outglitter the wives of thirty kings.

Howe'er he might be willing, yet none could dare deny
That such resplendent vesture never met mortal eye

As on that fair retinue then sparkled to the sun.
Except to anger Brunhild, Kriemhild had not so done.

Both met before the minster in all the people's sight;
There at once the hostess let out her deadly spite.
Bitterly and proudly she bade fair Kriemhild stand:
"No vassaless precedeth the lady of the land."

Out then spake fair Kriemhild (full of wrath was she),
"Couldst thou still be silent, better 'twere for thee.
Thou'st made thy beauteous body a dishonored thing.
How can a vassal's leman be consort of a king?"

'Whom here call'st thou leman?" said the queen again.
"So call I thee," said Kriemhild: "thy maidenly disdain
Yielded first to Siegfried, my husband, Siegmund's son;
Ay! 'twas not my brother that first thy favors won.

"Why, where were then thy senses? sure 'twas a crafty train,
To take a lowly lover, to ease a vassal's pain!
Complaints from thee," said Kriemhild, "methinks are much amiss."
"Verily," said Brunhild, "Gunther shall hear of this."

"And why should that disturb me? thy pride hath thee betrayed.
Why didst thou me, thy equal, with vassalship upbraid?
Know this for sure and certain (to speak it gives me pain),
Never can I meet thee in cordial love again."

Then bitterly wept Brunhild: Kriemhild no longer stayed;
Straight with all her followers before the queen she made
Her way into the minster; then deadly hate 'gan rise;
And starting tears o'erclouded the shine of brightest eyes.

For all the solemn service, for all the chanted song,
Still it seemed to Brunhild they lingered all too long.
Both on her mind and body a load like lead there lay.
Many a high-born hero for her sorrow was to pay.

Brunhild stopped with her ladies without the minster door.
Thought she, "This wordy woman shall tell me something more
Of her charge against me spread so loud and rife.
If he has but so boasted, let him look to his life!"

Now came the noble Kriemhild begirt with many a knight;
Then spake the noble Brunhild, "Stop and do me right.
You've voiced me for a wanton: prove it ere you go.
You and your foul speeches have wrought me pain and woe."

Then spake the lady Kriemhild, "'Twere wiser to forbear:
E'en with the gold I'll prove it that on my hand I wear;
'Twas this that Siegfried brought me from where by you he lay."
Never lived Queen Brunhild so sorrowful a day.

Said she, "That ring was stolen from me who held it dear,
And mischievously hidden has since been many a year.
But now I've met with something by which the thief to guess."
Both the dames were frenzied with passion masterless.

"Thief?" made answer Kriemhild, "I will not brook the name.
Thou wouldst have kept silence, hadst thou a sense of shame.

By the girdle here about me prove full well I can
That I am ne'er a liar; Siegfried was indeed thy man."

'Twas of silk of Nineveh the girdle that she brought,
With precious stones well garnished; a better ne'er was wrought:
When Brunhild but beheld it, her tears she could not hold.
The tale must needs to Gunther and all his men be told.

HOW SIEGFRIED PARTED FROM KRIEMHILD

Gunther and Hagan, the warriors fierce and bold,
To execute their treason, resolved to scour the wold,
The bear, the boar, the wild bull, by hill or dale or fen,
To hunt with keen-edged javelins: what fitter sport for valiant men?

In lordly pomp rode with them Siegfried the champion strong.
Good store of costly viands they brought with them along.
Anon by a cool runnel he lost his guiltless life.
'Twas so devised by Brunhild, King Gunther's moody wife.

But first he sought the chamber where he his lady found.
He and his friend already had on the sumpters bound
Their gorgeous hunting raiment; they o'er the Rhine would go.
Never before was Kriemhild sunk so deep in woe.

On her mouth of roses he kissed his lady dear;
"God grant me, dame, returning in health to see thee here;
So may those eyes see me too: meanwhile be blithe and gay
Among the gentle kinsmen; I must hence away."

Then thought she on the secret (the truth she durst not tell)
How she had told it Hagan; then the poor lady fell
To wailing and lamenting that ever she was born.
Then wept she without measure, sobbing and sorrow-worn.

She thus bespake her husband: "Give up that chase of thine.
I dreamt last night of evil,—how two fierce forest swine
Over the heath pursued thee; the flowers turned bloody red.
I cannot help thus weeping: I'm chilled with mortal dread.

"I fear some secret treason, and cannot lose thee hence,
Lest malice should be borne thee for misconceived offense.
Stay, my beloved Siegfried, take not my words amiss,—
'Tis the true love I bear thee that bids me counsel this."—

"Back shall I be shortly, my own beloved mate;
Not a soul in Rhineland know I who bears me hate:
I'm well with all thy kinsmen; they're all my firm allies:
Nor have I from any e'er deserved otherwise."—

"Nay! do not, dearest Siegfried! 'tis e'en thy death I dread.
Last night I dreamt two mountains fell thundering on thy head,
And I no more beheld thee: if thou from me wilt go,
My heart will sure be breaking with bitterness of woe."

Round her peerless body his clasping arms he threw;
Lovingly he kissed her, that faithful wife and true;
Then took his leave, and parted: in a moment all was o'er;—
Living, alas poor lady! she saw him nevermore.

HOW SIEGFRIED WAS SLAIN

The noble knight Sir Siegfried with thirst was sore opprest;
So earlier rose from the table, and could no longer rest,
But straight would to the mountain the running brook to find,—
And so advanced the treason his faithless foes designed.

Meanwhile were slowly lifted on many a groaning wain
The beasts in that wild forest by Siegfried's manhood slain.
Each witness gave him honor, and loud his praises spoke.
Alas, that with him Hagan his faith so foully broke!

Now when to the broad linden they all would take their way,
Thus spake the fraudful Hagan, "Full oft have I heard say,
That none a match in swiftness for Kriemhild's lord can be,
Whene'er to race he pleases: would he grant us this to see?"

Then spake the Netherlander, Siegfried, with open heart:—
"Well then! let's make the trial! Together we will start
From hence to yonder runnel; let us at once begin:
And he shall pass for winner who shall be seen to win."

"Agreed!" said treacherous Hagan, "let us each other try."
Thereto rejoined stout Siegfried, "And if you pass me by,
Down at your feet I'll lay me humbled on the grass."
When these words heard Gunther, what joy could his surpass?

Then said the fearless champion, "And this I tell you more:
I'll carry all the equipment that in the chase I wore,—
My spear, my shield, my vesture,—leave will I nothing out."
His sword then and his quiver he girt him quick about.

King Gunther and Sir Hagan to strip were nothing slow;
Both for the race stood ready in shirts as white as snow.
Long bounds, like two wild panthers, o'er the grass they took,
But seen was noble Siegfried before them at the brook.

Whate'er he did, the warrior high o'er his fellows soared.
Now laid he down his quiver, and quick ungirt his sword;
Against the spreading linden he leaned his mighty spear:
So by the brook stood waiting the chief without a peer.

In every lofty virtue none with Sir Siegfried vied:
Down he laid his buckler by the water's side;
For all the thirst that parched him, one drop he never drank
Till the king had finished: he had full evil thank.

Cool was the little runnel, and sparkled clear as glass;
O'er the rill King Gunther knelt down upon the grass;
When he his draught had taken he rose and stepped aside.
Full fain alike would Siegfried his thirst have satisfied.

Dear paid he for his courtesy: his bow, his matchless blade,
His weapons all, Sir Hagan far from their lord conveyed,
Then back sprung to the linden to seize his ashen spear,
And to find out the token surveyed his vesture near;

Then, as to drink Sir Siegfried down kneeling there he found,
He pierced him through the croslet, that sudden from the wound

Forth the life-blood spouted e'en o'er his murderer's weed.
Never more will warrior dare so foul a deed.

Between his shoulders sticking he left the deadly spear.
Never before Sir Hagan so fled for ghastly fear,
As from the matchless champion whom he had butchered there.
Soon as was Sir Siegfried of the mortal wound aware,

Up he from the runnel started as he were wood;
Out from betwixt his shoulders his own huge boar-spear stood!
He thought to find his quiver or his broad-sword true;
The traitor for his treason had then received his due:

But ah! the deadly wounded nor sword nor quiver found:
His shield alone beside him lay there upon the ground;
This from the bank he lifted, and straight at Hagan ran:
Him could not then by fleetness escape King Gunther's man.

E'en to the death though wounded, he hurled it with such power,
That the whirling buckler scattered wide a shower
Of the most precious jewels, then straight in shivers broke:
Full gladly had the warrior ta'en vengeance with that stroke.

E'en as it was, his manhood fierce Hagan leveled low;
Loud all around the meadows rang with the wondrous blow:
Had he in hand good Balmung, the murderer he had slain.
His wound was sore upon him; he writhed in mortal pain.

His lively color faded; a cloud came o'er his sight:
He could stand no longer; melted all his might.
In his paling visage the mark of death he bore.
Soon many a lovely lady sorrowed for him sore.

So the lord of Kriemhild among the flowerets fell;
From the wound fresh gushing his heart's blood fast did well.
Then thus amidst his tortures, e'en with his failing breath,
The false friends he upbraided who had contrived his death.

Thus spake the deadly wounded:—"Ay! cowards false as hell!
To you I still was faithful; I served you long and well:
But what boots all? for guerdon, treason and death I've won;
By your friends, vile traitors! foully have you done.

Whoever shall hereafter from your loins be born
Shall take from such vile fathers a heritage of scorn.
On me you have wreaked malice where gratitude was due;—
With shame shall you be banished by all good knights and true."

Thither ran all the warriors where in his blood he lay;
To many of that party sure 'twas a joyless day;
Whoe'er were true and faithful, they sorrowed for his fall,—
So much the peerless champion had merited of all.

With them the false king Gunther bewept his timeless end.
Then spake the deadly wounded, "Little it boots your friend
Yourself to plot his murder, and then the deed deplore:
Such is a shameful sorrow; better at once 'twere o'er."

Then spake the low'ring Hagan, "I know not why you moan.
Our cares all and suspicions are now for ever flown.

Who now are left, against us who'll dare to make defense?
Well's me, for all this weeping, that I have rid him hence."

"Small cause hast thou," said Siegfried, "to glory in my fate.
Had I weened thy friendship cloaked such murderous hate,
From such as thou full lightly could I have kept my life.
Now grieve I but for Kriemhild, my dear, my widowed wife.

"Now may God take pity, that e'er I had a son,
Who this reproach must suffer from deed so foully done,
That by his murderous kinsmen his father thus was slain.
Had I but time to finish, of this I well might plain.

"Surely so base a murder the world did never see,"
Said he, and turned to Gunther, "as you have done on me.
I saved your life and honor from shame and danger fell,
And thus am I requited by you I served so well."

Then further spake the dying, and speaking sighed full deep:—
"O King! if thou a promise with any one wilt keep,
Let me in this last moment thy grace and favor find
For my dear love and lady, the wife I leave behind.

"Remember, she's thy sister: yield her a sister's right;
Guard her with faith and honor, as thou'rt a king and knight.
My father and my followers for me they long must wait,
Comrade ne'er found from comrade so sorrowful a fate."

In his mortal anguish he writhed him to and fro,
And then said, deadly groaning, "This foul and murderous blow
Deep will ye rue hereafter; this for sure truth retain,
That in slaying Siegfried you yourselves have slain."

With blood were all bedabbled the flowerets of the field.
Some time with death he struggled, as though he scorned to yield
E'en to the foe whose weapon strikes down the loftiest head.
At last prone in the meadow lay mighty Siegfried dead.

HOW KRIEMHILD SLEW HAGAN AND WAS HERSELF SLAIN

To THE cell of Hagan eagerly she went;
Thus the knight bespake she, ah! with what fell intent!
"Wilt thou but return me what thou from me hast ta'en
Back thou mayst go living to Burgundy again."

Then spake grim-visaged Hagan, "You throw away your prayer,
High-descended lady: I took an oath whilere,
That while my lords were living, or of them only one,
I'd ne'er point out the treasure: thus 'twill be given to none."

Well knew the subtle Hagan she ne'er would let him 'scape.
Ah! when did ever falsehood assume so foul a shape?
He feared that soon as ever the queen his life had ta'en,
She then would send her brother to Rhineland back again.

"I'll make an end, and quickly," Kriemhild fiercely spake.
Her brother's life straight bade she in his dungeon take.
Off his head was smitten; she bore it by the hair
To the lord of Trony: such sight he well could spare.

Awhile in gloomy sorrow he viewed his master's head;
Then to remorseless Kriemhild thus the warrior said:—
"E'en to thy wish this business thou to an end hast brought,—
To such an end, moreover, as Hagan ever thought.

"Now the brave king Gunther of Burgundy is dead;
Young Giselher and eke Gernot alike with him are sped:
So now, where lies the treasure, none knows save God and me,
And told shall it be never, be sure, she-fiend! to thee."

Said she, "Ill hast thou quitted a debt so deadly scored:
At least in my possession I'll keep my Siegfried's sword;
My lord and lover bore it, when last I saw him go.
For him woe wrung my bosom, that passed all other woe."

Forth from the sheath she drew it,—that could not he prevent;
At once to slay the champion was Kriemhild's stern intent.
High with both hands she heaved it, and off his head did smite.
That was seen of King Etzel; he shuddered at the sight.

"Ah!" cried the prince impassioned, "harrow and welaway!
That the hand of a woman the noblest knight should slay
That e'er struck stroke in battle, or ever buckler bore!
Albeit I was his foreman, needs must I sorrow sore."

Then said the aged Hildebrand, "Let not her boast of gain,
In that by her contrivance this noble chief was slain;
Though to sore strait he brought me, let ruin on me light,
But I will take full vengeance for Trony's murdered knight."

Hildebrand the aged fierce on Kriemhild sprung;
To the death he smote her as his sword he swung.
Sudden and remorseless he his wrath did wreak:
What could then avail her her fearful thrilling shriek?

There now, the dreary corpses stretched all around were seen;
There lay, hewn in pieces, the fair and noble queen.
Sir Dietrich and King Etzel, their tears began to start;
For kinsmen and for vassals each sorrowed in his heart.

The mighty and the noble lay together dead;
For this had all the people dole and drearihead.
The feast of royal Etzel was thus shut in woe.
Pain in the steps of Pleasure treads ever here below.

'Tis more than I can tell you what afterwards befell,
Save that there was weeping for friends beloved so well;
Knights and squires, dames and damsels, were seen lamenting all.
So here I end my story. This the THE NIBELUNGENS' FALL.

THE SONG OF ROLAND (c. 1100 A. D.)[1]

The heroic tale of the rearguard action of Roland, Oliver, and their following, against the Saracen hordes in the pass of Roncesvalles, the blowing of Roland's mighty horn the sound of which penetrated to the host of Charlemagne on the other side of the mountains, the death of the Paladins, and the vengeance of their master, grew out of legendary stories, or sagas, of the early struggles by the Frankish peoples against the onrush of the Moors from the south, finally saving Europe from Mahommedan domination. This is the heroic background of the history of the nation of France. It is interesting to note that at the Battle of Hastings, in 1066, Taillefer, the Norman minstrel, marched ahead of the invading army singing the lines of this poem as a kind of defiance of the Anglo-Saxon host.

DEATH OF OLIVIER

CLXIV

When Roland saw the abhorred race,
Than blackest ink more black in face,
Who have nothing white but the teeth alone,
"Now," he said, "it is truly shown,
That the hour of our death is close at hand.
Fight, my Franks, 't is my last command."
Said Olivier, "Shame is the laggard's due."
And at his word they engage anew.

CLXV

When the heathen saw that the Franks were few,
Heart and strength from the sight they drew;
They said, "The Emperor hath the worse."
The Algalif sat on a sorrel horse;
He pricked with spurs of the gold refined,
Smote Olivier in the back behind.
On through his harness the lance he pressed,
Till the steel came out at the baron's breast.
"Thou hast it!" the Algalif, vaunting cried,
"Ye were sent by Karl in an evil tide.
Of his wrongs against us he shall not boast;
In thee alone I avenge our host."

CLXVI

Olivier felt the deadly wound,
Yet he grasped Hauteclere, with its steel embrowned;
He smote on the Algalif's crest of gold,—
Gem and flowers to the earth were rolled;
Clave his head to the teeth below,
And struck him dead with the single blow.
"All evil, caitiff, thy soul pursue.
Full well our Emperor's loss I knew;
But for thee—thou goest not hence to boast
To wife or dame on thy natal coast,
Of one denier from the Emperor won,
Or of scathe to me or to others done."
Then Roland's aid he called upon.

CLXXI

When Roland saw that life had fled,
And with face to earth his comrade dead.
He thus bewept him, soft and still:
"Ah, friend, thy prowess wrought thee ill!
So many days and years gone by
We lived together, thou and I:
And thou hast never done me wrong,
Nor I to thee, our lifetime long.
Since thou art dead, to live is pain."
He swooned on Veillantif again,
Yet may not unto earth be cast,
His golden stirrups held him fast.

CLXXII

When passed away had Roland's swoon,
With sense restored, he saw full soon
What ruin lay beneath his view.
His Franks have perished all save two—
The archbishop and Walter of Hum alone.
From the mountain-side hath Walter flown,
Where he met in battle the bands of Spain,
And the heathen won and his men were slain
In his own despite to the vale he came;
Called unto Roland, his aid to claim.
"Ah, count! brave gentleman, gallant peer!
Where art thou? With thee I know not fear.
I am Walter, who vanquished Maelgut of yore,
Nephew to Drouin, the old and hoar.
For knightly deeds I was once thy friend.
I fought the Saracen to the end;
My lance is shivered, my shield is cleft,
Of my broken mail are but fragments left.
I bear in my body eight thrusts of spear;
I die, but I sold my life right dear."
Count Roland heard as he spake the word,
Pricked his steed, and anear him spurred.

[1]Translation by O'Hagan.

CLXXIII

"Walter," said Roland, "thou hadst affray
With the Saracen foe on the heights to-day.
Thou wert wont a valorous knight to be:
A thousand horsemen gave I thee;
Render them back, for my need is sore."
"Alas, thou seest them never more!
Stretched they lie on the dolorous ground,
Where myriad Saracen swarms we found,—
Armenians, Turks, and the giant brood
Of Balisa, famous for hardihood,
Bestriding their Arab Coursers fleet,
Such host in battle 't was ours to meet;
Nor vaunting thence shall the heathen go,—
Full sixty thousand on earth lie low.
With our brands of steel we avenged us well,
But every Frank by the foeman fell.
My hauberk plates are riven wide,
And I bear such wounds in flank and side,
That from every part the bright blood flows,
And feebler ever my body grows.
I am dying fast, I am well aware:
Thy liegeman I, and claim thy care.
If I fled perforce, thou wilt forgive,
And yield me succor while thou dost live."
Roland sweated with wrath and pain,
Tore the skirts of his vest in twain,
Bound Walter's every bleeding vein.

CLXXIV

In Roland's sorrow his wrath arose,
Hotly he struck at the heathen foes,
Nor left he one of a score alive;
Walter slew six, the archbishop five.
The heathens cry, "What a felon three!
Look to it, lords, that they shall not flee.
Dastard is he who confronts them not;
Craven, who lets them depart this spot."
Their cries and shoutings begin once more,
And from every side on the Franks they pour.

CLXXV

Count Roland in sooth is a noble peer;
Count Walter, a valorous cavalier;
The archbishop, in battle proved and tried,
Each struck as if knight there were none beside.
From their steeds a thousand Saracens leap,
Yet forty thousand their saddles keep;
I trow they dare not approach them near,
But they hurl against them lance and spear,
Pike and javelin, shaft and dart.
Walter is slain as the missiles part;
The archbishop's shield in pieces shred,
Riven his helm, and pierced his head;
His corselet of steel they rent and tore;
Wounded his body with lances four;
His steed beneath him dropped withal:
What woe to see the archbishop fall!

CLXXVI

When Turpin felt him flung to ground,
And four lance wounds within him found,
He swiftly rose, the dauntless man,
To Roland looked, and nigh him ran.
Spake but, "I am not overthrown—
Brave warrior yields with life alone."
He drew Almace's burnished steel,
A thousand ruthless blows to deal.
In after time, the Emperor said
He found four hundred round him spread,—
Some wounded, others cleft in twain;
Some lying headless on the plain.
So Giles the saint, who saw it, tells,
For whom High God wrought miracles.
In Laon cell the scroll he wrote;
He little weets who knows it not.

CLXXVII

Count Roland combateth nobly yet,
His body burning and bathed in sweat;
In his brow a mighty pain, since first,
When his horn he sounded, his temple burst;
But he yearns of Karl's approach to know,
And lifts his horn once more—but oh!
How faint and feeble a note to blow!
The Emperor listened, and stood full still.
"My lords," he said, "we are faring ill.
This day is Roland my nephew's last;
Like dying man he winds that blast.
On! Who would aid, for life must press.
Sound every trump our ranks possess."
Peal sixty thousand clarions high,
The hills re-echo, the vales reply.
It is now no jest for the heathen band.
"Karl!" they cry, "it is Karl at hand!"

CLXXVIII

They said, "'Tis the Emperor's advance,
We hear the trumpets resound of France.
If he assail us, hope in vain;
If Roland live, 'tis war again,
And we lose for aye the land of Spain."
Four hundred in arms together drew,
The bravest of the heathen crew;

With serried power they on him press,
And dire in sooth is the count's distress.

CLXXIX

When Roland saw his coming foes,
All proud and stern his spirit rose;
Alive he shall never be brought to yield:
Veillantif spurred he across the field,
With golden spurs he pricked him well,
To break the ranks of the infidel;
Archbishop Turpin by his side.
"Let us flee, and save us," the heathen cried;
"These are the trumpets of France we hear—
It is Karl, the mighty Emperor, near."

CLXXX

Count Roland never hath loved the base,
Nor the proud of heart, nor the dastard race,—
Nor knight, but if he were vassal good,—
And he spake to Turpin, as there he stood;
"On foot are you, on horseback I;
For your love I halt, and stand you by.
Together for good and ill we hold;
I will not leave you for man of mould.
We will pay the heathen their onset back,
Nor shall Durindana of blows be slack."
"Base," said Turpin, "who spares to smite:
When the Emperor comes, he will all requite."

CLXXXI

The heathens said, "We were born to shame.
This day for our disaster came:
Our lords and leaders in battle lost,
And Karl at hand with his marshalled host;
We hear the trumpets of France ring out,
And the cry 'Montjoie!' their rallying shout.
Roland's pride is of such a height,
Not to be vanquished by mortal wight;
Hurl we our missiles, and hold aloof."
And the word they spake, they put in proof,—
They flung, with all their strength and craft,
Javelin, barb, and plumed shaft.
Roland's buckler was torn and frayed,
His cuirass broken and disarrayed,
Yet entrance none to his flesh they made.
From thirty wounds Veillantif bled,
Beneath his rider they cast him, dead;
Then from the field have the heathen flown:
Roland remaineth, on foot, alone.

THE LAST BENEDICTION OF THE ARCHBISHOP

CLXXXII

The heathens fly in rage and dread;
To the land of Spain have their footsteps sped;
Nor can Count Roland make pursuit—
Slain is his steed, and he rests afoot;
To succor Turpin he turned in haste,
The golden helm from his head unlaced,
Ungirt the corselet from his breast,
In stripes divided his silken vest;
The archbishop's wounds hath he staunched and bound,
His arms around him softly wound;
On the green sward gently his body laid,
And, with tender greeting, thus him prayed:
"For a little space, let me take farewell;
Our dear companions, who round us fell,
I go to seek; if I haply find,
I will place them at thy feet reclined."
"Go," said Turpin; "the field is thine—
To God the glory, 't is thine and mine."

CLXXXIII

Alone seeks Roland the field of fight,
He searcheth vale, he searcheth height.
Ivon and Ivor he found, laid low,
And the Gascon Engelier of Bordeaux,
Gerein and his fellow in arms, Gerier;
Otho he found, and Berengier;
Samson the duke, and Anseis bold,
Gerard of Roussillon, the old.
Their bodies, one after one, he bore,
And laid them Turpin's feet before.
The archbishop saw them stretched arow,
Nor can he hinder the tears that flow;
In benediction his hands he spread:
"Alas! for your doom, my lords," he said,
"That God in mercy your souls may give,
On the flowers of Paradise to live;
Mine own death comes, with anguish sore
That I see mine Emperor never more."

CLXXXIV

Once more to the field doth Roland wend,
Till he findeth Olivier, his friend;
The lifeless form to his heart he strained,
Bore him back with what strength remained,
On a buckler laid him, beside the rest,
The archbishop assoiled them all, and blessed.

Their dole and pity anew find vent,
And Roland maketh his fond lament:
"My Olivier, my chosen one,
Thou wert the noble Duke Renier's son,
Lord of the March unto River vale.
To shiver lance and shatter mail,
The brave in council to guide and cheer,
To smite the miscreant foe with fear,—
Was never on earth such cavalier."

CLXXXV

Dead around him his peers to see,
And the man he loved so tenderly,
Fast the tears of Count Roland ran,
His visage discolored became, and wan,
He swooned for sorrow beyond control.
"Alas," said Turpin, "how great thy dole!"

CLXXXVI

To look on Roland swooning there,
Surpassed all sorrow he ever bare;
He stretched his hand, the horn he took,—
Through Roncesvalles there flowed a brook,—
A draught to Roland he thought to bring;
But his steps were feeble and tottering,
Spent his strength, from waste of blood,—
He struggled on for scarce a rood,
When sank his heart, and drooped his frame,
And his mortal anguish on him came.

CLXXXVII

Roland revived from his swoon again;
On his feet he rose, but in deadly pain;
He looked on high, and he looked below,
Till, a space his other companions fro,
He beheld the baron, stretched on sward,
The archbishop, vicar of God our Lord.
Mea Culpa was Turpin's cry,
While he raised his hands to heaven on high,
Imploring Paradise to gain.
So died the soldier of Carlemaine,—
With word or weapon, to preach or fight,
A champion ever of Christian right,
And a deadly foe of the infidel.
God's benediction within him dwell!

CLXXXVIII

When Roland saw him stark on earth
(His very vitals were bursting forth,
And his brain was oozing from out his head),
He took the fair white hands outspread,
Crossed and clasped them upon his breast,
And thus plaint to the dead addressed,—
So did his country's law ordain:—
"Ah, gentleman of noble strain,
I trust thee unto God the True,
Whose service never man shall do
With more devoted heart and mind:
To guard the faith, to win mankind,
From the apostles' day till now,
Such prophet never rose as thou.
Nor pain or torment thy soul await,
But of Paradise the open gate."

THE DEATH OF ROLAND

CLXXXIX

Roland feeleth his death is near,
His brain is oozing by either ear.
For his peers he prayed—God keep them well;
Invoked the angel Gabriel.
That none reproach him, his horn he clasped;
His other hand Durindana grasped;
Then, far as quarrel from crossbow sent,
Across the march of Spain he went,
Where, on a mound, two trees between,
Four flights of marble steps were seen;
Backward he fell, on the field to lie;
And he swooned anon, for the end was nigh.

CXC

High were the mountains and high the trees,
Bright shone the marble terraces;
On the green grass Roland hath swooned away.
A Saracen spied him where he lay:
Stretched with the rest he had feigned him dead,
His face and body with blood bespread.
To his feet he sprang, and in haste he hied,—
In pride and wrath he was overbold,—
And on Roland, body and arms, laid hold.
"The nephew of Karl is overthrown!
To Araby bear I this sword, mine own."
He stooped to grasp it, but as he drew,
Roland returned to his sense anew.

CXCI

He saw the Saracen seize his sword;
His eyes he oped, and he spake one word—
"'Thou art not one of our band, I trow,"
And he clutched the horn he would ne'er forego;

On the golden crest he smote him full,
Shattering steel and bone and skull,
Forth from his head his eyes he beat,
And cast him lifeless before his feet.
"Miscreant, makest thou then so free,
As, right or wrong, to lay hold on me?
Who hears it will deem thee a madman born;
Behold the mouth of mine ivory horn
Broken for thee, and the gems and gold
Around its rim to earth are rolled."

CXCII

Roland feeleth his eyesight reft,
Yet he stands erect with what strength is left;
From his bloodless cheek is the hue dispelled,
But his Durindana all bare he held.
In front a dark brown rock arose—
He smote upon it ten grievous blows.
Grated the steel as it struck the flint,
Yet it brake not, nor bore its edge one dint.
"Mary, Mother, be thou mine aid!
Ah, Durindana, my ill-starred blade,
I may no longer thy guardian be!
What fields of battle I won with thee!
What realms and regions 't was ours to gain,
Now the lordship of Carlemaine!
Never shalt thou possessor know
Who would turn from face of mortal foe;
A gallant vassal so long thee bore,
Such as France the free shall know no more."

CXCIII

He smote anew on the marble stair.
It grated, but breach nor notch was there.
When Roland found that it would not break,
Thus he his plaint to make.
"Ah, Durindana, how fair and bright
Thou sparklest, flaming against the light!
When Karl in Maurienne valley lay,
God sent his angel from heaven to say—
'This sword shall a valorous captain's be,'
And he girt it, the gentle king, on me.
With it I vanquished Poitou and Maine,
Provence I conquered and Aquitaine;
I conquered Normandy the free,
Anjou, and the marches of Brittany;
Romagna I won, and Lombardy,
Bavaris, Flanders from side to side,
And Burgundy, and Poland wide;
Constantinople affiance vowed,
And the Saxon soil to his bidding bowed;
Scotia, and Wales, and Ireland's plain,
Of England made he his own domain.
What mighty regions I won of old,
For the hoary-headed Karl to hold!
But there presses on me a grievous pain,
Lest thou in heathen hands remain.
O God our Father, keep France from stain!"

CXCIV

His strokes once more on the brown rock fell,
And the steel was bent past words to tell;
Yet it brake not, nor was notched the grain,
Erect it leaped to the sky again.
When he failed at the last to break his blade,
His lamentation he inly made.
"Oh, fair and holy, my peerless sword,
What relics lie in thy pommel stored!
Tooth of Saint Peter, Saint Basil's blood,
Hair of Saint Denis beside them strewed,
Fragment of holy Mary's vest.
'Twere shame that thou with the heathen rest;
Thee should the hand of a Christian serve
One who would never in battle swerve.
What regions won I with thee of yore,
The empire now of Karl the hoar!
Rich and mighty is he therefore."

CXCV

That death was on him he knew full well;
Down from his head to his heart it fell.
On the grass beneath a pine-tree's shade,
With face to earth, his form he laid,
Beneath him placed he his horn and sword,
And turned his face to the heathen horde.
Thus hath he done the sooth to show,
That Karl and his warriors all may know,
That the gentle count a conqueror died.
Mea Culpa full oft he cried;
And, for all his sins, unto God above,
In sign of penance, he raised his glove.

CXCVI

Roland feeleth his hour at hand;
On a knoll he lies towards the Spanish land.
With one hand beats he upon his breast:
"In thy sight, O God, be my sins confessed.
From my hour of birth, both the great and small,
Down to this day, I repent of all."
As his glove he raised to God on high,
Angels of heaven descend him nigh.

CXCVII

Beneath a pine was his resting-place,
To the land of Spain hath he turned his face,

On his memory rose full many a thought—
Of the lands he won and the fields he fought;
Of his gentle France, of his kin and line;
Of his nursing father, King Karl benign;—
He may not the tear and sob control,
Nor yet forgets he his parting soul.
To God's compassion he makes his cry:
"O Father true, who canst not lie,
Who didst Lazarus raise unto life agen,
And Daniel shield in the lions' den;
Shield my soul from its peril, due
For the sins I sinned my lifetime through."
He did his right-hand glove uplift—
Saint Gabriel took from his hand the gift;
Then drooped his head upon his breast,
And with clasped hands he went to rest.
God from on high sent down to him
One of his angel Cherubim—
Saint Michael of Peril of the sea,
Saint Gabriel in company—
From heaven they came for that soul of price,
And they bore it with them to Paradise.

DANTE (1265–1321)

THE DIVINE COMEDY[1]

HELL

CANTO VIII

MY THEME pursuing, I relate, that ere
We reached the lofty turret's base, our eyes
Its height ascended, where we marked uphung
Two cressets, and another saw from far
Return the signal, so remote, that scarce
The eye could catch its beam. I, turning round
To the deep source of knowledge, thus inquired:
"Say what this means; and what, that other light
In answer set: what agency doth this?"
"There on the filthy waters," he replied,
"E'en now what next awaits us mayst thou see,
If the marsh-gendered fog conceal it not."
Never was arrow from the cord dismissed,
That ran its way so nimbly through the air,
As a small bark, that through the waves I spied
Toward us coming, under the sole sway
Of one that ferried it, who cried aloud:
"Art thou arrived, fell spirit?"—"Phlegyas, Phlegyas,
This time thou criest in vain," my lord replied;
"No longer shalt thou have us, but while o'er
The slimy pool we pass." As one who hears
Of some great wrong he hath sustained, whereat
Inly he pines: so Phlegyas inly pined
In his fierce ire. My guide, descending, stepped
Into the skiff, and bade me enter next,
Close at his side; nor, till my entrance, seemed
The vessel freighted. Soon as both embarked,
Cutting the waves, goes on the ancient prow,
More deeply than with others it is wont.

While we our course o'er the dead channel held,
One drenched in mire before me came, and said:
"Who art thou, that thus comest ere thine hour?"
I answered: "Though I come, I tarry not:
But who art thou, that are become so foul?"
"One, as thou seest, who mourn:" he straight replied.
To which I thus: "In mourning and in woe,
Curst spirit! tarry thou. I know thee well,
E'en thus in filth disguised." Then stretched he forth
Hands to the bark; whereof my teacher sage
Aware, thrusting him back: "Away! down there
To the other dogs!" then, with his arms my neck
Encircling, kissed my cheek, and spake: "O soul,
Justly disdainful! blest was she in whom
Thou wast conceived. He in the world was one
For arrogance noted: to his memory
No virtue lends its lustre; even so

[1]Translation by Cary.

Here is his shadow furious. There above,
How many now hold themselves mighty kings,
Who here like swine shall wallow in the mire,
Leaving behind them horrible dispraise."
I then: "Master! him fain would I behold
Whelmed in these dregs, before we quit the lake."
He thus: "Or ever to thy view the shore
Be offered, satisfied shall be that wish,
Which well deserves completion." Scarce his words
Were ended, when I saw the miry tribes
Set on him with such violence, that yet
For that render I thanks to God, and praise.
"To Filippo Argenti!" cried they all:
And on himself the moody Florentine
Turned his avenging fangs. Him here we left,
Nor speak I of him more. But on mine ear
Sudden a sound of lamentation smote,
Whereat mine eye unbarred I sent abroad.
And thus the good instructor: "Now, my son
Draws near the city, that of Dis is named,
With its grave denizens, a mighty throng."
I thus: "The minarets already, Sir!
There, certes, in the valley I descry,
Gleaming vermilion, as if they from fire
Had issued." He replied: "Eternal fire,
That inward burns, shows them with ruddy flame
Illumed; as in this nether hell thou seest."
We came within the fosses deep, that moat
This region comfortless. The walls appeared
As they were framed of iron. We had made
Wide circuit, ere a place we reached, where loud
The mariner cried vehement: "Go forth:
The entrance is here." Upon the gates I spied
More than a thousand, who of old from heaven
Were showered. With ireful gestures, "Who is this,"
They cried, "that, without death first felt, goes through
The regions of the dead?" My sapient guide
Made sign that he for secret parley wished;
Whereat their angry scorn abating, thus
They spake: "Come thou alone; and let him go,
Who hath so hardily entered this realm.
Alone return he by his witless way;
If well he know it, let him prove. For thee,
Here shalt thou tarry, who through clime so dark
Hast been his escort." Now bethink thee, reader!
What cheer was mine at sound of those curst words.
I did believe I never should return.
"O my loved guide! who more than seven times
Security hast rendered me, and drawn
From peril deep, whereto I stood exposed,
Desert me not," I cried, "in this extreme.
And, if our onward going be denied,
Together trace we back our steps with speed."
My liege, who thither had conducted me,
Replied: "Fear not: for of our passage none
Hath power to disappoint us, by such high
Authority permitted. But do thou
Expect me here; meanwhile, thy wearied spirit
Comfort, and feed with kindly hope, assured
I will not leave thee in this lower world."
This said, departs the sire benevolent,
And quits me. Hesitating I remain
At war, 'twixt will and will not, in my thoughts.
I could not hear what terms he offered them,
But they conferred not long, for all at once
Pellmell rushed back within. Closed were the gates,
By those our adversaries, on the breast
Of my liege lord: excluded, he returned
To me with tardy steps. Upon the ground
His eyes were bent, and from his brow erased
All confidence, while thus in sighs he spake:
"Who hath denied me these abodes of woe?"
Then thus to me: "That I am angered, think
No ground of terror: in this trial I
Shall vanquish, use what arts they may within
For hindrance. This their insolence, not new,
Erewhile at gate less secret they displayed,
Which still is without bolt; upon its arch
Thou saw'st the deadly scroll; and even now,
On this side of its entrance, down the steep,
Passing the circles, unescorted, comes
One whose strong might can open us this land."

Canto IX

The hue, which coward dread on my pale cheeks
Imprinted when I saw my guide turn back,
Chased that from his which newly they had worn,
And inwardly restrained it. He, as one
Who listens, stood attentive: for his eye
Not far could lead him through the sable air,
And the thick-gathering cloud. "It yet behoves
We win this fight;" thus he began: "if not,—
Such aid to us is offered,—Oh! how long
Meseems it, ere the promised help arrive."
I noted, how the sequel of his words
Cloaked their beginning; for the last he spake
Agreed not with the first. But not the less
My fear was at his saying; sith I drew
To import worse, perchance, than that he held,
His mutilated speech. "Doth ever any
Into this rueful concave's extreme depth
Descend, out of the first degree, whose pain
Is deprivation merely of sweet hope?"
Thus I inquiring. "Rarely," he replied,
"It chances, that among us any makes
This journey, which I wend. Erewhile, 'tis true,
Once came I here beneath, conjured by fell
Erictho, sorceress, who compelled the shades
Back to their bodies. No long space my flesh
Was naked of me, when within these walls
She made me enter, to draw forth a spirit
From out of Judas' circle. Lowest place
Is that of all, obscurest, and removed
Furthest from heaven's all-circling orb. The road
Full well I know: thou therefore rest secure.
That lake, the noisome stench exhaling, round
The city of grief encompasses, which now
We may not enter without rage." Yet more
He added: but I hold it not in mind,
For that mine eye toward the lofty tower
Had drawn me wholly, to its burning top;
Where, in an instant, I beheld uprisen
At once three hellish furies stained with blood.
In limb and motion feminine they seemed;
Around them greenest hydras twisting rolled
Their volumes; adders and cerastes crept
Instead of hair, and their fierce temples bound.
He, knowing well the miserable hags
Who tend the queen of endless woe, thus spake:
"Mark thou each dire Erinnyes. To the left,
This is Megaera; on the right hand, she
Who wails, Alecto; and Tisiphone
I' th' midst." This said, in silence he remained.
Their breast they each one clawing tore; themselves
Smote with their palms, and such shrill clamor raised,
That to the bard I clung, suspicion-bound.
"Hasten Medusa: so to adamant
Him shall we change;" all looking down exclaimed:
"E'en when by Theseus' might assailed, we took
No ill revenge." "Turn thyself round, and keep
Thy countenance hid; for if the Gorgon dire
Be shown, and thou shouldst view it, thy return
Upwards would be forever lost." This said,
Himself, my gentle master, turned me round;
Nor trusted he my hands, but with his own
He also hid me. Ye of intellect
Sound and entire, mark well the lore concealed
Under close texture of the mystic strain
And now there came o'er the perturbed waves
Loud-crashing, terrible, a sound that made
Either shore tremble, as if of a wind
Impetuous, from conflicting vapors sprung,
That 'gainst some forest driving all his might,
Plucks off the branches, beats them down, and hurls
Afar; then, onward passing, proudly sweeps
His whirlwind rage, while beasts and shepherds fly.
Mine eye he loosed, and spake: "And now direct
Thy visual nerve along that ancient foam,
There, thickest where the smoke ascends."
As frogs
Before their foe the serpent, through the wave
Ply swiftly all, till at the ground each one
Lies on a heap; more than a thousand spirits

Destroyed, so saw I fleeing before one
Who passed with unwet feet the Stygian sound.
He, from his face removing the gross air,
Oft his left hand forth stretched, and seemed alone
By that annoyance wearied. I perceived
That he was sent from heaven; and to my guide
Turned me, who signal made, that I should stand
Quiet, and bend to him. Ah me! how full
Of noble anger seemed he. To the gate
He came, and with his wand touched it, whereat
Open without impediment it flew.
"Outcasts of heaven! O abject race, and scorned!"
Began he, on the horrid grunsel standing,
"Whence doth this wild excess of insolence
Lodge in you? wherefore kick you 'gainst that will
Ne'er frustrate of its end, and which so oft
Hath laid on you enforcement of your pangs?
What profits, at the fates to butt the horn?
Your Cerberus, if ye remember, hence
Bears still, peeled of their hair, his throat and maw."
This said, he turned back o'er the filthy way,
And syllable to us spake none; but wore
The semblance of a man by other care
Beset, and keenly prest, than thought of him
Who in his presence stands. Then we our steps
Toward that territory moved, secure
After the hallowed words. We, unopposed,
There entered; and, my mind eager to learn
What state a fortress like to that might hold,
I, soon as entered, throw mine eye around,
And see, on every part, wide-stretching space,
Replete with bitter pain and torment ill.
As where Rhone stagnates on the plains of Arles,
Or as at Pola, near Quarnaro's gulf,
That closes Italy and laves her bounds,
The place is all thick spread with sepulchres;
So was it here, save what in horror here
Excelled: for 'midst the graves were scattered flames,
Wherewith intensely all throughout they burned,
That iron for no craft there hotter needs.
Their lids all hung suspended; and beneath,
From them forth issued lamentable moans,
Such as the sad and tortured well might raise.
I thus: "Master! say who are these, interred
Within these vaults, of whom distinct we hear
The dolorous sighs." He answer thus returned:
"The arch-heretics are here, accompanied
By every sect their followers; and much more,
Than thou believest, the tombs are freighted: like
With like is buried; and the monuments
Are different in degrees of heat." This said,
He to the right hand turning, on we passed
Betwixt the afflicted and the ramparts high.

PURGATORY

Canto XX

Ill strives the will, 'gainst will more wise that strives:
His pleasure therefore to mine own preferred,
I drew the sponge yet thirsty from the wave.
Onward I moved: he also onward moved,
Who led me, coasting still, wherever place
Along the rock was vacant; as a man
Walks near the battlements on narrow wall.
For those on the other part, who drop by drop
Wring out their all-infecting malady,
Too closely press the verge. Accurst be thou,
Inveterate wolf![1] Whose gorge ingluts more prey,
Than every beast beside, yet is not filled;
So bottomless thy maw.—Ye spheres of heaven!
To whom there are, as seems, who attribute
All change in mortal state, when is the day
Of his appearing, for whom fate reserves
To chase her hence?[2]—With wary steps and slow
We passed; and I attentive to the shades,
Whom piteously I heard lament and wail;
And, 'midst the wailing, one before us heard
Cry out "O blessed Virgin!" as a dame
In the sharp pangs of childbed; and "How poor
Thou wast," it added, "witness that low roof
Where thou didst lay thy sacred burden down.

[1]Avarice. [2]Can Grande della Scala.

O good Fabricius![1] thou didst virtue chuse
With poverty, before great wealth with vice."
The words so pleased me, that desire to know
The spirit, from whose lip they seemed to come,
Did draw me onward. Yet it spake the gift
Of Nicholas, which on the maidens he
Bounteous bestowed, to save their youthful prime
Unblemished. "Spirit! who dost speak of deeds
So worthy, tell me who thou wast," I said,
"And why thou dost with single voice renew
Memorial of such praise. That boon vouchsafed
Haply shall meet reward; if I return
To finish the short pilgrimage of life,
Still speeding to its close on restless wing."
"I," answered he, "will tell thee; not for help,
Which thence I look for; but that in thyself
Grace so exceeding shines, before thy time
Of mortal dissolution. I was root
Of that ill plant whose shade such poison sheds
O'er all the Christian land, that seldom thence
Good fruit is gathered. Vengeance soon should come,
Had Ghent and Douay, Lille and Bruges power;
And vengeance I of heaven's great Judge implore;
Hugh Capet was I hight: from me descend
The Philips and the Louis, of whom France
Newly is governed: born of one, who plied
The slaughterer's trade at Paris. When the race
Of ancient kings had vanished (all save one
Wrapt up in sable weeds) within my gripe
I found the reins of empire, and such powers
Of new acquirement, with full store of friends,
That soon the widowed circlet of the crown
Was girt upon the temples of my son,
He, from whose bones the anointed race begins.
Till the great dower of Provence had removed
The stains, that yet obscured our lowly blood,
Its sway indeed was narrow; but howe'er
It wrought no evil: there, with force and lies,
Began its rapine: after, for amends,
Poitou it seized, Navarre and Gascony.
To Italy came Charles; and for amends,
Young Conradine, an innocent victim, slew;
And sent the angelic teacher[2] back to heaven,
Still for amends. I see the time at hand,
That forth from France invites another Charles[3]
To make himself and kindred better known.
Unarmed he issues, saving with that lance,
Which the arch-traitor tilted with; and that
He carries with so home a thrust, as rives
The bowels of poor Florence. No increase
Of territory hence, but sin and shame
Shall be his guerdon; and so much the more
As he more lightly deems of such foul wrong.
I see the other (who a prisoner late
Had slept on shore) exposing to the mart
His daughter, whom he bargains for, as do
The Corsairs for their slaves. O avarice!
What canst thou more, who hast subdued our blood
So wholly to thyself, they feel no care
Of their own flesh? To hide with drier guilt
Past ill and future, lo! the flower-de-luce
Enters Alagna; in his Vicar Christ
Himself a captive, and his mockery
Acted again.[4] Lo! to his holy lip
The vinegar and gall once more applied;
And he 'twixt living robbers doomed to bleed.
Lo! the new Pilate, of whose cruelty
Such violence cannot fill the measure up,
With no decree of sanction, pushes on
Into the temple his yet eager sails.
"O sovran Master! when shall I rejoice
To see the vengeance, which thy wrath, well-pleased,
In secret silence broods?—While daylight lasts,
So long what thou didst hear of her, sole spouse
Of the Great Spirit, and on which thou turnedst
To me for comment, is the general theme
Of all our prayers: but, when it darkens, then

[1] A Roman general who refused the bribes of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus.

[2] St. Thomas Aquinas.

[3] Charles of Valois, who drove Dante into exile.

[4] Reference to the quarrels between France and the Pope.

A different strain we utter; then record
Pygmalion, whom his gluttonous thirst of gold
Made traitor, robber, parricide: the woes
Of Midas, which his greedy wish ensued,
Marked for derision to all future times:
And the fond Achan,[1] how he stole the prey,
That yet he seems by Joshua's ire pursued.
Sapphira[2] with her husband next we blame;
And praise the forefeet, that with furious ramp
Spurned Heliodorus.[3] All the mountain round
Rings with the infamy of Thracia's king,
Who slew his Phrygian charge: and last a shout
Ascends: 'Declare, O Crassus! for thou know'st,
The flavor of thy gold.' The voice of each
Now high, now low, as each his impulse prompts,
Is led through many a pitch, acute or grave.
Therefore, not singly, I erewhile rehearsed
That blessedness we tell of in the day:
But near me, none, beside, his accent raised."
From him we now had parted, and essayed
With utmost efforts to surmount the way;
When I did feel, as nodding to its fall,
The mountain tremble; whence an icy chill
Seized on me, as on one to death conveyed.
So shook not Delos, when Latona there
Couched to bring forth the twin-born eyes of heaven.
Forthwith from every side a shout arose
So vehement, that suddenly my guide
Drew near, and cried: "Doubt not, while I conduct thee."
"Glory!" all shouted (such the sounds mine ear
Gathered from those, who near me swelled the sounds)
"Glory in the highest be to God." We stood
Immoveably suspended, like to those,
The shepherds, who first heard in Bethlehem's field
That song: till ceased the trembling, and the song
Was ended: then our hallowed path resumed,
Eying the prostrate shadows, who renewed
Their customed mourning. Never in my breast
Did ignorance so struggle with desire
Of knowledge, if my memory do not err,
As in that moment; nor through haste dared I
To question, nor myself could aught discern.
So on I fared, in thoughtfulness and dread.

[1]Joshua, VII. [2]Acts, V. [3]2 Maccabees, III, 25.

Canto XXI

The natural thirst, ne'er quenched but from the well
Whereof the woman of Samaria craved,
Excited; haste, along the cumbered path,
After my guide, impelled; and pity moved
My bosom for the 'vengeful doom though just.
When lo! even as Luke relates, that Christ
Appeared unto the two upon their way,
New-risen from his vaulted grave; to us
A shade appeared, and after us approached,
Contemplating the crowd beneath its feet.
We were not ware of it; so first it spake,
Saying, "God give you peace, my brethren!" then
Sudden we turned: and Virgil such salute,
As fitted that kind greeting, gave; and cried:
"Peace in the blessed council be thy lot,
Awarded by that righteous court which me
To everlasting banishment exiles."
"How!" he exclaimed, nor from his speed meanwhile
Desisting; "If that ye be spirits whom God
Vouchsafes not room above; who up the height
Has been thus far your guide?" To whom the bard:
"If thou observe the tokens, which this man,
Traced by the finger of the angel, bears;
'T is plain that in the kingdom of the just
He needs must share. But sithence she, whose wheel
Spins day and night, for him not yet had drawn
That yarn, which on the fatal distaff plied,
Clotho apportions to each wight that breathes;
His soul, that sister is to mine and thine,
Not of herself could mount; for not like ours
Her ken: whence I, from forth the ample gulf
Of hell, was ta'en, to lead him, and will lead
Far as my lore avails. But, if thou know,
Instruct us for what cause, the mount erewhile
Thus shook, and trembled: wherefore all at once

Seemed shouting, even from his wave-washed foot."
That questioning so tallied with my wish,
The thirst did feel abatement of its edge
E'en from expectance. He forthwith replied:
"In its devotion, naught irregular
This mount can witness, or by punctual rule
Unsanctioned; here from every change exempt,
Other than that, which heaven in itself
Doth of itself receive, no influence
Can reach us. Tempest none, shower, hail, or snow,
Hoar frost, or dewy moistness, higher falls
Than that brief scale of threefold steps: thick clouds,
Nor scudding rack, are ever seen: swift glance
Ne'er lightens; nor Thaumantian Iris gleams,
That yonder often shifts on each side heaven.
Vapor adust doth never mount above
The highest of the trinal stairs, where on
Peter's vicegerent stands. Lower perchance,
With various motion rocked, trembles the soil:
But here, through wind in earth's deep hollow pent,
I know not how, yet never trembled: then
Trembles, when any spirit feels itself
So purified, that it may rise, or move
For rising; and such loud acclaim ensues.
Purification, by thy will alone,
Is proved, that free to change society
Seizes the soul rejoicing in her will.
Desire of bliss is present from the first;
But strong propension hinders, to that wish
By the just ordinance of heaven opposed;
Propension now as eager to fulfil
The allotted torment, as erewhile to sin.
And I, who in this punishment had lain
Five hundred years and more, but now have felt
Free wish for happier clime. Therefore thou felt'st
The mountain tremble; and the spirits devout
Heard'st, over all his limits, utter praise
To that liege Lord, whom I entreat their joy
To hasten." Thus he spake: and, since the draught
Is grateful ever as the thirst is keen,
No words may speak my fulness of content.
"Now," said the instructor sage, "I see the net
That takes ye here; and how the toils are loosed;
Why rocks the mountain, and why ye rejoice.
Vouchsafe, that from thy lips I next may learn
Who on the earth thou wast; and wherefore here,
So many an age, wert prostrate."—"In that time,
When the good Titus, with Heaven's King to help,
Avenged those piteous gashes, whence the blood
By Judas sold did issue; with the name
Most lasting and most honored, there, was I
Abundantly renowned," the shade replied,
"Not yet with faith endued. So passing sweet
My vocal spirit; from Tolosa, Rome
To herself drew me, where I merited
A myrtle garland to inwreathe my brow.
Statius they name me still. Of Thebes I sang,
And next of great Achilles;[1] but i' the way
Fell with the second burthen. Of my flame
Those sparkles were the seeds, which I derived
From the bright fountain of celestial fire
That feeds unnumbered lamps; the song I mean
Which sounds Aeneas' wanderings: that the breast
I hung at; that the nurse, from whom my veins
Drank inspiration: whose authority
Was ever sacred with me. To have lived
Coeval with the Mantuan, I would bide
The revolution of another sun
Beyond my stated years in banishment."
The Mantuan, when he heard him, turned to me;
And holding silence, by his countenance
Enjoined me silence: but the power, which wills,
Bears not supreme control: laughter and tears
Follow so closely on the passion prompts them,
They wait not for the motions of the will
In natures most sincere. I did but smile,
As one who winks; and thereupon the shade
Broke off, and peered into mine eyes, where best

[1]The *Thebaid* and the *Achilleid*.

Our looks interpret. "So to good event
Mayst thou conduct such great emprise," he cried,
"Say, why across thy visage beamed, but now,
The lightning of a smile." On either part
Now am I straitened; one conjures me speak,
The other to silence binds me: whence a sigh
I utter, and the sigh is heard. "Speak on,"
The teacher cried: "and do not fear to speak;
But tell him what so earnestly he asks."
Whereon I thus: "Perchance, O ancient spirit!
Thou marvel'st at my smiling. There is room
For yet more wonder. He, who guides my ken
On high, he is that Mantuan, led by whom
Thou didst presume of men and gods to sing.
If other cause thou deemedst for which I smiled,
Leave it as not the true one: and believe
Those words, thou spakest of him, indeed the cause."
Now down he bent to embrace my teacher's feet;
But he forbade him: "Brother! do it not:
Thou art a shadow, and behold'st a shade."
He, rising, answered thus: "Now hast thou proved
The force and ardor of the love I bear thee,
When I forget we are but things of air,
And, as a substance, treat an empty shade."

PARADISE

Canto XIV

From centre to the circle, and so back
From circle to the centre, water moves
In the round chalice, even as the blow
Impels it, inwardly, or from without.
Such was the image glanced into my mind,
As the great spirit of Aquinum ceased;
And Beatrice, after him, her words
Resumed alternate: "Need there is (though yet
He tells it to you not in words, not e'en
In thought) that he should fathom to its depth
Another mystery. Tell him, if the light,
Wherewith your substance blooms, shall stay with you
Eternally, as now; and, if it doth,
How, when ye shall regain your visible forms,
The sight may without harm endure the change,
That also tell." As those, who in a ring
Tread the light measure, in their fitful mirth
Raise loud the voice, and spring with gladder bound;
Thus, at the hearing of that pious suit,
The saintly circles, in their tourneying
And wondrous note, attested new delight.
Whoso laments, that we must doff this garb
Of frail mortality, thenceforth to live
Immortally above; he hath not seen
The sweet refreshing of that heavenly shower.
Him, who lives ever, and forever reigns
In mystic union of the Three in One,
Unbounded, bounding all, each spirit thrice
Sang, with such melody, as, but to hear,
For highest merit were an ample meed.
And from the lesser orb the goodliest light,
With gentle voice and mild, such as perhaps
The angel's once to Mary, thus replied:
"Long as the joy of Paradise shall last,
Our love shall shine around that raiment, bright
As fervent; fervent as, in vision, blest;
And that as far, in blessedness, exceeding,
As it hath grace, beyond its virtue, great.
Our shape, regarmented with glorious weeds
Of saintly flesh, must, being thus entire,
Show yet more gracious. Therefore shall increase
Whate'er, of light, gratuitous imparts
The Supreme Good; light, ministering aid,
The better to disclose his glory: whence,
The vision needs increasing, must increase
The fervor, which it kindles; and that too
The ray, that comes from it. But as the gleam
Which gives out flame, yet in its whiteness shines
More livelily than that, and so preserves
Its proper semblance; thus this circling sphere
Of splendor shall to view less radiant seem,
Than shall our fleshly robe, which yonder earth
Now covers. Nor will such excess of light
O'erpower us, in corporeal organs made
Firm, and susceptible of all delight."
So ready and so cordial an "Amen"
Followed from either choir, as plainly spoke
Desire of their dead bodies; yet perchance

Not for themselves, but for their kindred dear,
Mothers and sires, and those whom best they loved
Ere they were made imperishable flame.
And lo! forthwith, there rose up round about
A lustre, over that already there;
Of equal clearness, like the brightening up
Of the horizon. As at evening hour
Of twilight, new appearances through heaven
Peer with faint glimmer, doubtfully descried;
So, there, new substances, methought, began
To rise in view beyond the other twain,
And wheeling, sweep their ampler circuit wide.
O genuine glitter of eternal Beam!
With what a sudden whiteness did it flow,
O'erpowering vision in me. But so fair,
So passing lovely, Beatrice showed,
Mind cannot follow it, nor words express
Her infinite sweetness. Thence mine eyes regained
Power to look up; and I beheld myself,
Sole with my lady, to more lofty bliss
Translated: for the star, with warmer smile
Impurpled, well denoted our ascent.
With all the heart, and with that tongue which speaks
The same in all, an holocaust I made
To God befitting the new grace vouchsafed.
And from my bosom had not yet upsteamed
The fuming of that incense, when I knew
The rite accepted. With such mighty sheen
And mantling crimson, in two listed rays
The splendors shot before me, that I cried,
"God of Sabaoth! that dost prank them thus!"
As leads the galaxy from pole to pole,
Distinguished into greater lights and less,
Its pathway, which the wisest fail to spell;
So thickly studded, in the depth of Mars,
Those rays described the venerable sign,
That quadrants in the round conjoining frame.
Here memory mocks the toil of genius. Christ
Beamed on that cross; and pattern fails me now.
But whoso takes his cross, and follows Christ,
Will pardon me for that I leave untold,
When in the fleckered dawning he shall spy
The glitterance of Christ. From horn to horn,
And 'tween the summit and the base, did move
Lights, scintillating, as they met and passed.
Thus oft are seen with ever-changeful glance,
Straight or athwart, now rapid and now slow,
The atomies of bodies, long or short,
To move along the sunbeam, whose slant line
Checkers the shadow interposed by art
Against the noontide heat. And as the chime
Of minstrel music, dulcimer, and harp
With many strings, a pleasant dinning makes
To him, who heareth not distinct the note;
So from the lights, which there appeared to me,
Gathered along the cross a melody,
That, indistinctly heard, with ravishment
Possessed me. Yet I marked it was a hymn
Of lofty praises; for there came to me
"Arise," and "Conquer," as to one who hears
And comprehends not. Me such ecstasy
O'ercame, that never, till that hour, was thing
That held me in so sweet imprisonment.
Perhaps my saying overbold appears,
Accounting less the pleasure of those eyes,
Whereon to look fulfilleth all desire
But he, who is aware those living seals
Of every beauty work with quicker force,
The higher they are risen; and that there
I had not turned me to them; he may well
Excuse me that, whereof in my excuse
I do accuse me, and may own my truth;
That holy pleasure here not yet revealed,
Which grows in transport as we mount aloof.

Canto XV

True love, that ever shows itself as clear
In kindness, as loose appetite in wrong,
Silenced that lyre harmonious, and stilled
The sacred chords, that are by heaven's right hand
Unwound and tightened. How to righteous prayers
Should they not hearken, who, to give me will
For praying, in accordance thus were mute?
He hath in sooth good cause for endless grief
Who, for the love of thing that 'asteth not,
Despoils himself forever of that love.
As oft along the still and pure serene,
At nightfall, glides a sudden trail of fire,

Attracting with involuntary heed
The eye to follow it, erewhile at rest;
And seems some star that shifted place in heaven,
Only that, whence it kindles, none is lost,
And it is soon extinct: thus from the horn,
That on the dexter of the cross extends,
Down to its foot, one luminary ran
From mid the cluster shone there; yet no gem
Dropped from its foil: and through the beamy list,
Like flame in alabaster, glowed its course.
So forward stretched him (if of credence aught
Our greater muse may claim) the pious ghost
Of old Anchises, in the Elysian bower,
When he perceived his son. "O thou, my blood!
O most exceeding grace divine! to whom,
As now to thee, hath twice the heavenly gate
Been e'er unclosed?" So spake the light: whence I
Turned me toward him; then unto my dame
My sight directed: and on either side
Amazement waited me; for in her eyes
Was lighted such a smile, I thought that mine
Had dived unto the bottom of my grace
And of my bliss in Paradise. Forthwith,
To hearing and to sight gratefully alike,
The spirit to his proem added things
I understood not, so profound he spake:
Yet not of choice, but through necessity,
Mysterious; for his high conception soared
Beyond the mark of mortals. When the flight
Of holy transport had so spent its rage,
That nearer to the level of our thought
The speech descended; the first sounds I heard
Were, "Blest be thou, Triunal Deity!
That hast such favor in my seed vouchsafed."
Then followed: "No unpleasant thirst, though long,
Which took me reading in the sacred book,
Whose leaves or white or dusky never change,
Thou hast allayed, my son![1] within this light,
From whence my voice thou hear'st: more thanks to her
Who, for such lofty mounting, has with plumes
Begirt thee. Thou dost deem thy thoughts to me
From Him transmitted, who is first of all,
E'en as all numbers ray from unity;
And therefore dost not ask me who I am,
Or why to thee more joyous I appear,
Than any other in this gladsome throng.
The truth is as thou deem'st; for in this life
Both less and greater in that mirror look,
In which thy thoughts, or e'er thou think'st are shown.
But, that the love, which keeps me wakeful ever,
Urging with sacred thirst of sweet desire,
May be contented fully; let thy voice,
Fearless, and frank, and jocund, utter forth
Thy will distinctly, utter forth the wish,
Whereto my ready answer stands decreed."
I turned me to Beatrice; and she heard
Ere I had spoken, smiling and assent,
That to my will gave wings; and I began:
"To each among your tribe, what time ye kenned
The nature, in whom naught unequal dwells,
Wisdom and love were in one measure dealt;
For that they are so equal in the sun,
From whence ye drew your radiance and your heat,
As makes all likeness scant. But will and means,
In mortals, for the cause ye will discern
With unlike wings are fledge. A mortal, I
Experience inequality like this;
And therefore give no thanks, but in the heart,
For thy paternal greeting. This howe'er
I pray thee, living topaz! that ingemm'st
This precious jewel; let me hear thy name."
"I am thy root, O leaf! whom to expect
Even, hath pleased me." Thus the prompt reply
Prefacing, next it added: "He, of whom
Thy kindred appellation comes, and who,
These hundred years and more, on its first ledge
Hath circuited the mountain, was my son,
And thy great-grandsire. Well befits, his long
Endurance should be shortened by thy deeds.
"Florence, within her ancient limit-mark,

[1] Cacciaguida, ancestor of Dante, is speaking.

Which calls her still to matin prayers and noon,
Was chaste and sober, and abode in peace.
She had no armlets and no head-tires then;
No purfled dames; no zone, that caught the eye
More than the person did. Time was not yet,
When at his daughter's birth the sire grew pale,
For fear the age and dowry should exceed,
On each side, just proportion. House was none
Void of its family: nor yet had come
Sardanapalus, to exhibit feats
Of chamber prowess. Montemalo yet
O'er our suburban turret rose; as much
To be surpast in fall, as in its rising.
I saw Bellincion Berti[1] walk abroad
In leathern girdle, and a clasp of bone;
And, with no artful coloring on her cheeks,
His lady leave the glass. The sons I saw
Of Nerli, and of Vecchio, well content
With unrobed jerkin; and their good dames handling
The spindle and the flax: O happy they!
Each sure of burial in her native land,
And none left desolate a-bed for France.
One waked to tend the cradle, hushing it
With sounds that lulled the parent's infancy:
Another, with her maidens, drawing off
The tresses from the distaff, lectured them
Old tales of Troy, and Fiesole, and Rome.
A Salterello and Cianghella[2] we
Had held as strange a marvel, as ye would
A Cincinnatus or Cornelia now.
"In such composed and seemly fellowship,
Such faithful and such fair equality,
In so sweet household, Mary at my birth
Bestowed me, called on with loud cries; and there,
In your old baptistery, I was made
Christian at once and Cacciaguida; as were
My brethren Eliseo and Moronto.
"From Vladipado came to me my spouse;
And hence thy surname grew. I followed then
The Emperor Conrad: and his knighthood he
Did gird on me; in such good part he took
My valiant service. After him I went
To testify against that evil law,
Whose people, by the shepherd's fault, possess
Your right usurped. There I by that foul crew,
Was disentangled from the treacherous world
Whose base affection many a spirit soils;
And from the martyrdom came to this peace."

[1] A citizen of Florence.

[2] Famous for their vices.

SIR THOMAS MALORY (c. 1400–1471)

MORTE D'ARTHUR

Launcelot and Guenever

In the beginning of Arthur, after he was chosen king by adventure and by grace,—for the most part of the barons knew not that he was Uther Pendragon's son, but as Merlin made it openly known,—many kings and lords made great war against him for that cause; but well Arthur overcame them all; for the most part of the days of his life he was ruled much by the counsel of Merlin. So it fell on a time king Arthur said unto Merlin, My barons will let me have no rest, but needs I must take a wife, and I will none take but by thy counsel and by thine advice. It is well done, said Merlin, that ye take a wife, for a man of your bounty and nobleness should not be without a wife. Now is there any that ye love more than another? Yea, said king Arthur, I love Guenever, the daughter of king Leodegrance, of the land of Cameliard, which Leodegrance holdeth in his house the Table Round, that ye told he had of my father, Uther. And this damsel is the most valiant and fairest lady that I know living, or yet that ever I could find. Sir, said Merlin, as of her beauty and fairness she is one of the fairest on live. But and ye loved her not so well as ye do, I could find you a damsel of beauty and of goodness that should like you and please you, and your heart were not set; but there as a man's heart is set, he will be loth to return. That is truth, said king Arthur. But Merlin

warned the king covertly that Guenever was not wholesome for him to take to wife, for he warned him that Launcelot should love her, and she him again; and so he turned his tale to the adventures of the Sangreal. Then Merlin desired of the king to have men with him that should enquire of Guenever, and so the king granted him. And Merlin went forth to king Leodegrance of Cameliard, and told him of the desire of the king that he would have unto his wife Guenever his daughter. That is to me, said king Leodegrance, the best tidings that ever I heard, that so worthy a king of prowess and noblesse will wed my daughter. And as for my lands I will give him wist I it might please him, but he hath lands enough, him needeth none, but I shall send him a gift shall please him much more, for I shall give him the Table Round, the which Uther Pendragon gave me, and when it is full complete there is an hundred knights and fifty. And as for an hundred good knights I have myself, but I lack fifty, for so many have been slain in my days. And so king Leodegrance delivered his daughter Guenever unto Merlin, and the Table Round, with the hundred knights, and so they rode freshly, with great royalty, what by water and what by land, till they came nigh unto London.

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT WAS SHRIVEN, AND WHAT SORROW HE MADE; AND OF THE GOOD ENSAMPLES WHICH WERE SHEWED HIM.

Then Sir Launcelot wept with heavy cheer, and said, Now I know well ye say me sooth. Sir, said the good man, hide none old sin from me. Truly, said Sir Launcelot, that were me full loth to discover. For this fourteen years I never discovered one thing that I have used, and that may I now blame my shame and my misadventure. And then he told there that good man all his life, and how he had loved a queen unmeasurably, and out of measure long;—and all my great deeds of arms that I have done, I did the most part for the queen's sake, and for her sake would I do battle were it right or wrong, and never did I battle all only for God's sake, but for to win worship, and to cause me to be the better beloved, and little or nought I thanked God of it. Then Sir Launcelot said, I pray you counsel me. I will counsel you, said the hermit, if ye will ensure me that ye will never come in that queen's fellowship, as much as ye may forbear. And then Sir Launcelot promised him he would not, by the faith of his body. Look that your heart and your mouth ensure you ye shall have more worship than ever ye had. Holy father, said Sir Launcelot, I marvel of the voice that said to me marvellous words, as ye have heard toforehand. Have ye no marvel, said the good man, thereof; for it seemeth well God loveth you; for men may understand a stone is hard of kind, and namely one more than another, that is to understand by thee Sir Launcelot, for thou wilt not leave thy sin for no goodness that God hath sent thee, therefore thou art more than any stone, and never wouldest thou be made soft nor by water nor by fire, and that is, the heat of the Holy Ghost may not enter in thee. Now take heed; in all the world men shall not find one knight to whom our Lord hath given so much of grace as He hath given you: for He hath given you fairness with seemliness; He hath given thee wit, discretion to know good from evil: He hath given thee prowess and hardiness; and given thee to work so largely that thou hast had at all days the better wheresoever thou camest. And now our Lord will suffer thee no longer, but that thou shalt know Him, whether thou wilt or nilt. And why the voice called thee bitterer than wood, for where over-much sin dwelleth, there may be but little sweetness, wherefore thou art likened to an old rotten tree. Now have I shewed thee why thou art harder than the stone, and bitterer than the tree. Now shall I shew thee why thou art more naked and barer than the fig-tree. It befell that our Lord on Palm-Sunday preached in Jerusalem, and there He found in the people that all hardness was harboured in them, and there He found in all the town not one that would harbour Him. And then He went without the town, and found in the midst of the way a fig-tree, the which was right fair and well garnished of leaves, but fruit had it none. Then our Lord cursed the tree that bare no fruit; that betokeneth the fig-tree into Jerusalem, that had leaves and no fruit. So thou, Sir Launcelot, when the holy Graile was brought afore thee, He found in thee no

fruit, nor good thought nor good will, and defouled with lechery. Certes, said Sir Launcelot, all that ye have said is true, and from henceforward I cast me by the grace of God never to be so wicked as I have been, but as to follow knighthood, and to do feats of arms. Then the good man enjoined Sir Launcelot such penance as he might do, and to sue knighthood, and so he assoiled him and prayed Sir Launcelot to abide with him all that day. I will well, said Sir Launcelot, for I have neither helm, nor horse, nor sword. As for that, said the good man, I shall help you or to-morn at even of an horse, and all that longeth unto you. And then Sir Launcelot repented him greatly.

OF THE JOY KING ARTHUR AND THE QUEEN HAD OF THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE SANGREAL; AND HOW LAUNCELOT FELL TO HIS OLD LOVE AGAIN.

So after the quest of the Sancgreal was fulfilled, and all knights that were left on live were come again unto the Table Round, as the book of the Sancgreal maketh mention, then was there great joy in the court, and in especial king Arthur and queen Guenever made great joy of the remnant that was come home, and passing glad was the king and the queen of Sir Launcelot and of Sir Bors. For they had been passing long away in the quest of the Sancgreal. Then, as the book saith, Sir Launcelot began to resort unto queen Guenever again, and forgat the promise and the perfection that he made in the quest. For, as the book saith, had not Sir Launcelot been in his privy thoughts and in his mind so set inwardly to the queen, as he was in seeming outward to God, there had no knight passed him in the quest of the Sancgreal: but ever his thoughts were privily on the queen, and so they loved together more hotter than they did toforehand, that many in the court spake of it, and in especial Sir Agravaine, Sir Gawaine's brother, for he was ever open mouthed. So befell that Sir Launcelot had many resorts of ladies and damsels, that daily resorted unto him, that besought him to be their champion. And in all such matters of right Sir Launcelot appealed him daily to do for the pleasure of our Lord Jesu Christ. And ever as much as he might he withdrew him from the company and fellowship of queen Guenever, for to eschew the slander and noise: wherefore the queen waxed wroth with Sir Launcelot, and upon a day she called Sir Launcelot unto her chamber, and said thus: Sir Launcelot, I see and feel daily that thy love beginneth to slake, for thou hast no joy to be in my presence, but ever thou art out of this court, and quarrels and matters thou hast now adays for ladies and gentlewomen, more than ever thou were wont to have aforehand. Ah, madam, said Launcelot, in this ye must hold me excused for divers causes. One is, I was but late in the quest of the Sancgreal, and I thank God, of his great mercy, and never of my deserving, that I saw in that my quest as much as ever saw any sinful man, and so was it told me. And if I had not had my privy thoughts to return to your love again as I do, I had seen as great mysteries as ever saw my son Galahad, or Percivale, or Sir Bors, and therefore, madam, I was but late in that quest. Wit ye well, madam, it may not be yet lightly forgotten the high service in whom I did my diligent labour. Also, madam, wit ye well that there be many men speak of our love in this court, and have you and me greatly in a wait, as Sir Agravaine, and Sir Mordred: and, madam, wit ye well, I dread them more for your sake than for any fear that I have of them myself, for I may happen to escape and rid myself in a great need, where ye must abide all that will be said unto you. And then, if that ye fall in any distress through wilful folly, then is there none other remedy or help but by me and my blood. And wit ye well, madam, the boldness of you and me will bring us to great shame and slander, and that were me loth to see you dishoured. And that is the cause that I take upon me more for to do for damsels and maidens than ever I did tofore, that men should understand my joy and my delight is my pleasure to have ado for damsels and maidens.

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All this while the queen stood still, and let Sir Launcelot say what he would. And when he had all said, she brast out on weeping, and so she sobbed and wept a great while: and when she might speak, she said, Launcelot, now I well understand that thou art a

false recreant knight, and lovest and holdest other ladies, and by me thou hast disdain and scorn. For wit thou well, she said, now I understand thy falsehood, and therefore shall I never love thee no more, and never be thou so hardy to come in my sight, and right here I discharge thee this court, that thou never come within it, and I forfend thee my fellowship, and upon pain of thy head that thou see me no more. Right so Sir Launcelot parted with great heaviness, that hardly he might sustain himself for great dole making. Then he called Sir Bors, Sir Ector de Maris, and Sir Lionel, and told them how the queen had forfend him the court, and so he was in will to depart into his own country. Fair sir, said Sir Bors de Ganis, ye shall not depart out of this land by mine advice; ye must remember in what honour ye are renowned, and called the noblest knight of the world, and many great matters ye have in hand, and women in their hastiness will do oftimes that sore repenteth them, and therefore by mine advice ye shall take your horse, and ride to the good hermitage here besides Windsor, that sometime was a good knight, his name is Sir Brasias, and there shall ye abide till I send you word of better tidings. Brother, said Sir Launcelot, wit ye well I am full loth to depart out of this realm, but the queen hath defended me so highly that me seemeth she will never be my good lady as she hath been. Say ye never so, said Sir Bors, for many times or this time she hath been wroth with you, and after it she was the first that repented it. Ye say well, said Launcelot, for now will I do by your counsel, and take mine horse and my harness, and ride to the hermit Sir Brasias, and there will I repose me until I hear some manner of tidings from you. But, fair brother, I pray you get me the love of my lady queen Guenever, and ye may. Sir, said Sir Bors, ye need not to move me of such matters, for well ye wot I will do what I may, to please you. And then the noble knight Sir Launcelot departed with right heavy cheer, suddenly, that none earthly creature wist of him, nor where he was become, but Sir Bors. So when Sir Launcelot was departed, the queen made no manner of sorrow in shewing, to none of his blood, nor to none other: but, wit ye well, inwardly, as the book saith, she took great thought, but she bare it out with a proud countenance, as though she felt nothing nor danger.

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Then came Sir Bors de Ganis, and said, My lord Sir Launcelot, what think ye for to do, now to ride in this realm? wit thou well ye shall find new friends. Be as be may, said Sir Launcelot, keep you still here, for I will forth on my journey, and no man nor child shall go with me. So it was no boot to strive, but he departed and rode westerly, and there he sought a seven or eight days, and at the last he came to a nunnery, and then was queen Guenever ware of Sir Launcelot as he walked in the cloister, and when she saw him there she swooned thrice, that all the ladies and gentlewomen had work enough to hold the queen up. So when she might speak, she called ladies and gentlewomen to her, and said, Ye marvel, fair ladies, why I make this fare. Truly, she said, it is for the sight of yonder knight that yonder standeth: wherefore, I pray you all, call him to me. When Sir Launcelot was brought to her, then she said to all the ladies, Through this man and me hath all this war been wrought, and the death of the most noblest knights of the world; for through our love that we have loved together is my most noble lord slain. Therefore, Sir Launcelot, wit thou well I am set in such a plight to get my soul's health; and yet I trust, through God's grace, that after my death to have a sight of the blessed face of Christ, and at doomsday to sit on his right side, for as sinful as ever I was are saints in heaven. Therefore, Sir Launcelot, I require thee and beseech thee heartily, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, that thou never see me more in the visage; and I command thee on God's behalf, that thou forsake my company, and to thy kingdom thou turn again and keep well thy realm from war and wrack. For as well as I have loved thee, mine heart will not serve me to see thee; for through thee and me is the flower of kings and knights destroyed. Therefore, Sir Launcelot, go to thy realm, and there take thee a wife, and live with her with joy and bliss, and I pray thee heartily amend my misliving. Now, sweet madam, said Sir Launcelot, would ye that I should return again unto my country, and there to wed a lady? Nay, madam, wit you well that

shall I never do: for I shall never be so false to you of that I have promised, but the same destiny that ye have taken you to, I will take me unto, for to please Jesu, and ever for you I cast me specially to pray. If thou wilt do so, said the queen, hold thy promise; but I may never believe but that thou wilt turn to the world again. Well, madam, said he, ye say as pleaseth you, yet wist you me never false of my promise, and God defend but I should forsake the world as ye have done. For in the quest of the Sancgreal I had forsaken the vanities of the world, had not your lord been. And if I had done so at that time with my heart, will, and thought, I had passed all the knights that were in the Sancgreal, except Sir Galahad my son. And therefore, lady, sithen ye have taken you to perfection, I must needs take me to perfection of right. For I take record of God, in you I have had mine earthly joy. And if I had found you now so disposed, I had cast me to have had you into mine own realm.

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But sithen I find you thus disposed, I insure you faithfully I will ever take me to penance, and pray while my life lasteth, if that I may find any hermit either grey or white that will receive me. Wherefore, madam, I pray you kiss me, and never no more. Nay, said the queen, that shall I never do, but abstain you from such works. And they departed. But there was never so hard an hearted man, but he would have wept to see the dolour that they made. For there was lamentation as they had been stung with spears, and many times they swooned. And the ladies bare the queen to her chamber, and Sir Launcelot awoke, and went and took his horse, and rode all that day and all that night in a forest, weeping. And at the last he was ware of an hermitage and a chapel stood betwixt two cliffs, and then he heard a little bell ring to mass, and thither he rode and alight, and tied his horse to the gate, and heard mass. And he that sang mass was the bishop of Canterbury. Both the bishop and Sir Bedivere knew Sir Launcelot, and they spake together after mass. But when Sir Bedivere had told his tale all whole, Sir Launcelot's heart almost brast for sorrow, and Sir Launcelot threw his arms abroad, and said, Alas, who may trust this world! And then he kneeled down on his knees, and prayed the bishop to shrive him and assoil him. And then he besought the bishop that he might be his brother. Then the bishop said, I will gladly: and there he put an habit upon Sir Launcelot and there he served God day and night with prayers and fastings.

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Then Sir Launcelot rose up or day, and told the hermit. It were well done, said the hermit, that ye made you ready, and that ye disobey not the vision. Then Sir Launcelot took his seven fellows with him, and on foot they went from Glastonbury to Almesbury, the which is little more than thirty miles. And thither they came within two days, for they were weak and feeble to go. And when Sir Launcelot was come to Almesbury, within the nunnery, queen Guenever died but half an hour before. And the ladies told Sir Launcelot that queen Guenever told them all, or she passed, that Sir Launcelot had been priest near a twelvemonth,—And hither he cometh as fast as he may to fetch my corpse: and beside my lord king Arthur he shall bury me. Wherefore the queen said in hearing of them all, I beseech Almighty God that I may never have power to see Sir Launcelot with my worldly eyes. And thus, said all the ladies, was ever her prayer these two days, till she was dead. Then Sir Launcelot saw her visage, but he wept not greatly, but sighed. And so he did all the observance of the service himself, both the Dirige, and on the morn he sang mass. And there was ordained an horse bier; and so with an hundred torches ever burning about the corpse of the queen, and ever Sir Launcelot with his eight fellows went about the horse bier singing and reading many an holy orison, and frankincense upon the corpse incensed. Thus Sir Launcelot and his eight fellows went on foot from Almesbury unto Glastonbury; and when they were come to the chapel and the hermitage, there she had a Dirige with great devotion. And on the morn the hermit, that sometime was bishop of Canterbury, sang the mass of Requiem with great devotion: and Sir Launcelot was the first that offered, and then all his eight fellows. And then she was wrapped in cered cloth of Raines, from the

top to the toes in thirty fold, and after she was put in a web of lead, and then in a coffin of marble. And when she was put in the earth, Sir Launcelot swooned, and lay long still, while the hermit came out and awaked him, and said, Ye be to blame, for ye displease God with such manner of sorrow making. Truly, said Sir Launcelot, I trust I do not displease God, for He knoweth mine intent, for my sorrow was not, nor is not, for any rejoicing of sin, but my sorrow may never have end. For when I remember of her beauty, and of her noblesse, that was both with her king and with her; so when I saw his corpse and her corpse lie together, truly mine heart would not serve to sustain my careful body. Also when I remember me, how by my default, mine orgule, and my pride, that they were both laid full low, that were peerless that ever was living of christian people, wit you well, said Sir Launcelot, this remembered, of their kindness and mine unkindness, sank so to my heart, that I might not sustain myself.

. . . . . .

Then Sir Launcelot never after eat but little meat, nor drank, till he was dead; for then he sickened more and more, and dried and dwined away; for the bishop nor none of his fellows might not make him to eat, and little he drank, that he was waxen by a cubit shorter than he was, that the people could not know him; for evermore day and night he prayed, but sometime he slumbered a broken sleep, and ever he was lying groveling on the tomb of king Arthur and queen Guenever. And there was no comfort that the bishop, nor Sir Bors, nor none of his fellows could make him, it availed not. So within six weeks after, Sir Launcelot fell sick, and lay in his bed; and then he sent for the bishop that there was hermit, and all his true fellows. Then Sir Launcelot said with dreary voice, Sir bishop, I pray you give to me all my rights that longeth to a christian man. It shall not need you, said the hermit and all his fellow, it is but heaviness of your blood: ye shall be well amended by the grace of God to-morn. My fair lords, said Sir Launcelot, wit you well, my careful body will into the earth. I have warning more then now I will say, therefore give me my rights. So when he was houseled and eneled, and had all that a christian man ought to have, he prayed the bishop that his fellows might bear his body to Joyous Gard. Some men say it was Anwick, and some men say it was Bamborow. Howbeit, said Sir Launcelot, me repenteth sore, but I made mine avow sometime that in Joyous Gard I would be buried, and because of breaking of mine avow, I pray you all lead me thither. Then there was weeping and wringing of hands among his fellows. So at a season of the night they went all to their beds, for they all lay in one chamber. And so after midnight, against day, the bishop that was hermit, as he lay in his bed asleep, he fell upon a great laughter; and therewith all the fellowship awoke, and came unto the bishop, and asked him what he ailed. Alas, said the bishop, why did ye awake me, I was never in all my life so merry and so well at ease. Wherefore? said Sir Bors. Truly, said the bishop, here was Sir Launcelot with me, with more angels than ever I saw men upon one day; and I saw the angels heave Sir Launcelot unto heaven, and the gates of heaven opened against him. It is but the vexing of dreams, said Sir Bors, for I doubt not Sir Launcelot aileth nothing but good. It may well be, said the bishop, go ye to his bed, and then shall ye prove the sooth. So when Sir Bors and his fellow came to his bed they found him stark dead, and he lay as he had smiled, and the sweetest savour about him that ever they felt. Then was there weeping and wringing of hands and the greatest dole they made that ever made men. And on the morn the bishop did his mass of Requiem; and after the bishop and all the nine knights put Sir Launcelot in the same horse bier that queen Guenever was laid in tofore that she was buried: and so the bishop and they altogether went with the corpse of Sir Launcelot daily, till they came to Joyous Gard, and ever they had an hundred torches burning about him; and so within fifteen days they came to Joyous Gard. And there they laid his corpse in the body of the quire, and sang and read many psalters and prayers over him and about him; and ever his visage was laid open and naked, that all folk might behold him; for such was the custom in those days, that all men of worship should so lie with open visage till that they were buried.

. . . . . .

Then went Sir Bors unto Sir Ector, and told him how there lay his brother Sir Launcelot dead. And then Sir Ector threw his shield, sword, and helm from him; and when he beheld Sir Launcelot's visage he fell down in a swoon. And when he awaked it were hard any tongue to tell the doleful complaints that he made for his brother. Ah, Launcelot, he said, thou were head of all christian knights; and now I dare say, said Sir Ector, thou Sir Launcelot, there thou liest, that thou were never matched of earthly knight's hand; and thou were the courtiest knight that ever bare shield; and thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou were the kindest man that ever strake with sword; and thou were the goodliest person ever came among press of knights; and thou was the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest.

Then there was weeping and dolour out of measure. Thus they kept Sir Launcelot's corpse on loft fifteen days, and then they buried it with great devotion. . . .

ARIOSTO (1474–1533)

ORLANDO FURIOSO[1]

Of loves and ladies, knights and arms, I sing,
Of courtesies, and many a daring feat;
And from those ancient days my story bring,
When Moors from Afric passed in hostile fleet,
And ravaged France, with Agramant their King,
Flushed with his youthful rage and furious heat,
Who on King Charles the Roman emperor's head
Had vowed due vengeance for Troyano dead.

In the same strain of Roland will I tell
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,
On whom strange madness and rank fury fell,
A man esteemed so wise in former time;
If she, who to like cruel pass has well
Nigh brought my feeble wit which fain would climb
And hourly wastes my sense, concede me skill
And strength my daring promise to fulfil.

Roland, who long the lady of Catay,
Angelica, had loved, and with his brand
Raised countless trophies to that damsel gay,
In India, Median, and Tartarian land,
Westward with her had measured back his way;
Where, nigh the Pyrenees, with many a band
Of Germany and France, King Charlemagne
Had camped his faithful host upon the plain.

To make King Agramant, for penance, smite
His cheek, and rash Marsilius rue the hour;
This, when all trained with lance and sword to fight,
He led from Africa to swell his power;
That other when he pushed, in fell despite,
Against the realm of France Spain's martial flower.
'Twas thus Orlando came where Charles was tented
In evil hour, and soon the deed repented.

For here was seized his dame of peerless charms,
(How often human judgment wanders wide!)
Whom in long warfare he had kept from harms,
From western climes to eastern shores her guide
In his own land, 'mid friends and kindred arms,
Now without contest severed from his side,
Fearing the mischief kindled by her eyes,
From him the prudent Emperor reft the prize.

For bold Orlando and his cousin, free
Rinaldo, late contended for the maid,
Enamored of what beauty rare; since she
Alike the glowing breast of either swayed.

[1]From Cantos 1, 5, 7, 17. Translation by Rose.

But Charles, who little liked such rivalry,
And drew an omen thence of feebler aid,
To abate the cause of quarrel, seized the fair,
And placed her in Bavarian Namus' care.

. . . . . .

After Angelica had shaped her course
By the great sea that laves the Gascon shore,
Still keeping to the rippling waves her horse,
Where best the moistened sand the palfrey bore,
Him, plunged into the brine, the fiend perforce
Dragged, till he swam amid the watery roar.
Nor what to do the timid damsel knew,
Save that she closer to her saddle grew.

She cannot, howsoe'er the rein she ply,
Govern the horse, which swims the surge to meet.
Her raiment she collects and holds it high;
And, not to wet them, gathers up her feet.
Her tresses, which the breeze still wantonly
Assaults, disheveled on her shoulders beat,
The louder winds are hushed, perchance in duty,
Intent, like ocean, on such sovereign beauty.

Landward in vain her eyes the damsel bright
Directs, which water face and breast with tears,
And ever sees, decreasing to her right,
The beach she left, which less and less appears.
The courser, which was swimming to the right,
After a mighty sweep, the lady bears
To shore, where rock and cavern shag the brink,
As night upon the land begins to sink.

"Fortune, what more remains, that thou on me
Shouldst not now satiate thy revengeful thirst?
What more," said she, "can I bestow on thee
Than, what thou seekest not, this life accurst?
Thou wast in haste to snatch me from the sea,
Where I had ended its sad days, immersed;
Because to torture me with further ill
Before I die, is yet thy cruel will.

"But what worse torment still remains in store
Beyond, I am unable to descry;
By thee from my fair throne, which nevermore
I hope to repossess, compelled to fly:
I, what is worse, my honor lost deplore;
For if I sinned not in effect, yet I
Give matter by my wanderings to be stung
For wantonness of every carping tongue."

From the extremest height the hermit hoar
Of that high rock above her had surveyed
Angelica, arrived upon the shore,
Beneath the cliff, afflicted and dismayed.
He to that place had come six days before;
For him by path untrod had fiend conveyed.
And he approached her, feigning such a call
As e'er Hilarion might have had, or Paul.

When him, yet unagnized, she saw appear,
The lady took some comfort, and laid by,
Emboldened by degrees, her former fear;
Though still her visage was of death-like dye.
"Misericord! father," when the friar was near,
She said, "for brought to evil pass am I."
And told, still broke by sobs, in doleful tone,
The story, to her hearer not unknown.

. . . . . .

This while round Paris-walls the leaguer lay
Of famed Troyano's son's besieging band,
Reduced to such extremity one day,
That it nigh fell into the foeman's hand;
And, but that vows had virtue to allay
The wrath of Heaven, whose waters drenched the land,
That day had perished by the Moorish lance
The holy empire and great name of France.

To memory now returned that lady gay,
Who ne'er was banished from Orlando's breast;
And fanned the secret fire, which through the day,
Now kindled into flame, had seemed at rest;
That in his escort even from Catay
Of farthest Ind, had journeyed to the west;

There lost: Of whom he had discerned no token
Since Charles's power near Bordeaux-town was broken.

To good Orlando it appeared as he,
Mid odorous flowers, upon a grassy bed,
Were gazing on that beauteous ivory,
Which Love's own hand had tinged with native red;
And those two stars of pure transparency,
With which he in Love's toils his fancy fed;
Of those bright eyes, and that bright face, I say,
Which from his breast had torn his heart away.

Meanwhile the unhappy lover lost the dame
In that dim air, nor how he lost her, weets;
And, roving far and near, her beauteous name
Through every sounding wood and plain repeats.
And while "Oh, wretched me!" is his exclaim,
"Who has to poison changed my promised sweets?"
He of his sovereign lady who with tears
Demands his aid, the lamentation hears.

Thither, whence comes the sound, he swiftly hies,
And toils, now here, now there, with labor sore,
Oh! what tormenting grief, to think his eyes
Cannot again the lovely rays explore!
Lo! other voice from other quarters cries:
"Hope not on earth to enjoy the blessing more."
At that alarming cry he woke, and found
Himself in tears of bitter sorrow drowned.

Not thinking that like images are vain,
When fear, or when desire disturbs our rest,
The thought of her, exposed to shame and pain,
In such a mode upon his fancy pressed,
He, thundering, leaped from bed, and with what chain
And plate behooved, his limbs all over dressed:
Took Brigliadoro from the stall he filled,
Nor any squire attendant's service willed.

. . . . . .

What time Rogero sees the fair array,
Whose bands to succor ravaged France prepare,
And notes and talks of ensigns they display,
And names of British lords, to him repair
One and another, crowding to survey
His courser, single of its kind, or rare:
All thither hasten, wondering and astound,
And compassing the warrior, from around.

So that to raise more wonder in the train,
And to make better sport, as him they eyed,
Rogero shook the flying courser's rein,
And lightly with the rowels touched his side:
He toward heaven uprising, soared amain,
And left behind each gazer stupefied.
Having from end to end the English force
So viewed, he next for Ireland shaped his course;

And saw the fabulous Hibernia, where
The godly, sainted elder made the cave,
In which men cleansed from all offences are;
Such mercy there, it seems, is found to save.
Thence o'er that sea he spurred, through yielding air,
Whose briny waves the lesser Britain lave;
And, looking down, Angelica descried
In passing, to the rock with fetters tied;

Bound to the naked rock upon the strand,
In the Isle of Tears; for the Isle of Tears was hight
That which was peopled by the inhuman band,
So passing fierce and full of foul despite;
Who, as I told above, on every hand
Cruised with their scattered fleet by day or night;
And every beauteous woman bore away,
Destined to be a monster's evil prey:

There but that morning bound in cruel wise;
Where (to devour a living damsel sped)
The orc, that measureless sea-monster, hies,
Which on abominable food is fed.
How on the beach the maid became the prize
Of the rapacious crew, above was said,
Who found her sleeping near the enchanter hoar,
Who her had thither brought by magic lore.

The cruel and inhospitable crew
To the voracious beast the dame expose
Upon the sea-beat shore, as bare to view
As nature did at first her work compose.
Not even a veil she has, to shade the hue
Of the white lily and vermilion rose,
Which mingled in her lovely members meet,
Proof to December snow and July heat.

And as he fastened his on her fair eyes,
His Bradamant he called to mind again.
Pity and love within his bosom rise
At once, and ill he can from tears refrain;
And in soft tone he to the damsel cries,
When he has checked his flying courser's rein,
"O lady, worthy but that chain to wear,
With which Love's faithful servants fettered are,

"And most unworthy this or other ill,
What wretch has had the cruelty to wound
And gall those snowy hands with livid stain,
Thus painfully with grinding fetters bound?"
At this she cannot choose but show like grain,
Of crimson spreading on an ivory ground;
Knowing those secret beauties are espied,
Which, howsoever lovely, shame would hide;

And gladly with her hands her face would hood,
Were they not fastened to the rugged stone:
But with her tears (for this at least she could)
Bedewed it, and essayed to hold it down.
Sobbing some while the lovely damsel stood;
Then loosed her tongue and spake in feeble tone;
But ended not, arrested in mid-word,
By a loud noise which in the sea was heard.

Lo and behold! the unmeasured beast appears,
Half surging and half hidden, in such sort
As sped by roaring and long carack steers
From north or south, toward her destined port.
So the sea-monster to his food repairs:
And now the interval between is short.
Half dead the lady is through fear endured,
Ill by that other's comfort reassured.

Rogero overhand, not in the rest,
Carries his lance, and beats, with downright blow,
The monstrous orc. What this resembled best,
But a huge, writhing mass, I do not know;
Which were no form of animal exprest,
Save in the head, with eyes and teeth of sow.
His forehead, 'twixt the eyes, Rogero smites,
But as on steel or rock the weapon lights.

When he perceives the first of no avail,
The knight returns to deal a better blow;
The orc, who sees the shifting shadows sail
Of those huge pinions on the sea below,
In furious heat, deserts his sure regale
On shore, to follow that deceitful show;
And rolls and reels behind it, as it fleets.
Rogero drops, and oft the stroke repeats.

But the fell orc Rogero does not smite
With lance or falchion where the tushes grow,
But aims that 'twixt the ears his blow may light;
Now on the spine, or now on tail below.
And still in time descends or soars upright,
And shifts his course, to cheat the veering foe:
But as if beating on a jasper block,
Can never cleave the hard and rugged rock.

He then new counsel took, and 'twas the best,
With other arms the monster to pursue;
And lifting from his shield the covering vest,
To dazzle with the light his blasted view,
Landward toward the rock-chained maid he pressed,
And on her little finger, lest a new
Mischance should follow, slipt the ring, which brought
The enchantment of the magic shield to nought.

He gave it now Angelica; for he
Feared lest the buckler's light should be impaired,
And willed as well those beauteous eyes should be
Defended, which had him already snared.

Pressing beneath his paunch full half the sea,
Now to the shore the monstrous whale repaired.
Firm stood Rogero, and the veil undone
Appeared to give the sky another sun.

He in the monster's eye the radiance throws,
Which works as it was wont in other time.
As trout or grayling to the bottom goes
In stream, which mountaineer disturbs with lime;
So the enchanted buckler overthrows
The orc, reversed among the foam and slime
Rogero here and there the beast astound
Still beats, but cannot find the way to wound.
This while the lady begs him not to bray
Longer the monster's rugged scale in vain.
"For heaven's sake, turn and loose me," did she say,
Still weeping, "ere the orc awake again,
Bear me with thee, and drown me in midway.
Let me not this foul monster's food remain."
By her just plaint Rogero moved, forebore,
Untied the maid, and raised her from the shore.

. . . . . .

The course in pathless woods, which, without rein,
The Tartar's charger had pursued astray,
Made Roland for two days, with fruitless pain,
Follow him, without tidings of his way.
Orlando reached a rill of crystal vein,
On either bank of which a meadow lay;
Which, stained with native hues and rich, he sees,
And dotted o'er with fair and many trees.

The mid-day fervor made the shelter sweet
To hardy herd as well as naked swain;
So that Orlando, well beneath the heat
Some deal might wince, oppressed with plate and chain.
He entered, for repose, the cool retreat,
And found it the abode of grief and pain;
And place of sojourn more accursed and fell,
On that unhappy day, than tongue can tell.

Turning him round, he there, on many a tree,
Beheld engraved, upon the woody shore,
What as the writing of his deity
He knew, as soon as he had marked the lore.
This was a place of those described by me,
Whither ofttimes, attended by Medore,
From the near shepherd's cot and wont to stray
The beauteous lady, sovereign of Catay.

In a hundred knots, amid those green abodes,
In a hundred parts, their cyphered names are dight;
Whose many letters are so many goads,
Which love has in his bleeding heart-core pight.
He would discredit in a thousand modes
That which he credits in his own despite;
And would perforce persuade himself, that rhind
Other Angelica than his had signed.

Here from his horse the sorrowing County lit,
And at the entrance of the grot surveyed
A cloud of words, which seemed but newly-writ,
And which the young Medoro's hand had made.
On the great pleasure he had known in it,
This sentence he in verses had arrayed;
Which in his tongue, I deem, might make pretence
To polished phrase; and such in ours the sense.

"Gay plants, green herbage, rill of limpid vein,
And, grateful with cool shade, thou gloomy cave,
Where oft, by many wooed with fruitless pain,
Beauteous Angelica, the child of grave
King Galaphron, within my arms has lain;
For the convenient harborage you gave,
I, poor Medoro, can but in my lays,
As recompense, forever sing your praise.

"And any loving lord devoutly pray,
Damsel and cavalier, and every one,
Whom choice or fortune hither shall convey,
Stranger or native,—to this crystal run,
Shade, caverned rock, and grass and plants, to say
Benignant be to you the fostering sun

And moon, and may the choir of nymphs provide,
That never swain his flock may hither guide!"

Orlando lost all feeling; so a prey
Wholly was he to that o'ermastering woe.
This is a pang, believe the experienced say
Of him who speaks, which does all griefs outgo.
His pride had from his forehead passed away,
His chin had fallen upon his breast below;
Nor found he, so grief barred each natural vent,
Moisture for tears, or utterance for lament.

Still with vain hope he wrought himself to cheat,
And manned some deal his spirits and awoke;
Then pressed the faithful Brigliadoro's seat,
As on the sun's retreat his sister broke.
Nor far the warrior had pursued his beat,
Ere eddying from a roof he saw the smoke;
Heard noise of dog and kine, a farm espied,
And thitherward in quest of lodging hied.

Languid, he lit, and left his Brigliador
To a discreet attendant, one undrest
His limbs, one doffed the golden spurs he wore,
And one bore off, to clean, his iron vest.
This was the homestead where the young Medore
Lay wounded, and was here supremely blest.
Orlando here, with other food unfed,
Having supped full of sorrow, sought his bed.

Little availed the Count his self-deceit;
For there was one who spake of it unsought;
The shepherd-swain, who to allay the heat,
With which he saw his guest so troubled, thought
The tale which he was wonted to repeat
—Of the two lovers, to each listener taught,
A history which many loved to hear—
He now, without reserve, 'gan tell the peer.

Now to the Count such delay hatred breed
That bed, that house, that swain, he will not stay
Till the morn break, or till the dawn succeed,
Whose twilight goes before approaching day.
In haste, Orlando takes his arms and steed,
And to the deepest greenwood wends his way.
And when assured that he is there alone,
Gives utterance to his grief in shriek and groan.

Never from tears, never from sorrowing,
He paused: nor found he peace by night or day:
He fled from town, in forest harboring,
And in the open air on hard earth lay.
He marveled at himself, how such a spring
Of water from his eyes could stream away,
And breath was for so many sobs supplied;
And thus ofttimes, amid his mourning, cried:

"I am not—am not what I seem to sight:
What Roland was is dead and under ground,
Slain by that most ungrateful lady's spite,
Whose faithlessness inflicted such a wound.
Divided from the flesh, I am his sprite,
Which in this hell, tormented, walks its round,
To be, but in its shadow left above,
A warning to all such as trust in love."

All night about the forest roved the Count,
And, at the break of daily light, was brought
By his unhappy fortune to the fount,
Where his inscription young Medora wrought.
To see his wrongs inscribed upon that mount,
Inflamed his fury so, in him was nought
But turned to hatred, frenzy, rage, and spite;
Nor paused he more, but bared his falchion bright;

Cleft through the writing; and the solid block,
Into the sky, in tiny fragments sped.
Wo worth each sapling and that caverned rock,
Where Medore and Angelica were read!
So scathed that they to shepherd or to flock
Thenceforth shall never furnish shade or bed.

And that sweet fountain, late so clear and pure,
From such tempestuous wrath was ill secure.

For he turf, stone, and trunk, and shoot, and lop
Cast without cease into the beauteous source.
Till, turbid from the bottom to the top,
Never again was clear the troubled course.
At length, for lack of breath, compelled to stop,
(When he is bathed in sweat, and wasted force
Serves not his fury more) he falls, and lies
Upon the mead, and, gazing upward, sighs.

Wearied and woe-begone, he fell to ground,
And turned his eyes toward heaven; nor spake he aught,
Nor ate, nor slept, till in his daily round
The golden sun had broken thrice, and sought
His rest anew; nor ever ceased his wound
To rankle, till it marred his sober thought,
At length, impelled by frenzy, the fourth day
He from his limbs tore plate and mail away.

So fierce with rage, so fierce his fury grew,
That all obscured remained to the warrior's sprite;
Nor, for forgetfulness, his sword he drew,
Or wondrous deeds, I trow, had wrought the knight;
But neither this, nor bill, nor axe to hew,
Was needed by Orlando's peerless might.
He of his prowess gave high proofs and full,
Who a tall pine uprooted at a pull.

He many others, with as little let
As fennel, walwort-stem, or dill, uptore;
And ilex knotted oak, and fir upset,
And beech, and mountain ash, and elm-tree hoar.
He did what fowler ere he spreads his net,
Does, to prepare the champaign for his lore,
By stubble, rush, and nettle-stalk; and broke
Like these old sturdy trees and stems of oak.

Viewing the madman's wondrous feats more near,
The frighted band of rustics turned and fled;
But they, in their disorder, knew not where,
As happens oftentimes in sudden dread.
The madman in a thought is in their rear,
Seizes a shepherd, and plucks off his head!
And this as easily as one might take
Apple from tree, or blossom from the brake.

He by one leg the heavy trunk in air
Upheaved, and made a mace the rest to bray.
Astounded, upon earth he stretched one pair,
Who haply may awake at the last day.
The rest, who well advised and nimble are,
At once desert the field and scour away:
Nor had the madman their pursuit deferred.
Had he not turned already on their herd.

By such examples warned, the rustic crew
Abandoned in the fields pick, scythe, and plough,
And to the roof of house and temple flew,
For ill secure was elm or willow's bough.
From hence the maniac's horrid rage they view;
Who dealing kick, and bite, and scratch, and blow,
Horses and oxen slew, his helpless prey;
And well the courser ran that 'scaped that day.

Already might'st thou hear how loudly ring
The hubbub and the din from neighboring farms,
Outcry and horn, and rustic trumpeting;
And faster sound of bells; with various arms,
By thousands, with spontoon, bow, spit and sling,
Lo! from the hills the rough militia swarms.
As many peasants from the vale below,
To make rude war upon the madman go.

Twice he ten peasants slaughtered in his mood
Who, charging him in disarray, were slain;
And this experiment right clearly showed
To stand aloof was safest for the train.
Was none who from his body could draw blood;
For iron smote the impassive skin in vain.
So had the heaven's King preserved the Count from scathe,
To make him guardian of his holy faith.

He would have been in peril on that day,
Had he been made of vulnerable mould;
And might have learned what 'twas to cast away
His sword, and, weaponless, so play the bold.
The rustic troop retreated from the fray,
Seeing no stroke upon the madman told.
Since him no other enemy attends,
Orlando to a neighboring township wends.

Since every one had left the place for dread,
No wight he found within it, small or great.
But here, was homely food in plenty spread,
Victual, well sorting with the pastoral state.
Here, acorns undistinguishing from bread,
By tedious fast and fury driven to state
His hunger, he employed his hand and jaw
On what he first discovered, cooked or raw.

Thence, repossessed with the desire to rove,
He, through the land, did man and beast pursue;
And scouring, in his frenzy, wood and grove,
Took sometimes goat or doe of dappled hue
Often with bear and with wild boar he strove,
And with his naked hand the brutes o'erthrew;
And gorging oftentimes the savage fare,
Swallowed the prey with all its skin and hair.

TASSO (1544–1595)

JERUSALEM DELIVERED[1]

The Crusaders Reach Jerusalem

The purple morning left her crimson bed,
And don'd her robe of pure vermilion hue;
Her amber locks she crown'd with roses red,
In Eden's flowery gardens gathered new;
When through the camp a murmur shrill was spread;
Arm, arm, they cried; arm, arm, the trumpets blew;
Their merry noise prevents the joyful blast,
So hum small bees, before their swarms they cast.

Their captain rules their courage, guides their heat,
Their forwardness he stay'd with gentle rein;
And yet more easy, haply, were the feat,
To stop the current near Charybdis' main,
Or calm the blust'ring winds on mountains great,
Than fierce desires of warlike hearts restrain;
He rules them yet, and ranks them in their haste,
For well he knows disord'red speed makes waste.

Feath'red their thought, their feet in wings were dight,
Swiftly they march'd yet were not tir'd thereby,
For willing minds make heaviest burdens light;
But when the gliding sun was mounted high,
Jerusalem, behold, appear'd in sight,
Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy;
Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,
With joyful shouts, and acclamations sweet.

As when a troop of jolly sailors row,
Some new found land and country to descry;
Through dang'rous seas and under stars unknow,
Thrall to the faithless waves, and trothless sky;
If once the wished shore begin to show,
They all salute it with a joyful cry,
And each to other show the land in haste,
Forgetting quite their pains and perils past.

To that delight which their first sight did breed,
That pleased so the secret of their thought,
A deep repentance did forthwith succeed,
That rev'rend fear and trembling with it brought.

[1]Translation by Fairfax.

Scantly they durst their feeble eyes dispread
Upon that town, where Christ was sold and bought,
Where for our sins he, faultless, suff'red pain,
There where he died, and where he liv'd again.

Soft words, low speech, deep sobs, sweet sighs, salt tears,
Rose from their breasts, with joy and pleasure mixt;
For thus fares he the Lord aright that fears,
Fear on devotion, joy on faith is fixt:
Such noise their passions make, as when one hears
The hoarse sea-waves roar hollow rocks betwixt;
Or as the wind in hoults and shady greaves
A murmur makes, among the boughs and leaves.

Their naked feet trod on the dusty way,
Following th' ensample of their zealous guide;
Their scars, their crests, their plumes, and feathers gay,
They quickly doft, and willing laid aside;
Their molten hearts their wonted pride alay,
Along their watery cheeks warm tears down slide,
And then such secret speech as this, they us'd,
While to himself, each one himself accused:

Flowers of goodness, root of lasting bliss,
Thou well of life, whose streams were purple blood
That flowed here, to cleanse the foul amiss
Of sinful man, behold this brinish flood,
That from my melting heart distilled is;
Receive in gree these tears, O lord so good,
For never wretch with sin so overgone,
Had fitter time, or greater cause to moan.

This while the wary watchman looked over,
From tops of Sion's towers, the hills and dales,
And saw the dust the fields and pastures cover,
As when thick mists arise from moory vales:
At last the sun-bright shields he 'gan discover,
And glist'ring helms, for violence none that fails,
The metal shone like lightning bright in skies,
And man and horse amid the dust descries.

Then loud he cries, Oh, what a dust ariseth!
Oh, how it shines with shields and targets clear!
Up, up, to arms, for valiant heart despiseth
The threat'nd storm of death, and danger near;
Behold your foes: then further thus deviseth;
Haste, haste, for vain delay increaseth fear,
These horrid clouds of dust, that yonder fly,
Your coming foes do hide, and hide the sky.

The tender children, and the fathers old,
The aged matrons, and the virgin chaste,
That durst not shake the spear, nor target hold,
Themselves devoutly in their temples plac'd;
The rest, of members strong and courage bold,
On hardy breasts their harness don'd in haste,
Some to the walls, some to the gates them dight;
Their king meanwhile directs them all aright.

Armida, the Sorceress

The town Damascus and the lands about
Rul'd Hidraort, a wizard grave and sage,
Acquainted well with all the damned rout
Of Pluto's reign, ev'n from his tender age;
Yet of this war he could not figure out
The wished ending, or success presage;
For neither stars above, nor powers of hell,
Nor skill, nor art, nor charm, nor devil could tell.

And yet he thought, O vain conceit of man!
Which as thou wishest judgest things to come,
That the French host to sure destruction ran,
Condemned quite by heav'n's eternal doom:
He thinks no force withstand or vanquish can
Th' Egyptian strength, and therefore would that some

Both of the prey and glory of the fight,
Upon his Syrian folk should haply light.

But for he held the Frenchmen's worth in prise,
And fear'd the doubtful gain of bloody war
He, that was closely false and silly wise,
Cast how he might annoy them most from far:
And as he 'gan upon this point devise
(As counsellors in ill still nearest are),
At hand was Satan, ready ere men need,
If once they think to make them do the deed.

He counsel'd him how best to hunt his game,
What dart to cast, what net, what toil to pitch:
A niece he had, a nice and tender dame,
Peerless in wit, in nature's blessings rich,
To all deceit she could her beauty frame,
False, fair, and young, a virgin and a witch;
To her he told the sum of this emprise,
And prais'd her thus, for she was fair and wise:

My dear, who underneath these locks of gold,
And native brightness of thy lovely hue,
Hidest grave thoughts, ripe wit, and wisdom old,
More skill than I, in all mine arts untrue,
To thee my purpose great I must unfold,
This enterprise thy cunning must pursue,
Weave thou to end this web which I begin,
I will the distaff hold, come thou and spin.

Go to the Christians' host, and there assay
All subtle sleights that women use in love,
Shed brinish tears, sob, sigh, entreat, and pray,
Wring thy fair hands, cast up thine eyes above,
For mourning beauty hath much power, men say,
The stubborn hearts with pity frail to move;
Look pale for dread, and blush sometime for shame,
In seeming troth thy lies will soonest frame.

Take with the bait Lord Godfrey, if thou may'st,
Frame snares of looks, trains of alluring speech;
For if he love, the conquest then thou hast:
Thus purpos'd war thou may'st with ease impeach;
Else lead the other lords to deserts waste,
And hold them slaves far from their leader's reach.
This taught he her, and for conclusion saith,
All things are lawful for our lands and faith.

The sweet Armida took this charge on hand,
A tender piece, for beauty, sex and age,
The sun was sunken underneath the land
When she began her wanton pilgrimage;
In silken weeds she trusteth to withstand,
And conquer knights in warlike equipage.
Of their night-ambling dame the Syrians prated,
Some good, some bad, as they her lov'd or hated.

Within few days the nymph arrived there,
Where puissant Godfrey had his tents ypight;
Upon her strange attire, and visage clear,
Gazed each soldier, gazed every knight:
As when a comet doth in skies appear,
The people stand amazed at the light,
So wonder'd they, and each at other sought,
What mister wight she was, and whence ybrought.

Yet never eye to Cupid's service vow'd
Beheld a face of such a lovely pride;
A tinsel veil her amber locks did shroud,
That strove to cover what it could not hide;
The golden sun, behind a silver cloud,
So streameth out his beams on every side;
The marble goddess, set at Guido's, naked,
She seem'd, were she uncloth'd, or that awaked.

The gamesome wind among her tresses plays,
And curleth up those glowing riches short;
Her spareful eye to spread his beams denays,
But keeps his shot where Cupid keeps his fort;
The rose and lily on her cheek assays
To paint true fairness out in bravest sort;
Her lips, where blooms naught but the single rose,
Still blush, for still they kiss while still they close.

Her breasts, two hills o'erspread with purest snow,
Sweet, smooth and supple, soft and gently swelling,
Between them lies a milken dale below,
Where love, youth, gladness, whiteness make their dwelling;
Her breasts half hid, and half were laid to show;
Her envious vesture greedy sight repelling:
So was the wanton clad, as if thus much
Should please the eye, the rest unseen the touch.

As when the sunbeams dive through Tagus' wave,
To spy the storehouse of his springing gold,
Love-piercing thought so through her mantle drave,
And in her gentle bosom wander'd bold:
It view'd the wondrous beauty virgins have,
And all to fond desire with vantage told:
Alas! what hope is left to quench the fire,
That kindled is by sight, blown by desire.

Thus past she, praised, wish'd, and wond'red at,
Among the troops who were encamped lay,
She smiled for joy, but well dissembled that
Her greedy eye chose out her wished prey;
On all her gestures seeming virtue sat,
Towards th' imperial tent she ask'd the way:
With that she met a bold and lovesome knight,
Lord Godfrey's youngest brother, Eustace hight.

This was the fowl that first fell in the snare,
He saw her fair, and hop'd to find her kind;
The throne of Cupid hath an easy stair,
His bark is fit to sail with every wind,
The breach he makes no wisdom can repair.
With rev'rence meet the baron low inclin'd,
And thus his purpose to the virgin told,
For youth, use, nature, all had made him bold:

Lady, if thee beseem a stile so low,
In whose sweet looks such sacred beauties shine,
For never yet did heav'n such grace bestow
On any daughter born of Adam's line,
Thy name let us, though far unworthy, know,
Unfold thy will, and whence thou art in fine,
Lest my audacious boldness learn too late,
What honors due become thy high estate.

Sir knight, quoth she, your praises reach too high
Above her merit you commenden so,
A hapless maid I am, both born to die,
And dead to joy, that live in care and wo,
A virgin helpless, fugitive pardie,
My native soil and kingdom thus forego
To seek Duke Godfrey's aid, such store men tell
Of virtuous ruth doth in his bosom dwell.

Conduct me then that mighty Duke before,
If you be courteous, sir, as well you seem,—
Content, quoth he; since of one womb ybore,
We brothers are, your fortune good esteem
T' encounter me, whose word prevaileth more
In Godfrey's hearing than you haply deem,
Mine aid I grant, and his I promise too,
All that his sceptre, or my sword, can do.

He led her eas'ly forth when this was said,
Where Godfrey sat among his lords and peers;
She rev'rence did, then hush'd as one dismay'd
To speak, for secret wants and inward fears;
It seem'd a bashful shame her speeches stay'd.
At last the courteous Duke her gently cheers;
Silence was made, and she began her tale.
They sit to hear, thus sung the nightingale:

Victorious prince, whose honorable name
Is held so great among our pagan kings,
That to those lands thou dost by conquest tame,
That thou hast won them some content it brings;
Well known to all is thy immortal fame.
The earth thy worth, thy foe thy praises sings,

And painims wronged come to seek thine aid,
So doth thy virtue, so thy power persuade.

. . . . . .

This said, his answer did the nymph attend;
Her looks, her sighs, her gestures all did pray him;
But Godfrey wisely did his grant suspend,
He doubts the worst, and that awhile did stay him;
He knows, who fears no God, he loves no friend,
He fears the heathen false would thus betray him:
But yet such ruth dwelt in his princely mind,
That, 'gainst his wisdom, pity made him kind.

Besides the kindness of his gentle thought,
Ready to comfort each distressed wight,
The maiden's offer profit with it brought;
For if the Syrian kingdom were her right,
That won, the way were easy which he sought,
To bring all Asia subject to his might;
There might be raised munition, arms, and treasures,
To work th' Egyptian king and his displeasure.

Thus was his noble heart long time betwixt
Fear and remorse, not granting nor denaying,
Upon his eyes the dame her lookings fix'd,
As if her life and death lay on his saying;
Some tears she shed, with sighs and sobbings mix'd,
As if her hope were dead through his delaying.
At last her earnest suit the Duke denay'd,
But with sweet words thus would content the maid:

If not in service of our God we fought,
In meaner quarrel if this sword were shaken,
Well might thou gather in thy gentle thought,
So fair a Princess should not be forsaken;
But since these armies, from the world's end brought,
To free this sacred town have undertaken,
It were unfit we turned our strength away,
And victory, even in her coming, stay.

I promise thee, and on my princely word
The burden of thy wish and hope repose,
That when this chosen temple of the Lord
Her holy doors shall to his saints unclose
In rest and peace, then this victorious sword
Shall execute due vengeance on thy foes:
But if, for pity of a worldly dame,
I left his work, such pity were my shame.—

The Crusaders Go in Procession to Mass

Next morn the bishops twain, the heremite,
And all the clerks and priests of less estate,
Did in the middest of the camp unite
Within a place for prayer consecrate:
Each priest adorned was in a surplice white,
The bishops donned their albes and copes of state;
Above their rochets buttoned fair before,
And mitres on their heads like crowns they wore.

Peter alone, before, spread to the wind
The glorious sign of our salvation great:
With easy pace the choir came all behind,
And hymns and psalms in order true repeat;
With sweet respondence in harmonious kind,
Their humble song the yielding air doth beat.
Lastly together went the reverend pair
Of prelates sage, William and Ademare.

The mighty duke came next, as princes do,
Without companion, marching all alone;
The lords and captains came by two and two;
The soldiers for their guard were armed each one.
With easy pace thus ordered, passing through
The trench and rampire, to the fields they gone;
No thundering drum, no trumpet shrill they hear,—
Their godly music psalms and prayers were.

To thee, O father, Son, and sacred Spright,
One true, eternal, everlasting King,
To Christ's dear mother Mary, virgin bright,
Psalms of thanksgiving and of praise they sing;

To them that angels down from heaven, to fight
'Gainst the blasphemous beast and dragon, bring;
To him also that of our Savior good
Washed the sacred front in Jordan's flood;

Him likewise they invoke, called the rock
Whereon the Lord, they say, his Church did rear,
Whose true successors close or else unlock
The blessed gates of grace and mercy dear;
And all th' elected twelve, the chosen flock,
Of his triumphant death who witness bear;
And them by torment, slaughter, fire and sword,
Who martyrs died to confirm his word;

And them also whose books and writings tell
What certain path to heavenly bliss us leads;
And hermits good and anch'resses, that dwell
Mewed up in walls and mumble on their beads;
And virgin nuns in close and private cell,
Where (but shrift fathers) never mankind treads:
On these they called, and on all the rout
Of angels, martyrs, and of saints devout.

Singing and saying thus, the camp devout
Spread forth her zealous squadrons broad and wise;
Towards Mount Olivet went all this rout,—
So called of olive-trees the hill which hide;
A mountain known by fame the world throughout,
Which riseth on the city's eastern side,
From it divided by the valley green
Of Iosaphat, that fills the space between.

Hither the armies went, and chaunted shrill,
That all the deep and hollow dales resound;
From hollow mounts and caves in every hill
A thousand echoes also sung around:
It seemed some choir that sung with art and skill
Dwelt in those savage dens and shady ground,
For oft resounded from the banks they hear
The name of Christ and of his mother dear.

EDMUND SPENSER (1552?–1599)

THE FAERIE QUEENE

BOOK I

CANTO IV

To sinfull house of Pride, Duessa guides the faithfull knight,
Where brothers death to wreak Sansjoy doth chalenge him to fight.

I

YOUNG knight, what ever that dost armes professe,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice, and change of thy deare lovéd Dame,
Least thou of her beleeve too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove:
For unto knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love;
That doth this *Redcrosse* knights ensample plainly prove.

II

Who after that he had faire *Una* lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
And false *Duessa* in her sted had borne,
Calléd *Fidess'*, and so supposed to bee;
Long with her traveild, till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnishéd,
The house of mightie Prince it seemed to bee:
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thither traveiléd.

III

Great troupes of people traveild thitherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place,
But few returnéd, having scapéd hard,
With balefull beggerie, or foule disgrace,
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thither *Duessa* bad him bend his pace:
For she is wearie of the toilesome way,
And also nigh consuméd is the lingring day.

IV

A stately Pallace built of squaréd bricke,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,
And golden foile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid:
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries farre over laid,
Full of faire windowes, and delightfull bowres;
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

V

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workmans wit;
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever sit:
For on a sandie hill, that still did flit,
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven shakéd it:
And all the hinder parts, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

VI

Arrivéd there they passéd in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide,
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight
Cald *Malvenù*, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight:
Infinite sorts of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wishéd sight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace bright.

VII

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the Presence mount; whose glorious vew
Their frayle amazéd senses did confound:
In living Princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse richesse, and so sumptuous shew;
Ne *Persia* selfe, the nourse of pompous pride
Like ever saw. And there a noble crew
Of Lordes and Ladies stood on every side,
Which with their presence faire, the place much beautifide.

VIII

High above all a cloth of State was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
On which there sate most brave embellishéd
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene, that shone as *Titans* ray,
In glistring gold, and peerelesse pretious stone:
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone.

IX

Exceeding shone, like *Phœbus* fairest childe,
That did presume his fathers firie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wilde
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne;
Proud of such glory and advancement vaine,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten plaine,
And rapt with whirling wheeles, inflames the skyen,
With fire not made to burne, but fairely for to shyne.

X

So proud she shynéd in her Princely state,
Looking to heaven, for earth she did disdayne;
And sitting high, for lowly she did hate:
Lo underneath her scornefull feete was layne
A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne,
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewéd fayne,
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance tooke delight;
For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

XI

Of griesly *Pluto* she the daughter was,
And sad *Proserpina* the Queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did she swell,
And thundring *Jove*, that high in heaven doth dwell,

And wield the world, she clayméd for her syre,
Or if that any else did *Jove* excell:
For to the highest she did still aspyre,
Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

XII

And proud *Lucifera* men did her call,
That made her selfe a Queene, and crowned to be,
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soveraintie,
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the scepter, which she now did hold:
Ne ruld her Realmes with lawes, but pollicie,
And strong advizement of six wizards old,
That with their counsels bad her kingdome did uphold.

XIII

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,
And false *Duessa* seeming Lady faire,
A gentle Husher, *Vanitie* by name
Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire:
So goodly brought them to the lowest staire
Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare,
Why they were come, her royall state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great Majestee.

XIV

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so low,
She thankéd them in her disdainefull wise,
Ne other grace vouchsaféd them to show
Of Princesse worthy, scarse them bad arise.
Her Lordes and Ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight:
Some frounce their curléd haire in courtly guise,
Some prancke their ruffes, and others trimly dight
Their gay attire: each others greater pride does spight.

XV

Goodly they all that knight do entertaine,
Right glad with him to have increast their crew:
But to *Duess'* each one himselfe did paine
All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew;
For in that court whylome her well they knew:
Yet the stout Faerie mongst the middest crowd
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
And that great Princesse too exceeding prowd,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

XVI

Suddein upriseth from her stately place
The royall Dame, and for her coche doth call:
All hurtlen forth, and she with Princely pace,
As faire *Aurora* in her purple pall,
Out of the East the dawning day doth call:
So forth she comes: her brightnesse brode doth blaze;
The heapes of people thronging in the hall,
Do ride each other, upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eyes amaze.

XVII

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
Adornéd all with gold, and girlonds gay,
That seemed as fresh as *Flora* in her prime,
And strove to match, in royall rich array,
Great *Junoes* golden chaire, the which they say
The Gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To *Joves* high house through heavens bras-pavéd way
Drawne of faire Pecocks, that excell in pride,
And full of *Argus* eyes their tailes dispredden wide.

XVIII

But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,
On which her six sage Counsellours did ryde,
Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kinds applyde:
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
Was sluggish *Idlenesse* the nourse of sin;
Upon a slouthfull Asse he chose to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,
Like to an holy Monck, the service to begin.

XIX

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little red,
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his dayes ded;
Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hed,
To looken, whether it were night or day:
May seeme the wayne was very evill led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

XX

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
And greatly shunnéd manly exercise,
From every worke he chalengéd essoyne,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawlesse riotise;
By which he grew to grievous malady;
For in his lustlesse limbs through evill guise
A shaking fever raignd continually:
Such one was *Idlenesse*, first of this company.

XXI

And by his side rode loathsome *Gluttony*,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne,
His belly was up-blowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne,
And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne,
With which he swallowd up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spuéd up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

XXII

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad;
For other clothes he could not weare for heat,
And on his head an yvie girland had,
From under which fast trickled downe the sweat:
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His dronken corse he scarse upholden can,
In shape and life more like a monster, then a man.

XXIII

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unhable once to stirre or go,
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drownéd so,
That from his friend he seldome knew his fo:
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow:
Which by misdiet daily greater grew:
Such one was *Gluttony*, the second of that crew.

XXIV

And next to him rode lustfull *Lechery*,
Upon a bearded Goat, whose rugged haire,
And whally eyes (the signe of gelosy)
Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare:
Who rough, and blacke, and filthy did appeare,
Unseemely man to please faire Ladies eye;
Yet he of Ladies oft was lovéd deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O who does know the bent of womens fantasy?

XXV

In a greene gowne he clothéd was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse,
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vaine follies, and new fanglenesse:
For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse,
And learnéd had to love with secret lookes,
And well could daunce, and sing with ruefulnesse,
And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes,
And thousand other wayes, to bait his fleshly hookes.

XXVI

Inconstant man, that lovéd all he saw,
And lusted after all, that he did love,
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But joyd weake wemens hearts to tempt and prove
If from their loyall loves he might them move;
Which lewdnesse fild him with reprochfull paine
Of that fowle evill, which all men reprove,
That rots the marrow, and consumes the braine:
Such one was *Lecherie*, the third of all this traine.

XXVII

And greedy *Avarice* by him did ride,
Upon a Camell loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious mettall full, as they might hold,
And in his lap an heape of coine he told;
For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
And unto hell him selfe for money sold;
Accursèd usurie was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

XXVIII

His life was nigh unto deaths doore yplast,
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes he ware,
Ne scarse good morsell all his life did tast,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare;
Yet chylde ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life unto him selfe unknowne.

XXIX

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise,
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store,
Whose need had end, but no end covetise,
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him pore,
Who had enough, yet wishèd ever more;
A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand:
Such was one *Avarice*, the fourth of his faire band.

XXX

And next to him malicious *Envie* rode,
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Betweene his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw;
But inwardly he chawèd his owne maw
At neighbours wealth, that made him ever sad;
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had,
But when he heard of harme, he wexèd wondrous glad.

XXXI

All in a kirtle of discloured say
He clothèd was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile uptyes
In many folds, and mortall sting implyes.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth, to see
Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse,
And grudgèd at the great felicitie
Of proud *Lucifera*, and his owne companie.

XXXII

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no lesse, that any like did use,
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse:
And eke the verse of famous Poets witt
He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues
From leprous mouth on all, that ever writt:
Such one vile *Envie* was, that fifte in row did sitt.

XXXIII

And him beside rides fierce revenging *Wrath*,
Upon a Lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed;
His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
And staréd sterne on all, that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hew and seeming ded;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him sweld.

XXXIV

His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood,
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through unadvizéd rashnesse woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no governement,
Ne car'd for bloud in his avengement:
But when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruell facts he often would repent;
Yet wilfull man he never would forecast,
How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse hast.

XXXV

Full many mischiefes follow cruell *Wrath:*
Abhorrèd bloudshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,

And fretting griefe the enemy of life;
All these, and many evils moe haunt ire,
The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rife,
The shaking Palsey, and Saint *Fraunces* fire:
Such one was *Wrath*, the last of this ungodly tire.

XXXVI

And after all, upon the wagon beame
Rode *Satan*, with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lasht the laesie teme,
So oft as *Slowth* still in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Showting for joy, and still before their way
A foggy mist had covered all the land;
And underneath their feet, all scattered lay
Dead sculs and bones of men, whose life had gone astray.

XXXVII

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
To take the solace of the open aire,
And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport;
Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,
The fowle *Duessa*, next unto the chaire
Of proud *Lucifera*, as one of the traine:
But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
Him selfe estraunging from their joyaunce vaine,
Whose fellowship seemed far unfit for warlike swaine.

XXXVIII

So having solacéd themselves a space
With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
They backe returnéd to the Princely Place;
Whereas an errant knight in armes ycled,
And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red
Was writ *Sans joy*, they new arrivéd find:
Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy-hed,
He seemed in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
And nourish bloudy vengeaunce in his bitter mind.

XXXIX

Who when the shaméd shield of slaine *Sans foy*
He spide with that same Faery champions page,
Bewraying him, that did of late destroy
His eldest brother, burning all with rage
He to him leapt, and that same envious gage
Of victors glory from him snatcht away:
But th'Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage,
Disdaind to loose the meed he wonne in fray,
And him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

XL

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
And clash their shields, and shake their swords on hy,
That with their sturre they troubled all the traine;
Till that great Queene upon eternall paine
Of high displeasure, that ensewen might,
Commaunded them their fury to refraine,
And if that either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

XLI

Ah dearest Dame (quoth then the Paynim bold),
Pardon the errour of enragéd wight,
Whom great griefe made forget the raines to hold
Of reasons rule, to see this recreant knight,
No knight, but treachour full of false despight
And shamefull treason, who through guile hath slayn
The prowest knight, that ever field did fight,
Even stout *Sans foy* (O who can then refrayn?)
Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to heape disdayn.

XLII

And to augment the glorie of his guile,
His dearest love the faire *Fidessa* loe
Is there possessed of the traytour vile,
Who reapes the harvest sowen by his foe,
Sowen in bloudy field, and bought with woe:
That brothers hand shall dearely well requight
So be, O Queene, you equall favour showe.
Him litle answerd th'angry Elfin knight;
He never meant with words, but swords to plead his right.

XLIII

But threw his gauntlet as a sacred pledge,
His cause in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with harts on edge,
To be aveng'd each on his enimy.
That night they pas in joy and jollity,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;
For Steward was excessive *Gluttonie*,
That of his plenty pouréd forth to all;
Which doen, the Chamberlain *Slowth* did to rest them call.

XLIV

Now whenas darkesome night had all displayd
Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye,
The warlike youthes on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
To muse on meanes of hopéd victory.
But whenas *Morpheus* had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company,
Up-rose *Duessa* from her resting place,
And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace.

XLV

Whom broad awake she finds, in troublous fit,
Forecasting, how his foe he might annoy,
And him amoves with speaches seeming fit:
Ah deare *Sans joy*, next dearest to *Sans foy*,
Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new joy,
Joyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,
And greev'd, to thinke how foe did him destroy,
That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye;
Lo his *Fidessa* to thy secret faith I flye.

XLVI

With gentle wordes he can her fairly greet,
And bad say on the secret of her hart.
Then sighing soft, I learne that litle sweet
Oft tempred is (quoth she) with muchell smart:
For since my brest was launcht with lovely dart
Of deare *Sansfoy*, I never joyéd howre,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
And for his sake have felt full many an heavie stowre.

XLVII

At last when perils all I weenéd past,
And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new woes unweeting I was cast,
By this false faytor, who unworthy ware
His worthy shield, whom he with guilefull snare
Entrappéd slew, and brought to shamefull grave.
Me silly maid away with him he bare,
And ever since hath kept in darksome cave,
For that I would not yeeld, that to *Sans-foy* I gave.

XLVIII

But since faire Sunne hath sperst that lowring clowd,
And to my loathéd life now shewes some light,
Under your beames I will me safely shrowd,
From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight:
To you th'inheritance belongs by right
Of brothers prayse, to you eke longs his love.
Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright
Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above
From wandring *Stygian* shores, where it doth endlesse move.

XLIX

Thereto said he, faire Dame be nought dismaid
For sorrowes past; their griefe is with them gone:
Ne yet of present perill be affraid;
For needlesse feare did never vantage none,
And helplesse hap it booteth nót to mone,
Dead is *Sans-foy*, his vitall paines are past,
Though greevéd ghost for vengeance deepe do grone:
He lives, that shall him pay his dewties last,
And guiltie Elfin bloud shall sacrifice in hast.

L

O but I feare the fickle freakes (quoth shee)
Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field.
Why dame (quoth he) what oddes can ever bee,

Where both do fight alike, to win or yield?
Yea but (quoth she) he beares a charméd shield,
And eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce,
Ne none can wound the man, that does them wield.
Charmd or enchaunted (answerd he then ferce)
I no whit reck, ne you the like need to reherce.

LI

But faire *Fidessa*, sithens fortunes guile,
Or enimies powre hath now captivéd you,
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while
Till morrow next, that I the Elfe subdew,
And with *Sans-foyes* dead dowry you endew.
Ay me, that is a double death (she said)
With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew:
Where ever yet I be, my secret aid
Shall follow you, So passing forth she him obaid.

TWO CANTOS OF MUTABILITY

Canto VI

Proud Change (not pleased in mortal things
Beneath the moon to reign)
Pretends, as well of gods as men,
To be the sovereign.

I

What man that sees the ever-whirling wheel
Of Change, the which all mortal things doth sway,
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feel,
How Mutability in them doth play
Her cruel sports to many men's decay?
Which that to all may better yet appear,
I will rehearse, that whylome I heard say,
How she at first herself began to rear
Gainst all the gods, and th' empire sought from them to bear.

II

But first, here falleth fittest to unfold
Her antique race and lineage ancient,
As I have found it regist'red of old
In Faery land mongst records permanent.
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of those old Titans that did whylome strive
With Saturn's son for heaven's regiment;
Whom though high Jove of kingdom did deprive,
Yet many of their stem long after did survive:

III

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of Jove, and high authority:
As Hecaté, in whose almighty hand
He placed all rule and principality,
To be by her disposed diversely
To gods and men, as she them list divide;
And dread Bellona, that doth sound on high
Wars and alarums unto nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble at her pride.

IV

So likewise did this Titaness aspire
Rule and dominion to herself to gain;
That as a goddess men might her admire,
And heavenly honours yield, as to them twain,
And first, on earth she sought it to obtain:
Where she such proof and sad examples shew'd
Of her great power, to many one's great pain,
That not men only (whom she soon subdued)
But eke all other creatures her bad doings rued.

V

For she the face of earthly things so changed,
That all which Nature had establish'd first,
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst:
And all the world's fair frame (which none yet durst
Of gods or men to alter or misguide)
She alter'd quite; and made them all accurst
That God had blest, and did at first provide
In that still happy state for ever to abide.

VI

Ne she the laws of nature only brake,
But eke of justice, and of policy:
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
And death for life exchanged foolishly:
Since which, all living wights have learn'd to die.
And all this world is waxen daily worse.
O piteous work of Mutability,

By which we all are subject to that curse,
And Death instead of Life, have suckèd from
our nurse!

VII

And now, when all the earth she thus had
brought
To her behest and thrallèd to her might,
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought
T' attempt the empire of the heavens' height,
And Jove himself to shoulder from his right.
And first, she pass'd the region of the air
And of the fire, whose substance thin and
slight
Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,
But ready to her pleasure did prepare.

VIII

Thence to the circle of the moon she clamb,
Where Cynthia reigns in everlasting glory,
To whose bright shining palace straight she
came,
All fairly deck'd with heaven's goodly story;
Whose silver gates (by which there sate an
hoary
Old agèd sire, with hour-glass in hand,
Hight Time,) she enter'd, were he lief or
sorry;
Ne stay'd till she the highest stage had
scann'd
Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did
stand.

IX

Her sitting on an ivory throne she found,
Drawn of two steeds, th' one black, the other
white,
Environ'd with ten thousand stars around,
That duly her attended day and night;
And by her side there ran a page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the evening-star intend;
That with his torch, still twinkling like
twilight,
Her lighten'd all the way where she would
wend,
And joy to weary wand'ring travellers did
lend.

X

That when the hardy Titaness beheld
The goodly building of her palace bright,
Made of the heavens' substance, and upheld,
With thousand crystal pillars of huge height;
She gan to burn in her ambitious spright
And t' envy her that in such glory reign'd.
Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious
might.
Her to displace, and to herself t' have gain'd
The kingdom of the Night, and waters by her
waned.

XI

Boldly she bid the goddess down descend,
And let herself into that ivory throne;
For she herself more worthy thereof ween'd,
And better able it to guide alone;
Whether to men whose fall she did bemoan,
Or unto gods whose state she did malign,
Or to th' infernal pow'rs her need give loan
Of her fair light and bounty most benign,
Herself of all that rule she deemèd most
condign.

XII

But she that had to her that sovereign seat
By highest Jove assign'd, therein to bear
Night's burning lamp, regarded not her
threat,
Ne yielded ought for favour or for fear:
But, with stern countenance and disdainful
cheer
Bending her hornèd brows, she put her back;
And, boldly blaming her for coming there,
Bade her at once from heaven's coast to pack,
Or at her peril bide the wrathful thunder's
wrack.

XIII

Yet nathëmore the giantess forbare;
But boldly pressing on, raught forth her
hand
To pluck her down perforce from off her
chair;
And, therewith lifting up her golden wand,
Threaten'd to strike her if she did withstand:
Whereat the stars, which round about her
blazed,
And eke the moon's bright waggon still did
stand,
All being with so bold attempt amazed,
And on her uncouth habit and stern look still
gazed.

XIV

Meanwhile the lower world, which nothing
knew
Of all that chancèd here, was dark'ned quite;
And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly
crew

Of happy wights, now unpurvey'd of light,
Were much afraid and wond'red at that sight;
Fearing lest Chaos broken had his chain,
And brought again on them eternal night;
But chiefly Mercury, that next doth reign,
Ran forth in haste unto the king of gods to plain.

XV

All ran together with a great outcry
To Jove's fair palace fix'd in heaven's height;
And, beating at his gates full earnestly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might,
To know what meant that sudden lack of light.
The Father of the gods, when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their so strange affright,
Doubting lest Typhon were again uprear'd,
Or other his old foes that once him sorely fear'd.

XVI

Eftsoones the son of Maia forth he sent
Down to the circle of the moon to know
The cause of this so strange astonishment,
And why she did her wonted course foreslow;
And, if that any were on earth below
That did with charms or magic her molest,
Him to attach, and down to hell to throw;
But if from heaven it were, then to arrest
The author, and him bring before his presence prest.

XVII

The wing'd foot god so fast his plumes did beat,
That soon he came whereas the Titaness
Was striving with fair Cynthia for her seat;
At whose strange sight and haughty hardiness
He wond'red much, and fearèd her no less:
Yet, laying fear aside to do his charge,
At last he bade her, with bold steadfastness,
Cease to molest the moon to walk at large,
Or come before high Jove her doings to discharge.

XVIII

And therewithal he on her shoulder laid
His snaky-wreathèd mace, whose awful pow'r
Doth make both gods and hellish fiends afraid.
Whereat the Titaness did sternly lour,
And stoutly answered; That in evil hour
He from his Jove such message to her brought,
To bid her leave fair Cynthia's silver bower;
Sith she his Jove and him esteemèd nought,
No more than Cynthia's self; but all their kingdoms sought.

XIX

The heaven's Herald stay'd not to reply,
But pass'd away, his doings to relate
Unto his lord; who now, in th' highest sky,
Was placèd in his principal estate,
With all the gods about him congregate:
To whom when Hermes had his message told,
It did them all exceedingly amate,
Save Jove; who changing nought his count'nance bold,
Did unto them at length these speeches wise unfold.

XX

"Hearken to me awhile, ye heavenly pow'rs:
Ye may remember since th' earth's cursed seed
Sought to assail the heavens' eternal tow'rs,
And to us all exceeding fear did breed:
But, how we then defeated all their deed,
Ye all do know, and them destroyèd quite;
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
An offspring of their blood, which did alight
Upon the fruitful earth, which doth us yet despite.

XXI

"Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,
That now with bold presumption doth aspire
To thrust fair Phœbe from her silver bed,
And eke ourselves from heavens' high empire,
If that her might were match to her desire
Wherefore it now behoves us to advise
What way is best to drive her to retire;
Whether by open force, or counsel wise:
Aread, ye sons of God, at best ye can devise."

XXII

So having said, he ceased; and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whose doomful dreaded beck
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And even the highest pow'rs of heaven to check,)

Made sign to them in their degrees to speak:
Who straight gan cast their counsel grave and wise.
Meanwhile the earth's daughter, though she nought did reck
Of Hermes' message, yet gan now advise
What course were best to take in this hot bold emprise.

XXIII

Eftsoones she thus resolved; that whilst the gods
(After return of Hermes' embassy)
Were troubled, and amongst themselves at odds;
Before they could new counsels re-ally,
To set upon them in that extacy,
And take what fortune, time, and place would lend:
So forth she rose, and through the purest sky
To Jove's high palace straight cast to ascend,
To prosecute her plot: good onset bodes good end.

XXIV

She there arriving boldly it did pass;
Where all the gods she found in counsel close,
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was.
At sight of her they sudden all arose
In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose:
But Jove, all fearless, forced them to aby;
And in his sovereign throne gan straight dispose
Himself, more full of grace and majesty,
That mote encheer his friends, and foes mote terrify.

XXV

That when the haughty Titaness beheld,
All were she fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the sight thereof was almost quell'd;
And, inly quaking, seem'd as reft of sense
And void of speech in that dread audience;
Until that Jove himself herself bespake:
"Speak, thou frail woman, speak with confidence;
Whence art thou, and what dost thou here now make?
What idle errand hast thou earth's mansion to forsake?"

XXVI

She, half confusèd with his great command,
Yet gathering spirit of her nature's pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demand;
"I am a daughter, by the mother's side,
Of her that is grandmother magnified
Of all the gods, great Earth, great Chaos' child:
But by the fathers's, be it not envied,
I greater am in blood, whereon I build,
Than all the gods, though wrongfully from heaven exiled.

XXVII

"For Titan, as ye all acknowledge must,
Was Saturn's elder brother by birthright;
Both sons of Uranus; but by unjust
And guileful means, through Corybantes' sleight,
The younger thrust the elder from his right:
Since which thou, Jove, injuriously hast held
The heavens' rule from Titan's sons by might;
And them to hellish dungeons down hast fell'd:
Witness, ye heavens, the truth of all that I have tell'd!"

XXVIII

Whilst she thus spake, the gods that gave good ear
To her bold words, and markèd well her grace,
(Being of stature tall as any there
Of all the gods, and beautiful of face
As any of the goddesses in place,)
Stood all astonied; like a sort of steers,
Mongst whom some beast of strange and foreign race
Unawares is chanced, for straying from his peers:
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden fears.

XXIX

Till, having paused awhile, Jove thus bespake;
"Will never mortal thoughts cease to aspire
In this bold sort to heaven claim to make,
And touch celestial seats with earthly mire?

I would have thought that bold Procrustes' hire,
Or Typhon's fall, or proud Ixion's pain,
Or great Prometheus testing of our ire,
Would have sufficed the rest for to restrain,
And warn'd all men, by their example, to refrain.

XXX

"But now this off-scum of that cursèd fry
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And challenge th' heritage of this our sky;
Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise
Should handle as the rest of her allies,
And thunder-drive to hell?" With that he shook
His nectar-dewèd locks, with which the skies
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eft his burning levin-brand in hand he took.

XXXI

But when he lookèd on her lovely face,
In which fair beams of beauty did appear
That could the greatest wrath soon turn to grace,
(Such sway doth beauty even in heaven bear,)
He stay'd his hand; and, having changed his cheer,
He thus again in milder wise began;
"But ah! if gods should strive with flesh yfere,
Then shortly should the progeny of man
Be rooted out, if Jove should do still what he can!

XXXII

"But thee, fair Titans' child, I rather ween,
Through some vain error, or inducement light,
To see that mortal eyes have never seen;
Or through ensample of thy sister's might.
Bellona, whose great glory thou dost spite,
Since thou hast seen her dreadful power below:
Mongst wretched men, dismay'd with her affright,
To bandy crowns, and kingdoms to bestow.
And sure thy worth no less than hers doth seem to show.

XXXIII

"But wot thou this, thou hardy Titaness,
That not the worth of any living wight
May challenge ought in heaven's interess;
Much less the title of old Titan's right:
For we by conquest, of our sovereign might,
And by eternal doom of Fate's decree,
Have won the empire of the heavens bright:
Which to ourselves we hold, and to whom we
Shall worthy deem partakers of our bliss to be.

XXXIV

"Then cease thy idle claim, thou foolish girl;
And seek by grace and goodness to obtain
That place, from which by folly Titan fell;
Thereto thou mayst perhaps, if so thou fain,
Have Jove thy gracious lord and sovereign."
So having said, she thus to him replied;
"Cease, Saturn's son, to seek by proffers vain
Of idle hopes t' allure me to thy side,
For to betray my right before I have it tried.

XXXV

"But thee, O Jove, no equal judge I deem
Of my desert, or of my dueful right;
That in thine own behalf mayst partial seem:
But to the highest Him, that is behight
Father of gods and men by equal might
To weet, the God of Nature, I appeal."
Thereat Jove waxèd wroth, and in his spright
Did inly grudge, yet did well conceal;
And bade Dan Phœbus' scribe her appellation seal.

XXXVI

Eftsoones the time and place appointed were,
Where all, both heavenly powers and earthly wights,
Before great Nature's presence should appear,
For trial of their titles and best rights:
That was, to weet, upon the highest heights
Of Arlo-hill (who knows not Arlo-hill?)
That is the highest head, in all men's sights,
Of my old father Mole, whom Shepherd's quill
Renownèd hath with hymns fit for a rural skill.

XXXVII

And, were it not ill fitting for this file
To sing of hills and woods mongst wars and knights,
I would abate the sternness of my stile,
Mongst these stern stounds to mingle soft delights;
And tell how Arlo, through Diana's spites,
(Being of old the best and fairest hill
That was in all this Holy-Island's heights,)
Was made the most unpleasant and most ill:
Meanwhile, O Clio, lend Calliope thy quill.

XXXVIII

Whylome when Ireland flourishèd in fame
Of wealth and goodness, far above the rest
Of all that bear the British Islands' name,
The gods then used, for pleasure and for rest,
Oft to resort thereto, when seem'd them best:
But none of all therein more pleasure found
Than Cynthia, that is sovereign queen profest
Of woods and forests, which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholesome waters more than most on ground:

XXXIX

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,
(Either for chase of beasts with hound or bow,
Or for to shroud in shade from Phœbus' flame,
Or bathe in fountains that do freshly flow,
Or from high hills, or from the dales below,)
She chose this Arlo; where she did resort
With all her nymphs enrangèd on a row,
With whom the woody gods did oft consort;
For with the nymphs the satyrs love to play and sport:

XL

Amongst the which there was a nymph that hight
Molanna: daughter of old Father Mole,
And sister unto Mulla, fair and bright:
Unto whose bed false Bregog whylome stole
That Shepherd Colin dearly did condole,
And made her luckless loves well known to be:
But this Molanna, were she not so shoal,
Were no less fair and beautiful than she:
Yet, as she is, a fairer flood may no man see.

XLI

For first she springs out of two marble rocks,
On which a grove of oaks high-mounted grows
That as a garland seems to deck the locks
Of some fair bride, brought forth with pompous shows
Out of her bow'r, that many flowers strows;
So through the flowery dales she tumbling down
Through many woods and shady coverts flows
That on each side her silver channel crown
Till to the plain she come, whose valleys she doth drown.

XLII

In her sweet streams Diana usèd oft,
After her sweaty chase and toilsome play,
To bathe herself; and, after, on the soft
And downy grass her dainty limbs to lay
In covert shade, where none behold her may.
For much she hated sight of living eye
Foolish god Faunus, though full many a day
He saw her clad, yet longèd foolishly
To see her naked mongst her nymphs in privity.

XLIII

No way he found to compass his desire,
But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,
Her to discover for some secret hire:
So her with flattering words he first assay'd;
And, after, pleasing gifts for her purvey'd,
Queen-apples, and red cherries from the tree,
With which he her allurèd and betray'd
To tell what time he might her lady see
When she herself did bathe, that he might secret be.

XLIV

Thereto he promised, if she would him pleasure
With this small boon to quit her with a better;
To weet, that whereas she had out of measure
Long loved the Fanchin, who by nought did set her,

That he would undertake for this to get her
To be his love, and of him likèd well:
Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debtor
For many more good turns than he would tell;
The least of which this little pleasure should excel.

XLV

The simple maid did yield to him anon;
And eft him placèd where he close might view
That never any saw, save only one,
Who, for his hire to so foolhardy due,
Was of his hounds devour'd in hunter's hue.
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her nymphs about her, drew
To this sweet spring; where, doffing her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbs, for Jove a likely prey

XLVI

There Faunus saw that pleasèd much his eye,
And made his heart to tickle in his breast,
That, for great joy of somewhat he did spy,
He could him not contain in silent rest;
But, breaking forth in laughter, loud profess'd
His foolish thought: a foolish faun indeed,
That couldst not hold thyself so hidden blest,
But wouldest needs thine own conceit aread;
Babblers unworthy been of so divine a meed.

XLVII

The goddess, all abashèd with that noise,
In haste forth started from the guilty brook;
And, running straight whereas she heard his voice,
Enclosed the bush about, and there him took
Like darrèd lark, not daring up to look
On her whose sight before so much he sought.
Thence forth they drew him by the horns, and shook
Nigh all to pieces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

XLVIII

Like as an housewife, that with busy care
Thinks of her dairy to make wondrous gain,
Finding whereas some wicked beast unware
That breaks into her dair' house, there doth drain
Her creaming pans, and frustrate all her pain;
Hath, in some snare or gin set close behind,
Entrappèd him, and caught into her trayne,
Then thinks what punishment were best assign'd,
And thousand deaths deviseth in her vengeful mind;

XLIX

So did Diana and her maidens all
Use silly Faunus, now within their bail:
They mock and scorn him, and him foul miscall;
Some by the nose him pluck, some by the tail;
And by his goatish beard some did him hale:
Yet he (poor soul!) with patience all did bear;
For nought against their wills might countervail:
Ne ought he said, whatever he did hear;
But, hanging down his head, did like a Mome appear.

L

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
They gan to cast what penance him to give.
Some would have gelt him; but that same would spill
The wood-gods' breed, which must for ever live:
Others would through the river have him drive
And duckèd deep; but that seem'd penance light:
But most agreed, and did this sentence give,
Him in deer's skin to clad; and in that plight
To hunt him with their hounds, himself save how he might.

LI

But Cynthia's self, more angry than the rest,
Thought not enough to punish him in sport,
And of her shame to make a gamesome jest:
But gan examine him in straighter sort,
Which of her nymphs, or other close consort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betray'd.
He, much afeard, to her confessèd short
That 'twas Molanna which her so bewray'd.
Then all at once their hands upon Molanna laid.

LII

But him (according as they had decreed)
With a deer's-skin they cover'd, and then chased
With all their hounds that after him did speed;
But he, more speedy, from them fled more fast
Than any deer; so sore him dread aghast.
They after follow'd all with shrill outcry,
Shouting as they the heavens would have brast;
That all the woods and dales, where he did fly,
Did ring again, and loud re-echo to the sky.

LIII

So they him follow'd till they weary were;
When, back returning to Molann' again,
They, by commandment of Diana, there
Her whelmed with stones: Yet Faunus, for her pain,
Of her belovèd Fanchin did obtain,
That her he would receive unto his bed.
So now her waves pass through a pleasant plain,
Till with the Fanchin she herself do wed,
And, both combined, themselves in one fair river spread.

LIV

Nathless Diana, full of indignation,
Thenceforth abandon'd her delicious brook:
In whose sweet stream, before that bad occasion,
So much delight to bathe her limbs she took:
Ne only her, but also quite forsook
All those fair forests about Arlo hid;
And all that mountain, which doth overlook
The richest champaign that may else be read;
And the fair Suir, in which are thousand salmons bred.

LV

Them all, and all that she so dear did weigh,
Thenceforth she left; and, parting from the place,
Thereon an heavy hapless curse did lay;
To weet, that wolves, where she was wont to space,
Should harbour'd be and all those woods deface,
And thieves should rob and spoil that coast around.
Since which, those woods, and all that goodly chase
Doth to this day with wolves and thieves abound:
Which too-too true that land's in-dwellers since have found.

Canto VII

'Pealing from Jove to Nature's bar,
Bold Alteration pleads
Large evidence: but Nature soon
Her righteous doom areads.

I

Ah! whither dost thou now, thou greater Muse,
Me from these woods and pleasing forest bring?
And my frail spirit, that doth oft refuse
This too high flight unfit for her weak wing,
Lift up aloft, to tell of heaven's king
(Thy sovereign sire) his fortunate success;
And victory in bigger notes to sing,
Which he obtain'd against the Titaness,
That him of heaven's empire sought to dispossess?

II

Yet, sith I needs must follow thy behest,
Do thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,
Fit for this turn; and in my sable breast
Kindle fresh sparks of that immortal fire
Which learnèd minds inflameth with desire
Of heavenly things: for who, but thou alone
That art yborn of heaven and heavenly sire,
Can tell things done in heaven so long ygone,
So far past memory of man that may be known?

III

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The gods assembled all on Arlo Hill;
As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed,
As those that all the other world do fill,
And rule both sea and land unto their will:
Only th' infernal pow'rs might not appear;
As well for horror of their count'nance ill,
As for th' unruly fiends which they did fear;
Yet Pluto and Prosérpina were present, there.

IV

And thither also came all other creatures,
Whatever life or motion do retain,
According to their sundry kinds of features;
That Arlo scarcely could them all contain;
So full they fillèd every hill and plain:
And had not Nature's Sergeant (that is Order)
Them well disposèd by his busy pain,
And rangèd far abroad in every border,
They would have causèd much confusion and disorder.

V

Then forth issued (great goddess) great Dame Nature,
With goodly port and gracious majesty,
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Than any of the gods or powers on high;
Yet certes by her face and phys'nomy,
Whether she man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well descry;
For, with a veil that wimpled everywhere,
Her head and face was hid that mote to none appear.

VI

That, some do say, was so by skill devised,
To hide the terror of her uncouth hue
From mortal eyes that should be sore agrized;
For that her face did like a lion shew,
That eye of wight could not endure to view:
But others tell that it so beauteous was,
And round about such beams of splendour threw,
That it the sun a thousand times did pass,
Ne could be seen but like an image in a glass.

VII

That well may seemen true; for well I ween
That this same day, when she on Arlo sat,
Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheen,
That my frail wit cannot devise to what
It to compare, nor find like stuff to that:
As those three sacred saints, though else most wise,
Yet on Mount Tabor quite their wits forgat
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise
Transfigured saw; His garments so did daze their eyes.

VIII

In a fair plain upon an equal hill
She placèd was in a pavilion;
Not such as craftsmen by their idle skill
Are wont for princes' states to fashion;
But th' earth herself, of her own motion,
Out of her fruitful bosom made to grow
Most dainty trees that shooting up anon,
Did seem to bow their blooming heads full low
For homage unto her, and like a throne did show

IX

So hard it is for any living wight
All her array and vestiments to tell,
That old Dan Geoffrey (in whose gentle spright,
The pure well-head of poesy did dwell)
In his *Fowls' Parley* durst not with it mell,
But it transferr'd to Alane, who he thought
Had in his *Plaint of Kinds* described it well:
Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
Go seek he out that Alane where he may be sought.

X

And all the earth far underneath her feet
Was dight with flowers, that voluntary grew
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet;
Ten thousand mores of sundry scent and hue,
That might delight the smell, or please the view,
The which the nymphs from all the brooks thereby
Had gatherèd, they at her foot-stool threw;
The richer seem'd than any tapestry,
That princes' bow'rs adorn with painted imagery.

XI

And Mole himself, to honour her the more,
Did deck himself in freshest fair attire;
And his high head, that seemeth always hoar
With hard'ned frosts of former winters' ire,
He with an oaken garland now did tire,
As if the love of some new nymph late seen
Had in him kindled youthful fresh desire,
And make him change his gray attire to green:
Ah! gentle Mole, such joyance hath thee wel beseen.

XII

Was never so great joyance since the day
That all the gods whylome assembled were
On Hæmus' hill in their divine array,
To celebrate the solemn bridal cheer
Twixt Peleus and Dame Thetis' pointed there;
Where Phœbus self, that god of poets hight,
They say, did sing the spousal hymn full clear,
That all the gods were ravish'd with delight
Of his celestial song and music's wondrous might.

XIII

This great grandmother of all creatures bred,
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld;
Still moving, yet unmovèd from her stead;
Unseen of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus sitting in her throne, as I have tell'd,
Before her came Dame Mutability;
And, being low before her presence fell'd
With meek obeisance and humility,
Thus gan her plaintiff plea with words to amplify:

XIV

"To thee, O greatest goddess, only great,
An humble suppliant lo! I lowly fly,
Seeking for right, which I of thee entreat;
Who right to all dost deal indifferently,
Damning all wrong and tortious injury,
Which any of thy creatures do to other
Oppressing them with pow'r unequally,
Sith of them all thou art the equal mother,
And knittest each to each, as brother unto brother.

XV

"To thee therefore of this same Jove I 'plain,
And of his fellow gods that fain to be,
That challenge to themselves the whole world's reign,
Of which the greatest part is due to me,
And heaven itself by heritage in fee:
For heaven and earth I both alike to deem,
Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee;
And gods no more than men thou dost esteem:
For even the gods to thee, as men to gods, do seem.

XVI

"Then weight, O sovereign goddess, by what right
These gods do claim the world's whole sovereignty;
And that is only due unto thy might
Arrogate to themselves ambitiously:
As for the gods' own principality,
Which Jove usurps unjustly, that to be
My heritage, Jove's self cannot deny,
From my great grandsire Titan unto me
Derived by due descent; and is well known to thee.

XVII

"Yet maugre Jove, and all his gods beside
I do possess the world's most regiment;
As if ye please it into parts divide,
And every part's inholders to convent,
Shall to your eyes appear incontinent.
And first, the earth (great mother of us all)
That only seems unmoved and permanent,
And unto Mutability not thrall,
Yet is she changed in part, and eke in general:

XVIII

"For all that from her springs, and is ybred.
However fair it flourish for a time,
Yet see we soon decay; and, being dead,
To turn again unto their earthly slime:
Yet, out of their decay and mortal crime,
We daily see new creatures to arise,
And of their Winter spring another Prime,
Unlike in form, and changed by strange disguise
So turn they still about, and change in restless wise.

XIX

"As for her tenants; that is, man and beasts;
The beasts we daily see massácred die
And thralls and vassals unto men's behests;
And men themselves do change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all:
Ne do their bodies only flit and fly;
But eke their minds (which they immortal call)
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

XX

"Ne is the water in more constant case;
Whether those same on high, or these below:
For th' ocean moveth still from place to place;
And every river still doth ebb and flow;
Ne any lake, that seems most still and slow,
Ne pool so small, that can his smoothless hold
When any wind doth under heaven blow;
With which the clouds are also toss'd and roll'd,
Now like great hills; and straight like sluices, them unfold.

XXI

"So likewise are all wat'ry living wights
Still toss'd and turnèd with continual change,
Never abiding in their steadfast plights:
The fish, still floating, do at random range,
And never rest, but evermore exchange
Their dwelling places, as the streams them carry:
Ne have the wat'ry fowls a certain grange
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead to tarry;
But flitting still do fly, and still their places vary.

XXII

"Next is the air: which who feels not by sense
(For of all sense it is the middle mean)
To flit still, and with subtile influence
Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintain
In state of life? O weak life! that does lean
On thing so tickle as th' unsteady air,
Which every hour is changed, and alt'red clean
With every blast that bloweth foul or fair:
The fair doth it prolong; the foul doth it impair.

XXIII

"Therein the changes infinite behold,
Which to her creatures every minute chance;
Now boiling hot; straight freezing deadly cold;
Now fair sunshine, that makes all skip and dance;
Straight bitter storms, and baleful countenance
That makes them all to shiver and to shake;
Rain, hail, and snow do pay them sad penánce,
And dreadful thunder-claps (that make them quake)
With flames and flashing lights that thousand changes make.

XXIV

"Last is the fire; which, though it live for ever,
Ne can be quenchèd quite; yet, every day,
We see his parts, so soon as they do sever,
To lose their heat and shortly to decay;
So makes himself his own consuming prey;
Ne any living creatures doth he breed;
But all, that are of others' bred, doth slay;
And with their death his cruel life doth feed;
Nought leaving but their barren ashes without seed.

XXV

"Thus all these four (the which the groundwork be
Of all the world and of all living wights)
To thousand sorts of change we subject see:
Yet are they changed by other wondrous slights
Into themselves, and lose their native mights;
The fire to air, and th' air to water sheer,
And water into earth; yet water fights
With fire, and air with earth, approaching near;
Yet all are in one body, and as one appear.

XXVI

"So in them all reigns Mutability;
However these, that gods themselves do call,
Of them do claim the rule and sovereignty;
As Vesta, of the fire æthereal;
Vulcan, of this with us so usual;
Ops, of the earth; and Juno, of the air;
Neptune, of seas; and nymphs, of rivers all:
For all those rivers to me subject are;
And all the rest, which they usurp, be all my share.

XXVII

"Which to approven true, as I have told,
Vouchsafe, O goddess, to thy presence call
The rest which do the world in being hold;
As times and seasons of the year that fall:

Of all the which demand in general,
Or judge thyself, by verdict of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not subject all."
Nature did yield thereto; and by and by
Bade Order call them all before her majesty.

XXVIII

So forth issued the Seasons of the year:
First, lusty Spring all dight in leaves of flow'rs
That freshly budded and new blooms did bear.
In which a thousand birds had built their bow'rs
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A gilt engraven morion he did wear;
That as some did him love, so others did him fear.

XXIX

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock colour'd green,
That was unlinèd all, to be more light:
And on his head a garland well beseen
He wore, from which as he had chauffèd been
The sweet did drop; and in his hand he bore
A bow and shafts, as he in forest green
Had hunted late the libbard or the boar,
And now would bathe his limbs with labour heated sore.

XXX

Then came the Autumn all in yellow clad
As though he joyèd in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banish'd hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinchèd sore:
Upon his head a wreath, that was enroll'd
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore,
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripen'd fruits the which the earth had yold.

XXXI

Lastly, came Winter clothèd all in frieze,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill
As from a limbec did adown distil:
In his right hand a tippèd staff he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayèd still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That scarce his loosèd limbs he able was to weld.

XXXII

These, marching softly, thus in order went:
And after them the months all riding came;
First, sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent
And armèd strongly, rode upon a ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam;
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he strewèd as he went,
And fill'd her womb with fruitful hope of nourishment.

XXXIII

Next came fresh April, full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a kid whose horn new buds:
Upon a bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through th' Argolic floods:
His horns were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnishèd with garlands goodly dight
Of all the fairest flow'rs and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth; and wet he seem'd in sight
With waves, through which he waded for his love's delight.

XXXIV

Then came fair May, the fairest maid on ground,
Deck'd all with dainties of her season's pride,
And throwing flow'rs out of her lap around;
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
The twins of Leda; which on either side
Supported her like to their sovereign queen:
Lord! how all creatures laugh'd when her they spied,
And leap'd and danced as they had ravish'd been!
And Cupid 'self about her flutt'red all in green.

XXXV

And after her came jolly June, array'd
All in green leaves, as he a player were:
Yet in his time he wrought as well as play'd,
That by his plough-irons mote right well appear:

Upon a crab he rode, that him did bear
With crookèd crawling steps an uncouth pace,
And backward yode, as bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contráry to their face;
Like that ungracious crew which feigns demurest grace.

XXXVI

Then came hot July boiling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away:
Upon a lion raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obey:
(It was the beast that whylome did forray
The Némæan forest, till th' Amphytrionide
Him slew, and with his hide did him array:)
Behind his back a scythe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

XXXVII

The sixth was August, being rich array'd
In garment all of gold down to the ground
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely maid
Forth by the lily hand, the which was crown'd
With ears of corn, and full her hand was found:
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Lived here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But, after Wrong was loved and Justice sold,
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to heaven extoll'd.

XXXVIII

Next him September marchèd eke on foot;
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoil
Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot,
And him enrich'd with bounty of the soil:
In his one hand, as fit for harvest's toil,
He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
A pair of weights, with which he did assoil
Both more and less, where it in doubt did stand,
An equal gave to each as Justice duly scann'd.

XXXIX

Then came October full of merry glee;
For yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fats' sea
And of the joyous oil, whose gentle gust
Made him so frolic, and so full of lust:
Upon a dreadful scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Diana's doom unjust
Slew great Orion; and eke by his side
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tied.

XL

Next was November; he full gross and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might seem;
For he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his brows with sweat did reek and steam,
And yet the season was full sharp and breem;
In planting eke he took no small delight:
Whereon he rode, not easy was to deem;
For it a dreadful centaur was in sight,
The seed of Saturn and fair Nais, Chiron hight.

XLI

And after him came next the chill December:
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad.
Upon a shaggy-bearded goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender years,
They say, was nourish'd by th' Idæan maid;
And in his hand a broad deep bowl he bears,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peers.

XLII

Then came old January, wrappèd well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blow his nails to warm them if he may;
For they were numb'd with holding all the day
An hatchet keen, with which he fellèd wood
And from the trees did lop the needless spray:
Upon an huge great earth-pot steane he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowèd forth the Roman flood.

XLIII

And lastly came cold February, sitting
In an old waggon, for he could not ride,
Drawn of two fishes for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slide
And swim away; yet had he by his side
His plough and harness fit to till the ground,
And tools to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them bourgeon round.
So pass'd the twelve months forth, and their due places found.

XLIV

And after these there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equal pace;
Th' one on a palfrey black, the other white:
But Night had cover'd her uncomely face
With a black veil, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight,
And Sleep and Darkness round about did trace.
But Day did bear upon his sceptre's height
The goodly sun encompass'd all with beamës bright.

XLV

Then came the Hours, fair daughters of high Jove
And timely Night; the which were all endued
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
But they were virgins all, and love eschewed
That might foreslack the charge to them foreshew'd
By mighty Jove; who did them porters make
Of heaven's gate (whence all the gods issued)
Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake
By even turns, ne ever did their charge forsake.

XLVI

And after all came Life; and lastly Death:
Death with most grim and grisly visage seen,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to ween,
Unbodiêd, unsoul'd, unheard, unseen:
But Life was like a fair young lusty boy,
Such as they feign Dan Cupid to have been,
Full of delightful health and lively joy,
Deck'd all with flow'rs, and wings of gold fit to employ.

XLVII

When these were past, thus gan the Titaness;
"Lo! mighty mother, now be judge and say
Whether in all thy creatures more or less
CHANGE doth not reign and bear the greatest sway;
For who sees not that time on all doth prey?
But times do change and move continually:
So nothing here long standeth in one stay:
Wherefore this lower world who can deny
But to be subject still to Mutability?"

XLVIII

Then thus gan Jove; "Right true it is, that these
And all things else that under heaven dwell
Are changed of time, who doth them all disseize
Of being: but who is it (to me tell)
That Time himself doth move and still compel
To keep his course? Is not that namely We,
Which pour that virtue from our heavenly cell
That moves them all, and makes them changèd be?
So them we gods do rule, and in them also thee."

XLIX

To whom thus Mutability; "The things,
Which we see not how they are moved and sway'd,
Ye may attribute to yourselves as kings,
And say, they by your secret pow'r are made:
But what we see not, who shall us persuade?
But were they so, as ye them feign to be,
Moved by your might, and order'd by your aid,
Yet what if I can prove, that even ye
Yourselves are likewise changed, and subject unto me?

L

"And first, concerning her that is the first,
Even you, fair Cynthia; whom so much ye make
Jove's dearest darling, she was bred and nursed
On Cynthus' hill, whence she her name did take;
Then is she mortal born, howso ye crake:
Besides, her face and countenance every day
We changèd see and sundry forms partake,
Now horn'd, now round, now bright, now brown and gray;
So that *as changeful as the moon* men used to say.

LI

"Next Mercury; who though he less appear
To change his hue, and always seems as one;
Yet he his course doth alter every year,
And is of late far out of order gone:
So Venus eke, that goodly paragon,
Though fair all night, yet is she dark all day:
And Phœbus' self, who lightsome is alone,
Yet is he oft eclipsèd by the way,
And fills the dark'ned world with terror and dismay.

LII

"Now Mars, that valiant man, is changèd most;
For he sometimes so far runs out of square,
That he his way doth seem quite to have lost,
And clean without his usual sphere to fare;
That even these star-gazers 'stonish'd are
At sight thereof, and damn their lying books:
So likewise grim Sir Saturn oft doth spare
His stern aspect, and calm his crabbèd looks
So many turning cranks these have, so many crooks.

LIII

"But you, Dan Jove, that only constant are,
And king of all the rest, as ye do claim,
Are you not subject eke to this misfare?
Then let me ask you this withouten blame;
Where were ye born? Some say in Crete by name,
Others in Thebes, and others otherwhere;
But, wheresoever they comment the same,
They all consent that ye begotten were
And born here in this world: ne other can appear.

LIV

"Then are ye mortal born, and thrall to me;
Unless the kingdom of the sky ye make
Immortal and unchangable to be:
Besides, that pow'r and virtue which ye spake,
That ye here work, doth many changes take,
And your own natures change: for each of you,
That virtue have or this or that to make,
Is check'd and changèd from his nature true,
By others' opposition or obliquèd view.

LV

"Besides, the sundry motions of your spheres,
So sundry ways and fashions as clerks feign,
Some in short space, and some in longer years,
What is the same but alteration plain?
Only the starry sky doth still remain:
Yet do the stars and signs therein still move,
And even itself is moved, as wizards sayne:
But all that moveth doth mutation love:
Therefore both you and them to me I subject prove.

LVI

"Then since within this wide great universe
Nothing doth firm and permanent appear,
But all things toss'd and turnèd by transverse;
What then should let, but I aloft should rear
My trophy, and from all the triumph bear?
Now judge then, O thou greatest goddess true,
According as thyself dost see and hear,
And unto me addoom that is my due:
That is, the rule of all; all being ruled by you."

LVII

So having ended, silence long ensued;
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
But with firm eyes affix'd the ground still view'd.
Meanwhile all creatures looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this so doubtful case,
Did hang in long suspense what would ensue,
To whether side should fall the sovereign place:

At length she, looking up with cheerful view,
The silence brake, and gave her doom in speeches few:

LVIII

"I well consider all that ye have said;
And find that all things steadfastness do hate
And changèd be; yet, being rightly weigh'd,
They are not changèd from their first estate;
But by their change their being do dilate;
And, turning to themselves at length again,
Do work their own perfection so by fate:
Then over them Change doth not rule and reign;
But they reign over Change, and do their states maintain.

LIX

"Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be ruled by me:
For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire:
But time shall come that all shall changèd be;
And from thenceforth none no more change shall see!"
So was the Titaness put down and whist,
And Jove confirm'd in his imperial See.
Then was that whole assembly quite dismiss'd,
And Nature's self did vanish, whither no man wist.

A Fragment

I

When I bethink me on that speech whyleare
Of Mutability, and well it weigh;
Meseems, that though she all unworthy were
Of the heav'n's rule; yet, very sooth to say,
In all things else she bears the greatest sway;
Which makes me loathe this state of life so tickle,
And love of things so vain to cast away:
Whose flow'ring pride, so fading and so fickle,
Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle!

II

Then gin I think on that which Nature said,
Of that same time when no more change shall be,
But steadfast rest of all things, firmly stay'd
Upon the pillars of Eternity,
That is contrare to Mutability:
For all that moveth doth in change delight:
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabbaoth hight:
O! that great Saboath God, grant me that Sabbath's sight!

. . . . . .

JOHN MILTON (1608–1674)

PARADISE LOST

BOOK I

ARGUMENT

This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject,—Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed: then touches the prime cause of his fall,—the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action passed over, the poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan, with his angels, now fallen into hell, described here, not in the center (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos: here Satan with his angels, lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him. They confer of their miserable fall; Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise; their numbers; array of battle; their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven, but tells them lastly of a new

world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy, or report, in heaven—for, that the angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal peers there sit in council.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, did'st inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos: or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rime.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like, sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
Say first—for heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell—say first, what cause
Moved our grand Parents, in that happy state,
Favored of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides.
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
The infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind; what time his pride
Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equaled the Most High,
If he opposed; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in heaven, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal. But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride, and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as angels' ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild.
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace, flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
Such place eternal justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordained
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of heaven,

As from the center thrice to the utmost pole.
O, how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and weltering by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named Beëlzebub. To whom the arch-enemy,
And thence in heaven called Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:—
"If thou beest he—but O, how fall'n! how changed
From him who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright! If he, whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest
From what height fall'n, so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though changed in outward luster, that fixed mind,
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits armed,
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire—that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy, and shame beneath
This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of gods,
And this empyreal substance, cannot fail:
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heaven."
So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair
And him thus answered soon his bold compeer:—
"O prince, O chief of many-throned powers
That led the embattled seraphim to war
Under thy conduct and in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endangered heaven's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;
Too well I see, and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow, and foul defeat,
Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remain
Invincible, and vigor soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallowed up in endless misery.
But what if he our Conqueror (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire.
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands, in the gloomy deep?

What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminished, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?"
Whereto with speedy words the arch-fiend replied:—
"Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering; but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil,
Which ofttimes may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see, the angry Victor hath recalled
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heaven; the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbor there;
And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy; our own loss how repair;
How overcome this dire calamity;
What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair."
Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on Jove;
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held; or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream.
Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays:
So stretched out huge in length the arch-fiend lay
Chained on the burning lake: nor ever thence
Had risen, or heaved his head; but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs;
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others; and, enraged, might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shown
On man by him seduced; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and rolled
In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burned
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And such appeared in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering Etna, whose combustible
And fuelled entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singèd bottom, all involved
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate:

Both glorying to have 'scaped the Stygian flood,
As gods, and by their own recovered strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal power.
"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
Said then the lost archangel, "this the seat
That we must change for heaven; this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he,
Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equaled, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail
Infernal world! and thou profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor—one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time:
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be; all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free: the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and co-partners of our loss,
Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion; or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regained in heaven, or what more lost in hell?"
So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus answered: "Leader of those armies bright,
Which, but the Omnipotent, none could have foiled,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive; though now they lie
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed;
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious height."
He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore: his ponderous shield
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesolé,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand.
He walked with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marl, not like those steps
On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamèd sea he stood, and called
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves, that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High over-arched, embower; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vexed the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot-wheels;so thick bestrewn,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He called so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded. "Princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flower of heaven, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood

With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven-gates discern
The advantage, and descending, tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linkèd thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n!"
They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung
Upon the wing; as when men, wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they soon obeyed,
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up called a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, at a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great sultan waving to diréct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain:
A multitude like which the populous north
Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhine or the Danube, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the south and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great commander; godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human; princely dignities;
And powers that erst in heaven sat on thrones,
Though of their names in heavenly records now
Be no memorial; blotted out and rased
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names; till, wandering o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance, for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greater part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
Glory of him that made them, to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorned
With gay religions, full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,
At their great emperor's call, as next in worth,
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.
The chief were those who from the pit of hell,
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, gods adored
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the cherubim; yea, often placed
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursèd things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First, Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children's cries unheard, that passed through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipped in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighborhood, the wisest heart

Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God,
On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna called, the type of hell.
Next, Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaïm, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleäle to the asphaltic pool;
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide: lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell.
With these came they who, from the bordering flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baälim and Ashtaroth; those male,
These feminine; for spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure;
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aëry purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low
Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phenicians called
Astarté, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on the offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day;
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded; the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat;
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourned in earnest, when the captive ark
Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopped off
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers;
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish; yet had his temple high
Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gazar's frontier bounds.
Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also 'gainst the house of God was bold:
A leper once he lost, and gained a king;
Ahaz his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquished. After these appeared
A crew who, under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
The infection, when their borrowed gold composed
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazèd ox—
Jehovah, who in one night, when he passed
From Egypt marching, equaled with one stroke

Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself; to him no temple stood,
Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage: and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might:
The rest were long to tell, though far renowned,
The Ionian gods—of Javan's issue held
Gods, yet confessed later than heaven and earth,
Their boasted parents: Titan, heaven's first-born
With his enormous brood, and birthright seized
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
So Jove usurping reigned: these first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land: or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost isles.
All these and more came flocking, but with looks
Downcast and damp; yet such wherein appeared
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue; but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears.
Then straight commands that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be upreared
His mighty standard; that proud honor claimed
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden luster rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies, all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout, that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colors waving; with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable; anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle, and instead of rage,
Deliberate valor breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixèd thought,
Moved on in silence, to soft pipes, that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil: and now
Advanced in view they stand; a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose: he through the armèd files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse

The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength
Glories: for never since created man
Met such embodied force as, named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes: though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damascus, or Morocco, or Trebizond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread commander; he, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost
All its original brightness; nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had entrenched; and care
Sat on his faded cheek; but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge; cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
Of heaven, and from eternal splendors flung
For his revolt; yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory withered; as when heavens' fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he essayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth; at last
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

"O myriads of immortal spirits! O powers
Matchless, but with the Almighty; and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter! but what power of mind,
Forseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge, past or present, could have feared
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heaven, shall fail to reascend
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of heaven,
If counsels different, or dangers shunned
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on this throne upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom; and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength concealed,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own;
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provoked; our better part remains,
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.

Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife
There went a fame in heaven that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favor equal to the sons of heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption; thither, or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature; peace is despaired;
For who can think submission? War, then, war,
Open or understood, must be resolved."
He spake; and, to confirm his words, outflew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined hell; highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with graspèd arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heaven.
There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belched fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, winged with speed,
A numerous brigade hastened: as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on:
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for even in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught, divine or holy, else enjoyed
In vision beatific; by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransacked the center, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures, better hid. Soon had his crew
Opened into the hill a spacious wound,
And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength and art, are easily outdone
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toil
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded the massy ore.
Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion dross;
A third as soon had formed within the ground
A various mold, and from the boiling cells,
By strange conveyance, filled each hollow nook,
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven:
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence
Equaled in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fixed her stately height: and straight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement; from the archèd roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring entered; and the work some praise,

And some the architect: his hand was known
In heaven by many a towered structure high
Where sceptered angels held their residence,
And sat as princes; whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men called him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropped from the zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos, th' Ægean isle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught availed him now
To have built in heaven high towers; nor did he 'scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in hell.
Meanwhile, the wingèd heralds, by command
Of sovereign power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council, forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their summons called
From every band and squarèd regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon,
With hundreds and with thousands, trooping came,
Attended; all access was thronged; the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a covered field, where champions bold
Wont ride in armed, and at the soldan's chair
Defied the best of paynim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance),
Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the air,
Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothèd plank.
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubbed with balm, expatiate, and confer
Their state affairs; so thick the aëry crowd
Swarmed and were straitened; till, the signal given,
Behold a wonder! They, but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pygmëan race
Beyond the Indian mount, or faëry elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions, like themselves,
The great seraphic lords and cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat;
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

BOOK II

ARGUMENT

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan—to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to themselves, about this time to be created. Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search; Satan, their chief, undertakes alone the voyage; is honored and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell-gates; finds them shut, and who sat there

to guard them; by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven. With what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven; and, by success untaught,
His proud imaginations thus displayed:—
"Powers and dominions, deities of heaven;
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppressed and fallen,
I give not heaven for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me, though just right, and the fixed laws of heaven,
Did first create your leader; next, free choice,
With what besides, in council or in fight,
Hath been achieved of merit; yet this loss,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
Established in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in hell
Precédence; none whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage, then,
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and, by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate: who can advise, may speak."
He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptered king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair.
His trust was with the Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength; and rather than be less,
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worse.
He recked not; and these words thereafter spake:—
"My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not; them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling place
Accept this dark, opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No, let us rather choose,
Armed with hell-flames and fury, all at once,
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when, to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine, he shall hear
Infernal thunder; and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat; descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear

Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then;
The event is feared; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction; if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroyed; what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned
In this abhorrèd deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus,
We should be quite abolished, and expire.
What fear we, then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the height enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential (happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being),
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne;
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."
He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On the other side uprose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not heaven; he seemed
For dignity composed, and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow, though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low:
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful; yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began:—
"I should be much for open war, O peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urged
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The towers of heaven are filled
With armèd watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions; or, with obscure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light; yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and the ethereal mold,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
The almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us; that must be our cure,
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger whom his anger saves
To punish endless? 'Wherefore cease we then?'
Say they who counsel war. 'We are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?' Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?

What, when we fled amain, pursued, and struck
With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds; or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War, therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from heaven's height
All these our motions vain sees and derides:
Not more almighty to resist our might,
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven
Thus trampled, thus expelled, to suffer here
Chains and these torments? Better these than worse,
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains; this was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pains,
The sentence of their conqueror; this is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme foe in time may much remit
His anger; and perhaps, thus far removed,
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punished; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapor; or, inured, not feel;
Or, changed at length, and to the place conformed
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light;
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting; since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe."
Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
Counseled ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace; and after him thus Mammon spake:—
"Either to disenthrone the King of heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting fate shall yield
To fickle chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter; for what place can be for us
Within heaven's bound, unless heaven's Lord supreme
We overpower? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced hallelujahs, while he lordly sits

Our envied sovereign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In heaven, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent, in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtained
Unacceptable, though in heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create; and in what place soe'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,
Through labor and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar,
Mustering their rage, and heaven resembles hell!
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden luster, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can heaven show more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements; these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are, and where; dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."

He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled
The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'er-watched, whose bark by chance
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
Advising peace; for such another field
They dreaded worse than hell; so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michael
Wrought still within them, and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise
By policy, and long procéss of time,
In emulation opposite to heaven.
Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic, though in ruin; sage he stood.
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake:—

"Thrones and imperial powers, offspring of heaven,
Ethereal virtues! or these titles now
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be called
Princes of hell, for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue and build up here
A growing empire; doubtless, while we dream,
And know not that the King of heaven hath doomed
This place our dungeon; not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm; to live exempt
From heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
Under the inevitable curb, reserved

His captive multitude; for he, be sure,
In height or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt, but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron scepter rule
Us here, as with his golden those in heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determined us, and foiled with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will be given
To us enslaved but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven
Err not), another world, the happy seat
Of some new race, called Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favored more
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounced among the gods; and by an oath
That shook heaven's whole circumference confirmed.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mold
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though heaven be shut,
And heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defense who hold it; here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset; either with hell-fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants; or, if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance, when his darling sons,
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise, if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed: for whence
But from the author of all ill could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes: with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews:—
"Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
Synod of gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate.
Nearer our ancient seat: perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighboring arms,
And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter heaven; or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of heaven's fair light,
Secure; and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we send
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet

The dark, unbottomed, infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aëry flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings,
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? What strength, what art, can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for, on whom we send,
The weight of all, and our last hope relies."
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appeared
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In other's countenance read his own dismay,
Astonished: none among the choice and prime
Of those heaven-warring champions could be found
So hardy as to proffer or accept,
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake:—
"O progeny of heaven! empyreal thrones!
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismayed. Long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,
Barred over us, prohibit all egress.
These passed, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential night receives him next,
Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him plunged in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'scape into whatever world
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O peers,
And this imperial sovereignty, adorned
With splendor, armed with power, if aught proposed
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honor, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honored sits? Go, therefore, mighty powers.
Terror of heaven, though fallen; intend at home
(While here shall be our home) what best may ease
The present misery, and render hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion; intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprise
None shall partake with me." Thus saying, rose
The monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, lest from his resolution raised
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refused) what erst they feared;
And, so refused, might in opinion stand
His rivals; winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more the adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose.
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the Highest in heaven.
Nor failed they to express how much they praised
That for the general safety he despised
His own: for neither do the spirits damned
Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites
Or close ambition varnished o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark

Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief.
As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element
Scowls o'er the darkened landscape snow or shower;
If chance the radiant sun, with farewell sweet,
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace; and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enough besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait.
. . . . . .

TRAGEDY

TRAGEDY

DRAMA of any kind is a struggle between man and some contending force, with the victory awarded to one of the antagonists; tragic drama represents the will of man asserting itself against powers too great for it, and going down to disaster, a defeat of the individual will by the destructive fate inherent in human life. The tragic hero may meet the catastrophe heroically—as in the tragedy of the Greeks and for the most part in Shakespeare—thereby tending to create a sense of reconciliation between the moral order of the universe and the individual soul; or he may meet it miserably in futile revolt against the tyranny of social laws or inherited weakness, as is the case in Ibsen and in most of modern tragedy. Whatever the emphasis, tragedy is always character in action, and the spectator learns through silent participation in tragic action the tremendous possibilities of conflict in his own life and in the lives of others.

Tragedy, says Aristotle[1], is the imitation of an action that is serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude; embellished by poetic language; through pity and fear effecting a purgation of the passions (emotions). The drama of ancient Athens was indeed serious and complete, and the magnitude of character and action is made evident by the fact that demigods and heroes chosen out of the legendary past became the tragic victims of universal fate. It was composed in dramatic and lyric verse, the choric odes being worked out according to an elaborate metrical scheme. Finally, Attic tragedy, through the qualities of pity and fear, purged the spectator's feelings; that is to say, it cleansed them of pettiness and meanness and the other impurities of everyday life by conveying the spectator out of and above himself as he watched the working of universal law in the downfall of a great and noble character. Without pity, the action would be too painful to be witnessed, and therefore the tragic hero must be nobly and sympathetically drawn; without fear for one's own fate under like circumstances the action would remain merely pathetic, and the spectator's feelings would dissolve in sentimental tears. These are the main qualities of Athenian tragedy as Aristotle has defined them, and the great critic wrote his fragmentary treatise after the illustrious period of drama had run its course.

Tragedy in Athens, as elsewhere, originated in religious ceremonial and always remained in close relation to the state religion. The festivals of Dionysus celebrating the return of spring and the infusion of new life into all growing things, included, at first, choric dances in honor of the god, which gradually developed into antiphonal responses between the two groups of the dancers. Gradually a single actor took the place of one of these groups, and Attic tragedy was born. Throughout the great age of Greek drama, however, the processional in honor of the god always preceded the dramatic performances.

Of the three great tragic playwrights who brought glory to the Attic theatre, Aeschylus (525–456 B. C.) was the earliest and, in some respects, the greatest. Seventy dramas are reputed to have come from his hand, but only seven are extant. *Prometheus Bound* and *Agamemnon* tower above the others in moral grandeur and gigantic power. Punishment of pride, or *hubris*, is their theme, the reassertion of the moral order after its violation by presumptuous man. Deep religious feeling and poetic sublimity are the poet's characteristic notes.

Perfection in form, a greater humanity, and tragic intensity distinguish Sophocles (496–406 B. C.), the complete expression of the Greek genius during the age of Attic supremacy. Sophocles, by adding a third actor to the Æschylean drama of two actors and a chorus, measurably increased the possibilities of complication and conflict. The inevitable fate descending upon Œdipus and the struggle of Antigone against the stubborn Creon in the name of a higher moral law

[1]See Aristotle's *Poetics* in the section on Literary Criticism, p. 851.

than that of the state are two of the most memorable and enthralling actions in the history of tragedy.

In Euripides (480–407 B. C.) we discover a decline in the spirit of Greek tragedy. The growing skepticism introduced into Greek life by the Sophists—a skepticism which was beginning to undermine faith in the justice of the gods—finds its place in the plays of this very human and very tragic dramatist. Revolt against conventional theology and conventional moral sanctions, and indignation against injustice characterize his plays. They therefore lean toward a passionate and romantic melodrama. And yet, withal, Euripides chose materials from the heroic legends of Greece and was nearly always a great poet. Hippolytus is punished for an overweening pride in his own chastity, and goes to his death for neglecting due service to Aprodite. Thus in the poet's greatest play the Greek feeling for a complete humanity causes an otherwise ideal hero to be punished for the crime of neglecting one side of his nature.

The drama of the Middle Ages, like that of Athens, traces its origin to the influence of religion. The need felt by the Church for popular religious instruction resulted in a dramatic representation of the burying of the Cross on Good Friday and its resurrection on Easter Sunday, and in appropriate exercises before the manger on Christmas Eve. Out of this grew the presentation in the vernacular, of the whole Scriptural story, first by monks and then by the Trade Guilds, upon the great festival days of the Church. This custom created the Miracle play, which flourished for nearly three centuries before it was secularized and the modern drama was born. A late development of the Miracle play was the Morality, which gave attention exclusively to moral instruction. In this the good and evil qualities constituting man's nature fought for the supremacy, and the audience was duly edified, or horrified, by the victory of the powers of good or evil, respectively. This extensive use of allegory to depict the moral struggle within the breast of man passed into the great Elizabethan age and may be discovered in weakened form in such a play as Marlowe's *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus*. *Everyman*, thought by some scholars to have been a translation from the Dutch, is the most perfect specimen of the Morality—in fact, of the whole medieval drama—in English. The pathos and the dramatic suspense and the universality of theme make it one of the genuine tragedies of the world.

The "spacious times of great Elizabeth" witnessed the second great flowering in the history of the drama. The abounding vitality of this period, its inheritance of a free technique from the drama of the Middle Ages, its extravagance, its adventurous and experimental spirit—all these created extraordinary conditions under which the new drama grew. The problem of evil had been derived from the past, and to it was added the tragic conflict of men as they labor under adverse fates.

Materials for dramatic treatment were drawn from all possible sources—from Plutarch and other classical writers, from the romantic literature of Italy, and from the historical and legendary English past. A free and romantic technique left the playwright opportunity to form his drama as he pleased, or as conditions imposed. Perhaps it is as a kind of sublimated melodrama that we can best view Elizabethan tragedy as a whole.

William Shakespeare (1564–1616) marked the culmination of the English Renaissance. He comprehended within himself all the impulses that made this period so very great: its magnificence, its overmastering passion to know, to do, to express the utmost reach of human thought. No other touched the heights and depths of human experience as did he, and no other equally expressed the infinite human diversity and waste. His magnificent group of tragedies reveals the romantic and the humanistic and the medieval influences inextricably bound together. *King Lear*, the play chosen for this book, is almost too colossal for the limitations of action upon the stage. The King's folly and his madness, his defiance of the pitiless storm and his broken submission to an unbending fate, and, finally, his tragic reconciliation with life just before he dies of a broken heart, make this play one of those Titanic creations of which human genius is occasionally capable.

To pass from Shakespeare to Racine

(1639–1699) is to leave a marvelous Gothic cathedral for the elegant drawing-room of the court of Louis XIV. Pseudo-classical rules imposed upon a playwright wholly amenable to their spirit formed a tragedy characterized by formal restraint, observation of the Three Unities of Time, Place, and Action, and concentration upon a single episode. Racine's tragedy was a kind of feminization of the Greek willingness to submit to necessary restriction. The interest centred itself upon some consuming passion—ambition, love, or jealousy—which brought about the tragic downfall of the hero, or oftener the heroine. Despite some resemblance to the elegance of the dancing-master, Racine does rise to great heights of passion, and his insight into the heart of woman is profoundly true. *Athaliah* (1691), his last dramatic work, draws its materials from Biblical history (II Kings 11 and II Chronicles 22 and 23). The frantic effort of the queen to avoid the fate revealed to her in a dream makes up the substance of this lofty and impressive play.

Modern tragedy reverses nearly every one of the dicta of Aristotle. Magnitude, and heroic sentiments, and the expansion of the feelings through the classical *katharsis* are abandoned in favor of a narrow scene, ordinary, middle-class characters, commonplace dialogue such as may be found among any group of average people, and a sense of contraction. Natural science has pretty well destroyed our belief in the heroic—in fact, it is struggling to annihilate the freedom of our wills, and our responsibility for our conduct. In place of the moral order of the universe which the Greek hero defied, and accordingly was punished by the just gods, we face today another abstraction which we name society, and which must bear the burden of our sins. Social forces, taints of blood, and often blind circumstance are the modern tragic protagonists. Henrik Ibsen (1828–1906), the grim Norwegian analyst in a series of compact and intensely realistic plays, reveals the sores of the modern world. Extravagantly individualistic, he calls for a permanent release from the corroding sins of hypocrisy, complacency, and social contentment. *A Doll's House*, perhaps the play freest from a depiction of abnormal states of mind, emphasizes the modern woman's need to free herself from the tyranny of masculine control.

Faust, the great dramatic poem, by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832) does not fall into ordinary classifications. A poem of philosophical import and of epic quality (for its tragic theme is the struggle by the powers of Good and Evil for the possession of a man's soul), it tells of Faust's efforts to satisfy every desire of mind and body and his final salvation through service to his fellows. The theme and materials of this supreme expression of the romantic genius are drawn from common folk-lore sources. According to the medieval legend, a learned scholar sells his soul to the Devil for a few years of power and glory; in Goethe's hands the tale becomes a profound study of the human soul. Part I is a moving account of Faust's seduction of Margaret, the simple peasant girl whom Mephistopheles had thrown in his way. In the end she is purified through suffering, and as she dies she finds spiritual salvation. Faust, after manifold experiences of mind and senses, achieves salvation, and escapes payment of his bond, as noted above, through humanitarian service. With this rendering should be compared Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*.

Each of these great dramas, including *Faust*, represents the struggle of the will of the hero against some species of destiny. And it is this tragic conception of life, which the author holds to the exclusion of every other point of view, that binds together all examples of the type. Whatever differences there may be in the Greek, the Renaissance, and the modern attitudes toward life, there remains this fatal conflict with destiny —and this is the essence of tragedy.

AESCHYLUS (525–456 B. C.)

AGAMEMNON[1]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Watchman — AGAMEMNON
CLYTÆMNESTRA — *Herald* (TALTHYBIOS)
Chorus of Argive Elders — CASSANDRA
ÆGISTHOS

ARGUMENT

TEN years had passed since Agamemnon, son of Atreus, king of Mykenæ, had led the Hellenes to Troïa to take vengeance on Alexandros (also known as Paris), son of Priam. For Paris had basely wronged Menelaos, king of Sparta, Agamemnon's brother, in that, being received by him as a guest, he enticed his wife Helena to leave her lord and go with him to Troïa. And now the tenth year had come, and Paris was slain, and the city of the Trojans was taken and destroyed, and Agamemnon and the Hellenes were on their way homeward with the spoil and prisoners they had taken. But meanwhile Clytæmnestra too, Agamemnon's queen, had been unfaithful, and had taken as her paramour Ægisthos, son of that Thyestes whom Atreus, his brother, had made to eat, unknowing, of the flesh of his own children. And now, partly led by her adulterer, and partly seeking to avenge the death of her daughter Iphigeneia, whom Agamemnon had sacrificed to appease the wrath of Artemis, and partly also jealous because he was bringing back Cassandra, the daughter of Priam, as his concubine, she plotted with Ægisthos against her husband's life. But this was done secretly, and she stationed a guard on the roof of the royal palace to give note when he saw the beacon-fires, by which Agamemnon had promised that he would send tidings that Troïa was taken.

SCENE:—*Argos. The Palace of* AGAMEMNON; *statues of the Gods in front. Watchman on the roof. Time, night.*

WATCHMAN. I ask the Gods a respite from these toils,
This keeping at my post the whole year round,
Wherein, upon the Atreidæ's roof reclined,
Like dog, upon my elbow, I have learnt
To know night's goodly company of stars,
And those bright lords that deck the firmament,
And winter bring to men, and harvest-tide;
[The rising and the setting of the stars.]
And now I watch for sign of beacon-torch,
The flash of fire that bringeth news from Troïa,
And tidings of its capture. So prevails
A woman's manly-purposed, hoping heart;
And when I keep my bed of little ease,
Drenched with the dew, unvisited by dreams,
(For fear, instead of sleep, my comrade is,
So that in sound sleep ne'er I close mine eyes,)
And when I think to sing a tune, or hum,
(My medicine of song to ward off sleep.)
Then weep I, wailing for this house's chance,
No more, as erst, right well administered.
Well! may I now find blest release from toils,
When fire from out the dark brings tidings good.

Pauses, then springs up suddenly, seeing a light in the distance.

Hail! thou torch-bearer of the night, that shedd'st
Light as of morn, and bringest full array
Of many choral bands in Argos met,
Because of this success. Hurrah! hurrah!
So clearly tell I Agamemnon's queen,
With all speed rising from her couch to raise
Shrill cry of triumph o'er this beacon-fire
Throughout the house, since Ilion's citadel
Is taken, as full well that bright blaze shows.
I, for my part, will dance my prelude now;

Leaps and dances.

For I shall score my lord's new turn of luck,
This beacon-blaze may throw of triple six.
Well, would that I with this mine hand may touch
The dear hand of our king when he comes home!
As to all else, the word is "Hush!" An ox
Rests on my tongue; had the house a voice
'Twould tell too clear a tale. I'm fain to speak
To those who know, forget with those who know not.

Exit.

[1]Translation by Plumptre

Enter Chorus of twelve Argive elders, chanting as they march to take up their position in the centre of the stage. A procession of women bearing torches is seen in the distance.

Lo! the tenth year now is passing
Since, of Priam great avengers,
Menelaos, Agamemnon,
Double-throned and doubled-sceptred,
Power from sovran Zeus deriving—
Mighty pair of the Atreidæ—
Raised a fleet of thousand vessels
Of the Argives from our country,
Potent helpers in their warfare,
Shouting cry of Ares fiercely;
E'en as vultures shriek who hover,
Wheeling, whirling o'er their eyrie,
In wild sorrow for their nestlings,
With their oars of stout wings rowing,
Having lost the toil that bound them
To their callow fledglings' couches.
But on high One,—or Apollo,
Zeus, or Pan,—the shrill cry hearing,
Cry of birds that are his clients,
Sendeth forth on men transgressing,
Erinnys, slow but sure avenger;
So against young Alexandros
Atreus' sons the great King sendeth,
Zeus, of host and guest protector:
He, for bride with many a lover,
Will to Danai give and Troïans
Many conflicts, men's limbs straining,
When the knee in dust is crouching,
And the spear-shaft in the onset
Of the battle snaps asunder.
But as things are now, so are they,
So, as destined, shall the end be.
Nor by tears, nor yet libations
Shall he soothe the wrath unbending
Caused by sacred rites left fireless.
We, with old frame little honoured,
Left behind that host are staying,
Resting strength that equals childhood's
On our staff: for in the bosom
Of the boy, life's young sap rushing,
Is of old age but the equal;
Ares not as yet is found there:
And the man in age exceeding,
When the leaf is sere and withered,
Goes with three feet on his journey;
Not more Ares-like than boyhood,
Like a day-seen dream he wanders.

Enter CLYTÆMNESTRA, *followed by the procession of torch-bearers.*

Thou, of Tyndareus the daughter,
Queen of Argos, Clytæmnestra,
What has happened? what news cometh?
What perceiving, on what tidings
Leaning, dost thou put in motion
All this solemn, great procession?
Of the Gods who guard the city,
Those above and those beneath us,
Of the heaven, and of the market,
Lo! with thy gifts blaze the altars;
And through all the expanse of Heaven,
Here and there, the torch-fire rises,
With the flowing, pure persuasion
Of the holy unguent nourished,
And the chrism rich and kingly
From the treasure-store's recesses,
Telling what of this thou canst tell,
What is right for thee to utter,
Be a healer of my trouble,
Trouble now my soul disturbing,
While anon fond hope displaying
Sacrificial signs propitious,
Wards off care that no rest knoweth,
Sorrow mind and heart corroding.

The Chorus, taking their places round the central thymele, begin their song.

STROPHE

Able am I to utter, setting forth
The might from omens sprung
What met the heroes as they journeyed on,
(For still, by God's great gift,
My age, yet linked with strength,
Breathes suasive power of song,)
How the Achæans' twin-throned majesty,
Accordant rulers of the youth of Hellas,
With spear and vengeful hand,
Were sent by fierce, strong bird 'gainst Teucrian shore,
Kings of the birds to kings of ships appearing,
One black, with white tail one,
Near to the palace, on the spear-hand side,
On station seen of all,
A pregnant hare devouring with her young,
Robbed of all runs to come:
Wail as for Linos, wail, wail bitterly,
And yet may good prevail!

ANTISTROPHE

And the wise prophet of the army seeing
The brave Atreidæ twain
Of diverse mood, knew those that tore the hare,

And those that led the host;
And thus divining spake:
"One day this armament
Shall Priam's city sack, and all the herds
Owned by the people, countless, by the towers,
Fate shall with force lay low.
Only take heed lest any wrath of Gods
Blunt the great curb of Troïa yet encamped,
Struck down before its time;
For Artemis the chaste that house doth hate,
Her father's wingèd hounds,
Who slay the mother with her unborn young,
And loathes the eagles' feast.
Wail as for Linos, wail, wail bitterly;
And yet may good prevail!

EPODE

"For she, the fair One, though so kind of heart
To fresh-dropt dew from mighty lion's womb,
And young that suck the teats
Of all that roam the fields,
Yet prays Him bring to pass
The portents of those birds,
The omens good yet also full of dread.
And Pæan I invoke
As Healer, lest she on the Danai send
Delays that keep the ships
Long time with hostile blasts,
So urging on a new, strange sacrifice,
Unblest, unfestivalled,
By natural growth artificer of strife,
Bearing far other fruit than wife's true fear,
For there abideth yet,
Fearful, recurring still,
Ruling the house, full subtle, unforgetting,
Vengeance for children slain."
Such things, with great good mingled, Calchas spake,
In voice that pierced the air,
As destined by the birds that crossed our path
To this our kingly house:
And in accord with them,
Wail as for Linos, wail, wail bitterly;
And yet may good prevail.

STROPHE I

O Zeus—whate'er He be,
If that Name please Him well,
By that on Him I call:
Weighing all other names I fail to guess
Aught else but Zeus, if I would cast aside,
Clearly, in every deed,
From off my soul this idle weight of care.

ANTISTROPHE I

Nor He who erst was great,
Full of the might to war,
Avails now; He is gone;
And He who next came hath departed too,
His victor meeting; but if one to Zeus,
High triumph-praise should sing,
His shall be all the wisdom of the wise;

STROPHE II

Yea, Zeus, who leadeth men in wisdom's way,
And fixeth fast the law,
That pain is gain;
And slowly dropping on the heart in sleep
Comes woe-recording care,
And makes the unwilling yield to wiser thoughts:
And doubtless this too comes from grace of Gods,
Seated in might upon their awful thrones.

ANTISTROPHE II

And then of those Achæan ships the chief,
The elder, blaming not
Or seer or priest;
But tempered to the fate that on him smote. . . .
When that Achæan host
Were vexed with adverse winds and failing stores,
Still kept where Chalkis in the distance lies,
And the vexed waves in Aulis ebb and flow;

STROPHE III

And breezes from the Strymon sweeping down,
Breeding delays and hunger, driving forth
Our men in wandering course,
On seas without a port.
Sparing nor ships, nor rope, nor sailing gear
With doubled months wore down the Argive host;
And when, for that wild storm,
Of one more charm far harder for our chiefs
The prophet told, and spake of Artemis,
In tone so piercing shrill,

The Atreidæ smote their staves upon the ground,
And could not stay their tears.

ANTISTROPHE III

And then the old king lifted up his voice,
And spake, "Great woe it is to disobey;
Great too to slay my child,
The pride and joy of home,
Polluting with the streams of maiden's blood
Her father's hands upon the altar steps.
What course is free from ill?
How lose my ships and fail of mine allies?
'Tis meet that they with strong desire should seek
A rite the winds to soothe,
E'en though it be with blood of maiden pure;
May all end well at last!"

STROPHE III

So when he himself had harnessed
To the yoke of Fate unbending,
With a blast of strange, new feeling,
Sweeping o'er his heart and spirit,
Aweless, godless, and unholy,
He his thoughts and purpose altered
To full measure of all daring,
(Still base counsel's fatal frenzy,
Wretched primal source of evils,
Gives to mortal hearts strange boldness.)
And at last his heart he hardened
His own child to slay as victim,
Help in war that they were waging,
To avenge a woman's frailty.
Victim for the good ship's safety.

ANTISTROPHE III

All her prayers and eager callings,
On the tender name of Father,
All her young and maiden freshness,
They but set at nought, those rulers,
In their passion for the battle.
And her father gave commandment
To the servants of the Goddess,
When the prayer was o'er, to lift her,
Like a kid, above the altar,
In her garments wrapt, face downwards,—
Yea, to seize with all their courage,
And that o'er her lips of beauty
Should be set a watch to hinder
Words of curse against the houses,
With the gag's strength silence-working.

STROPHE IV

And she upon the ground
Pouring rich folds of veil in saffron dyed,
Cast at each one of those who sacrificed
A piteous glance that pierced,
Fair as a pictured form;
And wishing,—all in vain,—
To speak; for oftentimes
In those her father's hospitable halls
She sang, a maiden pure with chastest song,
And her dear father's life
That poured its threefold cup of praise to God,
Crowned with all choicest good,
She with a daughter's love
Was wont to celebrate.

ANTISTROPHE IV

What then ensued mine eyes
Saw not, nor may I tell, but Calchas' arts
Were found not fruitless. Justice turns the scale
For those to whom through pain
At last comes wisdom's gain.
But for our future fate,
Since help for it is none,
Good-bye to it before it comes, and this
Has the same end as wailing premature;
For with to-morrow's dawn
It will come clear; may good luck crown our fate!
So prays the one true guard,
Nearest and dearest found,
Of this our Apian land.

The Chief of the Chorus turns to CLYTÆMNESTRA, *and her train of handmaids, who are seen approaching.*

CHOR. I come, O Clytæmnestra, honouring
Thy majesty: 'tis meet to pay respect
To a chief's wife, the man's throne empty left:
But whether thou hast heard good news, or else
In hopes of tidings glad dost sacrifice,
I fain would hear, yet will not silence blame.
CLYTÆM. May Morning, as the proverb runs, appear
Bearing glad tidings from his mother Night!
Joy thou shalt learn beyond thy hope to hear;
For Argives now have taken Priam's city.

CHOR. What? Thy words sound so strange they flit by me.
CLYTÆM. The Achæans hold Troïa. Speak I clear enough?
CHOR. Joy creeps upon me, drawing forth my tears.
CLYTÆM. Of loyal heart thine eyes give token true.
CHOR. What witness sure hast thou of these events?
CLYTÆM. Full clear (how else?) unless the God deceive.
CHOR. Reliest thou on dreams or visions seen?
CLYTÆM. I place no trust in mind weighed down with sleep.
CHOR. Hath then some wingless omen charmed thy soul?
CLYTÆM. My mind thou scorn'st, as though 'twere but a girl's.
CHOR. What time has passed since they the city sacked?
CLYTÆM. This very night, the mother of this morn.
CHOR. What herald could arrive with speed like this?
CLYTÆM. Hephæstos flashing forth bright flames from Ida:
Beacon to beacon from that courier-fire
Sent on its tidings; Ida to the rock
Hermæan named, in Lemnos: from the isle
The height of Athos, dear to Zeus, received
A third great torch of flame, and lifted up,
So as on high to skim the broad sea's back,
The stalwart fire rejoicing went its way;
The pine-wood, like a sun, sent forth its light
Of golden radiance to Makistos' watch;
And he, with no delay, nor unawares
Conquered by sleep, performed his courier's part:
Far off the torch-light, to Eurîpos' straits
Advancing, tells it to Messapion's guards:
They, in their turn, lit up and passed it on,
Kindling a pile of dry and aged heath.
Still strong and fresh the torch, not yet grown dim,
Leaping across Asôpos' plain in guise
Like a bright moon, towards Kithæron's rock,
Roused the next station of the courier flame.
And that far-travelled light the sentries there
Refused not, burning more than all yet named:
And then the light swooped o'er Gorgôpis' lake,
And passing on to Ægiplanctos' mount,
Bade the bright fire's due order tarry not;
And they, enkindling boundless store, send on
A mighty beard of flame, and then it passed
The headland e'en that looks on Saron's gulf,
Still blazing. On it swept, until it came
To Arachnæan heights, the watch-tower near;
Then here on the Atreidæ's roof it swoops,
This light, of Ida's fire no doubtful heir.
Such is the order of my torch-race games;
One from another taking up the course,
But here the winner is both first and last;
And this sure proof and token now I tell thee,
Seeing that my lord hath sent it me from Troïa.
CHOR. I to the Gods, O Queen, will pray hereafter,
But fain would I hear all thy tale again,
E'en as thou tell'st, and satiate my wonder.
CLYTÆM. This very day the Achæans Troïa hold.
I trow full diverse cry pervades the town:
Pour in the same vase vinegar and oil,
And you would call them enemies, not friends;
And so from conquerors and from captives now
The cries of varied fortune one may hear.
For these, low-fallen on the carcases
Of husbands and of brothers, children too
By aged fathers, mourn their dear ones' death
And that with throats that are no longer free.
And those the hungry toil of sleepless guard,
After the battle, at their breakfast sets;
Not billeted in order fixed and clear,
But just as each his own chance fortune grasps,
They in the captive houses of the Troïans
Dwell, freed at last from all the night's chill frosts,
And dews of heaven, for now, poor wretches, they
Will sleep all night without the sentry's watch;
And if they reverence well the guardian Gods
Of that new-conquered country, and their shrines,
Then they, the captors, will not captured be.
Ah! let no evil lust attack the host
Conquered by greed, to plunder what they ought not:

For yet they need return in safety home,
Doubling the goal to run their backward race.
But should the host come sinning 'gainst the Gods,
Then would the curse of those that perishèd
Be watchful, e'en though no quick ill might fall.
Such thoughts are mine, mere woman though I be.
May good prevail beyond all doubtful chance!
For I have got the blessing of great joy.

CHOR. Thou, lady, kindly, like a sage, dost speak,
And I, on hearing thy sure evidence,
Prepare myself to give the Gods due thanks;
For they have wrought full meed for all our toil.

Exit CLYTÆMNESTRA *with her train.*

O Zeus our King! O Night beloved,
Mighty winner of great glories,
Who upon the towers of Troïa
Casted'st snare of closest meshes,
So that none full-grown or youthful
Could o'erleap the net of bondage,
Woe of universal capture;—
Zeus, of host and guest protector,
Who hath brought these things, I worship;
He long since on Alexandros
Stretched his bow that so his arrow
Might not sweep at random, missing,
Or beyond the stars shoot idly.

STROPHE I

Yes, one may say, 'tis Zeus, whose blow they feel;
This one may clearly trace:
They fared as He decreed:
Yea, one there was who said,
"The Gods deign not to care for mortal men
By whom the grace of things inviolable
Is trampled under foot."
No fear of God had he:
Now is it to the children manifest
Of those who, overbold,
Breathed rebel War beyond the bounds of Right,
Their houses overfilled with precious store
Above the golden mean.
Ah! let our life be free from all that hurts,
So that for one who gains
Wisdom in heart and soul,
That lot may be enough.
Since still there is no bulwark strong in wealth
Against destruction's doom,
For one who in the pride of wantonness
Spurns the great altar of the Right and Just.

ANTISTROPHE I

Him woeful, subtle Impulse urges on,
Resistless in her might,
Atê's far-scheming child:
All remedy is vain.
It is not hidden, but is manifest,
That mischief with its horrid gleaming light;
And, like to worthless bronze,
By friction tried and tests,
It turns to tarnished blackness in its hue:
Since, boy-like, he pursues
A bird upon its flight, and so doth bring
Upon his city shame intolerable:
And no God hears his prayer,
But bringeth low the unjust,
Who deals with deeds like this.
Thus Paris came to the Atreidæ's home,
And stole its queen away,
And so left brand of shame indelible
Upon the board where host and guest had sat.

STROPHE II

She, leaving to her countrymen at home
Wild din of spear and shield and ships of war,
And bringing, as her dower,
To Ilion doom of death,
Passed very swiftly through the palace gates,
Daring what none should dare;
And many a wailing cry
They raised, the minstrel prophets of the house,
"Woe for that kingly home!
Woe for that kingly home and for its chiefs!
Woe for the marriage-bed and traces left
Of wife who loved her lord!"
There stands he silent; foully wronged and yet
Uttering no word of scorn,
In deepest woe perceiving she is gone;
And in his yearning love
For one beyond the sea,
A ghost shall seem to queen it o'er the house;
The grace of sculptured forms
Is loathèd by her lord,

And in the penury of life's bright eyes
All Aphroditē's charm
To utter wreck has gone.

ANTISTROPHE II

And phantom shades that hover round in dreams
Come full of sorrow, bringing vain delight;
For vain it is, when one
Sees seeming shows of good,
And gliding through his hands the dream is gone,
After a moment's space,
On wings that follow still
Upon the path where sleep goes to and fro.
Such are the woes at home
Upon the altar hearth, and worse than these.
But on a wider scale for those who went
From Hellas' ancient shore,
A sore distress that causeth pain of heart
Is seen in every house.
Yea, many things there are that touch the quick:
For those whom each did send
He knoweth; but, instead
Of living men, there come to each man's home
Funeral urns alone,
And ashes of the dead.

STROPHE III

For Ares, trafficking for golden coin
The lifeless shapes of men,
And in the rush of battle holding scales,
Sends now from Ilion
Dust from the funeral pyre,
A burden sore to loving friends at home,
And bitterly bewailed,
Filling the brazen urn
With well-smoothed ashes in the place of men;
And with high praise they mourn
This hero skilled and valiant in the fight,
And that who in the battle nobly fell,
All for another's wife:
And other words some murmur secretly;
And jealous discontent
Against the Atreidæ, champions in the suit,
Creeps on all stealthily;
And some around the wall,
In full and goodly form have sepulture
There upon Ilion's soil,
And their foes' land inters its conquerors.

ANTISTROPHE III

And so the murmurs of their subjects rise
With sullen discontent,
And do the dread work of a people's curse;
And now my boding fear
Awaits some news of ill,
As yet enwrapt in blackness of the night.
Not heedless are the Gods
Of shedders of much blood,
And the dark-robed Erinnyes in due time,
By adverse chance of life,
Place him who prospers in unrighteousness
In gloom obscure; and once among the unseen,
There is no help for him:
Fame in excess is but a perilous thing;
For on men's quivering eyes
Is hurled by Zeus the blinding thunder-bolt.
I praise the good success
That rouses not God's wrath;
Ne'er be it mine a city to lay waste.
Nor, as a prisoner, see
My life wear on beneath another's power!

EPODE

And now at bidding of the courier flame,
The herald of good news,
A rumour swift spreads through the city streets,
But who knows clearly whether it be true,
Or whether God has mingled lies with it?
Who is so childish or so reft of sense,
As with his heart a-glow
At that fresh uttered message of the flame,
Then to wax sad at changing rumour's sound?
It suits the mood that sways a woman's mind
To pour thanksgiving ere the truth is seen:
Quickly, with rapid steps, too credulous,
The limit which a woman sets to trust
Advances evermore;
And with swift doom of death
A rumour spread by woman perishes.

As the Chorus ends, a Herald is seen approaching, his head wreathed with olive.

Soon we shall know the sequence of the torches
Light-giving, and of all the beacon-fires,
If they be true; or if, as 'twere a dream,
This sweet light coming hath beguiled our minds.
I see a herald coming from the shore,

With olive boughs o'ershadowed, and the dust,
Dry sister-twin of mire, announces this,
That neither without voice, nor kindling blaze
Of wood upon the mountains, he will signal
With smoke from fire, but either he will come,
With clear speech bidding us rejoice, or else
. . . [*pauses*]
The word opposed to this I much mislike.
Nay, may good issue good beginnings crown!
Who for our city utters other prayers,
May he himself his soul's great error reap!
HERALD. Hail, soil of this my Argive fatherland.
Now in the light of the tenth year I reach thee,
Though many hopes are shattered, gaining one.
For never did I think in Argive land
To die, and share the tomb that most I craved.
Now hail! thou land; and hail! thou light of day:
Zeus our great ruler, and thou Pythian king,
No longer darting arrows from thy bow.
Full hostile wast thou by Scamandros' banks,
Now be thou Saviour, yea, and Healer found,
O king Apollo! and the Gods of war,
These I invoke; my patron Hermes too,
Dear herald, whom all heralds reverence,—
Those heroes, too, that sent us,—graciously
To welcome back the host that war has spared.
Hail, O ye royal dwellings, home beloved!
Ye solemn thrones, and Gods who face the sun!
If e'er of old, with cheerful glances now
After long time receive our king's array.
For he is come, in darkness bringing light
To you and all, our monarch, Agamemnon.
Salute him with all grace; for so 'tis meet,
Since he hath dug up Troïa with the spade
Of Zeus the Avenger, and the plain laid waste;
Fallen their altars and the shrines of Gods;
The seed of all the land is rooted out,
This yoke of bondage casting over Troïa,
Our chief, the elder of the Atreidæ, comes,
A man full blest, and worthiest of high honour
Of all that are. For neither Paris' self,
Nor his accomplice city now can boast
Their deed exceeds its punishment. For he,
Found guilty on the charge of rape and theft,
Hath lost his prize and brought his father's house,
With lands and all, to waste and utter wreck;
And Priam's sons have double forfeit paid.
CHOR. Joy, joy, thou herald of the Achæan host!
HER. All joy is mine: I shrink from death no more.
CHOR. Did love for this thy fatherland so try thee?
HER. So that mine eyes weep tears for very joy,
CHOR. Disease full sweet then this ye suffered from . . .
HER. How so? When taught, I shall thy meaning master.
CHOR. Ye longed for us who yearned for you in turn.
HER. Say'st thou this land its yearning host yearned o'er?
CHOR. Yea, so that oft I groaned in gloom of heart.
HER. Whence came these bodings that an army hates?
CHOR. Silence I've held long since a charm for ill.
HER. How, when your lords were absent, feared ye any?
CHOR. To use thy words, death now would welcome be.
HER. Good is the issue; but in so long time
Some things, one well might say, have prospered well,
And some give cause for murmurs. Save the Gods,
Who free from sorrow lives out all his life?
For should I tell of toils, and how we lodged
Full hardly, seldom putting in to shore,
And then with couch full hard. . . . What gave us not
Good cause for mourning? What ill had we not
As daily portion? And what passed on land,
That brought yet greater hardship: for our beds
Were under our foes' walls, and meadow mists
From heaven and earth still left us wringing wet,
A constant mischief to our garments, making

Our hair as shaggy as the beasts'. And if
One spoke of winter frosts that killed the birds,
By Ida's snow-storms made intolerable,
Or heat, when Ocean in its noontide couch
Windless reclined and slept without a wave. . . .
But why lament o'er this? Our toil is past;
Past too is theirs who in the warfare fell,
So that no care have they to rise again.
Why should I count the number of the dead,
Or he that lives mourn o'er a past mischance?
To change and chance I bid a long Farewell:
With us, the remnant of the Argive host,
Good fortune wins, no ills as counterpoise.
So it is meet to this bright sun we boast,
Who travel homeward over land and sea;
"The Argive host who now have captured Troïa,
These spoils of battle to the Gods of Hellas
Hang on their pegs, enduring prize and joy."
Hearing these things we ought to bless our country
And our commanders; and the grace of Zeus
That wrought this shall be honoured. My tale's told.

CHOR. Thy words o'ercome me, and I say not nay;
To learn good keeps youth's freshness with the old.
'Tis meet these things should be a special care
To Clytæmnestra and the house, and yet
That they should make me sharer in their joy.

Enter CLYTÆMNESTRA

CLYTÆM. I long ago for gladness raised my cry,
When the first fiery courier came by night,
Telling of Troïa taken and laid waste:
And then one girding at me spake, "Dost think,
Trusting in beacons, Troïa is laid waste?
This heart elate is just a woman's way."
In words like these they made me out distraught;
Yet still I sacrificed, and with a strain
Shrill as a woman's, they, now here, now there,
Throughout the city hymns of blessing raised
In shrines of Gods, and lulled to gentle sleep
The fragrant flame that on the incense fed.
And now why need'st thou lengthen out thy words?
I from the king himself the tale shall learn;
And that I show all zeal to welcome back
My honoured lord on his return (for what
Is brighter joy for wife to see than this,
When God has brought her husband back from war,
To open wide her gates?) tell my lord this,
"To come with all his speed, the city's idol;"
And "may he find a faithful wife at home,
Such as he left her, noble watch-dog still
For him, and hostile to his enemies;
And like in all things else, who has not broken
One seal of his in all this length of time."
No pleasure have I known, nor scandal ill
With any other more than . . . stains on bronze.
Such is my vaunt, and being full of truth,
Not shameful for a noble wife to speak.

Exit.

CHOR. [*to* HERALD.] She hath thus spoken in thy hearing now
A goodly word for good interpreters.
But tell me, herald, tell of Menelaos,
If, coming home again in safety he
Is with you, the dear strength of this our land.

HER. I cannot make report of false good news,
So that my friends should long rejoice in it.

CHOR. Ah! could'st thou good news speak, and also true!
These things asunder are not well concealed.

HER. The chief has vanished from the Achæan host,
He and his ship. I speak no falsehood here.

CHOR. In sight of all when he from Ilion sailed?
Or did a storm's wide evil part him from you?

HER. Like skilful archer thou hast hit the mark,
And in few words hast told of evil long.

CHOR. And was it of him as alive or dead
The whisper of the other sailors ran?

HER. None to that question answer clear can give,
Save the Sun-God who feeds the life of earth.

CHOR. How say'st thou? Did a storm come on our fleet,
And do its work through anger of the Gods?

HER. It is not meet a day of tidings good
To mar with evil news. Apart for each

Is special worship. But when courier brings
With louring face the ills men pray against,
And tells a city that its host has fallen,
That for the State there is a general wound,
That many a man from many a home is driven,
As banned by double scourge that Ares loves,
Woe doubly-barbed, Death's two-horsed chariot this . . .
When with such griefs as freight a herald comes,
'Tis meet to chant the Erinnyes' dolorous song;
But for glad messenger of good deeds wrought
That bring deliverance, coming to a town
Rejoicing in its triumph, . . . how shall I
Blend good with evil, telling of a storm
That smote the Achæans, not without God's wrath?
For they a compact swore who erst were foes,
Ocean and Fire, and their pledges gave,
Wrecking the ill-starred army of the Argives;
And in the night rose ill of raging storm:
For Thrakian tempests shattered all the ships,
Each on the other. Some thus crashed and bruised,
By the storm stricken and the surging foam
Of wind-tost waves, soon vanished out of sight,
Whirled by an evil pilot. And when rose
The sun's bright orb, behold, the Ægæan sea
Blossomed with wrecks of ships and dead Achæans.
And as for us and our uninjured ship,
Surely 'twas some one stole or begged us off,
Some God, not man, presiding at the helm;
And on our ship with good will Fortune sat,
Giver of safety, so that nor in haven
Felt we the breakers, nor on rough rock-beach
Ran we aground. But when we had escaped
The hell of waters, then in clear, bright day,
Not trusting in our fortune, we in thought
O'er new ills brooded of our host destroyed,
And eke most roughly handled. And if still
Breathe any of them they report of us
As having perished. How else should they speak?
And we in our turn deem that they are so.
God send good ending! Look you, first and chief,
For Menelaos' coming; and indeed,
If any sunbeam know of him alive
And well, by help of Zeus who has not willed
As yet to blot out all the regal race,
Some hope there is that he'll come back again.
Know, hearing this, that thou the truth hast heard.

Exit HERALD.

STROPHE I

CHOR. Who was it named her with such wondrous truth?
(Could it be One unseen,
In strange prevision of her destined work,
Guiding the tongue through chance?)
Who gave that war-wed, strife-upstirring one
The name of Helen, ominous of ill?
For all too plainly she
Hath been to men, and ships,
And towers, as doom of Hell.
From bower of gorgeous curtains forth she sailed
With breeze of Zephyr Titan-born and strong;
And hosts of many men,
Hunters that bore the shield,
Went on the track of those who steered their boat
Unseen to leafy banks of Simois,
On her account who came,
Dire cause of strife with bloodshed in her train.

ANTISTROPHE I

And so the wrath which works its vengeance out
Dear bride to Ilion brought,
(Ah, all too truly named!) exacting still
After long lapse of time
The penalty of foul dishonour done
To friendship's board and Zeus, of host and guest
The God, from those who paid
Their loud-voiced honour then
Unto that bridal strain,
That hymeneal chorus which to chant
Fell to the lot of all the bridegroom's kin.
But learning other song,
Priam's ancient city now
Bewaileth sore, and calls on Paris' name,
Wedded in fatal wedlock; all the time
Enduring tear-fraught life
For all the blood its citizens had lost.

STROPHE II

So once a lion's cub,
A mischief in his house,
As foster child one reared,
While still it loved the teats;
In life's preluding dawn
Tame, by the children loved,
And fondled by the old,
Oft in his arms 'twas held,
Like infant newly born,
With eyes that brightened to the hand that stroked,
And fawning at the hest of hunger keen.

ANTISTROPHE II

But when full-grown, it showed
The nature of its sires;
For it unbidden made
A feast in recompense
Of all their fostering care,
By banquet of slain sheep;
With blood the house was stained,
A curse no slaves could check,
Great mischief murderous:
By God's decree a priest of Atê thus
Was reared, and grew within the man's own house.

STROPHE III

So I would tell that thus to Ilion came
Mood as of calm when all the air is still,
The gentle pride and joy of kingly state,
A tender glance of eye,
The full-blown blossom of a passionate love,
Thrilling the very soul;
And yet she turned aside,
And wrought a bitter end of marriage feast,
Coming to Priam's race,
Ill sojourner, ill friend,
Sent by great Zeus, the God of host and guest
Erinnys, for whom wives weep many tears.

ANTISTROPHE III

There lives an old saw, framed in ancient days,
In memories of men, that high estate
Full-grown brings forth its young, nor childless dies,
But that from good success
Springs to the race a woe insatiable.
But I, apart from all,
Hold this my creed alone:
For impious act it is that offspring breeds,
Like to their parent stock:
For still in every house
That loves the right their fate for evermore
Rejoiceth in an issue fair and good.

STROPHE IV

But Recklessness of old
Is wont to breed another Recklessness,
Sporting its youth in human miseries,
Or now, or then, whene'er the fixed hour comes:
That in its youth, in turn,
Doth full-flushed Lust beget,
And that dread demon-power unconquerable,
Daring that fears not God,—
Two curses black within the homes of men,
Like those that gendered them.

ANTISTROPHE IV

But Justice shineth bright
In dwellings that are dark and dim with smoke,
And honours life law-ruled,
While gold-decked homes conjoined with hands defiled
She with averted eyes
Hath left, and draweth near
To holier things, nor worships might of wealth,
If counterfeit its praise;
But still directeth all the course of things
Towards its destined goal.

AGAMEMNON *is seen approaching in his chariot, followed by another chariot, in which* CASSANDRA *is standing, carrying her prophet's wand in her hand, and wearing fillets round her temples, and by a great train of soldiers bearing trophies. As they come on the stage the Chorus sings its welcome.*

Come then, king, thou son of Atreus,
Waster of the towers of Troïa,
What of greeting and of homage
Shall I give, nor overshooting,
Nor due meed of honour missing?
Men there are who, right transgressing,
Honour semblance more than being.
O'er the sufferer all are ready
Wail of bitter grief to utter,
Though the biting pang of sorrow
Never to their heart approaches;
So with counterfeit rejoicing

Men strain faces that are smileless;
But when one his own sheep knoweth,
The men's eyes cannot deceive him,
When they deem with kindly purpose,
And with fondness weak to flatter.
Thou, when thou did'st lead thine army
For Helen's sake—(I will not hide it)—
Wast to me as one whose features
Have been limned by unskilled artist,
Guiding ill the helm of reason,
Giving men to death's doom sentenced
Courage which their will rejected.
Now nor from the spirit's surface,
Nor with touch of thought unfriendly,
All the toil, I say, is welcome,
If men bring it to good issue.
And thou soon shalt know, enquiring,
Him who rightly, him who wrongly
Of thy citizens fulfilleth
Task of office for the city.

AGAM. First Argos, and the Gods who guard the land,
'Tis right to greet; to them in part I owe
This my return, and vengeance that I took
On Priam's city. Not on hearsay proof
Judging the cause, with one consent the Gods
Cast in their votes into the urn of blood
For Ilion's ruin and her people's death;
I' the other urn Hope touched the rim alone,
Still far from being filled full. And even yet
The captured city by its smoke is seen,
The incense clouds of Atê live on still;
And, in the act of dying with its prey,
From richest store the dust sends savours sweet.
For these things it is meet to give the Gods
Thank-offerings long-enduring; for our nets
Of vengeance we set close, and for a woman
Our Argive monster laid the city low,
Foaled by the mare, a people bearing shield,
Taking its leap when set the Pleiades;
And, bounding o'er the tower, that ravenous lion
Lapped up its fill of blood of kingly race.
This prelude to the Gods I lengthen out;
And as concerns thy feeling (this I well
Remember hearing) I with thee agree,
And thou in me may'st find an advocate.
With but few men is it their natural bent
To honour without grudging prosperous friend:
For ill-souled envy that the heart besets,
Doubles his woe who suffers that disease:
He by his own griefs first is overwhelmed,
And groans at sight of others' happier lot.
And I with good cause say, (for well I know,)
They are but friendship's mirror, phantom shade,
Who seemed to be my most devoted friends.
Odysseus only, who against his will
Sailed with us, still was found true trace-fellow:
And this I say of him or dead or living.
But as for all that touches on the State,
Or on the Gods, in full assembly we,
Calling our council, will deliberate:
For what goes well we should with care provide
How longest it may last; and where there needs
A healing charm, there we with all good-will,
By surgery or cautery will try
To turn away the mischief of disease.
And now will I to home and household hearth
Move on, and first give thanks unto the Gods
Who led me forth, and brought me back again.
Since Victory follows, long may she remain!

Enter CLYTÆMNESTRA, *followed by female attendants carrying purple tapestry.*

CLYTÆM. Ye citizens, ye Argive senators,
I will not shrink from telling you the tale
Of wife's true love. As time wears on one drops
All over-shyness. Not learning it from others,
I will narrate my own unhappy life,
The whole long time my lord at Ilion stayed.
For first, that wife should sit at home alone
Without her husband is a monstrous grief,
Hearing full many an ill report of him,
Now one and now another coming still,
Bringing news home, worse trouble upon bad.
Yea, if my lord had met as many wounds
As rumour told of, floating to our house,
He had been riddled more than any net;
And had he died, as tidings still poured in,
Then he, a second Geryon with three lives,
Had boasted of a threefold coverlet
Of earth above, (I will not say below him,)
Dying one death for each of those his forms;
And so, because of all these ill reports,
Full many a noose around my neck have others

Loosed by main force, when I had hung myself.
And for this cause no son is with me now,
Holding in trust the pledges of our love,
As he should be, Orestes. Wonder not;
For now a kind ally doth nurture him,
Strophios the Phokian, telling me of woes
Of twofold aspect, danger on thy side
At Ilion, and lest loud-voiced anarchy
Should overthrow thy council, since 'tis still
The wont of men to kick at those who fall.
No trace of guile bears this excuse of mine;
As for myself, the fountains of my tears
Have flowed till they are dry, no drop remains,
And mine eyes suffer from o'er-late repose,
Watching with tears the beacons set for thee,
Left still unheeded. And in dreams full oft
I from my sleep was startled by the gnat
With thin wings buzzing, seeing in the night
Ills that stretched far beyond the time of sleep.
Now, having borne all this, with mind at ease,
I hail my lord as watch-dog of the fold,
The stay that saves the ship, of lofty roof
Main column-prop, a father's only child,
Land that beyond all hope the sailor sees,
Morn of great brightness following after storm,
Clear-flowing fount to thirsty traveller.
Yes, it is pleasant to escape all straits:
With words of welcome such as these I greet thee;
May jealous Heaven forgive them! for we bore
Full many an evil in the past; and now,
Dear husband, leave thy car, nor on the ground,
O King, set thou the foot that Ilion trampled.
Why linger ye, [*turning to her attendants*] ye maids, whose task it was
To strew the pathway with your tapestries?
Let the whole road be straightway purple-strown,
That Justice lead to home he looked not for.
All else my care, by slumber not subdued,
Will with God's help work out what fate decrees.

The handmaids advance, and are about to lay the purple carpets on the ground.

AGAM. O child of Leda, guardian of my home,
Thy speech hath with my absence well agreed—
For long indeed thou mad'st it—but fit praise
Is boon that I must seek at other hands.
I pray thee, do not in thy woman's fashion
Pamper my pride, nor in barbaric guise
Prostrate on earth raise full-mouthed cries to me;
Make not my path offensive to the Gods
By spreading it with carpets. They alone
May claim that honour; but for mortal men
To walk on fair embroidery, to me
Seems nowise without peril. So I bid you
To honour me as man, and not as God.
Apart from all foot-mats and tapestry
My fame speaks loudly; and God's greatest gift
Is not to err from wisdom. We must bless
Him only who ends life in fair estate.
Should I thus act throughout, good hope were mine.

CLYTÆM. Nay, say not this my purposes to thwart.

AGAM. Know I change not for the worse my purpose.

CLYTÆM. In fear, perchance, thou vowèd'st thus to act.

AGAM. If any, I, with good ground spoke my will.

CLYTÆM. What think'st thou Priam, had he wrought such deeds . . . ?

AGAM. Full gladly he, I trow, had trod on carpets.

CLYTÆM. Then shrink not thou through fear of men's dispraise.

AGAM. And yet a people's whisper hath great might.

CLYTÆM. Who is not envied is not enviable.

AGAM. 'Tis not a woman's part to crave for strife.

CLYTÆM. True, yet the prosperous e'en should sometimes yield.

AGAM. Dost thou then prize that victory in the strife?

CLYTÆM. Nay, list; with all good-will yield me this boon.

AGAM. Well, then, if thou wilt have it so, with speed
Let some one loose my buskins (servants they
Doing the foot's true work), and as I tread
Upon these robes sea-purpled, may no wrath

From glance of Gods smite on me from afar!
Great shame I feel to trample with my foot
This wealth of carpets, costliest work of looms;
So far for this. This stranger [*pointing to* CASSANDRA] lead thou in
With kindliness. On him who gently wields
His power God's eye looks kindly from afar.
None of their own will choose a bondslave's life;
And she, the chosen flower of many spoils,
Has followed with me as the army's gift.
But since I turn, obeying thee in this,
I'll to my palace go, on purple treading.

CLYTÆM. There is a sea,—and who shall drain it dry?
Producing still new store of purple juice,
Precious as silver, staining many a robe.
And in our house, with God's help, O my king,
'Tis ours to boast our palace knows no stint.
Trampling of many robes would I have vowed,
Had that been ordered me in oracles,
When for my lord's return I then did plan
My votive gifts. For while the root lives on,
The foliage stretches even to the house,
And spreads its shade against the dog-star's rage;
So when thou comest to thy hearth and home,
Thou show'st that warmth hath come in winter time;
And when from unripe clusters Zeus matures
The wine, then is there coolness in the house,
If the true master dwelleth in his home.
Ah, Zeus! the All-worker, Zeus, work out for me
All that I pray for; let it be thy care
To look to what Thou purposest to work.

Exeunt AGAMEMNON, *walking on the tapestry*, CLYTÆMNESTRA, *and her attendants*.

STROPHE I

CHOR. Why thus continually
Do haunting phantoms hover at the gate
Of my foreboding heart?
Why floats prophetic song, unsought, unbidden?
Why doth no steadfast trust
Sit on my mind's dear throne,
To fling it from me as a vision dim?
Long time hath passed since stern-ropes of our ships
Were fastened on the sand, when our great host
Of those that sailed in ships
Had come to Ilion's towers:

ANTISTROPHE I

And now from these mine eyes
I learn, myself reporting to myself,
Their safe return; and yet
My mind within itself, taught by itself,
Chanteth Erinnys' dirge,
The lyreless melody,
And hath no strength of wonted confidence.
Not vain these inner pulses, as my heart
Whirls eddying in breast oracular.
I, against hope, will pray
It prove false oracle.

STROPHE II

Of high, o'erflowing health
There is no bound that stays the wish for more,
For evermore disease, as neighbour close
Whom but a wall divides,
Upon it presses; and man's prosperous state
Moves on its course, and strikes
Upon an unseen rock;
But if his fear for safety of his freight,
A part, from well-poised sling, shall sacrifice,
Then the whole house sinks not,
O'erfilled with wretchedness,
Nor does he swamp his boat:
So, too, abundant gift
From Zeus in bounteous fulness, and the fruit
Of glebe at harvest tide
Have caused to cease sore hunger's pestilence;

ANTISTROPHE II

But blood that once hath flowed
In purple stains of death upon the ground
At a man's feet, who then can bid it back
By any charm of song?
Else him who knew to call the dead to life
Zeus had not sternly checked,
As warning unto all;
But unless Fate, firm-fixed, had barred our fate
From any chance of succour from the Gods,
Then had my heart poured forth
Its thoughts, outstripping speech.

But now in gloom it wails
Sore vexed, with little hope
At any time hereafter fitting end
To find, unravelling,
My soul within me burning with hot thoughts.

Re-enter CLYTÆMNESTRA.

CLYTÆM. [*to* CASSANDRA, *who has remained in the chariot during the choral ode*] Thou too—I mean Cassandra—go within;
Since Zeus hath made it thine, and not in wrath,
To share the lustral waters in our house,
Standing with many a slave the altar nigh
Of Zeus, who guards our goods. Now get thee down
From out this car, nor look so over proud.
They say that e'en Alcmena's son endured
Being sold a slave, constrained to bear the yoke:
And if the doom of this ill chance should come,
Great boon it is to meet with lords who own
Ancestral wealth. But whoso reap full crops
They never dared to hope for, these in all,
And beyond measure, to their slaves are harsh:
From us thou hast what usage doth prescribe.

CHOR. So ends she, speaking words full clear to thee:
And seeing thou art in the toils of fate,
If thou obey, thou wilt obey; and yet,
Perchance, obey thou wilt not.

CLYTÆM. Nay, but unless she, like a swallow, speaks
A barbarous tongue unknown, I speaking now
Within her apprehension, bid obey.

CHOR. [*to* CASSANDRA, *still standing motionless*] Go with her. What she bids is now the best;
Obey her: leave thy seat upon this car.

CLYTÆM. I have no leisure here to stay without:
For as regards our central altar, there
The sheep stand by as victims for the fire;
For never had we hoped such thanks to give:
If thou wilt do this, make no more delay;
But if thou understandest not my words,
Then wave thy foreign hand in lieu of speech.

CASSANDRA *shudders as in horror, but makes no sign.*

CHOR. The stranger seems a clear interpreter
To need. Her look is like a captured deer's.

CLYTÆM. Nay, she is mad, and follows evil thoughts,
Since, leaving now her city, newly-captured,
She comes, and knows not how to take the curb,
Ere she foam out her passion in her blood.
I will not bear the shame of uttering more.
Exit

CHOR. And I—I pity her, and will not rage:
Come, thou poor sufferer, empty leave thy car;
Yield to thy doom, and handsel now the yoke.

CASSANDRA *leaves the chariot, and bursts into a cry of wailing.*

STROPHE I

CASS. Woe! woe, and well-a-day!
Apollo! O Apollo!

CHOR. Why criest thou so loud on Loxias?
The wailing cry of mourner suits not him.

ANTISTROPHE I

CASS. Woe! woe, and well-a-day!
Apollo! O Apollo!

CHOR. Again with boding words she calls the God,
Though all unmeet as helper to men's groans.

STROPHE II

CASS. Apollo! O Apollo!
God of all paths, Apollo true to me;
For still thou dost appal me and destroy.

CHOR. She seems her own ills like to prophesy:
The God's great gift is in the slave's mind yet.

ANTISTROPHE II

CASS. Apollo! O Apollo!
God of all paths, Apollo true to me;
What path hast led me? To what roof hast brought?

CHOR. To that of the Atreidæ. This I tell,
If thou know'st not. Thou wilt not find it false.

STROPHE III

CASS. Ah! Ah! Ah me!
Say rather to a house God hates—that knows
Murder, self-slaughter, rapes,
A human shamble, staining earth with blood.
CHOR. Keen scented seems this stranger, like a hound,
And sniffs to see whose murder she may find.

ANTISTROPHE III

CASS. Ah! Ah! Ah me!
Lo! [*looking wildly, and pointing to the house*] there the witnesses whose word I trust,—
Those babes who wail their death
The roasted flesh that made a father's meal.
CHOR. We of a truth had heard thy seeress fame,
But prophets now are not the race we seek.

STROPHE IV

CASS. Ah me! O horror! What ill schemes she now?
What is this new great woe?
Great evil plots she in this very house,
Hard for its friends to bear, immedicable;
And help stands far aloof.
CHOR. These oracles of thine surpass my ken;
Those I know well. The whole town rings with them.

ANTISTROPHE IV

CASS. Ah me! O daring one! what work'st thou here,
Who having in his bath
Tended thy spouse, thy lord, then . . .
How tell the rest?
For quick it comes, and hand is following hand,
Stretched out to strike the blow.
CHOR. Still I discern not; after words so dark
I am perplexed with thy dim oracles.

STROPHE V

CASS. Ah, horror, horror! What is this I see?
Is it a snare of Hell?
Nay, the true net is she who shares his bed,
Who shares in working death.
Ha! let the Band insatiable in hate
Howl for the race its wild exulting cry
O'er sacrifice that calls
For death by storm of stones.

STROPHE VI

CHOR. What dire Erinnys bidd'st thou o'er our house
To raise shrill cry? Thy speech but little cheers;
And to my heart there rush
Blood-drops of saffron hue,
Which, when from deadly wound
They fall, together with life's setting rays
End, as it fails, their own appointed course:
And mischief comes apace.

ANTISTROPHE V

CASS. See, see, I say, from that fell heifer there
Keep thou the bull: in robes
Entangling him, she with her weapon gores
Him with the swarthy horns;
Lo! in that bath with water filled he falls,
Smitten to death, and I to thee set forth
Crime of a bath of blood,
By murderous guile devised.

ANTISTROPHE VI

CHOR. I may not boast that I keen insight have
In words oracular; yet bode I ill.
What tidings good are brought
By any oracles
To mortal men? These arts,
In days of evil sore, with many words,
Do still but bring a vague, portentous fear
For men to learn and know.

STROPHE VII

CASS. Woe, woe! for all sore ills that fall on me!
It is my grief thou speak'st of, blending it
With his. [*Pausing, and then crying out*]
Ah! wherefore then
Hast thou thus brought me here,
Only to die with thee?
What other doom is mine?

STROPHE VIII

CHOR. Frenzied art thou, and by some God's might swayed,
And utterest for thyself

A melody which is no melody,
Like to that tawny one,
Insatiate in her wail,
The nightingale, who still with sorrowing soul,
And "Itys, Itys," cry,
Bemoans a life o'erflourishing in ills.

ANTISTROPHE VII

CASS. Ah, for the doom of clear-voiced nightingale!
The Gods gave her a body bearing wings,
And life of pleasant days
With no fresh cause to weep:
But for me waiteth still
Stroke from the two-edged sword.

ANTISTROPHE VIII

CHOR. From what source hast thou these dread agonies
Sent on thee by thy God,
Yet vague and little meaning; and thy cries
Dire with ill-omened shrieks
Dost utter as a chant,
And blendest with them strains of shrillest grief?
Whence treadest thou this track
Of evil-boding path of prophecy?

STROPHE IX

CASS. Woe for the marriage-ties, the marriage-ties
Of Paris that brought ruin on his friends!
Woe for my native stream,
Scamandros, that I loved!
Once on thy banks my maiden youth was reared,
(Ah, miserable me!)
Now by Cokytos and by Acheron's shores
I seem too likely soon to utter song
Of wild, prophetic speech.

STROPHE X

CHOR. What hast thou spoken now
With utterance all too clear?
Even a boy its gist might understand;
I to the quick am pierced
With throe of deadly pain,
Whilst thou thy moaning cries art uttering
Over thy sore mischance,
Wondrous for me to hear.

ANTISTROPHE IX

CASS. Woe for the toil and trouble, toil and trouble
Of city that is utterly destroyed!
Woe for the victims slain
Of herds that roamed the fields,
My father's sacrifice to save his towers!
No healing charm they brought
To save the city from its present doom:
And I with hot thoughts wild myself shall cast
Full soon upon the ground.

ANTISTROPHE X

CHOR. This that thou utterest now
With all before agrees.
Some Power above dooms thee with purpose ill,
Down-swooping heavily,
To utter with thy voice
Sorrows of deepest woe, and bringing death.
And what the end shall be
Perplexes in the extreme.

CASS. Nay, now no more from out of maiden veils
My oracle shall glance, like bride fresh wed;
But seems as though 'twould rush with speedy gales
In full, clear brightness to the morning dawn;
So that a greater war than this shall surge
Like wave against the sunlight. Now I'll teach
No more in parables. Bear witness ye,
As running with me, that I scent the track
Of evil deeds that long ago were wrought:
For never are they absent from this house,
That choral band which chants in full accord,
Yet no good music; good is not their theme.
And now, as having drunk men's blood, and so
Grown wilder, bolder, see, the revelling band,
Erinnyes of the race, still haunt the halls,
Not easy to dismiss. And so they sing,
Close cleaving to the house, its primal woe,
And vent their loathing in alternate strains
On marriage-bed of brother ruthless found
To that defiler. Miss I now, or hit,
Like archer skilled? or am I seeress false,
A babbler vain that knocks at every door?
Yea, swear beforehand, ere I die, I know
(And not by rumour only) all the sins

Of ancient days that haunt and vex this house.
CHOR. How could an oath, how firm soe'er confirmed,
Bring aught of healing? Lo, I marvel at thee,
That thou, though born far off beyond the sea,
Should'st tell an alien city's tale as clear
As though thyself had stood by all the while.
CASS. The seer Apollo set me to this task.
CHOR. Was he a God, so smitten with desire?
CASS. There was a time when shame restrained my speech.
CHOR. True; they who prosper still are shy and coy.
CASS. He wrestled hard, breathing hot love on me.
CHOR. And were ye one in act whence children spring?
CASS. I promised Loxias, then I broke my vow.
CHOR. Wast thou e'en then possessed with arts divine?
CASS. E'en then my country's woes I prophesied.
CHOR. How wast thou then unscathed by Loxias' wrath?
CASS. I for that fault with no man gained belief.
CHOR. To us, at least, thou seem'st to speak the truth.
CASS. [*Again speaking wildly, as in an ecstasy.*] Ah, woe is me! Woe's me! Oh, ills on ills!
Again the dread pang of true prophet's gift
With preludes of great evil dizzies me.
See ye those children sitting on the house
In fashion like to phantom forms of dreams?
Infants who perished at their own kin's hands,
Their palms filled full with meat of their own flesh,
Loom on my sight, the heart and entrails bearing,
(A sorry burden that!) on which of old
Their father fed. And in revenge for this,
I say a lion, dwelling in his lair,
With not a spark of courage, stay-at-home,
Plots 'gainst my master, now he's home returned,
(Yes mine—for still I must the slave's yoke bear;)
And the ship's ruler, Ilion's conqueror,
Knows not what things the tongue of that lewd bitch
Has spoken and spun out in welcome smooth,
And, like a secret Atê, will work out
With dire success: thus 'tis she plans: the man
Is murdered by the woman. By what name
Shall I that loathèd monster rightly call?
An Amphisbæna? or a Skylla dwelling
Among the rocks, the sailors' enemy?
Hades' fierce raging mother, breathing out
Against her friends a curse implacable?
Ah, how she raised her cry, (oh, daring one!)
As for the rout of battle, and she feigns
To hail with joy her husband's safe return!
And if thou dost not credit this, what then?
What will be will. Soon, present, pitying me
Thou'lt own I am too true a prophetess.
CHOR. Thyestes' banquet on his children's flesh
I know and shudder at, and fear o'ercomes me,
Hearing not counterfeits of fact, but truths;
Yet in the rest I hear and miss my path.
CASS. I say thou'lt witness Agamemnon's death.
CHOR. Hush, wretched woman, close those lips of thine!
CASS. For this my speech no healing God's at hand.
CHOR. True, if it must be; but may God avert it!
CASS. Thou utterest prayers, but others murder plot.
CHOR. And by what man is this dire evil wrought?
CASS. Sure, thou hast seen my bodings all amiss.
CHOR. I see not his device who works the deed.
CASS. And yet I speak the Hellenic tongue right well.
CHOR. So does the Pythian, yet her words are hard.
CASS. [*In another access of frenzy.*] Ah me, this fire!
It comes upon me now!
Ah me, Apollo, wolf-slayer! woe is me!
This biped lioness who takes to bed
A wolf in absence of the noble lion,
Will slay me, wretched me. And, as one

Mixing a poisoned draught, she boasts that she
Will put my price into her cup of wrath,
Sharpening her sword to smite her spouse with death,
So paying him for bringing me. Oh, why
Do I still wear what all men flout and scorn,
My wand and seeress wreaths around my neck?
Thee, ere myself I die I will destroy: [*breaks her wand*]
Perish ye thus: [*casting off her wreaths*] I soon shall follow you:
Make rich another Atê in my place;
Behold Apollo's self is stripping me
Of my divining garments, and that too,
When he has seen me even in this garb
Scorned without cause among my friends and kin,
By foes, with no diversity of mood.
Reviled as vagrant, wandering prophetess,
Poor, wretched, famished, I endured to live:
And now the Seer who me a seeress made
Hath brought me to this lot of deadly doom.
Now for my father's altar there awaits me
A butcher's block, where I am smitten down
By slaughtering stroke, and with hot gush of blood.
But the Gods will not slight us when we're dead;
Another yet shall come as champion for us,
A son who slays his mother, to avenge
His father; and the exiled wanderer
Far from his home, shall one day come again,
Upon these woes to set the coping-stone:
For the high Gods have sworn a mighty oath,
His father's fall, laid low, shall bring him back.
Why then do I thus groan in this new home,
When, to begin with, Ilion's town I saw
Faring as it did fare, and they who held
That town are gone by judgment of the Gods?
I too will fare as they, and venture death:
So I these gates of Hades now address,
And pray for blow that bringeth death at once,
That so with no fierce spasm, while the blood
Flows in calm death, I then may close mine eyes.

Goes toward the door of the palace.

CHOR. O thou most wretched, yet again most wise:
Long hast thou spoken, lady, but if well
Thou know'st thy doom, why to the altar go'st thou,
Like heifer driven of God, so confidently?

CASS. For me, my friends, there is no time to 'scape.

CHOR. Yea; but he gains in time who comes the last.

CASS. The day is come: small gain for me in flight.

CHOR. Know then thou sufferest with a heart full brave.

CASS. Such words as these the happy never hear.

CHOR. Yet mortal man may welcome noble death.

CASS. [*Shrinking back from opening the door.*] Woe's me for thee and thy brave sons, my father!

CHOR. What cometh now? What fear oppresseth thee?

CASS. [*Again going to the door and then shuddering in another burst of frenzy.*] Fie on't, fie!

CHOR. Whence comes this "Fie?" unless from mind that loathes?

CASS. The house is tainted with the scent of death.

CHOR. How so? This smells of victims on the hearth.

CASS. Nay, it is like the blast from out a grave.

CHOR. No Syrian ritual tell'st thou for our house.

CASS. Well then I go, and e'en within will wail
My fate and Agamemnon's. And for me,
Enough of life. Ah, friends! Ah! not for nought
I shrink in fear, as bird shrinks from the brake.
When I am dead do ye this witness bear,
When in revenge for me, a woman, Death
A woman smites, and man shall fall for man
In evil wedlock wed. This friendly office,
As one about to die, I pray you do me.

CHOR. Thy doom foretold, poor sufferer, moves my pity.

CASS. I fain would speak once more, yet not to wail
Mine own death-song; but to the Sun I pray,
To his last rays, that my avengers wreak
Upon my hated murderers judgment due

For me, who die a slave's death, easy prey.
Ah, life of man! when most it prospereth,
It is but limned in outline; and when brought
To low estate, then doth the sponge, full soaked,
Wipe out the picture with its frequent touch:
And this I count more piteous e'en than that.

Passes through the door into the palace.

CHOR. 'Tis true of all men that they never set
A limit to good fortune; none doth say,
As bidding it depart,
And warding it from palaces of pride,
"Enter thou here no more."
To this our lord the Blest Ones gave to take
Priam's city; and he comes
Safe to his home and honoured by the Gods;
But if he now shall pay
The forfeit of blood-guiltiness of old,
And, dying, so work out for those who died,
By his own death another penalty,
Who then of mortal men,
Hearing such things as this,
Can boast that he was born
With fate from evil free?

AGAM. [*from within*] Ah, me! I am struck down with deadly stroke.

CHOR. Hush! who cries out with deadly stroke sore smitten?

AGAM. Ah me, again! struck down a second time! *Dies*

CHOR. By the king's groans I judge the deed is done;
But let us now confer for counsels safe.

CHOR. *a.* I give you my advice to summon here,
Here to the palace, all the citizens.

CHOR. *b.* I think it best to rush at once on them,
And take them in the act with sword yet wet.

CHOR. *c.* And I too give like counsel, and I vote
For deed of some kind. 'Tis no time to pause.

CHOR. *d.* Who will see, may.—They but the prelude work
Of tyranny usurped o'er all the State.

CHOR. *e.* Yes, we are slow, but they who trample down
The thought of hesitation slumber not.

CHOR. *f.* I know not what advice to find or speak:
He who can act knows how to counsel too.

CHOR. *g.* I too think with thee; for I have no hope
With words to raise the dead again to life.

CHOR. *h.* What! Shall we drag our life on and submit
To these usurpers that defile the house?

CHOR. *i.* Nay, that we cannot bear: To die were better;
For death is gentler far than tyranny.

CHOR. *k.* Shall we upon this evidence of groans
Guess, as divining that our lord is dead?

CHOR. *l.* When we know clearly, then should we discuss:
To guess is one thing, and to know another.

CHOR. So vote I too, and on the winning side,
Taking the votes all round that we should learn
How he, the son of Atreus, fareth now.

Enter CLYTÆMNESTRA *from the palace, in robes with stains of blood, followed by soldiers and attendants. The open doors show the corpses of* AGAMEMNON *and* CASSANDRA, *the former lying in a silvered bath.*

CLYTÆM. Though many words before to suit the time
Were spoken, now I shall not be ashamed
The contrary to utter: How could one
By open show of enmity to foes
Who seemed as friends, fence in the snares of death
Too high to be o'erleapt? But as for me,
Not without forethought for this long time past,
This conflict comes to me from triumph old
Of his, though slowly wrought. I stand where I
Did smite him down, with all my task well done.
So did I it, (the deed deny I not,)
That he could nor avert his doom nor flee:
I cast around him drag-net as for fish,
With not one outlet, evil wealth of robe:
And twice I smote him, and with two deep groans
He dropped his limbs: And when he thus fell down
I gave him yet a third, thank-offering true
To Hades of the dark, who guards the dead.
So fallen, he gasps out his struggling soul,
And breathing forth a sharp, quick gush of blood,

He showers dark drops of gory rain on me,
Who no less joy felt in them than the corn,
When the blade bears, in glad shower given of God.
Since this is so, ye Argive elders here,
Ye, as ye will, may hail the deed, but I
Boast of it. And were't fitting now to pour
Libation o'er the dead, 'twere justly done,
Yea more than justly; such a goblet full
Of ills hath he filled up with curses dire
At home, and now has come to drain it off.
CHOR. We marvel at the boldness of thy tongue
Who o'er thy husband's corpse speak'st vaunt like this.
CLYTÆM. Ye test me as a woman weak of mind;
But I with dauntless heart to you that know
Say this, and whether thou dost praise or blame,
Is all alike:—here Agamemnon lies,
My husband, now a corpse, of this right hand,
As artist just, the handiwork: so stands it.

STROPHE

CHOR. What evil thing, O Queen, or reared on earth,
Or draught from salt sea-wave
Hast thou fed on, to bring
Such incense on thyself,
A people's loud-voiced curse?
'Twas thou did'st sentence him,
'Twas thou did'st strike him down;
But thou shalt exiled be,
Hated with strong hate of the citizens.

CLYTÆM. Ha! now on me thou lay'st the exile's doom,
My subjects' hate, and people's loud-voiced curse,
Though ne'er did'st thou oppose my husband there,
Who, with no more regard than had been due
To a brute's death, although he called his own
Full many a fleecy sheep in pastures bred,
Yet sacrificed his child, the dear-loved fruit
Of all my travail-pangs, to be a charm
Against the winds of Thrakia. Shouldst thou not
Have banished him from out this land of ours,
As meed for all his crimes? Yet hearing now
My deeds, thou art a judge full stern. But I
Tell thee to speak thy threats, as knowing well
I am prepared that thou on equal terms
Should'st rule, if thou dost conquer. But if God
Should otherwise decree, then thou shalt learn,
Late though it be, the lesson to be wise.

ANTISTROPHE

CHOR. Yea, thou art stout of heart, and speak'st big words;
And maddened is thy soul
As by a murderous hate;
And still upon thy brow
Is seen, not yet avenged,
The stain of blood-spot foul;
And yet it needs must be,
One day thou, reft of friends,
Shalt pay the penalty of blow for blow.

CLYTÆM. Now hear thou too my oaths of solemn dread:
By my accomplished vengeance for my child,
By Atê and Erinnys, unto whom
I slew him as a victim, I look not
That fear should come beneath this roof of mine,
So long as on my hearth Ægisthos kindles
The flaming fire, as well disposed to me
As he hath been aforetime. He to us
Is no slight shield of stoutest confidence.
There lies he, [*pointing to the corpse of* AGAMEMNON] one who foully wronged his wife,
The darling of the Chryseïds at Troïa;
And there [*pointing to* CASSANDRA] this captive slave, this auguress,
His concubine, this seeress trustworthy,
Who shared his bed, and yet was as well known
To the sailors as their benches! . . . They have fared
Not otherwise than they deserved: for he
Lies as you see. And she who, like a swan,
Has chanted out her last and dying song,
Lies close to him she loved, and so has brought
The zest of a new pleasure to my bed.

STROPHE I

CHOR. Ah me, would death might come
Quickly, with no sharp throe of agony,
Nor long bed-ridden pain,
Bringing the endless sleep;
Since he, the watchman most benign of all,
Hath now been smitten low,
And by a woman's means hath much endured,
And at a woman's hand hath lost his life!

STROPHE II

Alas! alas! O Helen, evil-souled,
Who, though but one, hast slain
Many, yea, very many lives at Troïa.

. . . . . .

STROPHE III

But now for blood that may not be washed out
Thou hast to full bloom brought
A deed of guilt for ever memorable,
For strife was in the house,
Wrought out in fullest strength,
Woe for a husband's life.

STROPHE IV

CLYTÆM. Nay, pray not thou for destiny of death,
Oppressed with what thou see'st;
Nor turn thou against Helena thy wrath,
As though she murderess were,
And, though but one, had many Danaï's souls
Brought low in death, and wrought o'erwhelming woe.

ANTISTROPHE I

CHOR. O Power that dost attack
Our palace and the two Tantalidæ,
And dost through women wield
A might that grieves my heart!
And o'er the body, like a raven foul,
Against all laws of right,
Standing, she boasteth in her pride of heart
That she can chant her pæan hymn of praise.

ANTISTROPHE IV

CLYTÆM. Now thou dost guide aright thy speech and thought,
Invoking that dread Power,
The thrice-gorged evil genius of this house;
For he it is who feeds
In the heart's depth the raging lust of blood:
Ere the old wound is healed, new bloodshed comes.

STROPHE V

CHOR. Yes, of a Power thou tell'st
Mighty and very wrathful to this house;
Ah me! ah me! an evil tale enough
Of baleful chance of doom,
Insatiable of ill:
Yet, ah! it is through Zeus,
The all-appointing and all-working One;
For what with mortal men
Is wrought apart from Zeus?
What of all this is not by God decreed?

STROPHE VI

Ah me! ah me!
My king, my king, how shall I weep for thee?
What shall I speak from heart that truly loves?
And now thou liest there, breathing out thy life,
In impious deed of death,
In this fell spider's web,—

STROPHE VII

(Yes, woe is me! woe, woe!
Woe for this couch of thine dishonourable!)—
Slain by a subtle death,
With sword two-edged which her right hand did wield.

STROPHE VIII

CLYTÆM. Thou speak'st big words, as if the deed were mine;
Yet think thou not of me,
As Agamemnon's spouse;
But in the semblance of this dead man's wife,
The old and keen Avenger of the house
Of Atreus, that cruel banqueter of old,
Hath wrought out vengeance full
On him who lieth here,
And full-grown victim slain
Over the younger victims of the past.

ANTISTROPHE V

CHOR. That thou art guiltless found
Of this foul murder who will witness bear?

How can it be so, how? And yet, perchance,
As helper to the deed,
Might come the avenging Fiend
Of that ancestral time;
And in this rush of murders of near kin
Dark Ares presses on,
Where he will vengeance work
For clotted gore of children slain as food.

ANTISTROPHE VI

Ah me! ah me!
My king, my king, how shall I weep for thee?
What shall I speak from heart that truly loves?
And now thou liest there, breathing out thy life,
In impious deed of death,
In this fell spider's web,—

ANTISTROPHE VII

(Yes, woe is me! woe, woe!
Woe for this couch of thine dishonourable!)—
Slain by a subtle death,
With sword two-edged which her right hand did wield.

ANTISTROPHE VIII

CLYTÆM. Nay, not dishonourable
His death doth seem to me:
Did he not work a doom,
In this our house with guile?
Mine own dear child, begotten of this man,
Iphigeneia, wept with many a tear,
He slew; now slain himself in recompense,
Let him not boast in Hell,
Since he the forfeit pays,
Pierced by the sword in death,
For all the evil that his hand began.

STROPHE IX

CHOR. I stand perplexed in soul, deprived of power
Of quick and ready thought,
Where now to turn, since thus
Our home is falling low.
I shrink in fear from the fierce pelting storm
Of blood that shakes the basement of the house:
No more it rains in drops:
And for another deed of mischief dire,
Fate whets the righteous doom
On other whetstones still.

ANTISTROPHE IX

O Earth! O Earth! Oh, would thou had'st received me,
Ere I saw him on couch
Of bath with silvered walls thus stretched in death!
Who now will bury him, who wail? Wilt thou,
When thou hast slain thy husband, have the heart
To mourn his death, and for thy monstrous deeds
Do graceless grace? And who will chant the dirge
With tears in truth of heart,
Over our godlike chief?

STROPHE X

CLYTÆM. It is not thine to speak;
'Twas at our hands he fell,
Yea, he fell low in death,
And we will bury him,
Not with the bitter tears of those who weep
As inmates of the house;
But she, his child, Iphigeneia, there
Shall meet her father, and with greeting kind,
E'en as is fit, by that swift-flowing ford,
Dark stream of bitter woes,
Shall clasp him in her arms,
And give a daughter's kiss.

ANTISTROPHE X

CHOR. Lo! still reproach upon reproach doth come;
Hard are these things to judge:
The spoiler still is spoiled,
The slayer pays his debt;
Yea, while Zeus liveth through the ages, this
Lives also, that the doer dree his weird;
For this is law fast fixed.
Who now can drive from out the kingly house
The brood of curses dark?
The race to Atê cleaves.

ANTISTROPHE XI

CLYTÆM. Yes, thou hast touched with truth
That word oracular;
But I for my part wish,
(Binding with strongest oath

The evil dæmon of the Pleisthenids,)
Though hard it be to bear,
To rest content with this our present lot;
And, for the future, that he go to vex
Another race with homicidal deaths.
Lo! 'tis enough for me,
Though small my share of wealth,
At last to have freed my house
From madness that sets each man's hand 'gainst each.

Enter ÆGISTHOS

ÆGIS. Hail, kindly light of day that vengeance brings!
Now I can say the Gods on high look down,
Avenging men, upon the woes of earth,
Since lying in the robes the Erinnyes wove
I see this man, right welcome sight to me,
Paying for deeds his father's hand had wrought.
Atreus, our country's ruler, this man's father
Drove out my sire Thyestes, his own brother,
(To tell the whole truth,) quarrelling for rule,
An exile from his country and his home.
And coming back a suppliant on the hearth,
The poor Thyestes found a lot secure,
Nor did he, dying, stain the soil with blood,
There in his home. But this man's godless sire,
Atreus, more prompt than kindly in his deeds,
On plea of keeping festal day with cheer,
To my sire banquet gave of children's flesh,
His own. The feet and finger-tips of hands
He, sitting at the top, apart concealed;
And straight the other, in his blindness taking
The parts that could not be discerned, did eat
A meal which, as thou see'st, perdition works
For all his kin. And learning afterwards
The deed of dread, he groaned and backward fell,
Vomits the feast of blood, and imprecates
On Pelop's sons a doom intolerable,
And makes the o'erturning of the festive board,
With fullest justice, as a general curse,
That so might fall the race of Pleisthenes.
And now thou see'st how here accordingly
This man lies fallen; I, of fullest right,
The weaver of the plot of murderous doom.
For me, a babe in swaddling-clothes, he banished
With my poor father me, his thirteenth child;
And Vengeance brought me back, of full age grown:
And e'en far off I wrought against this man,
And planned the whole scheme of this dark device.
And so e'en death were now right good for me,
Seeing him into the nets of Vengeance fallen.
CHOR. I honour not this arrogance in guilt,
Ægisthos. Thou confessest thou hast slain
Of thy free will our chieftain here,—that thou
Alone did'st plot this murder lamentable;
Be sure, I say, thy head shall not escape
The righteous curse a people hurls with stones.
ÆGISTH. Dost thou say this, though seated on the bench
Of lowest oarsmen, while the upper row
Commands the ship? But thou shalt find, though old,
How hard it is at such an age to learn,
When the word is, "keep temper." But a prison
And fasting pains are admirably apt,
As prophet-healers even for old age.
Dost see, and not see this? Against the pricks
Kick not, lest thou perchance should'st smart for it.
CHOR. Thou, thou, O Queen, when thy lord came from war,
While keeping house, thy husband's bed defiling,
Did'st scheme this death for this our hero-chief.
ÆGISTH. These words of thine shall parents prove of tears:
But this thy tongue is Orpheus' opposite;
He with his voice led all things on for joy,
But thou, provoking with thy childish cries,
Shalt now be led; and then, being kept in check,
Thou shalt appear in somewhat gentler mood.
CHOR. As though thou should'st o'er Argives ruler be,
Who even when thou plotted'st this man's death
Did'st lack good heart to do the deed thyself?
ÆGISTH. E'en so; to work this fraud was clearly part
Fit for a woman. I was foe, of old
Suspected. But now will I with his wealth
See whether I his subjects may command,

And him who will not hearken I will yoke
In heavy harness as a full-fed colt,
Nowise as trace-horse; but sharp hunger joined
With darksome dungeon shall behold him tamed.
CHOR. Why did'st not thou then, coward as thou art,
Thyself destroy him? but a woman with thee,
Pollution to our land and our land's Gods,
She slew him. Does Orestes see the light,
Perchance, that he, brought back by Fortune's grace,
May for both these prove slayer strong to smite?
ÆGISTH. Well, since thou think'st to act, not merely talk,
Thou shalt know clearly. . . .

Calling his Guards from the palace

On then, my troops, the time for deeds is come.
CHOR. On then, let each man grasp his sword in hand.
ÆGISTH. With sword in hand, I too shrink not from death.
CHOR. Thou talkest of thy death; we hail the word;
And make our own the fortune it implies.
CLYTÆM. Nay, let us not do other evil deeds,
Thou dearest of all friends. An ill-starred harvest
It is to have reaped so many. Enough of woe:
Let no more blood be shed: Go thou—[*to the Chorus*]—go ye,
Ye aged sires, to your allotted homes,
Ere ye do aught amiss and dree your weird:
This that we have done ought to have sufficed;
But should it prove we've had enough of ills,
We will accept it gladly, stricken low
In evil doom by heavy hand of God.
This is a woman's counsel, if there be
That deigns to hear it.
ÆGISTH. But that these should fling
The blossoms of their idle speech at me,
And utter words like these, so tempting Fate,
And fail of counsel wise, and flout their master. . . . !
CHOR. It suits not Argives on the vile to fawn.
ÆGISTH. Be sure, hereafter I will hunt thee down.
CHOR. Not so, if God should guide Orestes back.
ÆGISTH. Right well I know how exiles feed on hopes.
CHOR. Prosper, wax fat, do foul wrong—'tis thy day.
ÆGISTH. Know thou shalt pay full price for this thy folly.
CHOR. Be bold, and boast, like cock beside his mate.
CLYTÆM. Nay, care not thou for these vain howlings; I
And thou together, ruling o'er the house,
Will settle all things rightly. *Exeunt.*

SOPHOCLES (496–406 B. C.)

ANTIGONE[1]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CREON, *King of Thebes.*
HÆMON, *son of Creon.*
TEIRESIAS, *a seer.*
Guard.
First Messenger.
Second Messenger.
EURYDIKE, *wife of Creon.*
ANTIGONE, } *daughters of*
ISMENE, } ŒDIPUS.
Chorus of Theban Elders.

ARGUMENT

AFTER the death of Œdipus, Antigone and Ismene returned to Thebes, and lived in the king's house with Eteocles, their brother. But the seven great captains from Argos, whom Polyneikes had called to help him, came against Thebes to destroy it, and were hardly driven back. And the two brothers having died by each other's hands, the people of the city made Creon their king, as being wise and prudent, and next of kin to the dead; and he issued his decree that Eteocles should be buried with due honour, but that no man should dare to bury Polyneikes, who had come purposing to lay waste the city and all the temples of the Gods.

SCENE.—*Thebes, in front of the Palace. Early morning. Hills in the distance on the left; on the right the city.*

Enter ANTIGONE *and* ISMENE.

ANTIG. Ismene, mine own sister, darling one!

[1]Translation by Plumptre.

Is there, of ills that sprang from Œdipus,
One left that Zeus will fail to bring on us,
The two who yet remain? Nought is there sad,
Nought full of sorrow, steeped in sin or shame,
But I have seen it in thy woes and mine.
And now, what new decree is this they tell,
Our captain has enjoined on all the State?
Know'st thou? Hast heard? Or are they hid from thee,
The ills that come from foes upon our friends?

ISM. No tidings of our friends, Antigone,
Pleasant or painful, since that hour have come,
When we, two sisters, lost our brothers twain,
In one day dying by a twofold blow.
And since in this last night the Argive host
Has left the field, I nothing further know,
Nor brightening fortune, nor increasing gloom.

ANTIG. That knew I well, and therefore sent for thee
Beyond the gates, that thou may'st hear alone.

ISM. What meanest thou? It is but all too clear
Thou broodest darkly o'er some tale of woe,

ANTIG. And does not Creon treat our brothers twain
One with the rites of burial, one with shame?
Eteocles, so say they, he interred
Fitly, with wonted rites, as one held meet
To pass with honour to the dead below.
But for the corpse of Polyneikes, slain
So piteously, they say, he has proclaimed
To all the citizens, that none should give
His body burial, or bewail his fate,
But leave it still unwept, unsepulchred,
A prize full rich for birds that scent afar
Their sweet repast. So Creon bids, they say,
Creon the good, commanding thee and me,—
Yes, me, I say,—and now is coming here,
To make it clear to those who know it not,
And counts the matter not a trivial thing;
But whoso does the things that he forbids,
For him there waits within the city's walls
The death of stoning. Thus, then, stands thy case;
And quickly thou wilt show, if thou art born
Of noble nature, or degenerate liv'st,
Base child of honoured parents.

ISM. How could I,
O daring in thy mood, in this our plight,
Or breaking law or keeping, aught avail?

ANTIG. Wilt thou with me share risk and toil? Look to it.

ISM. What risk is this? What purpose fills thy mind?

ANTIG. Wilt thou help this my hand to lift the dead?

ISM. Mean'st thou to bury him, when law forbids?

ANTIG. He is my brother; yes, and thine, though thou
Would'st fain he were not. I desert him not.

ISM. O daring one, when Creon bids thee not?

ANTIG. He has no right to keep me from mine own.

ISM. Ah me! remember, sister, how our sire
Perished, with hate o'erwhelmed and infamy,
From evils that himself did bring to light,
With his own hand himself of eyes bereaving,
And how his wife and mother, both in one,
With twisted cordage, cast away her life;
And thirdly, how our brothers in one day
In suicidal conflict wrought the doom,
Each of the other. And we twain are left;
And think, how much more wretchedly than all
We twain shall perish, if, against the law,
We brave our sovereign's edict and his power.
This first we need remember, we were born
Women; as such, not made to strive with men.
And next, that they who reign surpass in strength,
And we must bow to this, and worse than this.
I then, entreating those that dwell below,
To judge me leniently, as forced to yield,
Will hearken to our rulers. Over-zeal
That still will meddle, little wisdom shows.

ANTIG. I will not ask thee, nor though thou should'st wish
To do it, should'st thou join with my consent.
Do what thou wilt, I go to bury him;
And good it were, in doing this, to die.
Loved I shall be with him whom I have loved,
Guilty of holiest crime. More time is mine

In which to share the favour of the dead,
Than that of those who live; for I shall rest
For ever there. But thou, if thus thou please,
Count as dishonoured what the Gods approve.

ISM. I do them no dishonour, but I find
Myself too weak to war against the State.

ANTIG. Make what excuse thou wilt, I go to rear
A grave above the brother whom I love.

ISM. Ah, wretched me! how much I fear for thee!

ANTIG. Fear not for me. Thine own fate raise to safety.

ISM. At any rate, disclose this deed to none;
Keep it close hidden: I will hide it too.

ANTIG. Speak out! I bid thee. Silent, thou wilt be
More hateful to me, if thou fail to tell
My deed to all men.

ISM. Fiery is thy mood,
Although thy deeds the very blood might chill.

ANTIG. I know I please the souls I ought to please.

ISM. Yes, if thou canst; thou seek'st the impossible.

ANTIG. When strength shall fail me, then I'll cease to strive.

ISM. We should not hunt the impossible at all.

ANTIG. If thou speak thus, my hatred wilt thou gain,
And rightly wilt be hated of the dead.
Leave me and my ill counsel to endure
This dreadful doom. I shall not suffer aught
So evil as a death dishonourable.

ISM. Go then, if so thou wilt. Of this be sure,
Wild as thou art, thy friends must love thee still.

Exeunt.

Enter Chorus of Theban Elders.

STROPHE I

CHOR. O light of yon bright sun,
Fairest of all that ever shone on Thebes,
Thebes with her seven high gates,
Thou didst appear that day,
Eye of the golden dawn,
O'er Dirkê's streams advancing,
Driving with quickened curb,
In haste of headlong flight,
The warrior who, in panoply of proof,
From Argos came, with shield of glittering white;
Whom Polyneikes brought,
Roused by the strife of tongues
Against our fatherland,
As eagle shrieking shrill,
He hovered o'er our land,
With snow-white wing bedecked,
Begirt with myriad arms,
And flowing horsehair crests.

ANTISTROPHE I

He stood above our towers,
Encircling, with his spears all blood-bestained,
The portals of our gates;
He went, before he filled
His jaw with blood of men,
Ere the pine-fed Hephæstos
Had seized our crown of towers.
So loud the battle din
That Ares loves was raised around his rear,
A conflict hard e'en for his dragon foe.
For breath of haughty speech
Zeus hateth evermore;
And seeing them advance,
With mighty rushing stream,
And clang of golden arms,
With brandished fire he hurls
One who rushed eagerly
From topmost battlement
To shout out, "Victory!"

STROPHE II

Crashing to earth he fell,
Down-smitten, with his torch,
Who came, with madman's haste,
Drunken, with frenzied soul,
And swept o'er us with blasts,
The whirlwind blasts of hate.
Thus on one side they fare,
And Ares great, like war-horse in his strength,
Smiting now here, now there,
Brought each his several fate.
For seven chief warriors at the seven gates met,
Equals with equals matched,
To Zeus, the Lord of War,
Left tribute, arms of bronze;
All but the hateful ones,

Who, from one father and one mother sprung,
Stood wielding, hand to hand,
Their two victorious spears,
And had their doom of death as common lot.

ANTISTROPHE II

But now, since Victory,
Of mightiest name, hath come
To Thebes, of chariots proud,
Joying and giving joy,
After these wars just past,
Learn ye forgetfulness,
And all night long, with dance and voice of hymns,
Let us go round in state
To all the shrines of Gods,
While Bacchos. making Thebes resound with dance,
Begins the strain of joy;
But, lo! our country's king,
Creon, Menœkeus' son,
New ruler, by new change,
And providence of God,
Comes to us, steering on some new device;
For, lo! he hath convened,
By herald's loud command,
This council of the elders of our land.

Enter CREON.

CREON. My friends, for what concerns our commonwealth,
The Gods who vexed it with the billowing storms
Have righted it again; and I have sent,
By special summons, calling you to come
Apart from all the others. This, in part,
As knowing ye did all along uphold
The might of Laios' throne, in part again,
Because when Œdipus our country ruled,
And, when he perished, then towards his sons
Ye still were faithful in your steadfast mind.
And since they fell, as by a double death,
Both on the selfsame day with murderous blow,
Smiting and being smitten, now I hold
Their thrones and all their power of sov'reignty
By nearness of my kindred to the dead.
And hard it is to learn what each man is,
In heart and mind and judgment, till he gain
Experience in princedom and in laws.
For me, whoe'er is called to guide a State,
And does not catch at counsels wise and good,
But holds his peace through any fear of man,
I deem him basest of all men that are,
And so have deemed long since; and whosoe'er
As worthier than his country counts his friend,
I utterly despise him. I myself,
Zeus be my witness, who beholdeth all,
Would not keep silence, seeing danger come,
Instead of safety, to my subjects true.
Nor could I take as friend my country's foe;
For this I know, that there our safety lies,
And sailing while the good ship holds her course,
We gather friends around us. By these rules
And such as these do I maintain the State.
And now I come, with edicts, close allied
To these in spirit, for my citizens,
Concerning those two sons of Œdipus.
Eteocles, who died in deeds of might
Illustrious, fighting for our fatherland,
To honour him with sepulture, all rites
Duly performed that to the noblest dead
Of right belong. Not so his brother; him
I speak of, Polyneikes, who, returned
From exile, sought with fire to desolate
His father's city and the shrines of Gods,
Yes, sought to glut his rage with blood of men,
And lead them captives to the bondslave's doom;
Him I decree that none shall dare entomb,
That none shall utter wail or loud lament,
But leave his corpse unburied, by the dogs
And vultures mangled, foul to look upon.
Such is my purpose. Ne'er, if I can help,
Shall the vile have more honour than the just;
But whoso shows himself my country's friend,
Living or dead, from me shall honour gain.

CHOR. This is thy pleasure, O Menœkeus' son,
For him who hated, him who loved our State;
And thou hast power to make what laws thou wilt,
Both for the dead and all for us who live.

CREON. Be ye then guardians of the things I speak.

CHOR. Commit this task to one of younger years.

CREON. Nay, watchmen are appointed for the corpse.
CHOR. What other task then dost thou lay on us?
CREON. Not to consent with those that disobey.
CHOR. None are so foolish as to seek for death.
CREON. Yet that shall be the doom; but love of gain
Hath oft with false hopes lured men to their death.

Enter Guard.

GUARD. I will not say, O king, that I have come
Panting with speed, and plying nimble feet,
For I had many halting-points of thought,
Backwards and forwards turning, round and round:
For now my mind would give me sage advice;
"Poor wretch, why go where thou must bear the blame?
Or wilt thou tarry, fool? Shall Creon know
These things from others? How wilt thou 'scape grief?"
Revolving thus, I came in haste, yet slow,
And thus a short way finds itself prolonged;
But, last of all, to come to thee prevailed.
And though I tell of nought, yet I will speak;
For this one hope I cling to, might and main,
That I shall suffer nought but destiny.
CREON. What is it then that causes such dismay?
GUARD. First, for mine own share in it, this I say,
The deed I did not, do not know who did,
Nor should I rightly come to ill for it.
CREON. Thou feel'st thy way and fencest up thy deed
All round and round. 'Twould seem thou hast some news.
GUARD. Yea, news of fear engenders long delay.
CREON. Wilt thou not speak, and then depart in peace?
GUARD. Well, speak I will. The corpse . . . Some one has been
But now and buried it, a little dust
O'er the skin scattering, with the wonted rites.
CREON. What say'st thou? What man dared this deed of guilt?
GUARD. I know not. Neither was there stroke of axe,
Nor earth cast up by mattock. All the soil
Was dry and hard, no track of chariot wheel;
But he who did it went and left no sign.
And when the first day-watchman showed it us,
The sight caused wonder and sore grief to all;
For he had disappeared: no tomb indeed
Was over him, but dust all lightly strown,
As by some hand that shunned defiling guilt;
And no sign was there of wild beast or dog
Having come and torn him. Evil words arose
Among us, guard to guard imputing blame,
Which might have come to blows, and none was there
To check its course, for each to each appeared
The man whose hand had done it. Yet not one
Had it brought home, but each disclaimed all knowledge;
And we were ready in our hands to take
Bars of hot iron, and to walk through fire,
And call the Gods to witness none of us
Were privy to his schemes who planned the deed,
Nor his who wrought it. Then at last, when nought
Was gained by all our searching, some one speaks,
Who made us bend our gaze upon the ground
In fear and trembling: for we neither saw
How to oppose it, nor, accepting it,
How we might prosper in it. And his speech
Was this, that all our tale should go to thee,
Not hushed up anywise. This gained the day;
And me, ill-starred, the lot condemns to win
This precious prize. So here I come to thee
Against my will; and surely do I trow
Thou dost not wish to see me. Still 'tis true
That no man loves the messenger of ill.
CHOR. For me, my prince, my mind some time has thought
If this perchance has some divine intent.
CREON. Cease then, before thou fillest me with wrath,
Lest thou be found, though full of years, a fool.
For what thou say'st is most intolerable,
That for this corpse the providence of Gods

Has any care. What! have they buried him,
As to their patron paying honours high,
Who came to waste their columned shrines with fire,
To desecrate their offerings and their lands,
And all their wonted customs? Dost thou see
The Gods approving men of evil deeds?
It is not so; but men of rebel mood,
Lifting their head in secret long ago,
Still murmured thus against me. Never yet
Had they their neck beneath the yoke, content
To bear it with submission. They, I know,
Have bribed these men to let the deed be done.
No thing in use by man, for power of ill,
Can equal money. This lays cities low,
This drives men forth from quiet dwelling-place,
This warps and changes minds of worthiest stamp,
To turn to deeds of baseness, teaching men
All shifts of cunning, and to know the guilt
Of every impious deed. But they who, hired,
Have wrought this crime, have laboured to their cost,
Or soon or late to pay the penalty.
But if Zeus still claims any awe from me,
Know this, and with an oath I tell it thee,
Unless ye find the very man whose hand
Has wrought this burial, and before mine eyes
Present him captive, death shall not suffice,
Till first, hung up still living, ye shall show
The story of this outrage that henceforth,
Knowing what gain is lawful, ye may grasp
At that, and learn it is not meet to love
Gain from all quarters. By base profit won
You will see more destroyed than prospering.

GUARD. May I then speak? Or shall I turn and go?

CREON. See'st not e'en yet how vexing are thy words?

GUARD. Is it thine ears they trouble, or thy soul?

CREON. Why dost thou gauge my trouble where it is?

GUARD. The door grieves thy heart, but I thine ears.

CREON. Pshaw! what a babbler, born to prate art thou!

GUARD. May be; yet I this deed, at least, did not.

CREON. Yes, and for money; selling e'en thy soul.

GUARD. Ah me!
How dire it is, in thinking, false to think!

CREON. Prate about thinking: but unless ye show
To me the doers, ye shall say ere long
That scoundrel gains still work their punishment.

Exit.

GUARD. God send we find him! Should we find him not,
As well may be, (for this must chance decide,)
You will not see me coming here again;
For now, being safe beyond all hope of mine,
Beyond all thought, I owe the Gods much thanks.

Exit.

STROPHE I

CHOR. Many the forms of life,
Wondrous and strange to see,
But nought than man appears
More wondrous and more strange.
He, with the wintry gales,
O'er the white foaming sea,
'Mid wild waves surging round,
Wendeth his way across:
Earth, of all Gods, from ancient days the first,
Unworn and undecayed.
He, with his ploughs that travel o'er and o'er,
Furrowing with horse and mule,
Wears ever year by year.

ANTISTROPHE I

The thoughtless tribe of birds,
The beasts that roam the fields,
The brood in sea-depths born,
He takes them all in nets
Knotted in snaring mesh.
Man, wonderful in skill.
And by his subtle arts
He holds in sway the beasts
That roam the fields, or tread the mountain's height;
And brings the binding yoke
Upon the neck of horse with shaggy mane,
Or bull on mountain crest,
Untameable in strength.

STROPHE II

And speech, and thought as swift as wind,
And tempered mood for higher life of states,
These he has learnt, and how to flee
Or the clear cold of frost unkind,
Or darts of storm and shower,
Man all-providing. Unprovided, he
Meeteth no chance the coming days may bring;
Only from Hades, still
He fails to find escape,
Though skill of art may teach him how to flee
From depths of fell disease incurable.

ANTISTROPHE II

So, gifted with a wondrous might,
Above all fancy's dreams, with skill to plan,
Now unto evil, now to good,
He turns. While holding fast the laws,
His country's sacred rights,
That rest upon the oath of Gods on high,
High in the State: an outlaw from the State,
When loving, in his pride,
The thing that is not good;
Ne'er may he share my hearth, nor yet my thoughts,
Who worketh deeds of evil like to this.

Enter Guards, bringing in ANTIGONE.

As to this portent which the Gods have sent,
I stand in doubt. Can I, who know her, say
That this is not the maid Antigone?
O wretched one of wretched father born,
Thou child of Œdipus,
What means this? Surely 'tis not that they bring
Thee as a rebel 'gainst the king's decree,
And taken in the folly of thine act?

GUARD. Yes! She it was by whom the deed was done.
We found her burying. Where is Creon, pray?

CHOR. Back from his palace comes he just in time.

Enter CREON.

CREON. What chance is this, with which my coming fits?

GUARD. Men, O my king, should pledge themselves to nought;
For cool reflection makes their purpose void.
I surely thought I should be slow to come here,
Cowed by thy threats, which then fell thick on me;
But now persuaded by the sweet delight
Which comes unlooked for, and beyond our hopes,
I come, although I swore the contrary,
Bringing this maiden, whom in act we found
Decking the grave. No need for lots was now;
The prize was mine, and not another man's.
And now, O king, take her, and as thou wilt,
Judge and convict her. I can claim a right
To wash my hands of all this troublous coil.

CREON. How and where was it that ye seized and brought her?

GUARD. She was in act of burying. Thou knowest all.

CREON. Dost know and rightly speak the tale thou tell'st?

GUARD. I saw her burying that self-same corpse
Thou bad'st us not to bury. Speak I clear?

CREON. How was she seen, and taken in the act?

GUARD. The matter passed as follows:—When we came,
With all those dreadful threats of thine upon us,
Sweeping away the dust which, lightly spread,
Covered the corpse, and laying stript and bare
The tainted carcase, on the hill we sat
To windward, shunning the infected air,
Each stirring up his fellow with strong words,
If any shirked his duty. This went on
Some time, until the glowing orb of day
Stood in mid heaven, and the scorching heat
Fell on us. Then a sudden whirlwind rose,
A scourge from heaven, raising squalls on earth,
And filled the plain, the leafage stripping bare
Of all the forest, and the air's vast space
Was thick and troubled, and we closed our eyes,
Until the plague the Gods had sent was past,
And when it ceased, a weary time being gone,
The girl is seen, and with a bitter cry,
Shrill as a bird's, when it beholds its nest
All emptied of its infant brood, she wails:

Thus she, when she beholds the corpse all stript,
Groaned loud with many moanings, and she called
Fierce curses down on those who did the deed.
And in her hand she brings some fine, dry dust,
And from a vase of bronze, well wrought, up-raised,
She pours the three libations o'er the dead.
And we, beholding, give her chase forthwith,
And run her down, nought terrified at us.
And then we charged her with the former deed,
As well as this. And nothing she denied.
But this to me both bitter is and sweet,
For to escape one's-self from ill is sweet,
But to bring friends to trouble, this is hard
And painful. Yet my nature bids me count
Above all these things safety for myself.

CREON. [*To* ANTIGONE.] Thou, then—yes, thou, who bend'st thy face to earth—
Confessest thou, or dost deny the deed?

ANTIG. I own I did it, and will not deny.

CREON. [*To Guard.*] Go thou thy way, where'er thy will may choose,
Freed from a weighty charge.

Exit Guard.

[*To* ANTIGONE.] And now for thee.
Say in few words, not lengthening out thy speech,
Knew'st thou the edicts which forbade these things?

ANTIG. I knew them. Could I fail? Full clear were they.

CREON. And thou did'st dare to disobey these laws?

ANTIG. Yes, for it was not Zeus who gave them forth,
Nor Justice, dwelling with the Gods below,
Who traced these laws for all the sons of men;
Nor did I deem thy edicts strong enough,
That thou, a mortal man, should'st over-pass
The unwritten laws of God that know not change.
They are not of to-day nor yesterday,
But live for ever, nor can man assign
When first they sprang to being. Not through fear
Of any man's resolve was I prepared
Before the Gods to bear the penalty
Of sinning against these. That I should die
I knew, (how should I not?) though thy decree
Had never spoken. And, before my time
If I shall die, I reckon this a gain;
For whoso lives, as I, in many woes,
How can it be but he shall gain by death?
And so for me to bear this doom of thine
Has nothing painful. But, if I had left
My mother's son unburied on his death,
In that I should have suffered; but in this
I suffer not. And should I seem to thee
To do a foolish deed, 'tis simply this,—
I bear the charge of folly from a fool.

CHOR. The maiden's stubborn will, of stubborn sire
The offspring shows itself. She knows not yet
To yield to evils.

CREON. Know then, minds too stiff
Most often stumble, and the rigid steel
Baked in the furnace, made exceeding hard,
Thou see'st most often split and shivered lie;
And I have known the steeds of fiery mood
With a small curb subdued. It is not meet
That one who lives in bondage to his neighbours
Should think too proudly. Wanton outrage then
This girl first learnt, transgressing these my laws;
But this, when she has done it, is again
A second outrage, over it to boast,
And laugh as having done it. Surely, then,
She is the man, not I, if, all unscathed,
Such deeds of might are hers. But be she child
Of mine own sister, or of one more near
Than all the kith and kin of Household Zeus,
She and her sister shall not 'scape a doom
Most foul and shameful; for I charge her, too,
With having planned this deed of sepulture.
Go ye and call her. 'Twas but now within
I saw her raving, losing self-command.
And still the mind of those who in the dark
Plan deeds of evil is the first to fail,
And so convicts itself of secret guilt.
But most I hate when one found out in guilt
Will seek to gloze and brave it to the end.

ANTIG. And dost thou seek aught else beyond my death?

CREON. Nought else for me. That gaining, I gain all.
ANTIG. Why then delay? Of all thy words not one
Pleases me now, (and may it never please!)
And so all mine must grate upon thine ears.
And yet how could I higher glory gain
Than placing my true brother in his tomb?
There is not one of these but would confess
It pleases them, did fear not seal their lips.
The tyrant's might in much besides excels,
And it may do and say whate'er it will.
CREON. Of all the race of Cadmos thou alone
Look'st thus upon the deed.
ANTIG. They see it too
As I do, but their tongue is tied for thee.
CREON. Art not ashamed against their thoughts to think?
ANTIG. There is nought base in honouring our own blood.
CREON. And was he not thy kin who fought against him?
ANTIG. Yea, brother, of one father and one mother.
CREON. Why then give honour which dishonours him?
ANTIG. The dead below will not repeat thy words.
CREON. Yes, if thou give like honour to the godless.
ANTIG. It was his brother, not his slave that died.
CREON. Wasting this land, while *he* died fighting for it.
ANTIG. Yet Hades still craves equal rites for all.
CREON. The good craves not the portion of the bad.
ANTIG. Who knows if this be holy deemed below?
CREON. Not even when he dies can foe be friend.
ANTIG. My nature leads to sharing love, not hate.
CREON. Go then below; and if thou must have love,
Love them. While I live, women shall not rule.

Enter ISMENE, *led in by Attendants.*

CHOR. And, lo! Ismene at the gate
Comes shedding tears of sisterly regard,
And o'er her brow a gathering cloud
Mars the deep roseate blush,
Bedewing her fair cheek.
CREON. [*To* ISMENE.] And thou who, creeping as a viper creeps,
Did'st drain my life in secret, and I knew not
That I was rearing two accursèd ones,
Subverters of my throne,—come, tell me, then,
Wilt thou confess thou took'st thy part in this,
Or wilt thou swear thou did'st not know of it?
ISM. I did the deed, if she did, go with her.
Yes, share the guilt, and bear an equal blame.
ANTIG. Nay, justice will not suffer this, for thou
Did'st not consent, nor did I let thee join.
ISM. Nay, in thy troubles, I am not ashamed
In the same boat with thee to share thy fate.
ANTIG. Who did it, Hades knows, and those below:
I do not love a friend who loves in words.
ISM. Do not, my sister, put me to such shame,
As not to let me join in death with thee,
And so to pay due reverence to the dead.
ANTIG. Share not my death, nor make thine own this deed
Thou had'st no hand in. My death shall suffice.
ISM. What life to me is sweet, bereaved of thee?
ANTIG. Ask Creon there, since thou o'er him dost watch.
ISM. Why vex me so, in nothing bettered by it?
ANTIG. 'Tis pain indeed, to laugh my laugh at thee.
ISM. But now, at least, how may I profit thee?
ANTIG. Save thou thyself. I grudge not thy escape.
ISM. Ah, woe is me! and must I miss thy fate?
ANTIG. Thou mad'st thy choice to live, and I to die.
ISM. 'Twas not because I failed to speak my thoughts.
ANTIG. To these did'st thou, to those did I seem wise.
ISM. And yet the offence is equal in us both.

ANTIG. Take courage. Thou dost live. My soul long since
Hath died to render service to the dead.
CREON. Of these two girls, the one goes mad but now,
The other ever since her life began.
ISM. E'en so, O king; no mind that ever lived
Stands firm in evil days, but goes astray.
CREON. Thine did, when, with the vile, vile deeds thou choosest.
ISM. How could I live without her presence here?
CREON. Speak not of presence. She is here no more.
ISM. And wilt thou slay thy son's betrothèd bride?
CREON. Full many a field there is which he may plough.
ISM. None like that plighted troth 'twixt him and her.
CREON. Wives that are vile I love not for my sons.
ISM. Ah, dearest Hæmon, how thy father shames thee!
CREON. Thou with that marriage dost but vex my soul.
CHOR. And wilt thou rob thy son of her he loved?
CREON. 'Tis Death, not I, shall break the marriage off.
CHOR. Her doom is fixed, it seems, then. She must die.
CREON. Fixed, yes, by me and thee. No more delay,
Lead them within, ye slaves. These must be kept
Henceforth as women, suffered not to roam;
For even boldest natures shrink in fear
When they see Hades overshadowing life.

Exeunt Guards with ANTIGONE *and* ISMENE.

STROPHE I

CHOR. Blessed are those whose life no woe doth taste!
For unto those whose house
The Gods have shaken, nothing fails of curse
Or woe, that creeps to generations far.
E'en thus a wave, (when spreads,
With blasts from Thrakian coasts,
The darkness of the deep,)
Up from the sea's abyss
Hither and thither rolls the black sand on,
And every jutting peak,
Swept by the storm-wind's strength,
Lashed by the fierce wild waves,
Re-echoes with the far-resounding roar.

ANTISTROPHE I

I see the woes that smote, in ancient days,
The seed of Labdacos,
Who perished long ago, with grief on grief
Still falling, nor does this age rescue that;
Some God still smites it down,
Nor have they any end:
For now there rose a gleam,
Over the last weak shoots,
That sprang from out the race of Œdipus;
Yet this the blood-stained scythe
Of those that reign below
Cuts off relentlessly,
And maddened speech, and frenzied rage of heart.

STROPHE II

Thy power, O Zeus, what haughtiness of man,
Yea, what can hold in check?
Which neither sleep, that maketh all things old,
Nor the long months of Gods that never fail,
Can for a moment seize.
But still as Lord supreme,
Waxing not old with time,
Thou dwellest in Thy sheen of radiancy
On far Olympos' height.
Through future near or far as through the past,
One law holds ever good,
Nought comes to life of man unscathed throughout by woe.

ANTISTROPHE II

For hope to many comes in wanderings wild,
A solace and support;
To many as a cheat of fond desires,
And creepeth still on him who knows it not,
Until he burn his foot
Within the scorching flame.
Full well spake one of old,
That evil ever seems to be as good
To those whose thoughts of heart
God leadeth unto woe,
And without woe, he spends but shortest space of time.

And here comes Hæmon, last of all thy sons:
Comes he bewailing sore

The fate of her who should have been his bride,
The maid Antigone,
Grieving o'er vanished joys?

Enter HÆMON.

CREON. Soon we shall know much more than seers can tell
Surely thou dost not come, my son, to rage
Against thy father, hearing his decree,
Fixing her doom who should have been thy bride;
Or dost thou love us still, whate'er we do?
HÆMON. My father, I am thine; and thou dost guide
With thy wise counsels, which I gladly follow.
No marriage weighs one moment in the scales
With me, while thou dost guide my steps aright.
CREON. This thought, my son, should dwell within thy breast,
That all things stand below a father's will;
For so men pray that they may rear and keep
Obedient offspring by their hearths and homes,
That they may both requite their father's foes,
And pay with him like honours to his friend.
But he who reareth sons that profit not,
What could one say of him but this, that he
Breeds his own sorrow, laughter to his foes?
Lose not thy reason, then, my son, o'ercome
By pleasure, for a woman's sake, but know,
A cold embrace is that to have at home
A worthless wife, the partner of thy bed.
What ulcerous sore is worse than one we love
Who proves all worthless? No! with loathing scorn,
As hateful to thee, let that girl go wed
A spouse in Hades. Taken in the act
I found her, her alone of all the State,
Rebellious. And I will not make myself
False to the State. She dies. So let her call
On Zeus, the lord of kindred. If I rear
Of mine own stock things foul and orderless,
I shall have work enough with those without,
For he who in the life of home is good
Will still be seen as just in things of state;
I should be sure that man would govern well,
And know well to be governed, and would stand
In war's wild storm, on his appointed post,
A just and good defender. But the man
Who by transgressions violates the laws,
Or thinks to bid the powers that be obey,
He must not hope to gather praise from me.
No! we must follow whom the State appoints
In things or just and trivial, or, may be,
The opposite of these. For anarchy
Is our worst evil, brings our commonwealth
To utter ruin, lays whole houses low,
In battle strife hurls firm allies in flight;
But they who yield to guidance—these shall find
Obedience saves most men. Thus help should come
To what our rulers order; least of all
Ought men to bow before a woman's sway.
Far better, if it must be so, to fall
By a man's hand, than thus to bear reproach,
By woman conquered.
CHOR. Unto us, O king,
Unless our years have robbed us of our wit,
Thou seemest to say wisely what thou say'st.
HÆM. The Gods, my father, have bestowed on man
His reason, noblest of all earthly gifts;
And that thou speakest wrongly these thy words
I cannot say, (God grant I ne'er know how
Such things to utter!) yet another's thoughts
May have some reason. 'Tis my lot to watch
What each man says or does, or blames in thee,
For dread thy face to one of low estate,
Who speaks what thou wilt not rejoice to hear.
But I can hear the things in darkness said,
How the whole city wails this maiden's fate,
As one "who of all women most unjustly,
For noblest deed must die the foulest death,
Who her own brother, fallen in the fray,
Would neither leave unburied, nor expose
To carrion dogs, or any bird of prey,
May she not claim the meed of golden praise?"
Such is the whisper that in secret runs
All darkling. And for me, my father, nought
Is dearer than thy welfare. What can be
A nobler prize of honour for the son
Than a sire's glory, or for sire than son's?

I pray thee, then, wear not one mood alone,
That what thou say'st is right, and nought but that;
For he who thinks that he alone is wise,
His mind and speech above what others have,
Such men when searched are mostly empty found.
But for a man to learn, though he be wise,
Yea to learn much, and know the time to yield,
Brings no disgrace. When winter floods the streams,
Thou see'st the trees that bend before the storm,
Save their last twigs, while those that will not yield
Perish with root and branch. And when one hauls
Too tight the mainsail rope, and will not slack,
He has to end his voyage with deck o'erturned.
Do thou then yield; permit thyself to change.
Young though I be, if any prudent thought
Be with me, I at least will dare assert
The higher worth of one, who, come what will,
Is full of knowledge. If that may not be
(For nature is not wont to take that bent,)
'Tis good to learn from those who counsel well.

CHOR. My king! 'tis fit that thou should'st learn from him,
If he speaks words in season; and, in turn,
That thou [*to* HÆMON] should'st learn of him, for both speak well.

CREON. Shall we at our age stoop to learn from him,
Young as he is, the lesson to be wise?

HÆM. Learn nought thou should'st not learn. And if I'm young,
Thou should'st my deeds and not my years consider.

CREON. Is that thy deed to reverence rebel souls?

HÆM. I would bid none waste reverence on the base.

CREON. Has not that girl been seized with that disease?

HÆM. The men of Thebes with one accord say, No.

CREON. And will my subjects tell us how to rule?

HÆM. Dost thou not see thou speakest like a boy?

CREON. Must I then rule for others than myself?

HÆM. That is no State which hangs on one man's will.

CREON. Is not the State deemed his who governs it?

HÆM. Brave rule! Alone, and o'er an empty land!

CREON. This boy, it seems, will be his bride's ally.

HÆM. If thou art she, for thou art all my care.

CREON. Basest of base, against thy father pleading!

HÆM. Yea, for I see thee sin a grievous sin.

CREON. And do I sin revering mine own sway?

HÆM. Thou show'st no reverence, trampling on God's laws.

CREON. O guilty soul, by woman's craft beguiled!

HÆM. Thou wilt not find me slave unto the base.

CREON. Thy every word is still on her behalf.

HÆM. Yea, and on thine and mine, and theirs below.

CREON. Be sure thou shalt not wed her while she lives.

HÆM. Then she must die, and, dying, others slay.

CREON. And dost thou dare to come to me with threats?

HÆM. Is it a threat against vain thoughts to speak?

CREON. Thou to thy cost shalt teach me wisdom's ways,
Thyself in wisdom wanting.

HÆM. I would say
Thou wast unwise, if thou wert not my father.

CREON. Thou woman's slave, I say, prate on no more.

HÆM. Wilt thou then speak, and, speaking, listen not?

CREON. Nay, by Olympos! Thou shalt not go free
To flout me with reproaches. Lead her out
Whom my soul hates, that she may die forthwith
Before mine eyes, and near her bridegroom here.

HÆM. No! Think it not! Near me she shall not die,
And thou shalt never see my face alive,
That thou may'st storm at those who like to yield.

Exit.

CHOR. The man has gone, O king, in hasty mood.
A mind distressed in youth is hard to bear.
CREON. Let him do what he will, and bear himself
As more than man, he shall not save those girls.
CHOR. What! Dost thou mean to slay them both alike?
CREON. Not her who touched it not; there thou say'st well.
CHOR. What form of death mean'st thou to slay her with?
CREON. Leading her on to where the desert path
Is loneliest, there alive, in rocky cave
Will I immure her, just so much of food
Before her set as may avert pollution,
And save the city from the guilt of blood;
And there, invoking Hades, whom alone
Of all the Gods she worships, she, perchance,
Shall gain escape from death, or then shall know
That Hades-worship is but labour lost.

Exit.

STROPHE

CHOR. O Love, in every battle victor owned;
Love, rushing on thy prey,
Now on a maiden's soft and blooming cheek,
In secret ambush hid;
Now o'er the broad sea wandering at will,
And now in shepherd's folds;
Of all the Undying Ones none 'scape from thee,
Nor yet of mortal men
Whose lives are measured as a fleeting day;
And who has thee is frenzied in his soul.

ANTISTROPHE

Thou makest vile the purpose of the just,
To his own fatal harm;
Thou hast stirred up this fierce and deadly strife,
Of men of nearest kin;
The charm of eyes of bride beloved and fair
Is crowned with victory,
And dwells on high among the powers that rule,
Equal with holiest laws;
For Aphrodite, she whom none subdues,
Sports in her might and majesty divine,

I, even I, am borne
Beyond the appointed laws;
I look on this, and cannot stay
The fountain of my tears.
For, lo! I see her, see Antigone
Wend her sad, lonely way
To that bride-chamber where we all must lie.
ANTIG. Behold, O men of this my father-land,
I wend my last lone way,
Seeing the last sunbeam, now and nevermore;
He leads me yet alive,
Hades that welcomes all,
To Acheron's dark shore,
With neither part nor lot
In marriage festival,
Nor hath the marriage hymn
Been sung for me as bride,
But I shall be the bride of Acheron.
CHOR. And hast thou not all honour, worthiest praise,
Who goest to the home that hides the dead,
Not smitten by the sickness that decays,
Nor by the sharp sword's need,
But of thine own free will, in fullest life,
Alone of mortals, thus
To Hades tak'st thy way?
ANTIG. I heard of old her pitiable end,
On Sipylos' high crag,
The Phrygian stranger from a far land come,
Whom Tantalos begat;
Whom growth of rugged rock,
Clinging as ivy clings,
Subdued, and made its own:
And now, so runs the tale,
There, as she melts in shower,
The snow abideth aye,
And still bedews yon cliffs that lie below
Those brows that ever weep.
With fate like hers God brings me to my rest.
CHOR. A Goddess she, and of the high Gods born;
And we are mortals, born of mortal seed.
And lo! for one who liveth but to die,

To gain like doom with those of heavenly race,
Is great and strange to hear.
ANTIG. Ye mock me then. Alas! Why wait ye not,
By all our fathers' Gods, I ask of you,
Till I have passed away,
But flout me while I live?
O city that I love,
O men that claim as yours
That city stored with wealth,
O Dirkè, fairest fount,
O grove of Thebes, that boasts her chariot host,
I bid you witness all,
How, with no friends to weep,
By what stern laws condemned,
I go to that strong dungeon of the tomb,
For burial strange, ah me!
Nor dwelling with the living, nor the dead.
CHOR. Forward and forward still to farthest verge
Of daring hast thou gone,
And now, O child, thou hast rushed violently
Where Right erects her throne;
Surely thou payest to the uttermost
Thy father's debt of guilt.
ANTIG. Ah! thou hast touched the quick of all my grief,
The thrice-told tale of all my father's woe,
The fate which dogs us all,
The old Labdakid race of ancient fame.
Woe for the curses dire
Of that defilèd bed,
With foulest incest stained,
My mother's with my sire,
Whence I myself have sprung, most miserable.
And now, I go to them,
To sojourn in the grave,
Accursèd, and unwed;
Ah, brother, thou did'st find
Thy marriage fraught with ill,
And thou, though dead, hast smitten down my life.
CHOR. Acts reverent and devout
May claim devotion's name,
But power, in one to whom power comes as trust,
May never be defied;
And thee, thy stubborn mood,
Self-chosen, layeth low.
ANTIG. Unwept, without a friend,
Unwed, and whelmed in woe,
I journey on this road that open lies.
No more shall it be mine (O misery!)
To look upon yon daylight's holy eye;
And yet, of all my friends,
Not one bewails my fate,
No kindly tear is shed.

Enter CREON.

CREON. And know ye not, if men have leave to speak
Their songs and wailings thus to stave off death,
That they will never stop? Lead, lead her on,
Without delay, and, as I said, immure
In yon cavernous tomb, and then depart.
Leave her to choose, or drear and lonely death,
Or, living, in the tomb to find her home.
Our hands are clean in all that touches her;
But she no more shall dwell on earth with us.
ANTIG. [*Turning towards the cavern.*] O tomb, my bridal chamber, vaulted home.
Guarded right well for ever, where I go
To join mine own, of whom the greater part
Among the dead doth Persephassa hold;
And I, of all the last and saddest, wend
My way below, life's little span unfilled.
And yet I go, and feed myself with hopes
That I shall meet them, by my father loved,
Dear to my mother, well-beloved of thee,
Thou darling brother: I, with these my hands,
Washed each dear corpse, arrayed you, poured libations,
In rites of burial; and in care for thee,
Thy body, Polyneikes, honouring,
I gain this recompense. [And yet in sight
Of all that rightly judge the deed was good;
I had not done it had I come to be
A mother with her children,—had not dared,
Though 'twere a husband dead that mouldered there,
Against my country's will to bear this toil.
And am I asked what law constrained me thus?
I answer, had I lost a husband dear,
I might have had another; other sons
By other spouse, if one were lost to me;
But when my father and my mother sleep
In Hades, then no brother more can come.
And therefore, giving thee the foremost place,
I seemed in Creon's eyes, O brother dear,

To sin in boldest daring. Therefore now
He leads me, having taken me by force,
Cut off from marriage bed and marriage song,
Untasting wife's true joy, or mother's bliss,
With infant at her breast, but all forlorn,
Bereaved of friends, in utter misery,
Alive, I tread the chambers of the dead.]
What law of Heaven have I transgressed against?
What use for me, ill-starred one, still to look
To any God for succour, or to call
On any friend for aid? For holiest deed
I bear this charge of rank unholiness.
If acts like these the Gods on high approve,
We, taught by pain, shall own that we have sinned;
But if these sin, [*looking at* CREON] I pray they suffer not
Worse evils than the wrongs they do to me.

CHOR. Still do the same wild blasts
Vex her who standeth there.

CREON. Therefore shall these her guards
Weep sore for this delay.

CHOR. Ah me! this word of thine
Tells of death drawing nigh.

CREON. I cannot bid thee hope
For other end than this.

ANTIG. O citadel of Thebes, my native land,
Ye Gods of ancient days,
I go, and linger not.
Behold me, O ye senators of Thebes,
The last, lone scion of the kingly race,
What things I suffer, and from whom they come,
Revering still the laws of reverence.

Guards lead ANTIGONE *away.*

STROPHE I

CHOR. So did the form of Danae bear of old,
In brazen palace hid,
To lose the light of heaven,
And in her tomb-like chamber was enclosed:
Yet she, O child, was noble in her race,
And well she stored the golden shower of Zeus.
But great and dread the might of Destiny;
Nor kingly wealth, nor war,
Nor tower, nor dark-hulled ships
Beaten by waves, escape.

ANTISTROPHE I

So too was shut, enclosed in dungeon cave,
Bitter and fierce in mood,
The son of Dryas, king
Of yon Edonian tribes, for vile reproach,
By Dionysos' hands, and so his strength
And soul o'ermad wastes drop by drop away,
And so he learnt that he, against the God,
Spake his mad words of scorn;
For he the Mænad throng
And bright fire fain had stopped,
And roused the Muses' wrath.

STROPHE II

And by the double sea of those Dark Rocks
Are shores of Bosporos,
And Thrakian isle, as Salmydessos known,
Where Ares, whom they serve,
God of the region round,
Saw the dire, blinding wound,
That smote the twin-born sons
Of Phineus by relentless step-dame's hand,—
Dark wound, on dark-doomed eyes,
Not with the stroke of sword,
But blood-stained hands, and point of spindle sharp.

ANTISTROPHE II

And they in misery, miserable fate,
Wasting away, wept sore,
Born of a mother wedded with a curse,
And she who claimed descent
From men of ancient fame,
The old Erechtheid race,
Amid her father's winds,
Daughter of Boreas, in far distant caves
Was reared, a child of Gods,
Swift moving as the steed
O'er lofty crag, and yet
The ever-living Fates bore hard on her.

Enter TEIRESIAS, *guided by a Boy.*

TEIR. Princes of Thebes, we come as travellers joined,
One seeing for both, for still the blind must use
A guide's assistance to direct his steps.

CREON. And what new thing, Teiresias, brings thee here?

TEIR. I'll tell thee, and do thou the seer obey.

CREON. Of old I was not wont to slight thy thoughts.

TEIR. So did'st thou steer our city's course full well.
CREON. I bear my witness from good profit gained.
TEIR. Know, then, thou walk'st on fortune's razor-edge.
CREON. What means this? How I shudder at thy speech!
TEIR. Soon shalt thou know, as thou dost hear the signs
Of my dread art. For sitting, as of old,
Upon my ancient seat of augury,
Where every bird finds haven, lo! I hear
Strange cry of winged creatures, shouting shrill,
With inarticulate passion, and I knew
That they were tearing each the other's flesh
With bloody talons, for their whirring wings
Made that quite clear: and straightway I, in fear,
Made trial of the sacrifice that lay
On fiery altar. And Hephæstos' flame
Shone not from out the offering; but there oozed
Upon the ashes, trickling from the bones,
A moisture, and it smouldered, and it spat,
And, lo! the gall was scattered to the air,
And forth from out the fat that wrapped them round
The thigh-bones fell. Such omens of decay
From holy sacrifice I learnt from him,
This boy, who now stands here, for he is still
A guide to me, as I to others am.
And all this evil falls upon the State,
From out thy counsels; for our altars all,
Our sacred hearths are full of food for dogs
And birds unclean, the flesh of that poor wretch
Who fell, the son of Œdipus. And so
The Gods no more hear prayers of sacrifice,
Nor own the flame that burns the victim's limbs;
Nor do the birds give cry of omen good,
But feed on carrion of a slaughtered corpse.
Think thou on this, my son: to err, indeed,
Is common unto all, but having erred,
He is no longer reckless or unblest,
Who, having fallen into evil, seeks
For healing, nor continues still unmoved.
Self-will must bear the charge of stubbornness:
Yield to the dead, and outrage not a corpse.
What prowess is it fallen foes to slay?
Good counsel give I, planning good for thee,
And of all joys the sweetest is to learn
From one who speaketh well, should that bring gain.
CREON. Old man, as archers aiming at their mark,
So ye shoot forth your venomed darts at me;
I know your augur's tricks, and by your tribe
Long since am tricked and sold. Yes, gain your gains,
Get Sardis' amber metal, Indian gold;
That corpse ye shall not hide in any tomb.
Not though the eagles, birds of Zeus, should bear
Their carrion morsels to the throne of God,
Not even fearing this pollution dire,
Will I consent to burial. Well I know
That man is powerless to pollute the Gods.
But many fall, Teiresias, dotard old,
A shameful fall, who gloze their shameful words
For lucre's sake, with surface show of good.
TEIR. Ah me! Does no man know, does none consider. . . ?
CREON. Consider what? What trite poor saw comes now?
TEIR. How far good counsel is of all things best?
CREON. So far, I trow, as folly is worst ill.
TEIR. Of that disease thy soul, alas! is full.
CREON. I will not meet a seer with evil words.
TEIR. Thou dost so, saying I divine with lies.
CREON. The race of seers is ever fond of gold.
TEIR. And that of tyrants still loves lucre foul.
CREON. Dost know thou speak'st thy words of those that rule?
TEIR. I know. Through me thou rul'st a city saved.
CREON. Wise seer art thou, yet given o'ermuch to wrong.
TEIR. Thou'lt stir me to speak out my soul's dread secrets.
CREON. Out with them; only speak them not for gain.
TEIR. So is 't, I trow, in all that touches thee.
CREON. Know that thou shalt not bargain with my will.

TEIR. Know, then, and know it well, that thou shalt see
Not many winding circuits of the sun,
Before thou giv'st as quittance for the dead,
A corpse by thee begotten; for that thou
Hast to the ground cast one that walked on earth,
And foully placed within a sepulchre
A living soul; and now thou keep'st from them,
The Gods below, the corpse of one unblest,
Unwept, unhallowed, and in these things thou
Can'st claim no part, nor yet the Gods above;
But they by thee are outraged; and they wait,
The sure though slow avengers of the grave,
The dread Erinnyes of the mighty Gods,
For thee in these same evils to be snared.
Search well if I say this as one who sells
His soul for money. Yet a little while,
And in thy house the wail of men and women
Shall make it plain. And every city stirs
Itself in arms against thee, owning those
Whose limbs the dogs have buried, or fierce wolves,
Or wingèd birds have brought the accursèd taint
To region consecrate. Doom like to this,
Sure darting as an arrow to its mark,
I launch at thee, (for thou dost vex me sore,)
An archer aiming at the very heart,
And thou shalt not escape its fiery sting.
And now, O boy, lead thou me home again,
That he may vent his spleen on younger men,
And learn to keep his tongue more orderly,
With better thoughts than this his present mood.
Exit.

CHOR. The man has gone, O king, predicting woe,
And well we know, since first our raven hair
Was mixed with grey, that never yet his words
Were uttered to our State and failed of truth.

CREON. I know it too, 'tis that that troubles me.
To yield is hard, but, holding out, to smite
One's soul with sorrow, this is harder still.

CHOR. We need wise counsel, O Menœkeus' son.

CREON. What shall I do? Speak thou, and I'll obey.

CHOR. Go then, and free the maiden from her tomb,
And give a grave to him who lies exposed.

CREON. Is this thy counsel? Dost thou bid me yield?

CHOR. Without delay, O king, for lo! they come,
The Gods' swift-footed ministers of ill,
And in an instant lay the self-willed low.

CREON. Ah me! 'tis hard; and yet I bend my will
To do thy bidding. With necessity
We must not fight at such o'erwhelming odds.

CHOR. Go then and act! Commit it not to others.

CREON. E'en as I am I'll go. Come, come, my men,
Present or absent, come, and in your hands
Bring axes: come to yonder eminence.
And I, since now my judgment leans that way,
Who myself bound her, now myself will loose,
Too much I fear lest it should wisest prove
Maintaining ancient laws to end my life.
Exit.

STROPHE I

CHOR. O Thou of many names,
Of that Cadmeian maid
The glory and the joy,
Whom Zeus as offspring owns,
Zeus, thundering deep and loud,
Who watchest over famed Italia,
And reign'st o'er all the bays that Deo claims
On fair Eleusis' coast.
Bacchos, who dwell'st in Thebes, the mother-town
Of all thy Bacchant train,
Along Ismenos' stream,
And with the dragon's brood;

ANTISTROPHE I

Thee, o'er the double peak
Of yonder height the blaze
Of flashing fire beholds,
Where nymphs of Corycos
Go forth in Bacchic dance,
And by the flowery stream of Castaly,
And Thee, the ivied slopes of Nysa's hills,
And vine-clad promontory,

(While words of more than mortal melody
Shout out the well-known name,)
Send forth, the guardian lord
Of the wide streets of Thebes.

STROPHE II

Above all cities Thou,
With her, thy mother whom the thunder slew,
Dost look on it with love;
And now, since all the city bendeth low
Beneath the sullen plague,
Come Thou with cleansing tread
O'er the Parnassian slopes,
Or o'er the moaning straits.

ANTISTROPHE II

O Thou, who lead'st the band,
The choral band of stars still breathing fire,
Lord of the hymns of night,
The child of highest Zeus; appear, O king,
With Thyian maidens wild,
Who all night long in dance,
With frenzied chorus sing
Thy praise, their lord, Iacchos.

Enter Messenger.

MESS. Ye men of Cadmos and Amphion's house,
I know no life of mortal man which I
Would either praise or blame. 'Tis Fortune's chance
That raiseth up, and Fortune bringeth low,
The man who lives in good or evil plight;
And prophet of men's future there is none.
For Creon, so I deemed, deserved to be
At once admired and envied, having saved
This land of Cadmos from the hands of foes;
And, having ruled with fullest sovereignty,
He lived and prospered, joyous in a race
Of goodly offspring. Now, all this is gone;
For when men lose the joys that sweeten life,
I cannot deem they live, but rather count
As if a breathing corpse. His heaped-up stores
Of wealth are large, so be it, and he lives
With all a sovereign's state; and yet, if joy
Be absent, all the rest I count as nought,
And would not weigh them against pleasure's charm,
More than a vapour's shadow.
CHOR. What is this?
What new disaster tell'st thou of our chiefs?
MESS. Dead are they, and the living cause their death.
CHOR. Who slays, and who is slaughtered? Tell thy tale.
MESS. Hæmon is dead, slain, weltering in his blood.
CHOR. By his own act, or by his father's hand?
MESS. His own, in wrath against his father's crime.
CHOR. O prophet! true, most true, those words of thine.
MESS. Since things stand thus, we well may counsel take.
CHOR. Lo! Creon's wife comes, sad Eurydike.
She from the house approaches, hearing speech
About her son, or else by accident.

Enter EURYDIKE.

EURYD. I on my way, my friends, as suppliant bound,
To pay my vows at Pallas' shrine, have heard
Your words, and so I chanced to draw the bolt
Of the half-opened door, when lo! a sound
Falls on my ears, of evil striking home,
And terror-struck I fall in deadly swoon
Back in my handmaids' arms; yet tell it me,
Tell the tale once again, for I shall hear,
By long experience disciplined to grief.
MESS. Dear lady, I will tell thee: I was by,
And will not leave one word of truth untold.
Why should we smooth and gloze, where all too soon
We should be found as liars? Truth is still
The only safety. Lo! I went with him,
Thy husband, in attendance, to the edge
Of yonder plain, where still all ruthlessly
The corpse of Polyneikes lay exposed,
Mangled by dogs. And, having prayed to her,
The Goddess of all pathways, and to Pluto,
To temper wrath with pity, him they washed
With holy washing; and what yet was left
We burnt in branches freshly cut, and heaped
A high-raised grave from out his native soil,
And then we entered on the stone-paved home,
Death's marriage-chamber for the ill-starred maid.

And some one hears, while standing yet afar,
Shrill voice of wailing near the bridal bower,
By funeral rites unhallowed, and he comes
And tells my master, Creon. On his ears,
Advancing nearer, falls a shriek confused
Of bitter sorrow, and with groaning loud,
He utters one sad cry, "Me miserable!
And am I then a prophet? Do I wend
This day the dreariest way of all my life?
My son's voice greets me. Go, my servants, go,
Quickly draw near, and standing by the tomb,
Search ye and see; and where the stone torn out
Shall make an opening, look ye in, and say
If I hear Hæmon's voice, or if my soul
Is cheated by the Gods." And then we searched,
As he, our master, in his frenzy bade us;
And, in the furthest corner of the vault,
We saw her hanging by her neck, with cord
Of linen threads entwined, and him we found
Clasping her form in passionate embrace,
And mourning o'er the doom that robbed him of her,
His father's deed, and that his marriage bed,
So full of woe. When Creon saw him there,
Groaning aloud in bitterness of heart,
He goes to him, and calls in wailing voice,
"Poor boy! what hast thou done? Hast thou then lost
Thy reason? In what evil sinkest thou?
Come forth, my child, on bended knee I ask thee."
And then the boy, with fierce, wild-gleaming eyes,
Glared at him, spat upon his face, and draws,
Still answering nought, the sharp two-handled sword.
Missing his aim, (his father from the blow
Turning aside,) in anger with himself,
The poor ill-doomed one, even as he was,
Fell on his sword, and drove it through his breast,
Full half its length, and clasping, yet alive,
The maiden's arm, still soft, he there breathes out
In broken gasps, upon her fair white cheek,
Swift stream of bloody shower. So they lie,
Dead bridegroom with dead bride, and he has gained,
Poor boy, his marriage rites in Hades home,
And left to all men witness terrible,
That man's worst ill is want of counsel wise.

Exit EURYDIKE.

CHOR. What dost thou make of this? She turneth back,
Before one word, or good or ill, she speaks.

MESS. I too am full of wonder. Yet with hopes
I feed myself, she will not think it meet,
Hearing her son's woes, openly to wail
Out in the town, but to her handmaids there
Will give command to wail her woe at home.
Too trained a judgment has she so to err.

CHOR. I know not. To my mind, or silence hard,
Or vain wild cries, are signs of bitter woe.

MESS. Soon we shall know, within the house advancing,
If, in the passion of her heart, she hides
A secret purpose. Truly dost thou speak;
There is a terror in that silence hard.

CHOR. [*Seeing* CREON *approaching with the corpse of* HÆMON *in his arms.*]
And lo! the king himself is drawing nigh,
And in his hands he bears a record clear,
No woe (if I may speak) by others caused,
Himself the great offender.

Enter CREON, *bearing* HÆMON'S *body.*

CREON. Woe! for the sins of souls of evil mood,
Stern, mighty to destroy!
O ye who look on those of kindred race,
The slayers and the slain,
Woe for mine own rash plans that prosper not!
Woe for thee, son; but new in life's career,
And by a new fate dying!
Woe! woe!
Thou diest, thou art gone,
Not by thine evil counsel, but by mine.

CHOR. Ah me! Too late thou seem'st to see the right.

CREON. Ah me!
I learn the grievous lesson. On my head,
God, pressing sore, hath smitten me and vexed,
In ways most rough and terrible, (Ah me!)
Shattering my joy, as trampled under foot.
Woe! woe! Man's labours are but labour lost.

Enter Second Messenger.

SEC. MESS. My master! thou, as one who hast full store,

One source of sorrow bearest in thine arms,
And others in thy house, too soon, it seems,
Thou need'st must come and see.
CREON. And what remains
Worse evil than the evils that we bear?
SEC. MESS. Thy wife is dead, that corpse's mother true,
Ill starred one, smitten with a blow just dealt.
CREON. O agony!
Haven of Death, that none may pacify,
Why dost thou thus destroy me?
[*Turning to* MESSENGER.] O thou who comest, bringing in thy train
Woes horrible to tell,
Thou tramplest on a man already slain.
What say'st thou? What new tidings bring'st to me?
Ah me! ah me!
Is it that now there waits in store for me
My own wife's death to crown my misery?
CHOR. Full clearly thou may'st see. No longer now
Does yon recess conceal her.

The gates open and show the dead body of EURYDIKE.

CREON. Woe is me!
This second ill I gaze on, miserable,
What fate, yea, what still lies in wait for me?
Here in my arms I bear what was my son;
And there, O misery! look upon the dead.
Ah, wretched mother! ah, my son! my son!
SEC. MESS. In frenzy wild she round the altar clung,
And closed her darkening eyelids, and bewailed
The noble fate of Megareus, who died
Long since, and then again that corpse thou hast;
And last of all she cried a bitter cry
Against thy deeds, the murderer of thy sons.
CREON. Woe! woe! alas!
I shudder in my fear. Will no one strike
A deadly blow with sharp two-edgèd sword?
Fearful my fate, alas!
And with a fearful woe full sore beset.
SEC. MESS. She in her death charged thee with being the cause
Of all their sorrows, these and those of old.
CREON. And in what way struck she the murderous blow?
SEC. MESS. With her own hand below her heart she stabbed,
Hearing her son's most pitiable fate.
CREON. Ah me! The fault is mine. On no one else,
Of all that live, the fearful guilt can come;
I, even I, did slay thee, woe is me!
I, yes, I speak the truth. Lead me, ye guards,
Lead me forth quickly; lead me out of sight,
More crushed to nothing than is nothing's self.
CHOR. Thou counsellest gain, if gain there be in ills,
For present ills when shortest then are best.
CREON. Oh, come thou then, come thou,
The last of all my dooms, that brings to me
Best boon, my life's last day. Come then, oh come,
That never more I look upon the light.
CHOR. These things are in the future. What is near,
That we must do. O'er what is yet to come
They watch, to Whom that work of right belongs.
CREON. I did but pray for what I most desire.
CHOR. Pray thou for nothing then: for mortal man
There is no issue from a doom decreed.
CREON. [*Looking at the two corpses.*] Lead me then forth, vain shadow that I am,
Who slew thee, O my son, unwillingly,
And thee too—(O my sorrow!)—and I know not
Which way to look or turn. All near at hand
Is turned to evil; and upon my head
There falls a doom far worse than I can bear.
CHOR. Man's highest blessedness,
In wisdom chiefly stands;
And in the things that touch upon the Gods,
'Tis best in word or deed
To shun unholy pride;
Great words of boasting bring great punishments,
And so to grey-haired age
Teach wisdom at the last.

EURIPIDES (480–406 B. C.)

HIPPOLYTUS[1]

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

APHRODITE (or CYPRIS), *the Queen of Love.*
HIPPOLYTUS, *son of Theseus and Hippolyta Queen of the Amazons.*
PHAEDRA, *daughter of Minos king of Crete, and wife of Theseus.*
NURSE OF PHAEDRA.
THESEUS, *king of Athens and Troezen.*
ARTEMIS, *Goddess of Hunting.*
SERVANT OF HIPPOLYTUS.
MESSENGER, *henchman of Hippolytus.*
CHORUS, *composed of women of Troezen.*
CHORUS *of huntsmen.*
Attendants and handmaids.

SCENE.—*Before the palace of Theseus at Troezen, where Theseus dwelt, being self-exiled for a year from Athens, to expiate the shedding of the blood of kinsmen who had sought to dethrone him.*

ARGUMENT

HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, bore to Theseus, king of Athens and Troezen, a son whom he named from her, Hippolytus. Now this youth grew up of all men most pure in heart, reverencing chiefly Artemis the Maiden, Goddess of the Chase, and utterly contemning the worship of Aphrodite. Wherefore the wrath of the Queen of Love was kindled against him, and she made Phaedra, his father's young wife, mad with love for him; and although she wrestled with her malady, and strove to hide it in her heart, till by the fever of it she was brought nigh to death's door, yet in the end it was revealed, and was made destruction to her and to Hippolytus also.

Enter APHRODITE.

APHRO. Mighty on earth, mighty in heaven, am I
Cypris the Goddess named, a glorious name.
And of all dwellers 'twixt the Pontic Sea
And Atlas' bourn, which look on the sun's light,
I honour them which reverence my power,
But bring the proud hearts that defy me low.
For even to the Gods this appertains,
That in the homage of mankind they joy.
And I will give swift proof of these my words:
For Theseus' son, born of the Amazon,
Hippolytus, pure-hearted Pittheus' ward,
Sole mid the folk of this Troezenian land
Sayeth that vilest of the Gods am I;
Rejects the couch; of marriage will he none,
But honours Phoebus' sister Artemis,
Zeus' child, and counts her greatest of the Gods;
And through the greenwood in the Maid's train still
With swift hounds sweeps the wild beasts from the earth
Linked with companionship too high for man.
Yet this I grudge not: what is this to me?
But his defiance of me will I avenge
Upon Hippolytus this day: the path
Well-nigh is cleared; scant pains it needeth yet.
For, as from halls of Pittheus once he sought
Pandion's land, to see and to be sealed
In the Great Mysteries, Phaedra, high-born wife
Of his own father, saw him; and her heart
In fierce love was enthralled by my device.

She, ere she came to this Troezenian land,
Hard by the Rock of Pallas, which looks down
On this land, built to me a shrine, for love
Of one afar; and for Hippolytus' sake
She named it "Love Fast-anchored," for all time.
But since from Cecrops' land forth Theseus passed,
Fleeing the blood-guilt of the sons of Pallas,
And unto this shore with his wife hath sailed,
Submitting unto exile for one year,
Thenceforward, sighing and by stings of love
Distraught, the hapless one wastes down to death
Silent: her malady no handmaid knows.
Ah, but not so shall this love's issue fall.
Theseus shall know this thing; all bared shall be:
And him that is my foe his sire shall slay
By curses, whose fulfilment the Sea-king
Poseidon gave to Theseus in this boon—

[1]Translation by Arthur S. Way. Reprinted from the *Loeb Classical Library* by permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

To ask three things of him, nor pray in vain.
And she shall die—O yea, her name unstained,
Yet Phaedra dies: I will not so regard
Her pain, as not to visit on my foes
Such penalty as is mine honour's due.

But,—forasmuch as Theseus' son I see
Yonder draw near, forsaking hunting's toil,
Hippolytus,—forth will I from this place.
Ha, a great press of henchmen following shout,
Honouring with songs the Goddess Artemis!
He knows not Hades' gates wide flung for him,
And this day's light the last his eyes shall see.
Exit.

Enter HIPPOLYTUS *and* ATTENDANT HUNTSMEN.

HIP. Follow on, follow on, ring out the lay
Unto Artemis high enthroned in the sky,
Zeus' child, in her keeping who hath us aye.

CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN. O Majesty,
Daughter of Zeus, dread Queen,
I hail thee, Artemis, now,
O Leto's Daughter, O Zeus's child,
Loveliest far of the Undefiled!
In that great Home of the Mighty Father,
The palace of Zeus, mid the glory-sheen
Of gold—there dwellest thou.
O Fairest, to theeward in greeting I call,
Artemis, fairest of Maidens that gather
In Olympus' hall!

HIP. For thee this woven garland from a mead
Unsullied have I twined, O Queen, and bring.
There never shepherd dares to feed his flock,
Nor steel of sickle came: only the bee
Roveth the springtide mead undesecrate:
And Reverence watereth it with river-dews.
They which have heritage of self-control
In all things, purity inborn, untaught,
These there may gather flowers, but none impure.
Now Queen, dear Queen, receive this anadem
From reverent hand to deck thy golden hair;
For to me sole of men this grace is given,
That I be with thee, converse hold with thee,
Hearing thy voice, yet seeing not thy face.
And may I end life's race as I began.

SER. Prince—*Masters* may we call the Gods alone—
Wouldst thou receive of me good counselling?

HIP. Yea surely: else were I fool manifest.

SER. Knowest thou then the stablished wont of men?—

HIP. Not I thy drift: whereof dost question me?

SER. To hate the proud reserve that owns few friends.

HIP. Rightly: what proud man is not odious?

SER. And in the gracious is there naught of charm?

HIP. Yea, much, and profit won with little pains.

SER. And deem'st thou not this same may hold with Gods?

HIP. Yea, if men live by laws derived from Gods.

SER. Why not then greet a Goddess worshipful?

HIP. Whom?—have a care thy lips in no wise err.

SER. Even Cypris, there above thy portal set.

HIP. From far I greet her, who am undefiled.

SER. Worshipful is she, glorious among men.

HIP. Of Gods, of men, each maketh still his choice.

SER. Now prosper thou;—be needful wisdom thine!

HIP. No God who hath night-homage pleaseth me.

SER. Guerdons of Gods, my son, ought men to use.

HIP. Depart, mine henchmen, enter ye the halls,
And set on bread. The full board welcome is
When hunting's done. And one must groom my steeds,
That I may yoke them to the chariot-pole,
Being full of meat, and breathe them in the race.
But to thy Cypris wave I long farewell.
Exit.

SER. But we—who must not tread in steps of youth—
With whispered humbleness most meet for thralls

Make supplication to thine images,
Queen Cypris. It beseems thee to forgive,
If one that bears through youth a vehement heart
Speak folly. Be as though thou heardest not;
For wiser Gods should be than mortal men.
Exit.

Enter CHORUS *of Troezenian Ladies.*

STROPHE I

A rock there is, wherefrom, as they tell, the springs of the heart of the Ocean well;
Whence the rifts of the crags overbeetling send
For the plunging urns their founts outstreaming:
Even there did I light on a maiden, my friend,
As she drenched the mantles purple-gleaming
In the riverward-glittering spray,
And spread the dye of the Tyrian shell on the rocks where glowing the sunbeams fell.
Hers were the lips that I first heard say
How wasteth our lady away:

ANTISTROPHE I

For a tale they told of a fevered bed, of the feet that forth of her bower ne'er tread,
Of the dainty-woven veil that is cast
For a darkness over the tresses golden.
Yea, and by this hath the third day past
That the queen from her fair young lips hath with-holden
The gift of the Lady of Corn,
Keeping her body thereof unfed, as though 'twere pollution to taste of bread,
With anguish unuttered longing forlorn
One haven to win—death's bourn.

STROPHE II

O queen, what if this be possession
Of Pan or of Hecate?—
Of the Mother of Dindymus' Hill?—
Or the awful Corybant thrill?
Or hath Artemis found transgression
Of offerings unrendered in thee?
Hath the hand of the Huntress been here?—
For she flasheth o'er mountain and mere,
And rideth her triumph-procession
Over surges and swirls of the sea.

ANTISTROPHE II

Or thy princely lord, in whose leading
Be the hosts of Erechtheus' race,
Hath one in his halls beguiled,
That thy couch is in secret defiled?
Or hath some sea-trafficker, speeding
From Crete over watery ways
To the haven where shipmen would be,
Brought dolorous tidings to thee
That hath bowed thee with anguish exceeding
On thy bed through thy soul's prison-days

EPODE

Or shall this be the discord mournful, weirdly haunting,
That ofttimes jarreth and jangleth the strings of woman's being?
'Tis the shadow of travail-throes nigh, a delirium spirit-daunting:
Yea, I have known it, through mine own bosom have felt it shiver:
But I cried to the Queen of the Bow, to the Helper in travail-throe for refuge fleeing;
And by grace of the Gods she hearkeneth ever my fervent request, she is there to deliver.

But lo, through the doors where cometh the grey-haired nurse
Leading the stricken one forth of her bowers:
On her brows aye darker the care-cloud lowers.
My spirit is yearning to know what is this strange curse,
Wherefore the queen's cheek ever is paling,
And her strength is failing.

Enter PHAEDRA, NURSE, *and* HANDMAIDS.

NURSE. O afflictions of mortals, O bitter pain!
What shall I do unto thee, or refrain?
Lo here is the light of the sun, the sky:
Brought forth of the halls is thy bed; hereby
Thy cushions lie.

Hitherward wouldst thou come; it was all thy moan:
Yet aback to thy bowers wilt thou fret to be gone.
Thou art soon disappointed, thou joyest in naught,
What thou hast cannot please thee; a thing far-sought
Thy fancy hath caught.

Better be sick than tend the sick:
Here is but one pain; grief of mind
And toil of hands be there combined.
O'er all man's life woes gather thick;

Ne'er from its travail respite is.
If better life beyond be found,
The darkness veils, clouds wrap it round;
Therefore infatuate-fond to this

We cling—this earth's poor sunshine-gleam:
Naught know we of the life to come,
There speak no voices from the tomb:
We drift on fable's shadowy stream.

PHAEDRA. Uplift ye my body, mine head upraise.
Friends, faint be my limbs, and unknit be their bands.
Hold, maidens, my rounded arms and mine hands.
Ah, the coif on mine head all heavily weighs:
Take it thence till mine hair o'er my shoulders strays!
NURSE. Take heart, my child, nor in such wild wise
Toss thou thy body so feveredly.
Lighter to bear shall thy sickness-be,
If thine high-born courage in calm strength rise:
For the doom of sorrow on all men lies.
PHAEDRA. Oh but to quaff, where the spray-veil drifteth
O'er taintless fountains, the dear cool stream!
Oh to lie in the mead where the soft wind lifteth
Its tresses—'neath poplars to lie and dream!
NURSE. My child, my child, what is this thou hast cried?
Ah, speak not thus, with a throng at thy side,
Wild words that on wings of madness ride!
PHAEDRA. Let me hence to the mountain afar—I will hie me
To the forest, the pines where the stag-hounds follow
Hard after the fleet dappled hinds as they fly me!
Oh, I long to cheer them with hunter's hollo,—
Ah God, were I there!—
And to grasp the Thessalian shaft steel-gleaming,
And to swing it on high by my hair out-streaming—
My golden hair!
NURSE. What wouldst thou, my darling, of suchlike things?
Will naught save the hunt and the hounds content?
And why art thou yearning for fountain-springs?
Lo, nigh to thy towers is a soft-sloped bent
With streams for thy drinking dew-besprent.
PHAEDRA. Lady of Limne, the burg looking seaward,
Of the thunder of hoofs on the wide race-courses,
Oh for the plains where the altars to theeward
Flame, there to be curbing the Henetan horses!
NURSE. What speech in thy frenzy out-flingest thou?
The mountain-ward path then fain hadst thou taken
On the track of the beasts: and thou yearnest now
For the steeds on the sea-sands wave-forsaken!
Of a surety the lore of a seer we lack
To tell what God, child, reineth thee back,
And scourgeth thy spirit from reason's track.
PHAEDRA. O hapless I—what is this I have done?
Whitherward have I wandered from wisdom's way?
I was mad, by a God's curse overthrown.
Oh ill-starred—well-a-day!
Dear Nurse, veil over mine head once more;
For I blush for the words from my lips that came.
Veil me: the tears from mine eyes down pour,
And mine eyelids sink for shame.

For anguish wakes when re-dawneth the mind:
Though a curse be madness, herein is it kind,
That the soul that it ruins it striketh blind.

NURSE. I veil thee:—ah that death would veil
Me too!—with many a lesson stern
The years have brought, this too I learn—
Be links of mortal friendship frail!

Let heart-strings ne'er together cling,
Nor be indissolubly twined
The chords of love, but lightly joined
For knitting close or severing.

Ah weary burden, where one soul
Travails for twain, as mine for thee!
Ruin, not bliss, say they, shall be
Care's life-absorbing heart control.

Yea, that way sickness, madness, lies.
Therefore "the overmuch" shall be
Less than "the naught-too-much" for me:
So say I: so shall say the wise.

CHO. Thou grey-haired dame, queen Phaedra's loyal nurse,
In sooth I mark her lamentable plight,
Yet what her malady, to us is dark.
Fain would we question thee and hear thereof.

NURSE. I know not, though I ask: she will not tell.

CHO. Nor what was the beginning of these woes?

NURSE. The same thy goal: naught sayeth she of all.

CHO. How strengthless and how wasted is her frame!

NURSE. No marvel, being three days foodless now.

CHO. Madness is this, or set resolve to die?

NURSE. To die: she fasteth to make end of life.

CHO. Strange is thy tale, if this content her lord.

NURSE. Nay, but she hides her pain, nor owns she ails.

CHO. Should he not guess?—one glance upon her face?

NURSE. Nay, absent is he from this land of late.

CHO. But thou—dost not constrain her, strive to learn
Her malady and wandering of her wit?

NURSE. All have I tried, and naught the more availed.
Yet will I not even now abate my zeal:
So stand thou by and witness unto me
How true am I to mine afflicted lords.

Come, darling child, the words said heretofore
Forget we both; more gracious-souled be thou:
Thy lowering brow, thy wayward mood, put by;
And I, wherein I erred in following thee,
Refrain, and unto wiser counsels seek.
If thy disease be that thou mayst not name,
Lo women here to allay thy malady.
But if to men thy trouble may be told,
Speak, that to leeches this may be declared.
Ha, silent?—silence, child, beseems thee not.
Or thou shouldst chide me if I speak not well,
Or unto pleadings wisely uttered yield.
One word!—look hitherward! . . . ah, woe is me!
Women, we toil and spend our strength for naught,
And still are far as ever: of my words
Unmelted was she then, nor hearkeneth now.

Howbeit know thou—then be waywarder
Than is the sea,—thy death shall but betray
Thy sons, who shall not share their father's halls—
No, by that chariot-queen, the Amazon,
Who bare to thy sons a bastard over-lord,—
Not bastard-thoughted,—well thou knowest him,
Hippolytus—

PHAEDRA. Woe's me!

NURSE. It stings thee, this?

PHAEDRA. Thou hast undone me, nurse: by heaven, I pray,
Speak thou the name of this man nevermore.

NURSE. Lo there!—thy wit is sound: yet of thy wit
Thou wilt not help thy sons nor save thy life!

PHAEDRA. I love them: other storms of fate toss me.

NURSE. Sure, thine are hands, my child, unstained with blood?

PHAEDRA. Pure be mine hands: the stain is on my soul.
NURSE. Not, not of sorcery-spells by some foe cast?
PHAEDRA. A friend's blow this, unsought of him or me.
NURSE. Hath Theseus wrought against thee any sin?
PHAEDRA. May I be found as clear of wrong to him!
NURSE. What then is this strange thing that deathward drives thee?
PHAEDRA. Let be my sin! Not against thee I sin.
NURSE. Of my will, never! On thine head my failure!

Clings to PHAEDRA'S *hands.*

PHAEDRA. Violence to me!—to mine hand clingest thou?
NURSE. Yea, and thy knees—nor ever will let go!
PHAEDRA. Thy doom, unhappy, shouldst thou hear in mine.
NURSE. What darker doom for me than losing thee?
PHAEDRA. Death! Ah, but mine own death shall be mine honour!
NURSE. Still dost thou hide it, when I pray thy good?
PHAEDRA. Yea, for I fashion out of evil good.
NURSE. If then thou tell me, more shall be thine honour.
PHAEDRA. For God's sake hence away: let go mine hand.
NURSE. No!—while thou grantest not the boon my due.
PHAEDRA. I will, in reverence of thy suppliant hand.
NURSE. I am dumb: henceforth thy part it is to speak.
PHAEDRA. O hapless mother!—what strange love was thine!
NURSE. Love for the bull, my child?—or what wouldst name?
PHAEDRA. And thou, sad sister, Dionysus' bride.
NURSE. What ails thee, child?—dost thou revile thy kin?
PHAEDRA. And I the third—how am I misery-wrecked!
NURSE. I am 'wildered all—whereunto tend thy words?
PHAEDRA. To the rock that wrecks us all, yea, from of old.
NURSE. None the more know I that I fain would know.
PHAEDRA. Ah, couldst thou say for me what I must say!
NURSE. No seer am I to interpret hidden things.
PHAEDRA. What mean they when they speak of this—to love?
NURSE. The sweetest thing, my child—the bitterest too.
PHAEDRA. For me, the second only have I proved.
NURSE. What say'st thou?—child, thou lovest—oh, what man?
PHAEDRA. Whate'er his name—'tis he—the Amazon's—
NURSE. Hippolytus.
PHAEDRA. Thou sayest it, not I.
NURSE. Woe, child! What wilt thou say? Thou hast dealt me death!
Friends, 'tis past bearing. I will not endure
To live. O hateful life, loathed light to see!
I'll cast away, yield up, my frame, be rid
Of life by death! Farewell, I am no more.
The virtuous love—not willingly, yet love
The evil. Sure no Goddess Cypris is.
But, if it may be, something more than God,
Who hath ruined her, and me, and all this house.

STROPHE

CHO. Hast thou heard?—the unspeakable tale hast thou hearkened,
The wail of my lady's anguish-throe?
O may I die, ah me! ere I know,
Dear lady, a spirit as thine so darkened.
O misery-burdened, O whelmed in woe!
O troubles that cradle the children of men!
Undone!—all's bared to the daylight's ken.
Ah, weariful season for thee remaining!
Dark looms o'er the household the shadow of doom.
Plain now where the star of thy love is waning,
O hapless daughter of Crete's proud home!
PHAEDRA. Troezenian women, ye which here abide
Upon the utmost march of Pelops' land,
Oft sleepless in the weary-wearing night
Have I mused how the life of men is wrecked.

'Tis not, meseems, through inborn folly of soul
They fare so ill,—discretion dwells at least
With many,—but we thus must look hereon:
That which is good we learn and recognise,
Yet practise not the lesson, some from sloth,
And some preferring pleasure in the stead
Of duty. Pleasures many of life there be;
Long gossip, idlesse,—pleasant evils they;
And sense of shame—twofold: no ill the one,
But one bows homes to ruin. Were men's choice clear,
These twain had never borne the selfsame names.

Forasmuch then as I knew this before,
No philtre-spell was like to change mine heart
To make me fall away from this my faith.
Thee will I tell the path my reason trod;—
When love's wound smote me, straight I cast about
How best to bear it: wherefore I began
Thenceforth to hush my moan, to veil my pang.
For the tongue none may trust, which knoweth well
To lesson rebel thoughts of other men,
Yet harboureth countless evils of its own.
Then did I take thought nobly to endure
My folly, triumphing by self-control.

Lastly, when even so I naught availed
To o'ermaster Love's Queen, I resolved to die
As of all counsels best—let none gainsay!
For be it mine to do not good unseen,
Nor ill before a cloud of witnesses.
I knew the deed, the very pang, was shame.
Well knew I too what 'tis to be a woman—
None trust, none love us! Curses upon her
Who showed the way the first to shame the couch
With alien men! Ah, 'twas from princely homes.
That first this curse on womankind had birth.
For, when the noble count their shame their good,
The lowly sure will hold it honourable.
And O, I hate the continent-professed
Which treasure secret recklessness of shame.

How can they, O Queen Cypris, Sea-born One,
Look ever in the faces of their lords.
Nor shudder lest their dark accomplice, night,
And their own bowers may utter forth a voice?

Me—friends, 'tis even this dooms me to die,
That never I be found to shame my lord,
Nor the sons whom I bare: but free, with tongues
Unfettered, flourish they, their home yon burg
Of glorious Athens, blushing ne'er for me.
For this cows man, how stout of heart soe'er,
To know a father's or a mother's sin.
And this alone can breast the shocks of life,
An honest heart and good, in whomso found:
But in his hour Time lifts his mirror, and shows
The vile his vileness there, as a girl sees
Her face. With such may I be never found.

CHO. Lo now, how fair is virtue everywhere,
Which yieldeth fruit of good repute mid men!

NURSE. Queen, thine affliction, suddenly revealed
But now, wrought in me terrible dismay.
Yet I discern my folly now. 'Tis strange
How second thoughts for men are wisest still.
Thine is the common lot, not past cool weighing:
The Goddess's passion-bolts have smitten thee.
Thou lov'st—what marvel this?—thou art as many—
And lo, for love's sake wouldst fling life away!
Sooth, 'twere small gain for them which love their fellows,
Or yet shall love, if help be none save death.
For Cypris crusheth, swooping in her might;
Yet gently stealeth she on whoso yield.
But whom she findeth wayward, arrogant-souled,
She graspeth, mocketh, past imagining.
Through air she roveth, in the ocean-surge
Is Cypris; all things have their birth of her.
'Tis she that sows love, gives increase thereof,
Whereof all we that dwell on earth are sprung.

Whoso have scrolls writ in the ancient days,
And wander still themselves by paths of song,

They know how Zeus of yore desired the embrace
Of Semele; they know how radiant Dawn
Up to the Gods snatched Cephalus of yore,
And all for love; yet these in Heaven their home
Dwell, neither do they flee the face of Gods,
Content, I trow, to be love's vanquished ones.

Thou—wilt not yield? Thy sire by several treaty
Thee should have gotten, or with other Gods
For lords, if thou wilt bow not to these laws.
How many men, think'st thou, and wise men they,
Knowing their beds dishonoured, shut their eyes?
How many a father in his son's transgression
Playeth love's go-between?—the maxim this
Of wise men, that dishonour be not seen.
Why should men toil to over-perfect life?
Lo, even thine hall's roof-beams the crafts-man's rule
Can make not utter-true. How thinkest thou,
Who art plunged in fate's deep sea, to swim to land?
Tush—if more good than evil is in thee,
Who art but human, thou shalt do full well.
Nay, darling, from thy deadly thoughts re-frain,
And from presumption—sheer presumption this,
That one should wish to be more strong than Gods.
In love, flinch not; a God hath willed this thing.
In pain, victorious wrestle with thy pain.
Lo, charms there be, and words of soothing spell.
Some cure for this affliction shall appear.
Sooth, it were long ere *men* would light there-on,
Except we women find devices forth.

Cho. Phaedra, she speaketh words that more avail
For this thine imminent plight: yet thee I praise.
But haply this my praise shall gall thee more
Than those her words, and harsher sound to thee.

Phaedra. This is it which doth ruin goodly towns
And homes of men, these speeches over-fair.
It needeth not to speak words sweet to ears,
But those whereby a good name shall be saved.

Nurse. Out on thine high-flown talk! No fair-tricked speech
Will stead thee, but a lover!—'tis high time
To strip disguise off, speak plain truth of thee.
For, were thy life not in such desperate case,
Or thou a woman strong in self-control,
Never for thy lust's sake and pleasure, I
To this would bring thee: but we must fight hard
Now for thy life, and void of blame is this.

Phaedra. Speaker of horrors!—wilt not seal thy lips?
Wilt not refrain from utter-shameful words?

Nurse. Shameful—yet better than the good for thee.
Better this deed, so it but save thy life,
Than that name, whose proud vaunt shall be thy death.

Phaedra. No, by the Gods!—foul words are thy fair words!—
No farther go: I have schooled mine heart to endure
This love: but if thou plead shame's cause so fair,
I shall be trapped in that sin which I flee.

Nurse. If such thy mind, thine heart should not have sinned:
But now—obey me:—'tis the one hope left:—
I have within some certain charms to as-suage
Love: 'twas but now they came into my thought.
These, not with shame, nor hurt unto thy mind,
Shall lull thy pang, so thou be not faint-hearted.
Howbeit there needs of him thou yearnest for
Some token, or a word, or fragment caught
From vesture, so to knit two loves in one.

Phaedra. A salve, or potion, is this charm of thine?

Nurse. I know not: be content with help, not knowledge.

Phaedra. I fear lest over-cunning thou shalt prove.

NURSE. Then know thyself all fears. What dreadest thou?
PHAEDRA. Lest thou show aught of this to Theseus' son.
NURSE. Let be, my child: this will I order well.
Only do thou, Queen Cypris, Sea-born One,
Work with me. Whatso else I have in mind
Shall it suffice to speak to friends within.

STROPHE I

CHO. O Eros, O Eros, how melts love's yearning
From thine eyes, when thy sweet spell witcheth the heart
Of them against whom thou hast marched in thy might!
Not me, not me for mine hurt do thou smite,
My life's heart-music to discord turning.
For never so hotly the flame-spears dart,
Nor so fleet are the star-shot arrows of light,
As the shaft from thy fingers that speedeth its flight,
As the flame of the Love-queen's bolts fierce-burning,
O Eros, the child of Zeus who art!

ANTISTROPHE I

In vain, O in vain by Alpheus the river
And in Phoebus's Pythian shrine hath the land
Of Hellas the blood of her oxen outpoured.
But Eros, but Love, who is all men's lord,
Unto whom Aphrodite is wont to deliver
Her keys, that the doors be unsealed by his hand
Of her holy of holies, we have not adored,
Though he marcheth through ruin victory-ward,
Though he raineth calamity forth of his quiver
On mortals against his on-coming that stand.

STROPHE II

For I call to remembrance Oechalia's daughter,
Who, ere Love 'neath his tyrannous car-yoke had brought her,
Had been spouseless and free—overseas how she hasted,
When Cypris the dear yoke of home had disparted,
Like a bacchanal fiend out of hell that had darted,
And with blood, and with smoke of a palace flame-wasted,
And with death-shrieks for hymns at her bridal-feast chanted,
By Love's Queen to the son of Alcmena was granted—
Woe, woe for the joys of espousal she tasted!

ANTISTROPHE II

And ye, O ye ramparts of hallowed Thebe,
And ye lips wave-welling of Dirce, might ye be
Witness how dire was the Love-queen's coming,
When a slumber that knoweth not waking was given
Of her spells by the flame-enfolded levin
To the mother of Zeus' seed Bacchus: for dooming
Of death had she blent with the bride-chant's singing.
O, the Dread One breatheth on all life, winging
Softly her flight as a bee low-humming.

Voices within.

PHAEDRA. Hush ye, O hush ye, women! . . . . Lost am I!
CHO. What is this dread thing, Phaedra, in thine halls?
PHAEDRA. Peace!—let me hear the voice of them within.
CHO. I am dumb: an ominous prelude sure is this.
PHAEDRA. Ah me! ah me! alas!
O wretched, wretched!—ah, mine agonies!
CHO. What cry dost thou utter? What word dost thou shriek?
What voice through thy soul thrills terror? —O speak!
PHAEDRA. I am undone! O stand ye by these doors,
And hear what clamour clasheth in the house.
CHO. Nay, thou art thereby: sped forth is the cry from the palace for thee.

O tell me what horror rushed out—tell it me!
PHAEDRA. The son of the Amazon, Hippolytus,
Shouts, hurling fearful curses at mine handmaid.
CHO. Yea surely a noise do I hear, yet to me naught soundeth clear:
But to thee through the doors there came, there came
A shout of anger, a cry of shame.
PHAEDRA. Ah clear—ah clear!—yea, pandar of foul sin,
Traitress to her lord's bed, he calleth her.
CHO. Woe! Thou art betrayed, belovèd one!
What shall I counsel? Thy secret is bared: thou art wholly undone.
PHAEDRA. Woe's me! ah woe!
CHO. From the hand that loved came the traitor's blow.
PHAEDRA. She hath undone me, telling mine affliction:
Her love sought by my shame to heal my pain.
CHO. What wilt thou do, O thou in desperate plight?
PHAEDRA. No way save one I know—straightway to die—
The one cure for the ills that compass me.

Enter HIPPOLYTUS, *followed by the* NURSE.

HIP. O mother Earth, unveilings of the sun;
What words unutterable have I heard!
NURSE. Hush, O my son, ere one have heard thy cry.
HIP. I have heard horrors—should I hold my peace?
NURSE. Yea, I beseech thee by thy fair right hand.
HIP. Hence with thine hand!—touch not my vesture thou.
NURSE. Oh, by thy knees, do not—ah, slay me not!
HIP. How, if thou hast said no wrong, as thou dost say?
NURSE. No tale is this, my son, for all men's ears.
HIP. Tush, a fair tale is fairer told to the world.
NURSE. My son, thine oath!—dishonour not thine oath.
HIP. My tongue hath sworn: no oath is on my soul.
NURSE. O son, what wilt thou do?—wilt slay thy friends?
HIP. Avaunt the word!—no villain is my friend.
NURSE. Forgive, son: men are men, they needs must err.
HIP. Why hast thou given a home beneath the sun,
Zeus, unto woman, specious curse to man?
For, were thy will to raise a mortal seed,
This ought they not of women to have gotten,
But in thy temples should they lay its price,
Or gold, or iron, or a weight of bronze,
And so buy seed of children, every man
After the worth of that his gift, and dwell
Free in free homes unvexed of womankind.

But now—soon as we go about to bring
This bane to the home, we hurl to earth its weal.
Hereby is woman proved a grievous curse—
He, who begat and reared her, banishes,
Yea, adds a dower, to rid him of his bane;
While he which taketh home the noisome weed
Rejoices, decks with goodly bravery
The loathly image, and tricks out with robes,—
Filching away, poor wretch! his household's wealth.
He may not choose: who getteth noble kin
With her, content must stomach his sour feast:
Who getteth a good wife, but worthless kin,
Must muffle up the evil 'neath the good.

Happiest who wins a cipher, in whose halls
A brainless thing is throned in uselessness.
But the keen-witted hate I: in mine house
Ne'er dwell one subtler than is woman's due;
For Cypris better brings to birth her mischief
In clever women: the resourceless 'scapes
That folly by the short-weight of her wit.

Handmaids should ne'er have had access to wives,
But brutes, with teeth, no tongue, should dwell with them,
That so they might not speak to any one,

Nor win an answering word from such as these.
But now the vile ones weave vile plots within,
And out of doors their handmaids bear the web:
As thou hast come, foul quean, to tender me
Commerce in mine own father's sacred couch!—
Words that with fountain-streams I'll wash away,
Sluicing mine ears. How should I be so vile,
Who even with hearing count myself defiled?
Woman, I fear God: know, that saveth thee.
For, had I not by oaths been trapped unwares,
I had ne'er forborne to tell this to my sire.
Now from mine home, while Theseus yet is far,
I go, and I will keep my lips from speech.
But—with my father I return, to see
How thou wilt meet his eye, thou and thy mistress,
And so have taste of thy full shamelessness.

Curse ye! My woman-hate shall ne'er be sated,
Not though one say that this is all my theme:
For they be ever strangely steeped in sin.
Let some one now stand forth and prove them chaste,
Or leave me free to trample on them ever.
Exit.

ANTISTROPHE

CHO. O drear dark doom that on women hath lighted!
By what cunning of pleading, when feet once trip,
Shall we loose the accuser's iron grip?
PHAEDRA. O earth, O sun, I am justly requited!
Through the snares of calamity how shall I slip?
How, friends, shall I cloke my woe, how hide?
What God or what man shall stand forth on my side,
Shall consent in my sin to be made partaker?
For all life's anguish, and all life's shame
Are upon me, and whelm like a shipwrecking breaker!
Most accurst of my fate among women I am.

CHO. Woe, woe! 'Tis done. Queen, it hath naught availed,
Thy bower-maid's device: 'tis ruin all.
PHAEDRA. Vilest of vile! destroyer of thy friends!
How hast thou ruined me! May Zeus my sire
Smite thee with flame, blast thee to nothingness!
Did I not tell thee—not divine thy purpose?—
To speak not that whereby I am now dishonoured?
But thou wouldst not forbear. I shall not now
Even die unshamed! [*A pause*]
Some new plea must I find.
For yonder boy with soul keen-edged with wrath
Shall to his sire accuse me of thy sin,
Shall tell to agèd Pittheus my mischance,
Shall blaze the shameful tale through every land.
Curses on thee, and whoso thrusteth in
To do base service to unwilling friends!
NURSE. Mistress, thou mayst revile mine evil work,
For rankling pain bears thy discernment down:
Yet somewhat might I answer, wouldst thou hear.
I nursed thee, loved thee, sought for thy disease
A healing balm,—and found not that I would.
Had I sped well, right wise had I been held;
For, as we speed, so is our wisdom's fame.
PHAEDRA. Ha! is this just?—should this suffice me now,
To have stabbed me, and then close in strife of words?
NURSE. We waste the time in speech. I was not wise.
Yet even from this there is escape, my child.
PHAEDRA. Peace to thy talk. Thy counsel heretofore
Was shame, and mischief thine endeavour was.
Hence from my sight: for thine own self take thought.
I with my needs will deal—and honourably.
Exit NURSE.
But ye, O Troezen's daughters nobly born,
Grant to my supplication this, but this—
With silence veil what things ye here have heard.

CHO. I swear by reverend Artemis, Zeus' child,
Never to bare to light of thine ills aught.
PHAEDRA. Thou hast well said. Now, as I muse, I find
One refuge, one, from this calamity;
So to bequeath my sons a life of honour,
And what I may from this day's ruin save.
For never will I shame the halls of Crete,
Nor will I meet the face of Theseus ever,
For one poor life's sake, after all this shame.
CHO. Ah, wilt thou do a deed of ill past cure?
PHAEDRA. Die will I. How—for this will I take thought.
CHO. Ah hush!
PHAEDRA. O yea, advise me wisely thou!
But I shall gladden Cypris my destroyer
By fleeting out of life on this same day,
And vanquished so by bitter love shall be.
Yet in my death will I become the bane
Of one beside, that he may triumph not
Over my woes, and, taking of my pain,
His share, may learn sound wisdom's temperance.
Exit.

CHO. Under the arched cliffs O were I lying,
That there to a bird might a God change me,
And afar mid the flocks of the winged things flying
Over the swell of the Adrian sea
I might soar—and soar, upon poised wings dreaming,
O'er the strand where Eridanus' waters be,
Where down to the sea-swell purple-gleaming
The tears of the Sun-god's daughters are streaming,
Of the thrice-sad sisters for Phaëthon sighing,
Star-flashed of strange tears amber-beaming!

ANTISTROPHE I

O to win to the strand where the apples are growing
Of the Hesperid chanters kept in ward,
Where the path over Ocean purple-glowing,
By the Sea's Lord is to the seafarer barred!
O to light where Atlas hath aye in his keeping
The bourn twixt earth and the heavens bestarred,
Where the fountains ambrosial sunward are leaping
By the couches where Zeus in his halls lieth sleeping,
Where the bounty of Earth the life-bestowing
The bliss of the Gods ever higher is heaping!

STROPHE II

O white-winged galley from Crete's far shore,
Whose keel over deep-sea surges speeding,
Through their flying brine and their battle-roar,
Onward and onward my lady bore,
From a bliss-fraught palace a princess leading
To the joy of a bridal of woe exceeding!—
For, a bird ill-boding, thy sail flitted o'er
With the curse of the Cretan land unto Athens' glorious strand,
Till the seafarers lashed to the beach Munychian the hawser-band,
And sprang unto earth's firm floor.

ANTISTROPHE II

Wherefore, with love-pangs all unblest
For her gift, entered in Aphrodite, wringing
Her heart-strings asunder, a fearful guest.
Like a wrecked ship sinking, disaster-oppressed
Over her bride-bower's rafters flinging
The noose, shall she cast the coil close-clinging
Round the neck that was whitest and loveliest,
Because that with shuddering shame she shrank from a loathèd name,
And she chose, in its stead, the stainless renown of a wife's fair fame,
And, for anguish of love, heart-rest.

[*A cry within.*]

Run to the rescue, all ye nigh the house!
In the strangling noose is Theseus' wife, our mistress!

CHO. Woe! Woe! 'Tis done! No more —no more is she,

The queen—in yon noose rafter-hung up-caught!

[*Cry within.*]

O haste!—will no one bring the steel two-edged,
Wherewith to loose this cincture of her neck?

SEMI-CHORUS 1. What shall we do, friends? Deem ye we should pass
The doors, and from the halter loose the queen?

SEMI-CHORUS 2. Wherefore? Are no young handmaids at her side?
The busy meddler treadeth perilous paths.

[*Cry within.*]

Uncramp the limbs, streak out the hapless corpse.
Bitter house-warding this is for my lords!

CHO. Dead is the woeful lady, by that cry:
Even now they streak her as a corpse is streaked.

Enter THESEUS.

THES. Women, know ye what means this cry within?
A dolorous shriek of handmaids reached mine ears;
Nor deigns the house to open doors and greet me
Blithely, as from the oracle come home.
Hath aught untoward happed to Pittheus' eld?
Well-stricken in years is he, yet dole were ours
If haply fare his feet from these halls forth.

CHO. Not to the old pertains this thy mischance.
Theseus: the young have died, for grief to thee.

THES. Woe!—is a child's life by the spoiler reft?

CHO. They live, their mother dead—alas for thee!

THES. What say'st thou?—dead—my wife? By what mishap?

CHO. The strangling noose about her neck she coiled.

THES. By grief's touch frozen, or of what affliction?

CHO. No more I know, for to thine halls but now,
Theseus, I came, o'er these thine ills to mourn.

THES. Woe! with these wreathèd leaves why is mine head
Crowned—ill-starred harbinger of oracles?
Shoot back the bolts, my servants, of the doors:
Loose bars, that I may see this bitter sight,
My wife, who hath destroyed me by her death.

The palace is thrown open, and the corpse of PHAEDRA *disclosed, with her handmaids grouped round it.*

CHO. Woe for thy misery! Woe for thine ills, who hast suffered and wrought
Such a thing as in ruin shall whelm thine home!
Ah for thy desperate deed, who by violence unhallowed hast sought
Death, who with hand despairing the all-quelling wrestler hast caught!
Who shroudeth thy life, O hapless, in gloom?

STROPHE

THES. Ah me for my woes.—I have suffered calamity, great
O my people, beyond all other!—O foot of fate,
How hast thou heavily trampled me and mine,
Unlooked-for blight from some avenging fiend—
Nay, but destruction that blasteth my life evermore!
On a sea of disaster I look, on a sea without shore,
So vast, that never can I swim thereout.
Nor ride the surge of this calamity.
What word can I speak unto thee?—how name, dear wife,
The doom that on thee hath descended and crushed thy life?
Like a bird hast thou fleeted from mine hands;
And with swift leap hast rushed to Hades' halls.
Never sorrow of sorrows was like unto mine.
On mine head have I gathered the load
Of the far-off sins of an ancient line;
And this is the vengeance of God.

CHO. Not to thee only, king, this grief hath come;
With many more a dear wife's loss thou sharest.

ANTISTROPHE

THES. In the darkness under the earth—ah me, to have died,
That in blackness of deep gloom under the earth I might hide,
Who am reft of thy most dear companionship!
Oh, thou hast dealt worse death than thou hast suffered!
Of whom shall I hear whence came it, the deadly stroke
Of doom, that the heart of thee, my belovèd, broke?
Will none speak what befell?—or all for naught
Doth this my palace roof a menial throng?
Woe's me, my belovèd, stricken because of thee!
Ah for the grief of mine house, for the travail I see,
Past utterance, past endurance!—lost am I:
Mine house is desolate, motherless my babes.
O my darling, my wife, thou art gone, thou art gone,
O best upon whom the light
Looketh down of the all-beholding sun,
Or the splendour of star-eyed night!
CHO. Alas for thee, and thine house's burden of ill!
With ruth for thy fate running o'er do mine eyes the tear-drops pour:
[*Aside*] But for woe which must follow I shudder and shudder still.
THES. Ha!
What is this tablet, what, to her dear hand
Fastened? Would'st fain speak some word unsaid?
Now hath she writ, unhappy one, to pray
Touching my marriage or my children aught?
Fear not, lost love: the woman is not born
Shall lie in Theseus' couch, or tread his halls.
Lo, how the impress of the carven gold
Of her that is no more smiles up at me!
Come, let me uncoil the seal's envelopings,
And see what would this tablet say to me.
CHO. Woe, woe! How God bringeth evil following hard on the track
Of evil! I count for living unmeet
The lot of a life such as this, as on deeds that are wrought I look back:
For the house of my lords standeth not any more, but in ruin and wrack
I behold it hurled from its ancient seat.
Ah God, if this may be, wreck not the house.
But hearken my beseeching, for I trace,
Seer-like, an evil omen from his face.
THES. Ah me!—a new curse added to the old,
Past utterance, past endurance! Woe is me!
CHO. What is it? Speak, if I may share the tale.
THES. It shrieketh,—ah, horrors the tablet outshrieketh!
O how can I flee
My burden of woes! I am utterly ruin-sped!
What incantation of curses is this I have read
Graved on the wax—woe's me!
CHO. Alas! thou utterest speech that heralds ill:
THES. No more within my lips' gates will I pen
The horror that chokes utterance—O my people,
Hippolytus hath dared assail my bed
With violence, flouting Zeus's awful eye!
. . .
Father Poseidon, thou didst promise me
Three curses once. Do thou with one of these
Destroy my son: may he not 'scape this day,
If soothfast curses thou hast granted me.
CHO. Oh, for the Gods' sake, King, recall this prayer!
Thou yet shalt know thine error: yield to me.
THES. Never! Yea, I will drive him from the land;
And, of two dooms, with one shall he be scourged:—
Either Poseidon, reverencing my prayers,
Shall slay and speed him unto Hades' halls,
Or, banished from this land, a vagabond
On strange shores shall he drain life's bitter dregs.
CHO. Lo, where thy son's self comes in season meet,
Hippolytus: refrain thy wrath, O king
Theseus, and for thine house the best devise.

Enter HIPPOLYTUS.

HIP. Father, I heard thy crying, and I came

In haste: yet for what cause thou makest moan
I know not, but of thee I fain would hear.
Ha! what is this? Father, thy wife I see
Dead!—matter this for marvel passing great.
But now I left her, who upon this light
Looked, it is not yet a long season since.
What hath befallen her? How perished she?
Father, I fain would learn it from thy mouth.
Silent! In trouble silence naught avails.
The heart that yearns to know all cares of thine
Fain shall be found to prove thy troubles too.
Sure, from thy friends—yea, and thy more than friends,
Father, it is not right to hide thy griefs.

THES. O men that ofttimes err, and err in vain,
Why are ye teaching ever arts untold,
And search out manifold inventions still,
But one thing know not, no, have never sought it,
To teach them wit, in whom no wisdom dwells?

HIP. A cunning sage were this, endued with power
To force them to be wise who are witless all!
But—so ill-timed thy speculations are—
Father, I fear thy tongue for grief runs wild.

THES. Out! There should dwell in men some certain test
Of friendship, a discerner of the heart,
To show who is true friend and who is false.
Yea, all men should have had two several voices,
One honest, one—as chance or interest swayed;
That so the traitor voice might be convict
Before the honest, nor we be deceived.

HIP. How?—to thine ear hath some friend slandered me,
That I the innocent am in evil case?
Astonied am I, for thy words amaze me,
Thus wandering wide astray from reason's throne.

THES. Out on man's heart!—to what depths will it sink?
Where shall assurance end and hardihood?
For if it swell with every generation,
And the new age reach heights of villainy
Above the old, the Gods must needs create
A new earth unto this, that room be found
For the unrighteous and unjust in grain.
Look on this man, who, though he be my son,
Hath shamed my couch, and shall be manifest proved
Most vile, by testimony of the dead.

HIPPOLYTUS *covers his face in horror.*

Nay, show thy face—since thou hast come to this,
This foulness,—look thy father in the face!
Dost thou with Gods—O thou no common man!—
Consort? Art thou the chaste, the stainless one?
I will not trust thy boasts, for so should I
Impute to Gods unwisdom's ignorance.
Now vaunt, ay now!—set out thy paltry wares
Of lifeless food: take Orpheus for thy king:
Rave, worship vapourings of many a scroll:
For ah, thou'rt caught! I warn all men to shun
Such hypocrites as this; for they hunt souls
With canting words, the while they plot foul sin.
Dead is she: thinkest thou this saveth thee?
Hereby thou art most convicted, basest thou!
What oaths, what protestations shall bear down

Thrusts tablet into HIPPOLYTUS' *hand.*

This, for thine absolution of the charge? . . .
Now, what is thy defence?—"She hated me:
Bastard and true-born still are natural foes?"
Fools' traffic this in life—to fling away
For hate of *thee* the dearest thing she owed!
Or—say'st thou?—"Frailty is not in men,
But in the blood of women." Youths, I have proved,
Are no whit more than women continent,
When Cypris stirs a heart in flush of youth:
Yet all the strength of manhood helpeth them.
But wherefore thus contend against thy pleas
When there the corpse lies, witness faithful and true?
Hence from this land, an exile, with all speed.
Never come thou to god-built Athens more,
Nor any marches where my spear hath sway:
For if 'neath thy mishandling I sit still,
Never shall Isthmian Sinis testify
That I slew him, but name it idle vaunt;
Nor those Scironian Rocks that skirt the sea
Shall call me terrible to evil-doers.

CHO. I dare not name of mortals any man
Happy, for lo, the first is made the last.
HIP. Father, thy rage and strong-strained fury of soul
Are fearful: yet, fair-seeming though the charge,
If one unfold it, all unfair it is.
I have no skill to speak before a throng:
My tongue is loosed with equals, and those few.
And reason: they that are among the wise
Of none account, to mobs are eloquent.
Yet needs I must, now this mischance hath lighted,
Unrein my tongue. And first will I begin
Where thou didst first assail, as thou wouldst crush me,
And I find no reply. See'st thou yon sun
And earth?—within their compass is no man
Though thou deny it—chaster-souled than I.
For I have learnt, first, to revere the Gods,
Then, to have friends which seek to do no wrong,
Friends who think shame to proffer aught of base,
Yea, or to render others shameful service.
No mocker am I, father, at my friends,
But to the absent even as to the present:
In one thing flawless,—where thou think'st me trapped,—
For to this day my body is clean of lust.

I know this commerce not, save by the ear
And sight of pictures,—little will have I
To look thereon, who keep a virgin soul.
Yet, grant my virtue wins not thy belief,
Sure 'tis for thee to show whereby I fell.
Wilt say this woman's form in grace outshone
All women?—that I hoped thy state to inherit
By winning for mine own thine heiress-queen?
Vain fool were I—nay rather, wholly mad!
"But Power can tempt," might one say, "even the chaste."
Nay verily!—save the lust of sovereignty
Poison the wit of all who covet it.
Fain would I foremost victor be in games
Hellenic, and be second in the realm,
And with pure-hearted friends be happy still.
For there is true well-being, from peril far,
Which giveth sweeter joys than sovereignty.
So hast thou all my counterpleas, save one:—
Could I that witness call who knows mine heart,
And, pleasing, face thy dead wife's living face,
By deeds shouldst thou search out and know the wicked:
But now—by Zeus Oath-warden, by Earth's plain,
Swear I, I ne'er attempted couch of thine,
No, nor had wished it, nor had dreamed thereof.
God grant I perish nameless, fameless all,
Cityless, homeless, exile, vagabond
On earth,—may sea nor land receive my corpse
When I am dead, if I be this vile thing!
Now if through fear she flung away her life
I know not. More I cannot sinless say.
Her honour by dishonour did she guard:
I, in a sore strait, cleave to honour still.
CHO. Thou hast said enough to turn this charge from thee,
Tendering the oath of Gods, the awful pledge.
THES. Juggler with words and trickster is he not,
Who thinks by his unruffled calm to outface
My mood, when his own father he hath shamed?
HIP. Nay, but I marvel, father, at this in thee;—
For, if my son thou wert, and I thy sire,
I had slain thee: exile should not be thy mulct,
If on my wife thou hadst dared to lay a hand.
THES. Good sooth, well said: yet not so shalt thou die—
Not by the doom thou speakest for thyself!
Ay, easiest for the wretched is swift death.
But from the home-land exiled, wandering
To strange soil, shalt thou drain life's bitter dregs;
For this is meet wage for the impious man.
HIP. Woe's me!—what wilt thou do? Wilt not receive
Time's witness in my cause, but banish now?
THES. Beyond the sea, beyond the Atlantic bourn,
If this I could; so much I hate thy face.
HIP. Nor oath, nor pledge, nor prophet's utterance
Wilt test, but cast me forth the land untried?

THES. This tablet, though it bear no prophet's sign,
Accuseth thee, nor lieth: but the birds
That roam o'erhead—I wave them long farewell.
HIP. [*aside*]. O Gods, why can I not unlock my lips,
Who am destroyed by you whom I revere?
No!—whom I need persuade, I should not so,
And all for naught should break the oaths I swore.
THES. Faugh!—how it chokes me, this thy saintly mien!
Out from thy fatherland! Straightway begone!
HIP. Unhappy! whither shall I flee?—what home
Of what friend enter, banished on such charge?
THES. Of whoso joys in welcoming for guests
Defilers of men's wives, which dwell with sin.
HIP. Alas! this stabs mine heart well-nigh to weeping,
If I be published villain, thou believe it!
THES. Then shouldest thou have moaned and taken thought,
When thou dar'dst outrage thine own father's wife!
HIP. O halls, could ye but find a voice for me,
And witness if I be a wicked man!
THES. Wisely thou fleest to speechless witnesses!
This deed, though it speak not, declares thee vile.
HIP. Ah, to stand face to face and see myself,
That for the wrongs I suffer I might weep!
THES. Yea, 'tis thy wont to gaze on thy perfections
More than to render parents righteous honour.
HIP. Ah, hapless mother!—ah, my bitter birth!
Base-born be never any that I love!
THES. Will ye not hale him hence, thralls?—heard ye not
Long since his banishment pronounced of me?
HIP. Who layeth hand on me of them shall rue!
Thou thrust me from the land, if such thy mood.
THES. That will I, an thou wilt not heed mine hest.
No pity for thine exile visits me.
Exit.
HIP. So then my fate is sealed. Ah, woe is me!
I know the truth, yet know not how to tell it.
Dearest of Gods to me, O Leto's Child,
Companion, fellow-huntress, I shall flee
Athens the glorious. Farewell, City and Land
Of old Erechtheus! O Troezenian plain,
How many pleasant paths of youth hast thou!
Farewell: I see thee, hail thee, the last time.
Come, O ye youths, mine age-mates in this land,
Speak parting word: escort me from this soil:
For never shall ye see a chaster man,
Albeit this my sire believeth not. *Exit.*

STROPHE I

CHO. When faith overfloweth my mind,
God's providence all-embracing
Banisheth griefs: but when doubt whispereth "Ah but to *know!*"
No clue through the tangle I find of fate and of life for my tracing:
There is ever a change and many a change,
And the mutable fortune of men evermore sways to and fro
Over limitless range.

ANTISTROPHE I

Ah, would the Gods hear prayer!—would they grant to me these supplications—
A lot with prosperity sweet, and a soul unshadowed of pain,
And a faith neither fixed foursquare on the flint, nor on sandy foundations!
Quick-shifting my sail to the coming breeze
Of the morrow, so may I fleet, ever voyaging life's wide main
Over stormless seas.

STROPHE II

My mind is a fountain troubled; I see things all undreamed:
For the Star of Athens, that beamed
The brightest withal in Hellas-land,

We have seen him driven to an alien strand,
By the wrath of a father have seen him banned.
Ah, cityward sands, ye shall wait him in vain,
And ye mountain woods, where streamed
'Twixt the oaks the pack on the wild boar's track
In dread Dictynna's hunter-train,
Till the quarry was slain.

ANTISTROPHE II

Nevermore shall he harness the Henetan horses and leap on his car,
O'er the race-course of Limne afar
To speed the courser's feet of fire:
And the songs, that once 'neath the strings of the lyre
Slept never, shall cease in the halls of his sire.
Ungarlanded Artemis' bowers shall be
In the greenwood depths that are.
By thine exile have perished the sweet hopes cherished
Of our maids, and their gentle rivalry
In love for thee.

EPODE

For thy woeful fate shall I pass amid tears fast-flowing
A fortuneless fortune. O mother evil-starred,
This day thy birth-joy effaces!
I am wroth with the Gods:—O Graces
Aye linked in loving embraces,
Why do ye suffer that he from his land should be going,
From his home, who hath nowise earned a doom so bitter-hard?
But lo, I see Hippolytus' henchman nigh
Hasting unto the halls with clouded brows.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESS. Where should I go and find this country's king,
Theseus, ye women? If ye know, declare
Straightway to me. Within these halls is he?

CHO. Lo yonder where he cometh forth the halls.

Enter THESEUS.

MESS. Theseus, I bring a sorrow-kindling tale
To thee and all the citizens which dwell
In Athens and the bounds of Troezen-land.

THES. What now? Hath some disaster unforeseen
Fallen on these two neighbour-citied states?

MESS. Hippolytus is no more!—so may one say,
Though yet a little space he seeth light.

THES. Of whom slain? Hath one met him in his wrath,
Whose wife he had outraged, even as his sire's?

MESS. His proper chariot-team hath dealt him death,
And thy mouth's curses, which thou didst call down
From the Sea's Lord, thy father, on thy son.

THES. O Gods! Poseidon! how thou wast indeed
My father, who hast heard my malison!
How perished he? In what way did the gin
Of justice snap on him who wrought me shame?

MESS. We, hard beside the beach that greets the surf,
With combs were smoothing out his horses' manes
Weeping: for word had come to us to say
That no more in this land Hippolytus
Might walk, of thee to wretched exile doomed.
Then came he, bringing the same tale of tears
To us upon the strand: a countless throng
Of friends his age-mates following with him came.
But, ceasing at the last from moan, he cried:
"Why rave I thus? I must obey my sire.
Harness the horses to the chariot-yoke,
My thralls: this city is no more for me."

Then, then did every man bestir himself.
Swifter than one could say it were the steeds
Harnessed, and by our lord's side set we them.
Then the reins caught he from the chariot-rail,
And in the car's foot-rests set firm his feet,
But to the Gods first stretched his hands and cried:
"Zeus, may I die if I a villain am!
May my sire know that he is wronging me,
When I am dead, if not while I see light!"

Then in his hand he took the scourge and smote
At once the steeds. We henchmen by the car
Fast by the reins attended on our lord
Towards Argos straight and Epidauria.

And, as we entered on a desert tract,
Beyond this Troezen's border lies a beach
Sloping full down to yon Saronic Sea.
There from earth's womb a noise like Zeus's thunder
Made muffled roaring, a blood-curdling sound.
Then the steeds lifted head and pricked the ear;
And thrilled through us most vehement dismay
Whence might the sound be. To the sea-lashed shores
Then glanced we, and a surge unearthly saw
Up-columned to the sky, that from my sight
Shrouded was all the beach Scironian;
Veiled was the Isthmus and Asclepius' Crag.
Then swelling higher, higher, and spurting forth
All round a cloud of foam and sea-blown spray,
Shoreward it rusheth, toward the four-horse car.

Then from the breaker's midst and hugest surge
The wave belched forth a bull, a monster fierce,
With whose throat-thunder all the land was filled,
And echoed awfully, as on our gaze
He burst, a sight more dread than eyes could bear.
Straightway wild panic falleth on the steeds:
Yet their lord, wholly conversant with wont
Of horses, caught the reins in both his hands,
And tugs, as shipman tugs against the oar,
Throwing his body's weight against the reins.
But on the fire-forged bits they clenched their teeth,
And whirled him on o'ermastered, recking not
Of steering hand, or curb, or strong car's weight.
And if, yet holding to the chariot-helm,
Toward the smooth ground he strove to guide their course,
Aye showed that bull in front, to turn them back,
Maddening with fright the fourfold chariot-team.
If toward the rocks they rushed with frenzied heart,
Fast by the rail in silence followed he
On, till he fouled and overset the car,
Dashing against a rock the chariot-felly.
Then all was turmoil: upward leapt in air
Naves of the wheels and linchpins of the axles.
And he, unhappy, tangled in the reins,
Bound in indissoluble bonds, is haled
Dashing his head against the cruel rocks,
Rending his flesh, outshrieking piteous cries—
"O stay, ye horses nurtured at my cribs,
Destroy me not!—ah, father's curse ill-starred!
Will no one save an utter-innocent man?"
Ah, many willed, but far behind were left
With feet outstripped. Loosed from the toils at last
Of clean-cut reins,—I know not in what wise,—
He falls, yet breathing for short space of life.
Vanished the steeds and that accursèd monster,
The bull, mid rock-strewn ground, I know not where.

Thrall am I verily of thine house, O king;
Howbeit so foul a charge—I never can
Believe it of thy son, that he is vile,
Not though all womankind should hang themselves,
Though one should fill with writing every pine
In Ida:—he is righteous, this I know.
CHO. Woe for accomplishment of new disaster!
No refuge is there from the doom of fate.
THES. For hatred of the man who thus hath fared,
Glad for this tale was I: but now, for awe
Of heaven, and for that he is yet my son,
Glad for this judgment am I not, nor grieved.
MESS. How then?—must we bear yonder broken man
Hither?—or in what wise perform thy pleasure?

Bethink thee: if my counsel thou wilt heed,
Harsh to thy stricken son thou wilt not be.
THES. Bear him, that I may see before mine eyes
Him who denied that he had stained my bed,
By words and heaven's requital to convict him.

Exit MESSENGER.

CHO. Love, under thy dominion unbending hearts bow low—
Gods' hearts, and hearts of mortals; when, flashing through thy portals
On glory-gleaming pinion, flits Eros to and fro,
Love, under thy dominion unbending hearts bow low.

Gold-glittering wings wide-soaring, they rain down witchery:
O'er maddened hearts prevailing, o'er earth triumphant sailing,
O'er music of the roaring of spray-bemantled sea,
Gold-glittering wings wide-soaring, they rain down witchery.

He kindleth with his yearning all things of earth-born race:
The mountain's whelps he thrilleth, the ocean's brood he filleth:
Where'er the sun's eye burning down looketh on earth's face,
He kindleth with his yearning all things of earth-born race.

They bend—all, all are bending, Love-queen, beneath thy hand!
O crowned brows, whom loyal vassals acclaim sole royal
By spells all-comprehending in sky and sea and land;
They bend—all, all are bending, Love-queen, beneath thy hand!

Enter ARTEMIS, *veiled in a nectar-breathing cloud.*

ART. Thou high-born scion of Aegeus, I call upon thee:
Theseus, give ear unto me.
It is Artemis, Leto's Daughter, that nameth thy name:
Why dost thou joy in thy shame,
Who hast murdered thy son unrighteously, thereto moved
By the lies of thy wife unproved?
Ruin and wrack in the sight of the sun hast thou found.
How wilt thou hide underground
Thy dishonour in hell, or upsoaring mid clouds, veil there
Thy life of remorse and despair?
For the part that was erstwhile thine in the good man's lot,
Behold, it is not,
Theseus, hear thou the posture of thy woes:—
Yet have I no help for thee, only pain;
But I have come to show the righteousness
Of thy son, that in fair fame he may die,
And thy wife's fever-flame,—yet in some sort
Her nobleness. She, stung by goads of her
Whom we, who joy in purity, abhor
Most of all Gods, was lovesick for thy son.
Her reason fought her passion, and she died
Through schemes wherein she had no part: her nurse
Told under oath-seal to thy son her pangs:
He, even as was righteous, would not heed
The tempting; no, nor when sore-wronged of thee
Broke he the oath's pledge, for he feared the Gods.
But she, adread to be of sin convict,
Wrote that false writing, and by treachery so
Destroyed thy son:—and thou believedst her!
THES. Ah me!
ART. Is it torture, Theseus?—Nay, but hear me out,
That hearing all thou mayst the more lament.
Thy sire's sure curses three—rememberest them?
One hast thou thus misused, O villain thou,
Against thy son, which might have quelled a foe!
Thy sire the Sea-king, in his love's despite,
Gave as he needs must, seeing he had pledged him:
Yet wicked in his eyes and mine art thou,
Who wouldst not wait for proof, nor proph-et's voice,
Nor yet make inquisition, nor let time
Slowly reveal all, but with criminal haste
Didst hurl the curse upon thy son, and slay.
THES. Queen, ruin seize me!
ART. Deep thy sin: but yet
Even thou for this mayst win forgiveness still:
For Cypris willed that all this should befall

To glut her spite. And this the Gods' wont is:—
None doth presume to thwart the fixed design
Willed by his fellow: still aloof we stand.
Else be thou sure that, but for dread of Zeus,
I never would have known this depth of shame,
To suffer one, of all men best beloved
Of me, to die. But thy transgression, first,
Thine ignorance from utter sin redeems;
Then, by her death thy wife made void all test
Of these her words, and won thy credence so.
Now, most on thee this storm of woe hath burst;
Yet grief is mine: for when the righteous die
The Gods joy not. The wicked, and withal
Their children and their homes, do we destroy.

CHO. Lo, lo, the stricken one borne
Hitherward, with his young flesh torn
And his golden head of its glory shorn!
Ah, griefs of the house!—what doom
Twofold on thine halls hath come
By the Gods' will shrouded in sorrow's gloom!

Enter bearers with HIPPOLYTUS.

HIP. Woe, woe for a son
By the doom of his sire
All marred and undone!
Through mine head leapeth fire
Of the agony-flashes, and throbbeth my brain like a hard-stricken lyre.

Let me rest—ah forbear!—
For my strength is sped.
Cursèd horses, ye were
Of mine own hands fed,
Yet me have ye wholly destroyed, yet me have ye stricken dead!

For the Gods' sake, bear
Me full gently, each thrall!
Thou to right, have a care!—
Soft let your hands fall;
Tenderly bear the sore-mangled, on-stepping in time, one and all,

The unhappy on-bearing,
And cursèd, I ween,
Of his father's own erring:—
Ah Zeus, hast thou seen?
Innocent I, ever fearing the Gods, who was wholly heart-clean

Above all men beside,—
Lo, how am I thrust
Unto Hades, to hide
My life in the dust!
All vainly I reverenced God, and in vain unto man was I just.

Let the stricken one be!—
Ah, mine anguish again!—
Give ye sleep unto me,
Death-salve for my pain,
The sleep of the sword for the wretched—I long, oh I long to be slain.

Dire curse of my father!—
Sins, long ago wrought
Of mine ancestors, gather:
Their doom tarries not,
But the scourge overfloweth the innocent—wherefore on me is it brought?

Ah for words of a spell,
That my soul might take flight
From the tortures, with fell
Unrelentings that smite!
Oh for the blackness of Hades, the sleep of Necessity's night!

ART. Unhappy, bowed 'neath what disaster's yoke!
Thine own heart's nobleness hath ruined thee.

HIP. Ah, perfume-breath celestial!—mid my pains
I feel thee, and mine anguish is assuaged.
Lo in this place the Goddess Artemis!

ART. Yea, hapless one, of Gods best friend to thee

HIP. O Queen, seest thou my plight—the stricken one?

ART. I see—but tears are to mine eyes forbid.

HIP. None now shall hark thine hounds, nor do thee service—

ART. Ah no! Yet dear to me thou perishest.

HIP. Nor tend thy steeds, nor guard thine images.

ART. This all-pernicious Cypris hath contrived—

HIP. Ah me! what Goddess blasts me now I know!

ART. Jealous for honour, wroth with chastity.
HIP. Three hath one hand destroyed; I see it now.
ART. Thy father—thee—thy father's wife the third.
HIP. Yea, and I wail my father's misery.
ART. By plots of deity was he beguiled.
HIP. Ah father, woe is thee for this mischance!
THES. I am slain, my son: no joy have I in life!
HIP. More than myself I mourn thee for thine error.
THES. Would God I could but die for thee, my son!
HIP. Ah, bitter gifts of that Sea-god, thy sire!
THES. Ah that the word had never passed my lips!
HIP. Wherefore?—thou wouldst for wrath have slain me still.
THES. Yea, for the Gods had caused my wit to stumble.
HIP. Oh that men's curses could but strike the Gods!
ART. Let be: for even in the nether gloom
Not unavenged shall be the stroke that fell
Upon thy frame through rage of Cypris's spite,
For thy pure soul's and for thy reverence' sake.
For upon one, her minion, with mine hand—
Whoso is dearest of all men to her—
With these unerring shafts will I avenge me.
And to thee, hapless one, for these thy woes
High honours will I give in Troezen-town.
Ere their espousals shall all maids unwed
For thee cut off their hair: through age on age
Full harvests shalt thou reap of tears of grieving.
Ever of thee song-waking memory
Shall live in virgins; nor shall Phaedra's love
Forgotten in thy story be unhymned.
But thou, O son of ancient Aegeus, take
Thy child into thine arms, and fold him close.
Not of thy will thou slewest him, and well
May men transgress when Gods are thrusting on.
Thee too I charge, Hippolytus—hate not
Thy father: 'tis by fate thou perishest.
Farewell: I may not gaze upon the dead,
Nor may with dying gasps pollute my sight
And now I see that thou art near the end.
Exit.
HIP. Farewell to thy departing, Maiden blest.
Light falls on thee long fellowship's severance!
Lo, I forgive my father at thy suit,
As heretofore have I obeyed thy word.
Ah, o'er mine eyes even now the darkness draws!
Take, father, take my body and upraise.
THES. Ah me! what dost thou, child, to hapless me?
HIP. I am gone—yea, I behold the gates of death!
THES. Wilt leave me—and my conscience murder-stained?
HIP. No, no! I do absolve thee of my death.
THES. How say'st thou?—dost assoil me of thy blood?
HIP. I call to witness Bow-queen Artemis.
THES. Dearest, how noble show'st thou to thy sire!
HIP. Pray to have such sons—sons in wedlock born.
THES. Woe for thy reverent soul, thy righteous heart!
HIP. Father, farewell thou too—untold farewells!
THES. Forsake me not, my son!—be strong to bear!
HIP. My strength is overborne—I am gone, my father.
Cover my face with mantles with all speed.
Dies.
THES. O bounds of Athens, Pallas' glorious realm,
What hero will be lost to you! Woe's me!
Cypris, how oft shall I recall thy wrong!
CHO. On the city hath lighted a stroke without warning,
On all hearts desolation.
Rain down, O ye fast-dropping tears of our mourning!
When the mighty are fallen, their burial-oblation
Is the wail of a nation.
Exeunt OMNES.

EVERYMAN

CHARACTERS

EVERYMAN
GOD: ADONAI
DEATH
MESSENGER
FELLOWSHIP
COUSIN
KINDRED
GOODS
GOOD-DEEDS
STRENGTH
DISCRETION
FIVE-WITS
BEAUTY
KNOWLEDGE
CONFESSION
ANGEL
DOCTOR

HERE beginneth a treatise how the High Father of Heaven sendeth death to summon every creature to come and give account of their lives in this world and is in manner of a moral play.

MESSENGER. I pray you all give your audience,
And hear this matter with reverence,
By figure a moral play—
The *Summoning of Everyman* called it is,
That of our lives and ending shows
How transitory we be all day.
This matter is wondrous precious,
But the intent of it is more gracious,
And sweet to bear away.
The story saith,—Man, in the beginning,
Look well, and take good heed to the ending,
Be you never so gay!
Ye think sin in the beginning full sweet,
Which in the end causeth thy soul to weep,
When the body lieth in clay.
Here shall you see how *Fellowship* and *Jollity*,
Both *Strength*, *Pleasure*, and *Beauty*,
Will fade from thee as flower in May.
For ye shall hear, how our Heaven King
Calleth *Everyman* to a general reckoning:
Give audience, and hear what he doth say.

GOD. I perceive here in my majesty,
How that all creatures be to me unkind,
Living without dread in worldly prosperity:
Of ghostly sight the people be so blind,
Drowned in sin, they know me not for their God;
In worldly riches is all their mind,
They fear not my rightwiseness, the sharp rod;
My law that I showed, when I for them died,
They forget clean, and shedding of my blood red:
I hanged between two, it cannot be denied;
To get them life I suffered to be dead;
I healed their feet, with thorns hurt was my head:
I could do no more than I did truly,
And now I see the people do clean forsake me.
They use the seven deadly sins damnable;
As pride, covetise, wrath, and lechery,
Now in the world be made commendable;
And thus they leave of angels the heavenly company;
Everyman liveth so after his own pleasure,
And yet of their life they be nothing sure:
I see the more that I them forbear
The worse they be from year to year;
All that liveth appaireth fast,
Therefore I will in all the haste
Have a reckoning of Everyman's person;
For and I leave the people thus alone
In their life and wicked tempests,
Verily they will become much worse than beasts;
For now one would by envy another up eat;
Charity they all do clean forget.
I hoped well that Everyman
In my glory should make his mansion,
And thereto I had them all elect;
But now I see, like traitors deject,
They thank me not for the pleasure that I to them meant,
Nor yet for their being that I them have lent;
I proffered the people great multitude of mercy,
And few there be that asketh it heartily;
They be so cumbered with worldly riches,
That needs on them I must do justice,
On Everyman living without fear.
Where art thou, *Death*, thou mighty messenger?

DEATH. Almighty God, I am here at your will,
Your commandment to fulfil.

GOD. Go thou to *Everyman*,
And show him in my name
A pilgrimage he must on him take,
Which he in no wise may escape;
And that he bring with him a sure reckoning
Without delay or any tarrying.

DEATH. Lord, I will in the world go run over all,

And cruelly outsearch both great and small;
Every man will I beset that liveth beastly
Out of God's laws, and dreadeth not folly:
He that loveth riches I will strike with my dart,
His sight to blind, and from heaven to depart,
Except that alms be his good friend,
In hell for to dwell, world without end.
Lo, yonder I see *Everyman* walking;
Full little he thinketh on my coming;
His mind is on fleshly lusts and his treasure,
And great pain it shall cause him to endure
Before the Lord Heaven King.
Everyman, stand still; whither art thou going
Thus gaily? Hast thou thy Maker forget?

EVERYMAN. Why askst thou?
Wouldest thou wete?

DEATH. Yea, sir, I will show you;
In great haste I am sent to thee
From God out of his majesty.

EVERYMAN. What, sent to me?

DEATH. Yea, certainly.
Though thou have forgot him here,
He thinketh on thee in the heavenly sphere,
As, or we depart, thou shalt know.

EVERYMAN. What desireth God of me?

DEATH. That shall I show thee;
A reckoning he will needs have
Without any longer respite.

EVERYMAN. To give a reckoning longer leisure I crave;
This blind matter troubleth my wit.

DEATH. On thee thou must take a long journey:
Therefore thy book of count with thee thou bring;
For turn again thou cannot by no way,
And look thou be sure of thy reckoning:
For before God thou shalt answer, and show
Thy many bad deeds and good but a few;
How thou hast spent thy life, and in what wise,
Before the chief lord of paradise.
Have ado that we were in that way,
For, wete thou well, thou shalt make none attournay.

EVERYMAN. Full unready I am such reckoning to give.
I know thee not: what messenger art thou?

DEATH. I am *Death*, that no man dreadeth.
For every man I rest and no man spareth;
For it is God's commandment
That all to me should be obedient.

EVERYMAN. O *Death*, thou comest when I had thee least in mind;
In thy power it lieth me to save,
Yet of my good will I give thee, if ye will be kind,
Yea, a thousand pound shalt thou have,
And defer this matter till another day.

DEATH. *Everyman*, it may not be by no way;
I set not by gold, silver, nor riches,
Nor by pope, emperor, king, duke, nor princes.
For and I would receive gifts great,
All the world I might get;
But my custom is clean contrary.
I give thee no respite: come hence, and not tarry.

EVERYMAN. Alas, shall I have no longer respite?
I may say *Death* giveth no warning:
To think on thee, it maketh my heart sick,
For all unready is my book of reckoning.
But twelve year and I might have abiding,
My counting book I would make so clear,
That my reckoning I should not need to fear.
Wherefore, *Death*, I pray thee, for God's mercy,
Spare me till I be provided of remedy.

DEATH. Thee availeth not to cry, weep, and pray:
But haste thee lightly that you were gone the journey,
And prove thy friends if thou can.
For, wete thou well, the tide abideth no man,
And in the world each living creature
For *Adam's* sin must die of nature.

EVERYMAN. *Death*, if I should this pilgrimage take,
And my reckoning surely make,
Show me, for saint *charity*,
Should I not come again shortly?

DEATH. No, *Everyman;* and thou be once there,
Thou mayst never more come here,
Trust me verily.

EVERYMAN. O gracious God, in the high seat celestial,
Have mercy on me in this most need;
Shall I have no company from this vale terrestrial
Of mine acquaintance that way me to lead?

DEATH. Yea, if any be so hardy,
That would go with thee and bear thee company.
Hie thee that you were gone to God's magnificence,
Thy reckoning to give before his presence.
What, weenest thou thy life is given thee,
And thy worldly goods also?
EVERYMAN. I had wend so, verily.
DEATH. Nay, nay; it was but lent thee;
For as soon as thou art go,
Another awhile shall have it, and then go therefro
Even as thou hast done.
Everyman, thou art mad; thou hast thy wits five,
And here on earth will not amend thy life,
For suddenly I do come.
EVERYMAN. O wretched caitiff, whither shall I flee,
That I might scape this endless sorrow!
Now, gentle *Death*, spare me till to-morrow,
That I may amend me
With good advisement.
DEATH. Nay, thereto I will not consent,
Nor no man will I respite,
But to the heart suddenly I shall smite
Without any advisement.
And now out of thy sight I will me hie;
See thou make thee ready shortly,
For thou mayst say this is the day
That no man living may scape away.
EVERYMAN. Alas, I may well weep with sighs deep;
Now have I no manner of company
To help me in my journey, and me to keep;
And also my writing is full unready.
How shall I do now for to excuse me?
I would to God I had never be gete![1]
To my soul a full great profit it had be;
For now I fear pains huge and great.
The time passeth; Lord, help that all wrought;
For though I mourn it availeth nought.
The day passeth, and is almost a-go;
I wot not wl what for to do.
To whom were I best my complaint to make?
What, and I to *Fellowship* thereof spake,
And showed hi- of this sudden chance?
For in him is all mine affiance;
We have in the world so many a day
Be on good friends in sport and play.
I see him yonder, certainly;
I trust that he will bear me company;
Therefore to him will I speak to ease my sorrow.
Well met, good *Fellowship*, and good morrow!
FELLOWSHIP SPEAKETH. *Everyman*, good morrow by this day.
Sir, why lookest thou so piteously?
If any thing be amiss, I pray thee, me say,
That I may help to remedy.
EVERYMAN. Yea, good *Fellowship*, yea,
I am in great jeopardy.
FELLOWSHIP. My true friend, show to me your mind;
I will not forsake thee, unto my life's end,
In the way of good company.
EVERYMAN. That was well spoken, and lovingly.
FELLOWSHIP. Sir, I must needs know your heaviness;
I have pity to see you in any distress;
If any have you wronged ye shall revenged be,
Though I on the ground be slain for thee,—
Though that I know before that I should die.
EVERYMAN. Verily, *Fellowship*, gramercy.
FELLOWSHIP. Tush! by thy thanks I set not a straw.
Show me your grief, and say no more.
EVERYMAN. If I my heart should to you break,
And then you to turn your mind from me,
And would not me comfort, when you hear me speak,
Then should I ten times sorrier be.
FELLOWSHIP. Sir, I say as I will do in deed.
EVERYMAN. Then be you a good friend at need:
I have found you true here before.
FELLOWSHIP. And so ye shall evermore;
For, in faith, and thou go to Hell,
I will not forsake thee by the way!
EVERYMAN. Ye speak like a good friend; I believe you well;
I shall deserve it, and I may.
FELLOWSHIP. I speak of no deserving, by this day.
For he that will say and nothing do
Is not worthy with good company to go;

[1]Been born.

Therefore show me the grief of your mind,
As to your friend most loving and kind.
EVERYMAN. I shall show you how it is;
Commanded I am to go a journey,
A long way, hard and dangerous,
And give a strait count without delay
Before the high judge Adonai.
Wherefore I pray you, bear me company,
As ye have promised, in this journey.
FELLOWSHIP. That is matter indeed! Promise is duty,
But, and I should take such a voyage on me,
I know it well, it should be to my pain:
Also it make me afeard, certain.
But let us take counsel here as well as we can,
For your words would fear a strong man.
EVERYMAN. Why, ye said, If I had need,
Ye would me never forsake, quick nor dead,
Though it were to hell truly.
FELLOWSHIP. So I said, certainly,
But such pleasures be set aside, thee sooth to say:
And also, if we took such a journey,
When should we come again?
EVERYMAN. Nay, never again till the day of doom.
FELLOWSHIP. In faith, then will not I come there!
Who hath you these tidings brought?
EVERYMAN. Indeed, *Death* was with me here.
FELLOWSHIP. Now, by God that all hath bought,
If *Death* were the messenger,
For no man that is living to-day
I will not go that loath journey—
Not for the father that begat me!
EVERYMAN. Ye promised other wise, pardie.
FELLOWSHIP. I wot well I say so truly;
And yet if thou wilt eat, and drink, and make good cheer,
Or haunt to women, the lusty company,
I would not forsake you, while the day is clear,
Trust me verily!
EVERYMAN. Yea, thereto ye would be ready;
To go to mirth, solace, and play,
Your mind will sooner apply
Than to bear me company in my long journey.
FELLOWSHIP. Now, in good faith, I will not that way.
But and thou wilt murder, or any man kill,
In that I will help thee with a good will!
EVERYMAN. O that is a simple advice indeed!
Gentle *fellow*, help me in my necessity;
We have loved long, and now I need,
And now, gentle *Fellowship*, remember me.
FELLOWSHIP. Whether ye have loved me or no,
By Saint John, I will not with thee go.
EVERYMAN. Yet I pray thee, take the labor, and do so much for me
To bring me forward, for saint charity,
And comfort me till I come without the town.
FELLOWSHIP. Nay, and thou would give me a new gown,
I will not a foot with thee go;
But and you had tarried I would not have left thee so.
And as now, God speed thee in thy journey,
For from thee I will depart as fast as I may.
EVERYMAN. Whither away, *Fellowship?* will you forsake me?
FELLOWSHIP. Yea, by my fay, to God I betake thee.
EVERYMAN. Farewell, good *Fellowship;* for this my heart is sore;
Adieu for ever, I shall see thee no more.
FELLOWSHIP. In faith, *Everyman*, farewell now at the end;
For you I will remember that parting is mourning.
EVERYMAN. Alack! shall we thus depart indeed?
Our Lady, help, without any more comfort,
Lo, *Fellowship* forsaketh me in my most need:
For help in this world whither shall I resort?
Fellowship herebefore with me would merry make;
And now little sorrow for me doth he take.
It is said, in prosperity men friends may find,
Which in adversity be full unkind.
Now whither for succor shall I flee,
Since that *Fellowship* hath forsaken me?
To my kinsmen I will truly,
Praying them to help me in my necessity;
I believe that they will do so,
For kind will creep where it may not go.
I will go say, for yonder I see them go.
Where be ye now, my friends and kinsmen?

KINDRED. Here be we now at your commandment.
Cousin, I pray you show us your intent
In any wise, and not spare.
COUSIN. Yea, *Everyman*, and to us declare
If ye be disposed to go any whither,
For wete you well, we will live and die together.
KINDRED. In wealth and woe we will with you hold,
For over his kin a man may be bold.
EVERYMAN. Gramercy, my friends and kinsmen kind.
Now shall I show you the grief of my mind:
I was commanded by a messenger,
That is an high king's chief officer;
He bade me go a pilgrimage to my pain,
And I know well I shall never come again;
Also I must give a reckoning straight,
For I have a great enemy, that hath me in wait,
Which intendeth me for to hinder.
KINDRED. What account is that which ye must render?
That would I know.
EVERYMAN. Of all my works I must show
How I have lived and my days spent;
Also of ill deeds, that I have used
In my time, since life was me lent;
And of all virtues that I have refused.
Therefore I pray you go thither with me,
To help to make mine account, for saint *charity*.
COUSIN. What, to go thither? Is that the matter?
Nay, *Everyman*, I had liefer fast bread and water
All this five year and more.
EVERYMAN. Alas, that ever I was bore!
For now shall I never be merry
If that you forsake me.
KINDRED. Ah, sir; what, ye be a merry man!
Take good heart to you, and make no moan.
But one thing I warn you, by Saint Anne,
As for me, ye shall go alone.
EVERYMAN. My *Cousin*, will you not with me go?
COUSIN. No, by our Lady; I have the cramp in my toe.
Trust not to me, for, so God me speed,
I will deceive you in your most need.
KINDRED. It availeth not us to tice.
Ye shall have my maid with all my heart;
She loveth to go to feasts, there to be nice,
And to dance, and abroad to start:
I will give her leave to help you in that journey,
If that you and she may agree.
EVERYMAN. Now show me the very effect of your mind.
Will you go with me, or abide behind?
KINDRED. Abide behind? yea, that I will and I may!
Therefore farewell until another day.
EVERYMAN. How should I be merry or glad?
For fair promises to me make,
But when I have most need, they me forsake.
I am deceived; that maketh me sad.
COUSIN. Cousin *Everyman*, farewell now,
For verily I will not go with you;
Also of mine own an unready reckoning
I have to account; therefore I make tarrying.
Now, God keep thee, for now I go.
EVERYMAN. Ah, *Jesus*, is all come hereto?
Lo, fair words maketh fools feign;
They promise and nothing will do certain.
My kinsmen promised me faithfully
For to abide with me steadfastly,
And now fast away do they flee:
Even so *Fellowship* promised me.
What friend were best me of to provide?
I lose my time here longer to abide.
Yet in my mind a thing there is;—
All my life I have loved riches;
If that my good now help me might,
He would make my heart full light.
I will speak to him in this distress.—
Where art thou, my *Goods* and riches?
GOODS. Who calleth me? *Everyman?* what haste thou hast.
I lie here in corners, trussed and piled so high,
And in chests I am locked so fast,
Also sacked in bags, thou mayst see with thine eye,
I cannot stir; in packs low I lie.
What would ye have, lightly me say.
EVERYMAN. Come hither, *Goods*, in all the haste thou may,
For of counsel I must desire thee.
GOODS. Sir, and ye in the world have trouble or adversity,
That can I help you to remedy shortly.
EVERYMAN. It is another disease that grieveth me;

In this world it is not, I tell thee so.
I am sent for another way to go,
To give a straight account general
Before the highest *Jupiter* of all;
And all my life I have had joy and pleasure in thee.
Therefore I pray thee go with me,
For, peradventure, thou mayst before God Almighty
My reckoning help to clean and purify;
For it is said ever among,
That money maketh all right that is wrong.
GOODS. Nay, *Everyman*, I sing another song,
I follow no man in such voyages;
For and I went with thee
Thou shouldst fare much the worse for me;
For because on me thou did set thy mind,
Thy reckoning I have made blotted and blind,
That thine account thou cannot make truly;
And that hast thou for the love of me.
EVERYMAN. That would grieve me full sore,
When I should come to that fearful answer.
Up, let us go thither together.
GOODS. Nay, not so, I am too brittle, I may not endure;
I will follow no man one foot, be ye sure.
EVERYMAN. Alas, I have thee loved, and had great pleasure
All my life-days on good and treasure.
GOODS. That is to thy damnation without lesing,
For my love is contrary to the love everlasting.
But if thou had me loved moderately during,
As, to the poor give part of me,
Then shouldst thou not in this dolor be,
Nor in this great sorrow and care.
EVERYMAN. Lo, now was I deceived or I was ware,
And all I may wyte[1] my spending of time.
GOODS. What, weenest thou that I am thine?
EVERYMAN. I had wend so.
GOODS. Nay, *Everyman*, I say no;
As for a while I was lent thee,
A season thou hast had me in prosperity;
My condition is man's soul to kill;
If I save one, a thousand I do spill;
Weenest thou that I will follow thee?
Nay, from this world, not verily.
EVERYMAN. I had wend otherwise.
GOODS. Therefore to thy soul *Good* is a thief;
For when thou art dead, this is my guise
Another to deceive in the same wise
As I have done thee, and all to his soul's reprief.
EVERYMAN. O false *Good*, cursed thou be!
Thou traitor to God, that hast deceived me,
And caught me in thy snare.
GOODS. Marry, thou brought thyself in care,
Whereof I am glad,
I must needs laugh, I cannot be sad.
EVERYMAN. Ah, *Good*, thou hast had long my hearty love;
I gave thee that which should be the Lord's above.
But wilt thou not go with me in deed?
I pray thee truth to say.
GOODS. No, so God me speed,
Therefore farewell, and have good day.
EVERYMAN. O to whom shall I make my moan
For to go with me in that heavy journey?
First *Fellowship* said he would with me gone;
His words were very pleasant and gay,
But afterward he left me alone.
Then spake I to my kinsmen all in despair,
And also they gave me words fair,
They lacked no fair speaking,
But all forsake me in the ending.
Then went I to my *Goods* that I loved best,
In hope to have comfort, but there had I least;
For my *Goods* sharply did me tell
That he bringeth many into hell.
Then of myself I was ashamed,
And so I am worthy to be blamed;
Thus may I well myself hate.
Of whom shall I now counsel take?
I think that I shall never speed
Till that I go to my *Good-Deeds*,
But alas, she is so weak,
That she can neither go nor speak;
Yet will I venture on her now.—
My *Good-Deeds*, where be you?
GOOD-DEEDS. Here I lie cold in the ground;
Thy sins hath me sore bound,
That I cannot stir.
EVERYMAN. O, *Good-Deeds*, I stand in fear;

[1]Blame.

I must you pray of counsel,
For help now should come right well.
GOOD-DEEDS. *Everyman*, I have understanding
That ye be summoned account to make
Before *Messias*, of Jerusalem King;
And you do by me[1] that journey with you will I take.
EVERYMAN. Therefore I come to you, my moan to make;
I pray you, that ye will go with me.
GOOD-DEEDS. I would full fain, but I cannot stand verily.
EVERYMAN. Why, is there anything on you fall?
GOOD-DEEDS. Yea, sir, I may thank you of all;
If ye had perfectly cheered me,
Your book of account now full ready had be.
Look, the books of your works and deeds eke;
Oh, see how they lie under the feet,
To your soul's heaviness.
EVERYMAN. Our Lord *Jesus*, help me!
For one letter here I cannot see.
GOOD-DEEDS. There is a blind reckoning in time of distress!
EVERYMAN. *Good-Deeds*, I pray you, help me in this need,
Or else I am for ever damned indeed;
Therefore help me to make reckoning
Before the redeemer of all things,
That king is, and was, and ever shall.
GOOD-DEEDS. *Everyman*, I am sorry of your fall,
And fain would I help you, and I were able.
EVERYMAN. *Good-Deeds*, your counsel I pray you give me.
GOOD-DEEDS. That shall I do verily;
Though that on my feet I may not go.
I have a sister, that shall with you also,
Called *Knowledge*, which shall with you abide,
To help you to make that dreadful reckoning.
KNOWLEDGE. *Everyman*, I will go with thee, and be thy guide,
In thy most need to go by thy side.
EVERYMAN. In good condition I am now in every thing,
And am wholly content with this good thing;
Thanked be God my Creator.
GOOD-DEEDS. And when he hath brought thee there,
Where thou shalt heal thee of thy smart,
Then go you with your reckoning and your *Good-Deeds* together
For to make you joyful at heart
Before the blessed Trinity.
EVERYMAN. My *Good-Deeds*, gramercy;
I am well content, certainly,
With your words sweet.
KNOWLEDGE. Now go we together lovingly,
To *Confession*, that cleansing river.
EVERYMAN. For joy I weep; I would we were there;
But, I pray you, give me cognition
Where dwelleth that holy man, *Confession*.
KNOWLEDGE. In the house of salvation:
We shall find him in that place,
That shall us comfort by God's grace.
Lo, this is *Confession;* kneel down and ask mercy,
For he is in good conceit with God Almighty.
EVERYMAN. O glorious fountain that all uncleanness doth clarify,
Wash from me the spots of vices unclean,
That on me no sin may be seen;
I come with *Knowledge* for my redemption,
Repent with hearty and full contrition;
For I am commanded a pilgrimage to take,
And great accounts before God to make.
Now, I pray you, *Shrift*, mother of salvation,
Help my good deeds for my piteous exclamation.
CONFESSION. I know your sorrow well, *Everyman;*
Because with *Knowledge* ye come to me,
I will you comfort as well as I can,
And a precious jewel I will give thee,
Called penance, wise voider of adversity;
Therewith shall your body chastised be,
With abstinence and perseverance in God's service:
Here shall you receive that scourge of me
Which is penance strong, that ye must endure,
To remember thy Savior was scourged for thee
With sharp scourges, and suffered it patiently;
So must thou, or thou scape that painful pilgrimage;
Knowledge, keep him in this voyage,
And by that time *Good-Deeds* will be with thee.
But in any wise, be sure of mercy,

[1] If you take my counsel.

For your time draweth fast, and ye will saved be;
Ask God mercy, and He will grant truly,
When with the scourge of penance man doth him bind,
The oil of forgiveness then shall he find.
EVERYMAN. Thanked be God for his gracious work!
For now I will my penance begin;
This hath rejoiced and lighted my heart,
Though the knots be painful and hard within.
KNOWLEDGE. *Everyman*, look your penance that ye fulfil,
What pain that ever it to you be,
And *Knowledge* shall give you counsel at will,
How your accounts ye shall make clearly.
EVERYMAN. O eternal God, O heavenly figure,
O way of rightwiseness, O goodly vision,
Which descended down in a virgin pure
Because he would *Everyman* redeem,
Which *Adam* forfeited by his disobedience;
O blessed Godhead, elect and high-divine,
Forgive my grievous offence;
Here I cry thee mercy in this presence.
O ghostly treasure, O ransomer and redeemer
Of all the world, hope and conductor,
Mirror of joy, and founder of mercy.
Which illumineth heaven and earth thereby,
Hear my clamorous complaint, though it late be;
Receive my prayers; unworthy in this heavy life,
Though I be, a sinner most abominable,
Yet let my name be written in *Moses'* table;
O *Mary*, pray to the Maker of all thing,
Me for to help at my ending,
And save me from the power of my enemy,
For *Death* assaileth me strongly;
And, Lady, that I may by means of thy prayer
Of your Son's glory to be partaker,
By the means of his passion I it crave,
I beseech you, help my soul to save.—
Knowledge, give me the scourge of penance;
My flesh therewith shall give a quittance:
I will now begin, if God give me grace.
KNOWLEDGE. *Everyman*, God give you time and space:
Thus I bequeath you in the hands of our Savior,
Thus may you make your reckoning sure.
EVERYMAN. In the name of the Holy Trinity,
My body sore punished shall be:
Take this body for the sin of the flesh;
Also thou delightest to go gay and fresh,
And in the way of damnation thou did me bring;
Therefore suffer now strokes and punishing.
Now of penance I will wade the water clear
To save me from purgatory, that sharp fire.
GOOD-DEEDS. I thank God, now I can walk and go;
And am delivered of my sickness and woe.
Therefore with *Everyman* I will go, and not spare;
His good works I will help him to declare.
KNOWLEDGE. Now, *Everyman*, be merry and glad;
Your *Good-Deeds* cometh now; ye may not be sad;
Now is your *Good-Deeds* whole and sound,
Going upright upon the ground.
EVERYMAN. My heart is light, and shall be evermore;
Now will I smite faster than I did before.
GOOD-DEEDS. *Everyman*, pilgrim, my special friend,
Blessed be thou without end;
For thee is prepared the eternal glory.
Ye have me made whole and sound,
Therefore I will bide by thee in every sound.[1]
EVERYMAN. Welcome, my *Good-Deeds;* now I hear thy voice,
I weep for very sweetness of love.
KNOWLEDGE. Be no more sad, but ever rejoice,
God seeth thy living in his throne above;
Put on this garment to thy behove,
Which is wet with your tears,
Or else before God you may it miss,
When you to your journey's end come shall.
EVERYMAN. Gentle *Knowledge*, what do you it call?
KNOWLEDGE. It is a garment of sorrow:
From pain it will you borrow;
Contrition it is,
That getteth forgiveness;
It pleaseth God passing well.
GOOD-DEEDS. *Everyman*, will you wear it for your heal?
EVERYMAN. Now blessed be *Jesu*, *Mary's* Son!
For now have I on true contrition.
And let us go now without tarrying;

[1]Season.

Good-Deeds, have we clear our reckoning?
GOOD-DEEDS. Yea, indeed I have it here.
EVERYMAN. Then I trust we need not fear;
Now, friends, let us not part in twain.
KNOWLEDGE. Nay, *Everyman*, that will we not, certain.
GOOD-DEEDS. Yet must thou lead with thee
Three persons of great might.
EVERYMAN. Who should they be?
GOOD-DEEDS. *Discretion* and *Strength* they hight,[1]
And thy *Beauty* may not abide behind.
KNOWLEDGE. Also ye must call to mind
Your *Five-Wits* as for your counselors.
GOOD-DEEDS. You must have them ready at all hours.
EVERYMAN. How shall I get them hither?
KNOWLEDGE. You must call them all together,
And they will hear you incontinent.
EVERYMAN. My friends, come hither and be present
Discretion, *Strength*, my *Five-Wits*, and *Beauty*.
BEAUTY. Here at your will we be all ready.
What will ye that we should do?
GOOD-DEEDS. That ye would with *Everyman* go,
And help him in his pilgrimage,
Advise you, will ye with him or not in that voyage?
STRENGTH. We will bring him all thither,
To his help and comfort, ye may believe me.
DISCRETION. So will we go with him all together.
EVERYMAN. Almighty God, loved thou be,
I give thee laud that I have hither brought
Strength, *Discretion*, *Beauty*, and *Five-Wits;* lack I nought;
And my *Good-Deeds*, with *Knowledge* clear,
All be in my company at my will here;
I desire no more to my business.
STRENGTH. And I, *Strength*, will by you stand in distress,
Though thou would in battle fight on the ground.
FIVE-WITS. And though it were through the world round,
We will not depart for sweet nor sour.
BEAUTY. No more will I unto death's hour,
Whatsoever thereof befall.
DISCRETION. *Everyman*, advise you first of all;
Go with a good advisement and deliberation;
We all give you virtuous monition
That all shall be well.
EVERYMAN. My friends, hearken what I will tell:
I pray God reward you in his heavenly sphere.
Now hearken, all that be here,
For I will make my testament
Here before you all present.
In alms half my good I will give with my hands twain
In the way of charity, with good intent,
And the other half still shall remain
In quiet to be returned there it ought to be.
This I do in despite of the fiend of hell
To go quite out of his peril
Ever after and this day.
KNOWLEDGE. *Everyman*, hearken what I say;
Go to priesthood, I you advise,
And receive of him in any wise
The holy sacrament and ointment together;
Then shortly see ye turn again hither;
We will all abide you here.
FIVE-WITS. Yea, *Everyman*, hie you that ye ready were,
There is no emperor, king, duke, nor baron,
That of God hath commission,
As hath the least priest in the world being;
For of the blessed sacraments pure and benign,
He beareth the keys and thereof hath the cure
For man's redemption, it is ever sure;
Which God for our soul's medicine
Gave us out of his heart with great pine;
Here in this transitory life, for thee and me
The blessed sacraments seven there be,
Baptism, confirmation, with priesthood good,
And the sacrament of God's precious flesh and blood,
Marriage, the holy extreme unction, and penance;
These seven be good to have in remembrance,
Gracious sacraments of high divinity.

[1]Are called.

EVERYMAN. Fain would I receive that holy body
And meekly to my gnostly father I will go.
FIVE-WITS. *Everyman*, that is the best that ye can do:
God will you to salvation bring,
For priesthood exceedeth all other thing;
To us Holy Scripture they do teach,
And converteth man from sin heaven to reach;
God hath to them more power given,
Than to any angel that is in heaven;
With five words he may consecrate
God's body in flesh and blood to make,
And handleth his maker between his hands;
The priest bindeth and unbindeth all bands,
Both in earth and in heaven;
Thou ministers all the sacraments seven;
Though we kissed thy feet thou were worthy;
Thou art surgeon that cureth sin deadly:
No remedy we find under God
But all only priesthood.
Everyman, God gave priests that dignity,
And setteth them in his stead among us to be;
Thus be they above angels in degree.
KNOWLEDGE. If priests be good it is so surely;
But when Jesus hanged on the cross with great smart
There he gave, out of his blessed heart,
The same sacrament in great torment:
He sold them not to us, that Lord Omnipotent.
Therefore Saint Peter the apostle doth say
That Jesu's curse hath all they
Which God their Savior do buy or sell,
Or they for any money do take or tell.
Sinful priests giveth the sinners example bad;
Their children sitteth by other men's fires, I have heard;
And some haunteth women's company,
With unclean life, as lusts of lechery:
These be with sin made blind.
FIVE-WITS. I trust to God no such may we find;
Therefore let us priesthood honor,
And follow their doctrine for our souls' succor;
We be their sheep, and they shepherds be
By whom we all be kept in surety.
Peace, for yonder I see *Everyman* come,
Which hath made true satisfaction.
GOOD-DEEDS. Methinketh it is he indeed.

EVERYMAN. Now Jesu be our alder speed.[1]
I have received the sacrament for my redemption,
And then mine extreme unction:
Blessed be all they that counseled me to take it!
And now, friends, let us go without longer respite;
I thank God that ye have tarried so long.
Now set each of you on this rod your hand,
And shortly follow me:
I go before, there I would be; God be our guide.
STRENGTH. *Everyman*, we will not from you go,
Till ye have gone this voyage long.
DISCRETION. I, *Discretion*, will bide by you also.
KNOWLEDGE. And though this pilgrimage be never so strong,
I will never part you fro:
Everyman, I will be as sure by thee
As ever I did by Judas Maccabee.
EVERYMAN. Alas, I am so faint I may not stand,
My limbs under me do fold;
Friends, let us not turn again to this land,
Not for all the world's gold.
For into this cave must I creep
And turn to the earth and there to sleep.
BEAUTY. What, into this grave? alas!
EVERYMAN. Yea, there shall you consume more and less.
BEAUTY. And what should I smother here?
EVERYMAN. Yea, by my faith, and never more appear.
In this world live no more we shall,
But in heaven before the highest Lord of all.
BEAUTY. I cross out all this; adieu by Saint *John;*
I take my tap in my lap and am gone.[2]
EVERYMAN. What, *Beauty*, whither will ye?
BEAUTY. Peace, I am deaf; I look not behind me,
Not and thou would give me all the gold in thy chest.

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[1]Help in all things.

[2]A proverbial expression used to describe a hasty departure. In the beginning it was used literally of a woman taking her tap—a quantity of flax for spinning—and distaff in her lap or apron, in going to or from a friend's house.

EVERYMAN. Alas, whereto may I trust?
Beauty goeth fast away hie;
She promised with me to live and die.
STRENGTH. *Everyman*, I will thee also forsake and deny;
Thy game liketh me not at all.
EVERYMAN. Why, then ye will forsake me all.
Sweet *Strength*, tarry a little space.
STRENGTH. Nay, sir, by the rood of grace
I will hie me from thee fast,
Though thou weep till thy heart brast.[1]
EVERYMAN. Ye would ever bide by me, ye said.
STRENGTH. Yea, I have you far enough conveyed;
Ye be old enough, I understand,
Your pilgrimage to take on hand;
I repent me that I hither came.
EVERYMAN. *Strength*, you to displease I am to blame;
Will you break promise that is debt?
STRENGTH. In faith, I care not;
Thou art but a fool to complain,
You spend your speech and waste your brain;
Go thrust thee into the ground.
EVERYMAN. I had wend surer I should you have found.
He that trusteth in his *Strength*
She him deceiveth at the length.
Both *Strength* and *Beauty* forsaketh me,
Yet they promised me fair and lovingly.
DISCRETION. *Everyman*, I will after *Strength* be gone,
As for me I will leave you alone.
EVERYMAN. Why, *Discretion*, will ye forsake me?
DISCRETION. Yea, in faith, I will go from thee,
For when *Strength* goeth before
I follow after evermore.
EVERYMAN. Yet, I pray thee, for the love of the Trinity,
Look in my grave once piteously.
DISCRETION. Nay, so nigh will I not come.
Farewell, every one!
EVERYMAN. O all thing faileth, save God alone;
Beauty, *Strength*, and *Discretion;*
For when *Death* bloweth his blast,
They all run from me full fast.

FIVE-WITS. *Everyman*, my leave now of thee I take;
I will follow the other, for here I thee forsake.
EVERYMAN. Alas! then may I wail and weep,
For I took you for my best friend.
FIVE-WITS. I will no longer thee keep;
Now farewell, and there an end.
EVERYMAN. O Jesu, help, all hath forsaken me!
GOOD-DEEDS. Nay, *Everyman*, I will bide with thee,
I will not forsake thee indeed;
Thou shalt find me a good friend at need.
EVERYMAN. Gramercy, *Good-Deeds;* now may I true friends see;
They have forsaken me every one;
I loved them better than my *Good-Deeds* alone.
Knowledge, will ye forsake me also?
KNOWLEDGE. Yea, *Everyman*, when ye to death do go:
But not yet for no manner of danger.
EVERYMAN. Gramercy, *Knowledge*, with all my heart.
KNOWLEDGE. Nay, yet I will not from hence depart,
Till I see where ye shall be come.
EVERYMAN. Methinketh, alas, that I must be gone,
To make my reckoning and my debts pay,
For I see my time is nigh spent away.
Take example, all ye that this do hear or see,
How they that I loved best do forsake me,
Except my *Good-Deeds* that bideth truly.
GOOD-DEEDS. All earthly things is but vanity:
Beauty, *Strength*, and *Discretion*, do man forsake,
Foolish friends and kinsmen, that fair spake,
All fleeth save *Good-Deeds*, and that am I.
EVERYMAN. Have mercy on me, God most mighty;
And stand by me, thou Mother and Maid, holy *Mary*.
GOOD-DEEDS. Fear not, I will speak for thee.
EVERYMAN. Here I cry God mercy.
GOOD-DEEDS. Short our end and minish our pain;
Let us go and never come again.
EVERYMAN. Into thy hands, Lord, my soul I commend;
Receive it, Lord, that it be not lost;

[1]Burst.

As thou me boughtest, so me defend,
And save me from the fiend's boast,
That I may appear with that blessed host
That shall be saved at the day of doom.
In manus tuas—of might's most
For ever—*commendo spiritum meum.*
KNOWLEDGE. Now hath he suffered that we all shall endure;
The *Good-Deeds* shall make all sure.
Now hath he made ending;
Methinketh that I hear angels sing
And make great joy and melody,
Where *Everyman's* soul received shall be.
ANGEL. Come, excellent elect spouse to Jesu:
Hereabove thou shalt go
Because of thy singular virtue:
Now the soul is taken the body fro;
Thy reckoning is crystal-clear.
Now shalt thou into the heavenly sphere,
Unto the which all ye shall come
That liveth well before the day of doom.
DOCTOR. This moral men may have in mind;
Ye hearers, take it of worth, old and young,
And forsake pride, for he deceiveth you in the end,
And remember *Beauty*, *Five-Wits*, *Strength*, and *Discretion*,
They all at the last do *Everyman* forsake,
Save his *Good-Deeds*, there doth he take.
But beware, and they be small
Before God, he hath no help at all.
None excuse may be there for *Everyman:*
Alas, how shall he do then?
For after death amends may no man make,
For then mercy and pity do him forsake.
If his reckoning be not clear when he do come,
God will say—*ite maledicti in ignem æternum.*
And he that hath his account whole and sound,
High in heaven he shall be crowned;
Unto which place God bring us all thither
That we may live body and soul together.
Thereto help the Trinity,
Amen, say ye, for saint *charity.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616)

KING LEAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEAR, *King of Britain.*
KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF CORNWALL.
DUKE OF ALBANY.
EARL OF KENT.
EARL OF GLOUCESTER.
EDGAR, *Son to Gloucester.*
EDMUND, *Bastard Son to Gloucester.*
CURAN, *a Courtier.*
OSWALD, *Steward to Goneril.*
Old Man, Tenant to Gloucester.
Doctor.
Fool.
An Officer, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.
GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA } *Daughters to Lear.*
Knights of Lear's train, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE.—*Britain.*

ACT I

SCENE I

A Room of State in KING LEAR'S *Palace*

Enter KENT, GLOUCESTER, *and* EDMUND.

KENT. I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

GLOU. It did always seem so to us; but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for qualities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

KENT. Is not this your son, my lord?

GLOU. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

KENT. I cannot conceive you.

GLOU. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

KENT. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

GLOU. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

EDM. No, my lord.

GLOU. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

EDM. My services to your lordship.

KENT. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

EDM. Sir, I shall study deserving.

GLOU. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

Sennet. Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, *and Attendants.*

LEAR. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

GLOU. I shall, my liege.

Exeunt GLOUCESTER *and* EDMUND.

LEAR. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there. Know that we have divided
In three our kingdom; and 't is our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters,
Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

GON. Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter;
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

COR. [*Aside.*] What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be silent.

LEAR. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

REG. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short: that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense possesses,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

COR. [*Aside.*] Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since I am sure my love's
More ponderous than my tongue.

LEAR. To thee and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now, our joy,
Although our last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd; what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

COR. Nothing, my lord.

LEAR. Nothing?

COR. Nothing.

LEAR. Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.
COR. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; no more nor less.
LEAR. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.
COR. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.
LEAR. But goes thy heart with this?
COR. Ay, my good lord.
LEAR. So young, and so untender?
COR. So young, my lord, and true.
LEAR. Let it be so; thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate and the night,
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.
KENT. Good my liege,—
LEAR. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! Call France. Who stirs?
Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third;
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turn. Only we shall retain
The name and all the addition to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you.
KENT. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—
LEAR. The bow is bent and drawn; make from the shaft.
KENT. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound
When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.
LEAR. Kent, on thy life, no more.
KENT. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.
LEAR. Out of my sight!
KENT. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.
LEAR. Now, by Apollo,—
KENT. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.
LEAR. O, vassal! miscreant!
Laying his hand upon his sword.
ALB., CORN. Dear sir, forbear.

KENT. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.
LEAR. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance, hear me!
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
Which we durst never yet, and with strain'd pride
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if on the tenth day following
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.
KENT. Fare thee well, king; sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.
[*To* CORDELIA.] The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!
[*To* REGAN *and* GONERIL.] And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.
Thus Kent, O princes! bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new.
Exit.

Flourish. Re-enter GLOUCESTER, *with* FRANCE, BURGUNDY, *and Attendants.*

GLOU. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.
LEAR. My Lord of Burgundy,
We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter. What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?
BUR. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.
LEAR. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us we did hold her so,
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:
If aught within that little-seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.
BUR. I know no answer.
LEAR. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?
BUR. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.
LEAR. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. [*To* FRANCE.] For you, great king,
I would not from your love make such a stray
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.
FRANCE. This is most strange,
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint; which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.
COR. I yet beseech your majesty,
If for I want that glib and oily art
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak, that you make known
It is no vicious blot nor other foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,

That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour,
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.
LEAR. Better thou
Hadst not been born than not to have pleas'd me better.
FRANCE. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do? My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.
BUR. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.
LEAR. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.
BUR. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.
COR. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.
FRANCE. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 't is strange that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou losest here, a better where to find.
LEAR. Thou hast her, France; let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again; therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.
Come, noble Burgundy.

Flourish. *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GLOUCESTER, *and Attendants.*

FRANCE. Bid farewell to your sisters,
COR. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And like a sister am most loath to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Use well our father:
To your professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.
REG. Prescribe not us our duties.
GON. Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms; you have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.
COR. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!
FRANCE. Come, my fair Cordelia.

Exeunt FRANCE *and* CORDELIA.

GON. Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence to-night.

REG. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

GON. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

REG. 'T is the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

GON. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engraffed condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

REG. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

GON. There is further compliment of leavetaking between France and him. Pray you, let's hit together: if our father carry authority with such disposition as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

REG. We shall further think on 't.

GON. We must do something, and i' the heat. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II

A Hall in the EARL *of* GLOUCESTER'S *Castle.*

Enter EDMUND, *with a letter.*

EDM. Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who in the lusty stealth of nature take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate. Fine word, 'legitimate'!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow, I prosper;
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOUCESTER.

GLOU. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!
Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad! Edmund, how now! what news?

EDM. So please your lordship, none. *Putting up the letter.*

GLOU. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

EDM. I know no news, my lord.

GLOU. What paper were you reading?

EDM. Nothing, my lord.

GLOU. No? What needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: come; if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

EDM. I beseech you sir, pardon me; it is a letter from my brother that I have not all o'erread, and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'erlooking.

GLOU. Give me the letter, sir.

EDM. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

GLOU. Let's see, let's see.

EDM. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

GLOU. [*Reads.*]

This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I wake him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR.

Hum! Conspiracy! 'Sleep till I wake him, —you should enjoy half his revenue.' My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? When came this to you? Who brought it?

EDM. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

GLOU. You know the character to be your brother's?

EDM. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

GLOU. It is his.

EDM. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

GLOU. Has he never before sounded you in this business?

EDM. Never my lord: but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declined, the father

should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

GLOU. O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! Where is he?

EDM. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

GLOU. Think you so?

EDM. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

GLOU. He cannot be such a monster—

EDM. Nor is not, sure.

GLOU. —to his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.

EDM. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

GLOU. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us; though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing: do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty! 'T is strange. *Exit.*

EDM. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, often the surfeit of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains on necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves and treachers by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *ursa major;* so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. Tut! I should have been that I am had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my clue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. O! these eclipses do portend these divisions. *Fa, sol, la, mi.*

EDG. How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in?

EDM. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

EDG. Do you busy yourself with that?

EDM. I promise you the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state; menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

EDG. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

EDM. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

EDG. The night gone by.

EDM. Spake you with him?

EDG. Ay, two hours together.

EDM. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word nor countenance?

EDG. None at all.

EDM. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him; and at my entreaty forbear his presence until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

EDG. Some villain hath done me wrong.

EDM. That's my fear. I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower, and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go; there's my key. If you do stir abroad, go armed.

EDG. Armed, brother!

EDM. Brother, I advise you to the best, go armed; I am no honest man if there be any good meaning towards you; I have told you what I have seen and heard; but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it; pray you, away.

EDG. Shall I hear from you anon?

EDM. I do serve you in this business.

Exit EDGAR.

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy! I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit.

Exit.

SCENE III

A Room in the DUKE OF ALBANY'S *Palace.*

Enter GONERIL *and* OSWALD, *her Steward.*

GON. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

OSW. Ay, madam.

GON. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting
I will not speak with him; say I am sick:
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

OSW. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

Horns within.

GON. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away! Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again, and must be us'd
With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said.

OSW. Well, madam.

GON. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak: I'll write straight to my sister
To hold my very course. Prepare for dinner.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV

A Hall in the Same.

Enter KENT, *disguised.*

KENT. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness. Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, *Knights, and Attendants.*

LEAR. Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go, get it ready. *Exit an Attendant.* How now! what art thou?

KENT. A man, sir.

LEAR. What dost thou profess? What would'st thou with us?

KENT. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear

judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

LEAR. What art thou?

KENT. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

LEAR. If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

KENT. Service.

LEAR. Whom would'st thou serve?

KENT. You.

LEAR. Dost thou know me, fellow?

KENT. No sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

LEAR. What's that?

KENT. Authority.

LEAR. What services canst thou do?

KENT. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly; that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me is diligence.

LEAR. How old art thou?

KENT. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing; I have years on my back forty-eight.

LEAR. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho! Where's my knave? my fool? Go you and call my fool hither. *Exit an Attendant.*

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

OSW. So please you,— *Exit.*

LEAR. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back. *Exit a Knight.* Where's my fool, ho? I think the world's asleep.

Re-enter Knight.

How now! where's that mongrel?

KNIGHT. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

LEAR. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

KNIGHT. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

LEAR. He would not!

KNIGHT. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

LEAR. Ha! sayest thou so?

KNIGHT. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

LEAR. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into 't. But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

KNIGHT. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

LEAR. No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you and tell my daughter I would speak with her. *Exit an Attendant.* Go you, call hither my fool. *Exit an Attendant.*

Re-enter OSWALD.

O! you sir, you, come you hither, sir. Who am I, sir?

OSW. My lady's father.

LEAR. 'My lady's father'! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

OSW. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

LEAR. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? *Striking him.*

OSW. I'll not be struck, my lord.

KENT. Nor tripped neither, you base football player. *Tripping up his heels.*

LEAR. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

KENT. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away! Go to; have you wisdom? so. *Pushes* OSWALD *out.*

LEAR. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee; there's earnest of thy service. *Gives* KENT *money.*

Enter FOOL.

FOOL. Let me hire him too: here's my coxcomb. *Offers* KENT *his cap.*

LEAR. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

FOOL. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

KENT. Why, fool?

FOOL. Why? for taking one's part that's out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will: if thou follow him thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

LEAR. Why, my boy?

FOOL. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

LEAR. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

FOOL. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out when Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink.

LEAR. A pestilent gall to me!

FOOL. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

LEAR. Do.

FOOL. Mark it, nuncle:

> Have more than thou showest,
> Speak less than thou knowest,
> Lend less than thou owest,
> Ride more than thou goest,
> Learn more than thou trowest,
> Set less than thou throwest;
> Leave thy drink and thy whore,
> And keep in-a-door,
> And thou shalt have more
> Than two tens to a score.

KENT. This is nothing, fool.

FOOL. Then 't is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for 't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

LEAR. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

FOOL. [*To* KENT.] Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

LEAR. A bitter fool!

FOOL. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

LEAR. No, lad; teach me.

FOOL.

> That lord that counsel'd thee
> To give away thy land,
> Come place him here by me,
> Do thou for him stand:
> The sweet and bitter fool
> Will presently appear;
> The one in motley here
> The other found out there

LEAR. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

FOOL. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

KENT. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

FOOL. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching. Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns.

LEAR. What two crowns shall they be?

FOOL. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

> Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;
> For wise men are grown foppish,
> And know not how their wits to wear,
> Their manners are so apish.

LEAR. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

FOOL. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gavest them the rod and puttest down thine own breeches,

> Then they for sudden joy did weep,
> And I for sorrow sung,
> That such a king should play bo-peep,
> And go the fools among.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

LEAR. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

FOOL. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'll have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle: here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

LEAR. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

FOOL. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art; I am a fool, thou art nothing. [*To* GONERIL.] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing.

> Mum, mum:
> He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
> Weary of all, shall want some.

That's a shealed peascod. [*Pointing to* LEAR.]

GON. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

FOOL. For you know, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had it head bit off by it young.
So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

LEAR. Are you our daughter?

GON. Come, sir,
I would you would make use of your good wisdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away
These dispositions which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

FOOL. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

LEAR. Doth any here know me? This is not Lear:
Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied. Ha! waking? 'tis not so.
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

FOOL. Lear's shadow.

LEAR. I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

FOOL. Which they will make an obedient father.

LEAR. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

GON. This admiration, sir, is much o' the savour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy; be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.

LEAR. Darkness and devils!
Saddle my horses; call my train together.
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.

GON. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

LEAR. Woe, that too late repents; O! sir, are you come?
Is it your will? Speak, sir. Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.

ALB. Pray, sir, be patient.
LEAR. [*To* GONERIL.] Detested kite! thou liest:
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name. O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
Striking his head.
And thy dear judgment out! Go, go, my people.
ALB. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.
LEAR. It may be so, my lord.
Hear, Nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt, that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! Away, away!
Exit.
ALB. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?
GON. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

LEAR. What! fifty of my followers at a clap;
Within a fortnight!
ALB. What's the matter, sir?
LEAR. I'll tell thee. [*To* GONERIL.] Life and death! I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so: I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolvish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.
Exeunt LEAR, KENT, *and Attendants.*
GON. Do you mark that, my lord?
ALB. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—
GON. Pray you, content. What, Oswald, ho!
[*To the* FOOL.] You sir, more knave than fool, after your master.
FOOL. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear! tarry, and take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after.
Exit.

GON. This man hath had good counsel. A hundred knights!
'T is politic and safe to let him keep
At point a hundred knights; yes, that on every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say!
ALB. Well, you may fear too far.
GON. Safer than trust too far.
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister;

If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness,—

Re-enter OSWALD.

How now, Oswald!
What! have you writ that letter to my sister?
OSW. Ay, madam.
GON. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more. Get you gone,
And hasten your return. *Exit* OSWALD.
No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.
ALB. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
GON. Nay, then—
ALB. Well, well; the event. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V

Court before the Same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and Fool.*

LEAR. Go you before to Gloucester with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy I shall be there before you.
KENT. I will not sleep my lord, till I have delivered your letter. *Exit.*
FOOL. If a man's brains were in's heels, were't not in danger of kibes?
LEAR. Ay, boy.
FOOL. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall ne'er go slip-shod.
LEAR. Ha, ha, ha!
FOOL. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.
LEAR. What canst tell, boy?
FOOL. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on's face?
LEAR. No.
FOOL. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.
LEAR. I did her wrong,—
FOOL. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?
LEAR. No.
FOOL. Nor I neither? but I can tell why a snail has a house.
LEAR. Why?
FOOL. Why, to put's head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.
LEAR. I will forget my nature. So kind a father! Be my horses ready?
FOOL. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.
LEAR. Because they are not eight?
FOOL. Yes, indeed: thou would'st make a good fool.
LEAR. To take 't again perforce! Monster ingratitude!
FOOL. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.
LEAR. How's that?
FOOL. Thou should'st not have been old till thou hadst been wise.
LEAR. O! let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven;
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?
GENT. Ready, my lord.
LEAR. Come, boy.
FOOL. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. *Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I

A Court within the Castle of the EARL OF GLOUCESTER.

Enter EDMUND *and* CURAN, *meeting.*

EDM. Save thee, Curan.
CUR. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

EDM. How comes that?
CUR. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad? I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.
EDM. Not I: pray you, what are they?
CUR. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?
EDM. Not a word.
CUR. You may do then, in time. Fare you well, sir. *Exit.*
EDM. The duke be here to-night! The better! best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queasy question,
Which I must act. Briefness and fortune, work!
Brother, a word; descend: brother, I say!

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches: O sir! fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night.
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither, now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him; have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.
EDG. I am sure on 't, not a word.
EDM. I hear my father coming; pardon me;
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you;
Draw; seem to defend yourself; now quit you well.
Yield; come before my father. Light, ho! here!
Fly, brother. Torches! torches! So, farewell. *Exit* EDGAR.
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion *Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport. Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOUCESTER, *and Servants with torches.*

GLOU. Now, Edmund, where 's the villain?
EDM. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress.
GLOU. But where is he?
EDM. Look, sir, I bleed.
GLOU. Where is the villain, Edmund?
EDM. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—
GLOU. Pursue him, ho! Go after. *Exit Servant.*
By no means what?
EDM. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all the thunder bend;
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father; sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.
GLOU. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—dispatch. The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.
EDM. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,
'Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,
As this I would, ay, though thou didst produce
My very character. I'd turn it all

To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.'
GLOU. Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter? I never got him.
Tucket within.
Hark! the duke's trumpets. I know not why he comes.
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *and Attendants.*

CORN. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.
REG. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?
GLOU. O! madam, my old heart is crack'd, —is crack'd.
REG. What! did my father's godson seek your life!
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?
GLOU. O! lady, lady, shame would have it hid.
REG. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?
GLOU. I know not, madam; 't is too bad, too bad.
EDM. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.
REG. No marvel then though he were ill affected;
'T is they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expense and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them, and with such cautions
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.
CORN. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.
EDM. 'T was my duty, sir.
GLOU. He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.
CORN. Is he pursued?
GLOU. Ay, my good lord.
CORN. If he be taken he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm; make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.
EDM. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.
GLOU. For him I thank your grace.
CORN. You know not why we came to visit you,—
REG. Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night:
Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister.
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which crave the instant use.
GLOU. I serve you, madam.
Your graces are right welcome. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Before GLOUCESTER'S *Castle.*

Enter KENT *and* OSWALD, *severally.*

OSW. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?
KENT. Ay.
OSW. Where may we set our horses?
KENT. I' the mire.
OSW. Prithee, if thou lovest me, tell me.
KENT. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Osw. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would'st be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue; for though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop l' the moonshine of you.

Drawing his sword.

Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw.

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal; you come with letters against the king, and take Vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks: draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand, you neat slave, strike. *Beats him.*

Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter Edmund, *with his rapier drawn.*

Edm. How now! What's the matter?

Parting them.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, an you please: come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, *and Servants.*

Glou. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives:
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow; a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours o' the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain
Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebel;
Being oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What! art thou mad, old fellow?

Glou. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.

CORN. Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?
KENT. His countenance likes me not.
CORN. No more, perchance, does mine nor his, nor hers.
KENT. Sir, 't is my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.
CORN. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he,
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly-ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.
KENT. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—
CORN. What mean'st by this?
KENT. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave; which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to 't.
CORN. What was the offence you gave him?
OSW. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the king his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.
KENT. None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.
CORN. Fetch forth the stocks!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you.
KENT. Sir, I am too old to learn.
Call not your stocks for me; I serve the king,
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.
CORN. Fetch forth the stocks!
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.
REG. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.
KENT. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.
REG. Sir, being his knave, I will.
CORN. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the stocks. *Stocks brought out.*
GLOU. Let me beseech your grace not to do so.
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for 't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.
CORN. I'll answer that.
REG. My sister may receive it much more worse
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs.
KENT *is put in the stocks.*
Come, my good lord, away.
Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER *and* KENT.
GLOU. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.
KENT. Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

GLOU. The duke's to blame in this; 't will be ill taken. *Exit.*

KENT. Good king, that must approve the common saw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction comest
To the warm sun.
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery: I know 't is from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel! *He sleeps.*

SCENE III

A Part of the Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

EDG. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself; and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast; my face I'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots,
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!
That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am. *Exit.*

SCENE IV

Before GLOUCESTER'S *Castle.* KENT *in the Stocks.*

Enter LEAR, *Fool, and Gentleman.*

LEAR. 'T is strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.
GENT. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.
KENT. Hail to thee, noble master!
LEAR. Ha!
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?
KENT. No, my lord.
FOOL. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the head, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man's over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.
LEAR. What's he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?
KENT. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.
LEAR. No.
KENT. Yes.
LEAR. No, I say.
KENT. I say, yea.
LEAR. No, no; they would not.
KENT. Yes, they have.
LEAR. By Jupiter, I swear, no.
KENT. By Juno, I swear, ay.
LEAR. They durst not do 't;
They could not, would not do 't; 't is worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage.
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.
KENT. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents

They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,
Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

FOOL. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-geese fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind,
But fathers that bear bags
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.

But for all this thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

LEAR. O! how this mother swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow!
Thy element's below. Where is this daughter?

KENT. With the earl, sir; here within.

LEAR. Follow me not; stay here. *Exit.*

GENT. Made you no more offence but what you speak of?

KENT. None.
How chance the king comes with so small a number?

FOOL. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

KENT. Why, fool?

FOOL. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

KENT. Where learned you this, fool?

FOOL. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, *with* GLOUCESTER.

LEAR. Deny to speak with me! They are sick! they are weary!
They have travell'd all the night! Mere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

GLOU. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

LEAR. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!
Fiery! what quality? Why, Gloucester, Gloucester,
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

GLOU. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

LEAR. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

GLOU. Ay, my good lord.

LEAR. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service;
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!
Fiery! the fiery duke! Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet; may be he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man. Death on my state!
Wherefore [*looking on* KENT]
Should he sit here? This act persuades me
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go tell the duke and 's wife I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death.

GLOU. I would have all well betwixt you. *Exit.*

LEAR. O me! my heart, my rising heart! but, down!

FOOL. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she knapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick and cried 'Down, wantons, down!' 'T was her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, *and Servants.*

LEAR. Good morrow to you both.

CORN. Hail to your grace!
KENT *is set at liberty.*

REG. I am glad to see your highness.

LEAR. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adult'ress. [*To* KENT.] O! are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan! she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here. *Points to his heart.*
I can scarce speak to thee; thou 'lt not believe
With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

REG. I pray you sir, take patience. I have hope
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.

LEAR. Say, how is that?

REG. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'T is on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

LEAR. My curses on her!

REG. O, sir! you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd and led
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore I pray you
That to our sister you do make return;
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

LEAR. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
Kneeling.
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed and food.'

REG. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks.
Return you to my sister.

LEAR. [*Rising.*] Never, Regan.
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

CORN. Fie, sir, fie!

LEAR. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

REG. O the blest gods! so will you wish on me,
When the rash mood is on.

LEAR. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort and not burn. 'T is not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,

Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
REG. Good sir, to the purpose.
LEAR. Who put my man i' the stocks?
Tucket within.
CORN. What trumpet's that?
REG. I know 't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.

Enter OSWALD.

Is your lady come?
LEAR. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my sight!
CORN. What means your grace?
LEAR. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on 't. Who comes here?

Enter GONERIL.

O heavens,
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down and take my part!
[*To* GONERIL.] Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?
O Regan! wilt thou take her by the hand?
GON. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.
LEAR. O sides! you are too tough;
Will you yet hold? How came my man i' the stocks?
CORN. I set him there, sir; but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.
LEAR. You! did you?
REG. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
LEAR. Return to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Necessity's sharp pinch! Return with her!
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot. Return with her!
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom.
Pointing at OSWALD.
GON. At your choice, sir.
LEAR. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.
We'll no more meet, no more see one another;
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.
REG. Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.
LEAR. Is this well spoken?
REG. I dare avouch it, sir: what! fifty followers!
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'T is hard; almost impossible.

GON. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?
REG. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you
We could control them. If you will come to me,
For now I spy a danger, I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.
LEAR. I gave you all—
REG. And in good time you gave it.
LEAR. Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What! must I come to you
With five-and-twenty? Regan, said you so?
REG. And speak't again, my lord; no more with me.
LEAR. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd
When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise. [*To* GONERIL.] I'll go with thee:
Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.
GON. Hear me, my lord.
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?
REG. What need one?
LEAR. O! reason not the need; our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stirs these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such things,
What they are yet I know not, but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:
I have full cause of weeping, but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
Or ere I'll weep. O fool! I shall go mad.

Exeunt LEAR, GLOUCESTER, KENT, *and Fool.*

CORN. Let us withdraw, 't will be a storm.

Storm heard at a distance.

REG. This house is little: the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.
GON. 'T is his own blame; hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.
REG. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.
GON. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my Lord of Gloucester?
CORN. Follow'd the old man forth. He is return'd.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

GLOU. The king is in high rage.
CORN. Whither is he going?
GLOU. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.
CORN. 'T is best to give him way; he leads himself.
GON. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.
GLOU. Alack! the night comes on, and the high winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.
REG. O! sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train,
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.
CORN. Shut up your doors, my lord; 't is a wild night:
My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.

Exeunt.

Act III

SCENE I

A Heath.

A storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter KENT *and a Gentleman, meeting.*

KENT. Who's there, beside foul weather?
GENT. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.
KENT. I know you. Where's the king?
GENT. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.
KENT. But who is with him?
GENT. None but the fool, who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.
KENT. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have—as who have not, that their great stars
Thron'd and set high?—servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings;
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner. Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance offer
This office to you.
GENT. I will talk further with you.
KENT. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,
As fear not but you shall, show her this ring,
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.
GENT. Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?
KENT. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king, in which your pain
That way, I'll this, he that first lights on him
Holla the other. *Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II

Another Part of the Heath. Storm still.

Enter LEAR *and Fool.*

LEAR. Blow, winds, and crack you cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Cracks nature's moulds, all germens spill at once.
That make ingrateful man!
FOOL. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out

o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing; here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

LEAR. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription: then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 't is foul.

FOOL. He that has a house to put 's head in has a good head-piece.

> The cod-piece that will house
> Before the head has any,
> The head and he shall louse;
> So beggars marry many.
> The man that makes his toe
> What he his heart should make,
> Shall of a corn cry woe,
> And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

LEAR. No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will say nothing.

Enter KENT.

KENT. Who's there?

FOOL. Marry, here 's grace and a cod-piece; that's a wise man and a fool.

KENT. Alas! sir, are you here? things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard; man's nature cannot carry
The affliction nor the fear.

LEAR. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice; hide thee, thou bloody hand,
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue
That art incestuous; caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life; close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

KENT. Alack! bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
Repose you there while I to this hard house
More harder than the stones whereof 't is rais'd,
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in, return and force
Their scanted courtesy.

LEAR. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

FOOL.

> He that has and a little tiny wit,—
> With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—
> Must make content with his fortunes fit,
> For the rain it raineth every day.

LEAR. True, my good boy. Come, bring us to this hovel.

Exeunt LEAR *and* KENT.

FOOL. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

> When priests are more in word than matter;
> When brewers mar their malt with water;
> When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
> No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
> When every case in law is right;
> No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
> When slanders do not live in tongues;
> Nor cut-purses come not to throngs;

When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. *Exit.*

SCENE III

A Room in GLOUCESTER'S *Castle.*

Enter GLOUCESTER *and* EDMUND.

GLOU. Alack, alack! Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

EDM. Most savage and unnatural!

GLOU. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes, and a worse matter than that. I have received a letter this night; 't is dangerous to be spoken; I have locked the letter in my closet. These injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there's part of a power already footed; we must incline to the king. I will seek him and privily relieve him; go you and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king, my old master, must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. *Exit.*

EDM. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too:
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises when the old doth fall. *Exit.*

SCENE IV

The Heath. Before a Hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and Fool.*

KENT. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. *Storm still.*

LEAR. Let me alone.

KENT. Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR. Wilt break my heart?

KENT. I'd rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

LEAR. Thou think'st 't is much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 't is to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind 's free
The body 's delicate; the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to 't? But I will punish home:
No, I will weep no more. In such a night
To shut me out! Pour on; I will endure.
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O! that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

KENT. Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.
[*To the Fool.*] In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.
Fool goes in.
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O! I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

EDG. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

The Fool runs out from the hovel.

FOOL. Come not in here, nuncle; here's a spirit.
Help me! help me!

KENT. Give me thy hand. Who's there?

FOOL. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.

KENT. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?
Come forth.

Enter EDGAR *disguised as a madman.*

EDG. Away! the foul fiend follows me! Through the sharp hawthorn blow the winds. Hum! go to thy bed and warm thee.

LEAR. Didst thou give all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

EDG. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits! Tom 's a-cold. O! do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and there, and there again, and there.

Storm still.

LEAR. What! have his daughters brought him to this pass?
Could'st thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

FOOL. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

LEAR. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

KENT. He hath no daughters, sir.

LEAR. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 't was this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

EDG. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

FOOL. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

EDG. Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom 's a-cold!

LEAR. What hast thou been?

EDG. A servingman, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven; one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply, dice dearly, and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind; says suum, mun, ha no nonny. Dolphin my boy, my boy; sessa! let him trot by.

Storm still.

LEAR. Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extemity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on 's are sophisticated; thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! Come; unbutton here. [*Tearing off his clothes.*]

FOOL. Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 't is a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on 's body cold. Look! here comes a walking fire.

Enter GLOUCESTER, *with a torch.*

EDG. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the harelip;

mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

KENT. How fares your grace?
LEAR. What 's he?
KENT. Who's there? What is 't you seek?
GLOU. What are you there? Your names?
EDG. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body,

Horse to ride, and weapon to wear,
But mice and rats and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin! peace, thou fiend!
GLOU. What! hath your grace no better company?
EDG. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Modo he 's call'd, and Mahu.
GLOU. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.
EDG. Poor Tom 's a-cold.
GLOU. Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.
LEAR. First let me talk with this philosopher.
What is the cause of thunder?
KENT. Good my lord, take his offer; go into the house.
LEAR. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.
What is your study?
EDG. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.
LEAR. Let me ask you one word in private.
KENT. Importune him once more to go, my lord;
His wits begin to unsettle.
GLOU. Canst thou blame him?
Storm still.
His daughters seek his death. Ah! that good Kent;
He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!
Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,
No father his son dearer; true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night 's this!
I do beseech your grace,—
LEAR. O! cry you mercy, sir.
Noble philosopher, your company.
EDG. Tom 's a-cold.
GLOU. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.
LEAR. Come, let's in all.
KENT. This way, my lord.
LEAR. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.
KENT. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.
GLOU. Take him you on.
KENT. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.
LEAR. Come, good Athenian.
GLOU. No words, no words: hush.
EDG.

Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still, Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.

Exeunt.

SCENE V

A Room in GLOUCESTER'S *Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL *and* EDMUND.

CORN. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.
EDM. How, my lord, I may be censured,

that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

CORN. I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, seta-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

EDM. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

CORN. Go with me to the duchess.

EDM. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

CORN. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

EDM. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

CORN. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.

Exeunt.

SCENE VI

A Chamber in a Farmhouse adjoining the Castle.

Enter GLOUCESTER, LEAR, KENT, *Fool, and* EDGAR.

GLOU. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

KENT. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience. The gods reward your kindness!

Exit GLOUCESTER.

EDG. Frateretto calls me, and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

FOOL. Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

LEAR. A king, a king!

FOOL. No; he 's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he 's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

LEAR. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon 'em,—

EDG. The foul fiend bites my back.

FOOL. He 's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

LEAR. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.
[*To* EDGAR.] Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;
[*To the Fool.*] Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you she foxes!

EDG. Look where he stands and glares! Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,—

FOOL.

Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

EDG. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

KENT. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

LEAR. I'll see their trial first. Bring in their evidence.
[*To* EDGAR] Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;
[*To the Fool.*] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side. [*To* KENT.] You are o' the commission,
Sit you too.

EDG. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Purr! the cat is grey.

LEAR. Arraign her first; 't is Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

FOOL. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

LEAR. She cannot deny it.

FOOL. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

LEAR. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?
EDG. Bless thy five wits!
KENT. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft have boasted to retain?
EDG. [*Aside.*] My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting.
LEAR. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.
EDG. Tom will throw his head at them.
Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym;
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail;
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.
LEAR. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? [*To* EDGAR.] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments; you will say they are Persian; but let them be changed.
KENT. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.
LEAR. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so. We'll go to supper i' the morning: so, so, so.
FOOL. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

GLOU. Come hither, friend: where is the king, my master?
KENT. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.
GLOU. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.
KENT. Oppress'd nature sleeps:
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. [*To the Fool.*] Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind.
GLOU. Come, come, away.

Exeunt KENT, GLOUCESTER, *and the Fool, bearing off the King.*

EDG. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind;
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend makes the king bow;
He childed as I father'd! Tom, away!
Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. *Exit.*

SCENE VII

A Room in GLOUCESTER'S *Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, *and Servants.*

CORN. [*To* GONERIL.] Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter: the army of France is landed. Seek out the villain Gloucester.

Exeunt some of the servants.

REG. Hang him instantly.
GON. Pluck out his eyes.
CORN. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your

traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister; farewell, my Lord of Gloucester.

Enter OSWALD.

How now! where's the king?

OSW. My Lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover, where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

CORN. Get horses for your mistress.

GON. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

CORN. Edmund, farewell.

Exeunt GONERIL, EDMUND, *and* OSWALD.

Go seek the traitor Gloucester,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us,

Exeunt other Servants.

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame but not control. Who 's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOUCESTER.

REG. Ingrateful fox! 't is he.

CORN. Bind fast his corky arms.

GLOU. What mean your graces? Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

CORN. Bind him, I say.

Servants bind him.

REG. Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!

GLOU. Unmerciful lady as you are, I 'm none.

CORN. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find—

REGAN *plucks his beard.*

GLOU. By the kind gods, 't is most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

REG. So white, and such a traitor!

GLOU. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host:
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

CORN. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

REG. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

CORN. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

REG. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?
Speak.

GLOU. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that 's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

CORN. Cunning.

REG. And false.

CORN. Where hast thou sent the king?

GLOU. To Dover.

REG. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—

CORN. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

GLOU. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

REG. Wherefore to Dover?

GLOU. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night, endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires;
Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate how'ld that stern time,
Thou should'st have said 'Good porter, turn the key,
All cruels else subscribe': but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

CORN. See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

GLOU. He that will think to live till he be old,

Give me some help! O cruel! O ye gods!
REG. One side will mock another; the other too.
CORN. If you see vengeance,—
FIRST SERV. Hold your hand, my lord.
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child,
But better service I have never done you
Than now to bid you hold.
REG. How now, you dog!
FIRST SERV. If you did wear a beard upon your chin
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
CORN. My villain!
They draw and fight.
FIRST SERV. Nay then, come on, and take the chance of anger.
REG. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus!
Takes a sword and runs at him behind.
FIRST SERV. O! I am slain. My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him. O! [*Dies.*]
CORN. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?
GLOU. All dark and comfortless. Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature
To quit this horrid act.
REG. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee; it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us,
Who is too good to pity thee.
GLOU. O my follies! Then Edgar was abus'd.
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!
REG. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.
Exit one with GLOUCESTER.
How is 't, my lord? How look you?
CORN. I have receiv'd a hurt. Follow me, lady.
Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave
Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.
Exit CORNWALL, *led by* REGAN.
SECOND SERV. I'll never care what wickedness I do
If this man come to good.
THIRD SERV. If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.
SECOND SERV. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.
THIRD SERV. Go thou; I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him.
Exeunt severally.

ACT IV

SCENE I

The Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

EDG. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace:
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts. But who comes here?

Enter GLOUCESTER, *led by an old Man.*

My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.
OLD MAN. O my good lord!
I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant,
These fourscore years.
GLOU. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.
OLD MAN. You cannot see your way.

GLOU. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 't is seen,
Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities. Ah! dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath;
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again.
OLD MAN. How now! Who's there?
EDG. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is 't can say 'I am at the worst'?
I am worse than e'er I was.
OLD MAN. 'T is poor mad Tom.
EDG. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet; the worst is not
So long as we can say 'This is the worst.'
OLD MAN. Fellow, where goest?
GLOU. Is it a beggar-man?
OLD MAN. Madman and beggar too.
GLOU. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.
EDG. [*Aside.*] How should this be?
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others. Bless thee, master!
GLOU. Is that the naked fellow?
OLD MAN. Ay, my lord.
GLOU. Then, prithee, get thee gone. If for my sake
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Who I'll entreat to lead me.
OLD MAN. Alack, sir! he is mad.
GLOU. 'T is the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.
OLD MAN. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on 't what will. *Exit.*
GLOU. Sirrah, naked fellow,—
EDG. Poor Tom's a-cold. [*Aside.*] I can not daub it further.
GLOU. Come hither, fellow.
EDG. [*Aside*] And yet I must. Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.
GLOU. Know'st thou the way to Dover?
EDG. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his wits: bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!
GLOU. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier: heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?
EDG. Ay, master.
GLOU. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep;
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me; from that place
I shall no leading need.
EDG. Give me thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Before the DUKE OF ALBANY'S *Palace.*

Enter GONERIL *and* EDMUND.

GON. Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way.

Enter OSWALD.

Now, where's your master?
OSW. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him you were coming;

His answer was 'The worse': of Gloucester's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

GON. [*To* EDMUND.] Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit
That dares not undertake, he'll not feel wrongs
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us; ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech; [*Giving a favour.*]
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.
Conceive, and fare thee well.

EDM. Yours in the ranks of death.

GON. My most dear Gloucester!
Exit EDMUND.
O! the difference of man and man.
To thee a woman's services are due:
My fool usurps my body.

OSW. Madam, here comes my lord.
Exit.

Enter ALBANY.

GON. I have been worth the whistle.

ALB. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contemns it origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither
And come to deadly use.

GON. No more; the text is foolish.

ALB. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited!
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

GON. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st
Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,
With plumed helm thy state begins to threat,
Whiles thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest
'Alack! why does he so?'

ALB. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

GON. O vain fool!

ALB. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones; howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

GON. Marry, your manhood—Mew!

Enter a Messenger.

ALB. What news?

MESS. O! my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.

ALB. Gloucester's eyes!

MESS. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.
ALB. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge! But, O poor Gloucester!
Lost he his other eye?
MESS. Both, both, my lord.
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'T is from your sister.
GON. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: another way,
The news is not so tart. I'll read, and answer. *Exit.*
ALB. Where was his son when they did take his eyes?
MESS. Come with my lady hither.
ALB. He is not here.
MESS. No, my good lord; I met him back again.
ALB. Knows he the wickedness?
MESS. Ay, my good lord; 't was he inform'd against him,
And quit the house on purpose that their punishment
Might have the freer course.
ALB. Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou knowest.
Exeunt.

SCENE III

The French Camp near Dover.

Enter KENT *and a Gentleman.*

KENT. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?
GENT. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger that his personal return was most required and necessary.
KENT. Who hath he left behind him general?
GENT. The Marshal of France, Monsieur la Far.
KENT. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?
GENT. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek; it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.
KENT. O! then it mov'd her.
GENT. Not to a rage; patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like a better way; those happy smilets
That play'd on her ripe lip seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,
If all could so become it.
KENT. Made she no verbal question?
GENT. Faith, once or twice she heav'd the name of 'father'
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried 'sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What! i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believed!' There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour-moisten'd, then away she started
To deal with grief alone.
KENT. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?
GENT. No.
KENT. Was this before the king return'd?
GENT. No, since.
KENT. Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear's i' the town;

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.
GENT. Why, good sir?
KENT. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters, these things sting
His mind so venomously that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.
GENT. Alack! poor gentleman.
KENT. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?
GENT. 'Tis so, they are afoot.
KENT. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

The Same. A Tent.

Enter, with drum and colours, CORDELIA, *Doctor, and Soldiers.*

COR. Alack! 't is he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye.
Exit an Officer.
What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.
DOCT. There is means, madam;
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.
COR. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress! Seek, seek for him,
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward.
COR. 'T is known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear father!
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right.
Soon may I hear and see him! *Exeunt.*

SCENE V

A Room in GLOUCESTER'S *Castle.*

Enter REGAN *and* OSWALD.

REG. But are my brother's powers set forth?
OSW. Ay, madam.
REG. Himself in person there?
OSW. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.
REG. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?
OSW. No, madam.
REG. What might import my sister's letter to him?
OSW. I know not, lady.
REG. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch

His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.
Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.
Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us,
The ways are dangerous.
Osw. I may not, madam:
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.
Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what. I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.
Osw. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and at her late being here
She gave strange œilliades and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.
Osw. I, madam!
Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know't:
Therefore I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's. You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you give him this,
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray desire her call her wisdom to her:
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.
Osw. Would I could meet him, madam; I would show
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well.

Exeunt.

SCENE VI

The Country near Dover.

Enter Gloucester, *and* Edgar *dressed like a peasant.*

Glou. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now; look how we labour.
Glou. Methinks the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible steep:
Hark! do you hear the sea?
Glou. No, truly.
Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.
Glou. So may it be, indeed.
Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.
Edg. You're much deceiv'd; in nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments.
Glou. Methinks you're better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 't is to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles; half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice, and yond tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock, her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.
Glou. Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand; you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.
Glou. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking; fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.
Glou. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair is done to cure it.
Glou. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him!
Now, fellow, fare thee well.
He falls forward.
EDG. Gone, sir: farewell.
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life when life itself
Yields to the theft; had he been where he thought
By this had thought been past. Alive or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir! speak!
Thus might he pass indeed; yet he revives.
What are you, sir?
GLOU. Away and let me die.
EDG. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou 'dst shiver'd like an egg; but thou dost breathe,
Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou has perpendicularly fell:
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.
GLOU. But have I fallen or no?
EDG. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a-height; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard; do but look up.
GLOU. Alack! I have no eyes.
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit
To end itself by death? 'T was yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.
EDG. Give me your arm:
Up: so; how is 't? Feel you your legs? You stand.
GLOU. Too well, too well.
EDG. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff what thing was that
Which parted from you?
GLOU. A poor unfortunate beggar.
EDG. As I stood here below methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridged sea:
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.
GLOU. I do remember now; henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself
'Enough, enough,' and die. That thing you speak of
I took it for a man; often 't would say
'The fiend, the fiend': he led me to that place.
EDG. Bear free and patient thoughts. But who comes here?

Enter LEAR, *fantastically dressed with wild flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.
LEAR. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.
EDG. O thou side-piercing sight!
LEAR. Nature's above art in that respect. There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper; draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look! a mouse. Peace, peace! this piece of toasted cheese will do 't. There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O! well flown, bird; i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh! Give the word.
EDG. Sweet marjoram.
LEAR. Pass.
GLOU. I know that voice.
LEAR. Ha! Goneril, with a white beard! They flattered me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say 'ay' and 'no' to every thing I said! 'Ay' and 'no' too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once and the wind to make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 't is a lie, I am not ague-proof.
GLOU. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is 't not the king?
LEAR. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?

Adultery?
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive; for Gloucester's bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To 't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.
Behold yond simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to 't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiend's:
There's hell, there's darkness, there's the sulphurous pit,
Burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination; there's money for thee.

GLOU. O! let me kiss that hand.

LEAR. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

GLOU. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me?

LEAR. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

GLOU. Were all thy letters suns, I could not see.

EDG. [*Aside.*] I would not take this from report; it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

LEAR. Read.

GLOU. What! with the case of eyes?

LEAR. O, ho! are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

GLOU. I see it feelingly.

LEAR. What! art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears; see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

GLOU. Ay, sir.

LEAR. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority; a dog's obeyed in office. Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand! Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now;
Pull off my boots; harder, harder; so.

EDG. [*Aside.*] O! matter and impertinency mix'd;
Reason in madness.

LEAR. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes;
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester;
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither;
Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air
We waul and cry. I will preach to thee: mark.

GLOU. Alack, alack the day!

LEAR. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools. This' a good block!
It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with felt; I'll put 't in proof,
And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

GENT. O! here he is; lay hand upon him. Sir,
Your most dear daughter—
LEAR. No rescue? What! a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon;
I am cut to the brains.
GENT. You shall have any thing.
LEAR. No seconds? all myself?
Why this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.
GENT. Good sir,—
LEAR. I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom. What!
I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that?
GENT. You are a royal one, and we obey you,
LEAR. Then there's life in 't. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

Exit; Attendants follow.

GENT. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.
EDG. Hail, gentle sir!
GENT. Sir, speed you: what's your will?
EDG. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?
GENT. Most sure and vulgar; every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.
EDG. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?
GENT. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.
EDG. I thank you, sir: that's all.
GENT. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.
EDG. I thank you, sir.

Exit Gentleman.

GLOU. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me:
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!
EDG. Well pray you, father.
GLOU. Now, good sir, what are you?
EDG. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.
GLOU. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter OSWALD.

OSW. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out
That must destroy thee.
GLOU. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to 't.

EDGAR *interposes.*

OSW. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.
EDG. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.
OSW. Let go, slave, or thou dicst.
EDG. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. An chud ha' bin zwaggered out of my life, 't would not ha' bin zo long as 't is by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder. Chill be plain with you.
OSW. Out, dunghill!
EDG. Chill pick your teeth, zur. Come; no matter vor your foins.

They fight, and EDGAR *knocks him down.*

OSW. Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take my purse.
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters which thou find'st about me
To Edmund Earl of Gloucester; seek him out
Upon the English party: O! untimely death.
Death! *[Dies.]*

EDG. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.
GLOU. What! is he dead?
EDG. Sit you down, father; rest you.
Let's see these pockets: the letters that he speaks of
May be my friends. He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man. Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers is more lawful.

Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off; if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done if he return the conqueror; then am I the prisoner, and his bed my goal; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your—wife, so I would say—
Affectionate servant,
GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,
And the exchange my brother! Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and in the mature time
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke. For him 't is well
That of thy death and business I can tell.
GLOU. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Drum afar off.

EDG. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

Exeunt.

SCENE VII

A Tent in the French Camp.

LEAR *on a bed asleep, soft music playing; Gentleman, and others attending. Enter* CORDELIA, KENT, *and Doctor.*

COR. O, thou good Kent! how shall I live and work
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.
KENT. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.
COR. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:
I prithee, put them off.
KENT. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.
COR. Then be 't so, my good lord. How does the king?
DOCT. Madam, sleeps still.
COR. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O! wind up
Of this child-changed father.
DOCT. So please your majesty
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.
COR. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?
DOCT. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep
We put fresh garments on him.
KENT. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.
COR. Very well.

Music.

DOCT. Please you, draw near. Louder the music there!
COR. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
KENT. Kind and dear princess!

COR. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick cross lightning? to watch, poor perdu!
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.
DOCT. Madam, do you; 't is fittest.
COR. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?
LEAR. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave;
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.
COR. Sir, do you know me?
LEAR. You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?
COR. Still, still, far wide.
DOCT. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.
LEAR. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?
I am mightily abus'd. I should e'en die with pity
To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands: let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!
COR. O! look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.
No, sir, you must not kneel.
LEAR. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
COR. And so I am, I am.
LEAR. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.
COR. No cause, no cause.
LEAR. Am I in France?
KENT. In your own kingdom, sir.
LEAR. Do not abuse me.
DOCT. Be comforted, good madam; the great rage,
You see, is kill'd in him; and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.
COR. Will 't please your highness walk?
LEAR. You must bear with me.
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.

Exeunt LEAR, CORDELIA, *Doctor, and Attendants.*

GENT. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?
KENT. Most certain, sir.
GENT. Who is conductor of his people?
KENT. As 't is said, the bastard son of Gloucester.
GENT. They say Edgar, his banished son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.
KENT. Report is changeable. 'T is time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.
GENT. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir. *Exit.*
KENT. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle 's fought. *Exit.*

Act V

SCENE I

The British Camp near Dover.

Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, *Officers, Soldiers, and Others.*

EDM. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course; he's full of alteration
And self-reproving; bring his constant pleasure. [*To an Officer, who goes out.*]
REG. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.
EDM. 'T is to be doubted, madam.
REG. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?
EDM. In honour'd love.
REG. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forfended place?
EDM. That thought abuses you.
REG. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.
EDM. No, by mine honour, madam.
REG. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.
EDM. Fear me not.
She and the duke her husband!

Enter, with drum and colours, ALBANY, GONERIL, *and Soldiers.*

GON. [*Aside.*] I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me.
ALB. Our very loving sister, well be-met.
Sir, this I heard; the king is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king, with others, whom I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.
EDM. Sir, you speak nobly.
REG. Why is this reason'd?
GON. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.
ALB. Let's then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceeding.
EDM. I shall attend you presently at your tent.
REG. Sister, you 'll go with us?
GON. No.
REG. 'T is most convenient; pray you, go with us.
GON. [*Aside*]. O, ho! I know the riddle. I will go.

Enter EDGAR, *disguised.*

EDG. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.
ALB. I'll overtake you. Speak.

Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, *Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

EDG. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!
ALB. Stay till I have read the letter.
EDG. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.
ALB. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy paper. *Exit* EDGAR.

Re-enter EDMUND.

EDM. The enemy's in view; draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.
ALB. We will greet the time. *Exit.*
EDM. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd
If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;

And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

Exit.

SCENE II

A Field between the two Camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, *and their Forces; and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR *and* GLOUCESTER.

EDG. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive.
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

GLOU. Grace go with you, sir!

Exit EDGAR.

Alarum; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

EDG. Away, old man! give me thy hand: away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.
Give me thy hand; come on.

GLOU. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

EDG. What! in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all. Come on.

GLOU. And that's true too.

Exeunt.

SCENE III

The British Camp near Dover.

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND; LEAR *and* CORDELIA, *prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, etc.*

EDM. Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

COR. We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

LEAR. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon 's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon.

EDM. Take them away.

LEAR. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The good-years shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep; we'll see 'em starv'd first.
Come.

Exeunt LEAR *and* CORDELIA, *guarded.*

EDM. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note; [*Giving a paper.*]
Go follow them to prison.
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes; know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword; thy great employment

Will not bear question; either say thou 'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.
OFF. I'll do 't, my lord.
EDM. About it; and write happy when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say, instantly, and carry it so
As I have set it down.
OFF. I cannot draw a cart nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work I'll do it. *Exit.*

Flourish. *Enter* ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, *Officers, and Attendants.*

ALB. Sir, you have show'd to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well; you have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife;
We do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.
EDM. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed; the friend hath lost his friend,
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.
ALB. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.
REG. That's as we list to grace him:
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.
GON. Not so hot;
In his own grace he doth exalt himself
More than in your addition.
REG. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.
ALB. That were the most, if he should husband you.
REG. Jesters do oft prove prophets.
GON. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.
REG. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine;
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.
GON. Mean you to enjoy him?
ALB. The let-alone lies not in your good will.
EDM. Nor in thine, lord.
ALB. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
REG. [*To* EDMUND.] Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.
ALB. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent. [*Pointing to* GONERIL.] For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'T is she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My lady is bespoke.
GON. An interlude!
ALB. Thou art arm'd, Gloucester; let the trumpet sound;
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; [*Throws down a glove.*] I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.
REG. Sick! O, sick!
GON. [*Aside.*] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.
EDM. There's my exchange: [*Throws down a glove.*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.
ALB. A herald, ho!

EDM. A herald, ho! a herald!
ALB. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.
REG. My sickness grows upon me.
ALB. She is not well; convey her to my tent *Exit* REGAN, *led.*

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.
OFF. Sound trumpet!
A trumpet sounds.
HER. If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence.
EDM. Sound!
First trumpet.
HER. Again!
Second trumpet.
HER. Again!
Third trumpet.
Trumpet answers within.

Enter EDGAR, *armed, with a trumpet before him.*

ALB. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.
HER. What are you?
Your name? your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?
EDG. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.
ALB. Which is that adversary?
EDG. What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloucester?
EDM. Himself: what say'st thou to him?
EDG. Draw thy sword,
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine:
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart, thou art a traitor,
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince,
And, from the extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou 'No,'
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.
EDM. In wisdom I should ask thy name;
But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn;
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart,
Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets, speak.

Alarums. They fight. EDMUND *falls.*

ALB. Save him! save him!
GON. This is practice, Gloucester:
By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.
ALB. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it. Hold, sir;
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil;
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.
Gives the letter to EDMUND.
GON. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:
Who can arraign me for 't? *Exit.*
ALB. Most monstrous! O!
Know'st thou this paper?
EDM. Ask me not what I know.
ALB. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her. *Exit an Officer.*

EDM. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done,
And more, much more; the time will bring it out:
'T is past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou 'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.
EDG. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.
EDM. Thou hast spoken right, 't is true.
The wheel is come full circle; I am here,
ALB. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father.
EDG. Worthy prince, I know 't.
ALB. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?
EDG. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;
And when 't is told, O! that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape
That follow'd me so near,—O! our lives' sweetness,
That we the pain of death would hourly die
Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags, to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never, O fault! reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd;
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,—
Alack, too weak the conflict to support!—
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.
EDM. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall perchance do good; but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.
ALB. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.
EDG. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour came there a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice then the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.
ALB. But who was this?
EDG. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.

GENT. Help, help! O, help!
EDG. What kind of help?
ALB. Speak, man.
EDG. What means that bloody knife?
GENT. 'T is hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—O! she's dead.
ALB. Who dead? speak, man.
GENT. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

EDM. I was contracted to them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.
EDG. Here comes Kent.
ALB. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead;
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.
Exit Gentleman.
Enter KENT.
O! is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.
KENT. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?
ALB. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?
Seest thou this object, Kent?
The bodies of GONERIL *and* REGAN *are brought in.*
KENT. Alack! why thus?
EDM. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.
ALB. Even so. Cover their faces.
EDM. I pant for life: some good I mean to do
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,
Be brief in it, to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia.
Nay, send in time.
ALB. Run, run! O, run!
EDG. To who, my lord? Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.
EDM. Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.
ALB. Haste thee, for thy life.
Exit EDGAR.
EDM. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.
ALB. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.
EDMUND *is borne off.*

Re-enter LEAR, *with* CORDELIA *dead in his arms;* EDGAR, *Officer, and Others.*

LEAR. Howl, howl, howl, howl! O! you are men of stones:
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone for ever.
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.
KENT. Is this the promis'd end?
EDG. Or image of that horror?
ALB. Fall and cease!
LEAR. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
KENT. [*Kneeling.*] O, my good master!
LEAR. Prithee, away.
EDG. 'T is noble Kent, your friend.
LEAR. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now, she's gone for ever!
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is 't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.
OFF. 'T is true, my lords, he did.
LEAR. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best: I'll tell you straight.
KENT. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
LEAR. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?
KENT. The same;
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?
LEAR. He 's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and rotten.

KENT. No, my good lord; I am the very man,—
LEAR. I'll see that straight.
KENT. That from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps,—
LEAR. You are welcome hither.
KENT. Nor no man else; all 's cheerless, dark and deadly:
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.
LEAR. Ay, so I think.
ALB. He knows not what he says, and vain is it
That we present us to him.
EDG. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

OFF. Edmund is dead, my lord.
ALB. That's but a trifle here.
You lords and noble friends, know our intent;
What comfort to this great decay may come
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power: [*To* EDGAR *and* KENT.] You, to your rights,
With boot and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings. O! see, see!
LEAR. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou 'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!
Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.
Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,
Look there, look there! [*Dies.*]
EDG. He faints! My lord, my lord!
KENT. Break, heart; I prithee, break!
EDG. Look up, my lord.
KENT. Vex not his ghost: O! let him pass; he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.
EDG. He is gone, indeed.
KENT. The wonder is he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.
ALB. Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe. [*To* KENT *and* EDGAR.] Friends of my soul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.
KENT. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me, I must not say no.
ALB. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

Exeunt, with a dead march.

JEAN RACINE (1639–1699)

ATHALIAH

A TRAGEDY FOUNDED UPON HOLY SCRIPTURE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

JOASH, *King of Judah and Son of Ahaziah.*
ATHALIAH, *Widow of Joram, and Grandmother of Joash.*
JEHOIADA, *the High Priest.*
JEHOSHEBA, *Aunt of Joash, and Wife of the High Priest.*
ZACHARIAH, *Son of Jehoiada and Jehosheba.*
SALOME, *Sister of Zachariah.*
ABNER, *one of the Chief Officers of the King of Judah.*
AZARIAH, ISHMAEL, *and the three other Chiefs of the Priests and Levites.*
MATTAN, *an Apostate priest; Chief Priest of Baal.*
NABAL, *confidential Friend of Mattan.*
HAGAR, *an Attendant of Athaliah.*
Band of Priests and Levites.
Attendants of Athaliah.
Nurse of Joash.
Chorus of young Maidens of the Tribe of Levi.

The scene is laid in the Temple at Jerusalem, in an ante-chamber of the High Priest's dwelling.

Act I

SCENE I

JEHOIADA *and* ABNER

ABNER. Yea, to the Temple of the Lord I come,
To worship with the solemn rites of old,
To celebrate with thee the famous day
When from the holy mount our Law was giv'n.
How times are changed! Soon as the sacred trump
With joyous blast announced this day's return,
The Temple porticoes, with garlands gay,
Could not contain the crowds of the devout;
Before the altar they in order due,
Bringing the earliest harvest of their fields,
Offered those firstfruits to the Lord of all;
Nor were there priests enough for sacrifice.
A woman's will has dared to check these throngs,
And turn'd the day's bright glory into gloom.
Scarce dare a few most zealous worshippers
Recall for us some shadow of the past;
The rest are all forgetful of their God,
Or, e'en to Baal's altars flocking now,
In shameful orgies learn to bear their part,
And curse the Name on which their fathers call'd.
My soul is troubled,—naught will I conceal—
Lest Athaliah visit upon thee
Her vengeance, spurn all remnant of respect,
And tear thee from the altar of the Lord.

JEHOI. Whence comes to thee this presage dark to-day?

ABNER. Holy and righteous, how canst thou escape?
Long has she hated that rare constancy
Which adds new brilliance to thy mitred brow;
Long has she treated thy religious zeal
As obstinate sedition and revolt.
The shining virtues of thy faithful spouse
Have earned the special hatred of the Queen.
If Aaron's priesthood has devolved on thee,
Thy wife is sister to our latest king.
Mattan moreover, that apostate priest,
His foul desertion from our altars crowns
With eager persecution of all good,
And, worse than Athaliah, spurs her on.
'Tis not enough that in a foreign garb
The Levite serves at Baal's altar now,
This Temple is to him a sore offence,
And he would fain destroy the God he left.
No means he leaves untried to ruin thee,
And undermines with praise no less than blame.
He feigns for thee a treacherous kindliness,
Masking the blackness of his venom thus.
Sometimes he prompts the Queen to dread thy power,
And sometimes, looking to her lust for gold,
Pretends that somewhere known to thee alone,
Thou hidest treasures David had amass'd.
For two days past the proud imperious Queen
Has seem'd as though consumed by baffled spite.
I saw her yesterday with furious eyes
Glare at this sacred place, and mark'd her well,
As if within the Temple's deep recess
Lurk'd God's avenger arm'd to punish her.
The more I think thereon, the less I doubt
On thee her wrath is ready now to burst,
And that, with all her mother's thirst for blood,
E'en in His shrine she will defy our God.

JEHOI. He who enchains the fury of the waves
Knows how to curb the plots of wicked men.
Submitting humbly to His holy will,
I fear my God, and know no other fear.
And yet, I thank thee, Abner, for thy zeal
That o'er my peril keeps a watchful eye.
I see injustice chafes thine inmost heart,
Thou art a faithful son of Israel still.
For that may Heaven be bless'd! But secret wrath
And passive worth, art thou content with these?
Is faith sincere, if it declines to act?
An impious foreigner for eight long years
Has David's throne usurp'd, with all its rights,
Unpunish'd waded in our princes' blood,
Foul murderess of the children of her son,
And e'en against our God has raised her arm.
And thou, a pillar of this trembling state,
Bred in the camp of good Jehoshaphat,
Under his son Hehoram in command,
On whom alone our towns in terror lean'd
When Ahaziah's unexpected death
Scatter'd his armies before Jehu's face,
Say'st thou—"I fear the Lord and own His truth!"

Lo, by my mouth to thee the Lord replies,—
"What boots it that thou boast zeal for My Law?
Thinkest to honour Me by barren vows?
What fruit have I of all thy sacrifice?
Need I the blood of heifers and of goats?
Thy princes' blood cries out, and is not heard.
Break, break all compact with impiety,
Root up the crimes amidst My people rife,
And come and sacrifice thy victims then."

ABNER. What can I do? The people have lost heart,
Judah is cow'd, and Benjamin is weak;
The day that saw their royal line extinct
Extinguish'd all their ancient valour too.
The Lord Himself, they say, withdraws from us,
Tho' once so jealous of His people's praise;
He sees unmoved their majesty abased,
And His compassion is at last worn out.
No more for us His mighty arm outstretch'd
With countless marvels terrifies our foes;
His Ark is dumb,—utters no oracle.

JEHOI. Yet when did miracles abound as now?
When by more signs has God display'd His power?
Will ye have always eyes that cannot see,
Ungrateful people? Shall His mightiest deeds
Strike on your ears, nor ever move your hearts?
Say, my dear Abner, must I needs repeat
The wonders brought to pass in these our days;
The signal fall of Israel's tyrant kings,
And God found faithful to perform His threats;
Ahab destroy'd, and with his blood defiled
The plot of land which murder had usurp'd;
Hard by that fatal field Jezebel slain,
A Queen down trampled under horse's hoofs,
The dogs that lick'd up her inhuman blood,
The mangled limbs of her dishonour'd corpse;
The troop of lying prophets brought to shame,
The fire from heav'n that on the altar fell;
Elijah's voice ruling the elements,
The skies thereby shut up, the earth like brass,
For three whole years left without rain or dew;
The dead arising at Elisha's word?
Recall, O Abner, these portentous signs,
God is to-day as He has always been.
He can unfold His glory when He will,
And ever in His mind His people dwell.

ABNER. But where the promises so often made
To David and to Solomon his son?
Alas! We hoped that from their fruitful stock
Kings were to issue in a numerous train;
That over every nation, tribe, and tongue
One of their lineage should extend his sway,
Should everywhere make war and strife to cease,
And at his footstool see earth's proudest kings.

JEHOI. And why distrust the promises of Heaven?

ABNER. That son of David, where shall he be found?
Can Heav'n itself restore the living sap
Of that dry tree, now wither'd at the root?
E'en in his cradle Athaliah slew
The babe, and eight years after can he live?
Ah! might it be her fury miss'd its aim,
That of our royal blood some drop escaped—

JEHOI. What would'st thou do?

ABNER. O happy day for me!
How gladly would I go to meet my king!
Doubt not that to his feet our eager tribes,—
But wherefore mock me with these idle dreams?
Ill-fated heir of our victorious kings,
We had but Ahaziah, with his sons;
By Jehu's darts I saw the father slain,
And thou his sons by his own mother murder'd.

JEHOI. I cannot now explain; but when the sun
Shall the third portion of his course complete,
Bringing the morning hour that bids to prayer,
Hither return and with the self-same zeal.
Then God may prove to thee by gracious deeds
His word is faithful still, and never fails.
So, for this solemn day I must prepare
And dawn already gilds the temple roof.

ABNER. What gracious deed is this, to me unknown?
Tow'rd thee Jehosheba directs her steps,
I leave thee, and will join the faithful band
Brought hither by this solemn festival.

SCENE II

JEHOIADA *and* JEHOSHEBA

JEHOI. Princess, the time is come for us to speak.
Thy happy theft can be no longer hid.
The insults of the enemies of God,
Abusing this our silence, have too long
Charged with unfaithfulness His promises.
Nay more; success has animated rage,
And Athaliah would to Baal burn,
E'en in God's courts, incense idolatrous.
Rear'd in His Temple 'neath th' Almighty's wing,
'Tis ours to show the King thine hands have saved.
He'll prove himself courageous as his sires,
Already in his wit beyond his age.
Ere I unfold his wondrous destiny,
I offer him to God by Whom kings reign;
Then, gathering straight our Levites and our priests,
I will proclaim their masters' long lost heir.

JEHOSH. Knows he his name and noble fortune yet?

JEHOI. He owns no other than Eliakim,
And thinks himself some foundling left to die,
Whom I in pity treated as my son.

JEHOSH. Ah! from what perils I deliver'd him!
What danger is he now to meet once more!

JEHOI. What! Fails thy faith already in alarm?

JEHOSH. My lord, I yield me to thy counsels wise.
Since first I snatch'd this precious babe from death,
I placed his welfare in thy careful hands;
Yea, dreading e'en the fervour of my love,
I shun his presence where and when I can,
For fear lest my unguarded heart betray
My secret with the tears I cannot check.
Three days and nights I thought that duty bade
Devote to weeping and impassion'd prayer.
Yet may it be allow'd me now to ask,
What friends thou hast ready to take thy side?
Abner, brave Abner, will he lend his aid?
Say, has he sworn to stand beside his King?

JEHOI. Abner, though on his faith we may rely,
Knows not as yet that any King is ours.

JEHOSH. Who is to guard young Joash? Wilt thou trust
Obed or Amnon with so high a charge?
My father's kindness they have often proved,—

JEHOI. And sold themselves to Athaliah's will.

JEHOSH. Whom to her hirelings wilt thou then oppose?

JEHOI. Have I not said? Our Levites and our priests.

JEHOSH. I know that, secretly assembled near,
Their numbers have been doubled by thy care;
That full of love for thee, horror for her,
A great oath binds them, ere the trial come,
To David's heir when he shall be reveal'd.
But though with loyal ardour they may burn,
Can they unaided vindicate their king?
Is zeal enough to cope with such a task?
Doubt not the Queen, when the first rumour spreads
Of Ahaziah's son in hiding here,
Will gather all her savage troops around,
Besiege the Temple, and break down its gates.
Against such foes will sanctity avail,
And holy hands raised to the Lord in prayer?
Their province is to intercede for guilt,
No blood but that of victims have they shed;
Joash, perchance, sore wounded in their arms,—

JEHOI. Countest as naught the God who fights for us?
God, who protects the orphan's innocence,
And e'en in weakness manifests His might;
God, who hates tyrants, and in Jezreel swore
He would root out Ahab and Jezebel;
Who, striking Joram, husband of their child,
And Joram's son, their family pursued;
Whose threatening arm, though for a time withheld,
Over that impious race is ever stretch'd?

JEHOSH. Yea, 'tis His righteous sentence on them all
That makes me tremble for my brother's son.
Who knows if he, inheriting their guilt,
Was not at birth condemn'd to share their fate?
Or whether God exempts him from the curse,
And will for David's sake his pardon seal?

Ah! his sad state when Heaven gave him me
Returns each moment to alarm my soul.
With slaughter'd princes was the chamber full;
Dagger in hand, th' inexorable Queen
To bloodshed urged her barbarous soldiery,
And eagerly her murderous course pursued!
Young Joash, left for dead, there met my eyes;
I seem to see his terror-stricken nurse
Still vainly crouching at the assassin's feet,
His drooping form clasp'd to her feeble breast.
I took him stain'd with blood. Bathing his face
My copious tears restored his vanish'd sense;
And, whether yet with fear or fond caress,
I felt the pressure of his tender arms.
Great God, forbid my love should be his bane,
Last relic of the faithful David now.
Bred in Thine House, and taught to love Thy Law.
He knows no other Father than Thyself.
If, ready to attack a murderous Queen,
Faith falters trembling at the danger nigh;
If flesh and blood, disquieted this day,
Have shed too many tears, alarm'd for him;
Heir of Thy holy promise, guard him well,
And for such weakness punish only me!

JEHOI. Thy tears, Jehosheba, no blame deserve,
But God would have us trust Him as a Father.
He visits not with blind resentment sins
Of impious ancestors on pious sons.
All that remains of faithful Israel still
Will come to-day here to renew their vows;
Deep as their reverence for David's race,
They hold abhorr'd the child of Jezebel;
Joash will move them with his modest grace,
Seeming to light anew the glorious past;
And the Lord's Voice, making our cause His own,
Will in His Temple to their hearts appeal.
Two faithless kings in turn have Him defied,
Now must a monarch to the throne be raised
Whose grateful memory shall bless the day
When God by His own priests his rights restored.
Who pluck'd him from th' oblivion of the tomb,
And David's lamp rekindled when put out.
Great God, if Thy foreknowledge sees him base,
Bent to forsake the paths that David trod,
Then let him be like fruit ere ripeness pluck'd
Or flower wither'd by a noisome blast!
But if this child, obedient to Thy will,
Is destined to advance Thy wise designs,
Now let the rightful heir the sceptre sway,
Give to my feeble hands his pow'rful foes,
And baffle in her plots a cruel Queen.
Vouchsafe, my God, on Nathan and on her
That spirit of blind foolishness to pour
Which leads deluded monarchs to their fall!
No more; fare well. Our children with them bring
Maidens, of holiest stock the hallow'd seed.

SCENE III

JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME, *Chorus*

JEHOSH. Dear Zachariah, go, nor stay thy steps,
Accompany thy venerable sire.
Daughters of Levi, young and faithful band,
Whom with His zeal the Lord already fires,
Who come so often here to share my sighs,
Children, my only joy in griefs profound;
These gay festoons and coronets of flow'rs
Once well accorded with our stately feasts,
But now, alas, when shame and sorrow reign,
What offering is more fit than one of tears!
Already do I hear the solemn trump,
Soon will the Temple doors be opened wide,
While thither I myself prepare to go,
Sing, praise the God whose presence here ye seek.

SCENE IV

The Chorus

ALL THE CHORUS [*sings*].

His glory fills the universe sublime,
Lift to this God for aye the voice of prayer!
He reign'd supreme before the birth of Time;
Sing of His loving care.

ONE VOICE [*alone*].

Vainly unrighteous force
Would still His people's praise that must have course;

His Name shall perish ne'er.
Day tells to day His pow'r, from time to time;
His glory fills the universe sublime;
Sing of His loving care.

ALL THE CHORUS [*repeats.*]

His glory fills the universe sublime;
Sing of His loving care.

ONE VOICE [*alone.*]

He paints the flow'rs with all their lovely hues;
The fruit to ripeness grows,
For daily He bestows
The day's warm sunshine, and the night's cool dews,
Nor does the grateful earth t' o'erpay the debt refuse.

ANOTHER VOICE.

The sun at His command spreads joy around,
'Tis from His bounteous hand its light proceeds;
But in His Law, so pure, so holy found,
We hail His richest gift to meet our needs.

ANOTHER.

Oh! mount of Sinai, let the memory stay
Of that for ever great and famous day.
When on thy flaming head,
In clouds conceal'd, the Lord reveal'd
To mortal eyes a ray from His own glory shed.
Tell us, why glow'd those lightning fires up there,
Why roll'd the smoke, why peal'd in troubled air
Thunder and trumpet's blare?
Came He that, back to primal Chaos hurl'd,
On its foundations of past ages whirl'd,
Came He to shake the world?

ANOTHER.

He came that He to Israel might reveal
Th' immortal lustre of His holy Law;
He came that to their hearts He might appeal,
To claim their lasting love, based upon reverent awe.

ALL THE CHORUS.

O Law divine and full of grace!
Justice and goodness all supreme!
What reason and what joy extreme,
Our love and trust in such a God to place!

ONE VOICE [*alone*].

From slavery's yoke He did our fathers save,
And for their desert-food sweet manna gave;
To us He gives His Laws, all gifts above
Save of Himself; for all He only claims our love.

THE CHORUS.

Justice and goodness all supreme!

THE SAME VOICE.

For them divided He the waters of the sea,
From the dry rock He made the torrent stream;
To us He gives His Laws, all gifts above
Save of Himself, for all He only claims our love.

THE CHORUS.

O Law divine and full of grace!
What reason, and what joy extreme,
Our love and trust in such a God to place!

ANOTHER VOICE [*alone*].

You who can only know a servile fear,
Whose thankless souls God's goodness fails to move;
Does it to you so hard a task appear,
So difficult to love?
Slaves dread the tyrant's lash that makes them smart,
But children feel a love that binds the heart;
To share God's lavish bounty you are fain,
But not to love again!

ALL THE CHORUS.

O Law divine and full of grace!
Justice and goodness all supreme!
What reason and what joy extreme,
Our love and trust in such a God to place!

ACT II

SCENE I

JEHOSHEBA, SALOME, *Chorus*

JEHOSH. Maidens, it is enough; your songs must cease;
'Tis time for us to join the public prayers.
The hour is come to celebrate the feast,
And in our turn before the Lord appear.

SCENE II

JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME, *and Chorus*

JEHOSH. What do I see? My son, what brings thee back?
So pale and breathless, whither dost thou run?
ZACH. Mother!
JEHOSH. Speak, then!
ZACH. The Temple is profaned!
JEHOSH. What?
ZACH. And the altar of the Lord forsaken!
JEHOSH. I tremble. Quickly tell thy mother all.
ZACH. My father, the High Priest, with all due rites
Presented to the Lord, Who feeds mankind,
The first loaves of the harvest we have reap'd,
And then, while offering with blood-stain'd hands
The smoking inwards of the victims slain;
And, standing by his side, Eliakim
Help'd me to serve him, clad in linen stole;
While with the blood of sacrifice the priests
Sprinkled the altar and the worshippers;
There rose a tumult, and the people turn'd,
Sudden astonishment in every eye.
A woman—is to name her blasphemy?—
A woman—it was Athaliah's self.
JEHOSH. Great Heav'n!
ZACH. Within the court reserved for men
This woman enters with uplifted brow,
Yea, and attempts to pass the limit set,
Where none but Levites have a right to come.
The people fly, all scatter'd in dismay;
My father—ah, what wrath blazed from his eyes!
Moses to Pharaoh seem'd less terrible,—
"Go, Queen," my father said, "and leave this place,
Bann'd to thy sex and thine impiety!
Comest to brave the majesty of God?"
And then the Queen fiercely confronting him,
Seem'd as in act to utter blasphemies;
I know not if the Angel of the Lord
Appear'd before her with a glittering sword,
But straight her tongue seem'd frozen in her mouth,
And all her boldness utterly abash'd;
She could not move her eyes, in terror fix'd
And strange surprise on young Eliakim.
JEHOSH. What! Did he stand there in her very sight?
ZACH. We both stood gazing on that cruel Queen,
Stricken with equal horror at our hearts;
But soon the priests encompass'd us around,
And forced us to withdraw. I came to thee,
To tell the outrage done; I know no more.
JEHOSH. Ah! she would doubtless tear him from our arms,
E'en at God's altar hunting for her prey.
Perchance, ere now, this child of many tears—
Oh God, remember David, see and save!
SAL. Who is he, thus to cause your tears to flow?
ZACH. Why should his life be threaten'd? Can it be?
SAL. What can the boy have done to enrage the Queen?
ZACH. What fear they from a helpless orphan child?
JEHOSH. She comes! She must not see us, let us go.

SCENE III

ATHALIAH, ABNER, HAGAR, *Attendants of Athaliah*

HAG. Madam, why stay in such a place as this,
Where every sight offends and wounds thine eye?
Leave to the priests this temple where they dwell;
Fly from this scene of tumult; and within
Thy palace, lull each troubled sense to rest.
ATH. I cannot. Thou dost see me vex'd and weak.
Go thou, send word to Mattan that he come
With haste: oh! happy still, if by his aid
I find that peace I seek, and seek in vain!
She seats herself.

SCENE IV

ATHALIAH, ABNER, *Attendants of Athaliah*

ABNER. Madam, forgive me if I dare defend him,
His zeal should not surprise you. For the God,
Whom we adore, Himself ordain'd it so,
And gave us charge to guard his altar well;
The work of sacrifice to Aaron's sons.

And to the Levites place and task assign'd;
To their descendants strictly He forbade
All fellowship with other deities.
Art thou the wife and mother of our kings,
A stranger to our customs on this point?
Dost thou not know our laws? And must to-day—
But Mattan comes: with him I leave thee now.

ATH. We need thy presence, Abner. Let it pass,
Jehoiada's presumptuous insolence,
With all that heap of superstitions vain
Which bid you keep your Temple to yourselves:
A subject far more urgent wakes alarm.
I know that from a child, rear'd in the camp,
Abner is generous, knowing how to pay
Alike to God and King the debt he owes.
Remain.

SCENE V

ATHALIAH, ABNER, MATTAN, *Attendants of Athaliah*

MAT. Great Queen, is this a place for thee?
What trouble stirs, what terror chills thine heart?
What dost thou in the midst of enemies?
Darest thou this unhallowed fane approach?
Hast thou that bitter hatred cast away—

ATH. Both of you lend me an attentive ear.
I do not wish now to recall the past,
Nor give account to you for blood I shed.
A sense of duty prompted all my acts.
Nor will I take for judge a hasty crowd;
Whate'er they may presume to spread abroad,
My vindication Heav'n has made its care.
My pow'r, establish'd on renown'd success,
Has magnified my name from sea to sea;
Jerusalem enjoys profoundest peace;
The wandering Arab Jordan sees no more
Ravage his borders with continual raids;
Nor boasts Philistia over Judah now,
And Syria owns me for a sister Queen.
Lastly the traitor, who destroy'd my House,
And e'en to me thought to extend his rage,
Jehu, fierce Jehu, in Samaria quails
Before a mighty rival's rapid strokes,
Whom I incited to attack my foe;
And thus th' assassin leaves me mistress here,
To reap the fruits of policy in peace.
But for some days a gnawing care has come,
To check the flood of my prosperity.
A dream (why should a dream disquiet me?)
Preys on my heart, and keeps it ill at ease;
I try to banish it; it haunts me still.
'Twas deepest night, when horror falls on man,
My mother Jezebel before me stood,
Richly attired as on the day she died,
Her pride undaunted by misfortune's touch.
That borrow'd brightness still her features wore,
Which she would paint upon her wither'd face,
To hide the ravages of ruthless age:
"Tremble," she said, "child worthy of myself;
O'er thee too triumphs Judah's cruel god,
And thou must fall into his dreadful hands,
Whereat I grieve." With these alarming words,
Her spectre o'er my bed appear'd to bend;
I stretch'd my hands to clasp her; but I found
Only a hideous mass of flesh and bones,
Horribly bruised and mangled, dragg'd thro' mire,
Bleeding and torn, whose limbs the dogs of prey
Were growling over with devouring greed.

ABNER. Great God!

ATH. While thus disturb'd, before me rose
The vision of a boy in shining robe,
Such as the Hebrew priests are wont to wear.
My drooping spirits at his sight revived:
But while my troubled eyes, to peace restored,
Admired his noble air and modest grace,
I felt the sudden stroke of murderous steel
Plunged deeply by the traitor in my breast.
Perhaps to you this dream, so strangely mix'd,
May seem a work of chance, and I myself,
For long ashamed to let my fears prevail,
Referr'd it to a melancholy mood;
But while its memory linger'd in my soul,
Twice in my sleep I saw that form again,
Twice the same child before my eyes appear'd
Always about to stab me to the heart.
Worn out at last by horror's close pursuit,
I went to claim Baal's protecting care,

And, kneeling at his altars, find repose.
How strangely fear may sway our mortal minds!
And instinct seem'd to drive me to these courts,
To pacify the god whom Jews adore;
I thought that offerings might appease his wrath,
That this their god might grow more merciful.
Baal's High Priest, my feebleness forgive!
I enter'd; and the sacrifice was stay'd,
The people fled, Jehoiada in wrath
Advanced to meet me. As he spake, I saw
With terror and surprise that self-same boy
Who haunts me in my dreams. I saw him there;
His mien the same, the same his linen stole,
His gait, his eyes, each feature of his face;
It was himself; beside th' High Priest he walk'd,
Till quickly they removed him from my sight.
That is the trouble which detains me here,
And thereon would I fain consult you both.
Mattan, what means this omen marvellous?

MAT. Coincidence so strange fills me with dread.

ATH. But, Abner, hast thou seen this fatal child?
Who is he? What his family, his tribe?

ABNER. Two children at the altar lend their aid,
One is the High Priest's son, the other is
To me unknown.

MAT. Why hesitate to act?
Your Majesty must needs secure them both.
'Tis known how I regard Jehoiada,
Seeking no vengeance for my private wrongs,
In all my warnings studying to be fair;
But, after all, were this indeed his son,
Would he one moment let the guilty live?

ABNER. Of what crime can a child be capable?

MAT. Heav'n show'd him with a dagger in his hand;
And Heav'n is just and wise, nor works in vain.
What more dost want?

ABNER. But, trusting to a dream
Say, would'st thou have us bathe in infant blood?
Ye know not yet his father nor his name.

MAT. Enough for fear! I have considered all.
If from illustrious parentage he springs,
His ruin should be hasten'd by his rank;
If fate has placed him in a lot obscure,
What matters it if worthless blood be spilt?
Must kings keep pace when justice lags behind?
On promptitude their safety oft depends;
No irksome scruples need their freedom check;
To be suspected is all one with guilt.

ABNER. Mattan! Is this the language of a priest?
Nursed in the lap of war, in carnage reared,
Stern agent of the vengeful wrath of Kings,
'Tis I who now must urge misfortune's plea!
And thou, who owest him a father's love,
A minister of peace in times of wrath,
Cloaking resentment with pretended zeal
Dost chafe that blood should flow so tardily!
Thou badest me, Madam, speak my honest thought:
What, then, is this that moves thy fear so much?
A dream, a feeble child, whom, it may be
Too readily thy fancy recognised.

ATH. Abner, I will admit I may be wrong,
Heeding too much, perchance, an idle dream.
More closely then must I behold that child,
And at my leisure scan his features well.
Let both the boys be brought before me now.

ABNER. I fear—

ATH. What! Can they fail to grant me this?
What reason could they have to say me no?
'Twould rouse suspicion. Bid Jehosheba,
Or else her husband bring the children here;
I can at pleasure use a monarch's tone.
Abner, I tell thee candidly, your priests
Have cause to bless my kindness hitherto;
I know how far they freely have discuss'd
My conduct, and abused my sovereign power;
And yet they live, and yet their temple stands.
But soon, I feel, the limit may be pass'd;
Jehoiada must curb his savage zeal,
And not provoke my wrath a second time.
Go.

SCENE VI

ATHALIAH, MATTAN, *Attendants of Athaliah*

MAT. I may now at last in freedom speak,
And clearly set the truth before thine eyes.

A growing monster in this temple lurks;
A tempest threatens, wait not till it breaks.
Ere daylight Abner with th' High Priest confer'd;
Thou knowest well his love for David's line.
What if Jehoiada should in their ranks
Foist this young child with whom Heav'n threatens thee,
His son or not—

ATH. Thou hast unseal'd mine eyes,
And Heaven's warning vision grows distinct.
But I would fain be free from every doubt:
Children will readily betray their thoughts,
One word will oft disclose some deep design.
Let me, dear Mattan, see him, question him,
Go thou, meanwhile, and secret orders give
That all my Tyrians quickly arm themselves.

SCENE VII

JOASH, ATHALIAH, JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARIAH, ABNER, SALOME, *two Levites, Chorus, Attendants of Athaliah*

JEHOSH. [*to the two Levites*]. Keep constant watch, ye servants of the Lord,
Over these children, precious and beloved.

ABNER [*to* JEHOSHEBA]. Take courage, Princess; they shall be my charge.

ATH. Heav'ns! the more closely I examine him,—
'Tis he! And horror seizes me again.
[*Pointing to* JOASH.]
Wife of Jehoiada, is this thy son?

JEHOSH. He, Madam?

ATH. He.

JEHOSH. His mother? No, not I.
[*Pointing to* ZACHARIAH.]
There is my son.

ATH. [*to* JOASH]. Who is thy father, child?
Answer, thyself.

JEHOSH. Heav'n till this very day—

ATH. Why in such haste to answer for the boy?
It is for him to speak.

JEHOSH. From one so young
What revelation canst thou hope to gain?

ATH. The young are innocent; and simple truth
Their honest frankness knows not to disguise:
Let him explain all that concerns himself.

JEHOSH. [*aside*]. Great God, put now Thy wisdom in his mouth!

ATH. What is thy name?

JOASH. My name's Eliakim.

ATH. Thy father?

JOASH. Fatherless, they say, I am,
Cast since my birth upon the arms of God;
I never knew my parents, who they were.

ATH. Hast thou no parents?

JOASH. They abandon'd me.

ATH. How? and how long ago?

JOASH. When I was born.

ATH. Where is thy home? This can at least be told.

JOASH. This Temple is my home; none else I know.

ATH. Where wast thou found? Hast thou been told of that?

JOASH. 'Midst cruel wolves, ready to eat me up.

ATH. Who placed thee in this temple?

JOASH. One unknown,
She gave no name, nor was she seen again.

ATH. Whose guardian hands preserved thine infant years?

JOASH. When did God e'er neglect His children's needs?
The feather'd nestlings He provides with food,
And o'er all nature spreads His bounty wide.
Daily I pray; and with a Father's care
He feeds me from the sacred offerings.

ATH. New wonder comes to trouble and perplex!
The sweetness of his voice, his infant grace
Unconsciously make enmity give way
To—can it be compassion that I feel!

ABNER. Madam, is this thy dreaded enemy?
'Tis evident thy dreams have played thee false;
Unless thy pity, which now seems to vex,
Should be the fatal blow that terrified.

ATH. [*to* JOASH *and* JEHOSHEBA]. Why are ye leaving?

JEHOSH. Thou hast heard his tale:
His presence longer might be troublesome.

ATH. [*to* JOASH]. Nay, child, come back.
What dost thou all the day?

JOASH. I worship God, and hear His Law explain'd;
His holy volume I am taught to read,
And now to write it has my hand begun.

ATH. What says that Law?

JOASH. That God requires our love.
Avenges, soon or late, His Name blasphemed,

Is the protector of the fatherless,
Resists the proud, the murderer punishes.
ATH. I understand. But all within these walls,
How are they occupied?
JOASH. In praising God.
ATH. Does God claim constant service here and prayer?
JOASH. All else is banish'd from His holy courts.
ATH. What pleasures hast thou?
JOASH. Where God's altar stands,
I sometimes help th' High Priest to offer salt
Or incense, hear His lofty praises sung,
And see His stately ritual perform'd.
ATH. What! Hast thou pastime none more sweet than that?
Sad lot for one so young; but come with me,
And see my palace and my splendour there.
JOASH. God's goodness then would from my memory fade.
ATH. I would not force thee to forget Him, child.
JOASH. Thou dost not pray to Him.
ATH. But thou shalt pray.
JOASH. There I should hear another's name invoked.
ATH. I serve my god: and thou shalt worship thine.
There are two powerful gods.
JOASH. Thou must fear mine;
He only is the Lord, and thine is naught.
ATH. Pleasures untold will I provide for thee.
JOASH. The happiness of sinners melts away.
ATH. Of sinners, who are they?
JEHOSH. Madam, excuse
A child—
ATH. I like to see how ye have taught him;
And thou hast pleased me well, Eliakim,
Being, and that past doubt, no common child.
See thou, I am a queen, and have no heir;
Forsake this humble service, doff this garb,
And I will let thee share in all my wealth;
Make trial of my promise from this day;
Beside me at my table, everywhere,
Thou shalt receive the treatment of a son.
JOASH. A son!
ATH. Yes, speak.
JOASH. And such a Father leave
For—
ATH. Well, what?
JOASH. Such a mother as thyself!
ATH. [*to* JEHOSHEBA]. His memory is good; in all he says
I recognise the lessons ye have given.
Yes, this is how, corrupting guileless youth,
Ye both improve the freedom ye enjoy,
Inciting them to hatred and wild rage,
Until they shudder but to hear my name.
JEHOSH. Can our misfortunes be conceal'd from them?
All the world knows them; are they not thy boast?
ATH. Yea; with just wrath, that I am proud to own,
My parents on my offspring I avenged.
Could I see sire and brother massacred,
My mother from the palace roof cast down,
And the same day beheaded all at once
(Oh, horror!) fourscore princes of the blood;
And all to avenge a pack of prophets slain,
Whose dangerous frenzies Jezebel had curb'd.
Have queens no heart, daughters no filial love,
That I should act the coward and the slave,
Too pitiful to cope with savages,
By rendering death for death, and blow for blow?
David's posterity from me received
Treatment no worse than had my father's sons!
Where should I be to-day, had I not quell'd
All weakness and a mother's tenderness,
Had not this hand of mine like water shed
My own heart's blood, and boldly check'd your plots?
Your god has vow'd implacable revenge;
Snapt is the link between thine house and mine,
David and all his offspring I abhor,
Tho' born of mine own blood I own them not.
JEHOSH. Thy plans have prospered. Let God see, and judge!
ATH. Your god, forsooth, your only refuge left,
What will become of his predictions now?
Let him present you with that promised King,
That Son of David, waited for so long,—
We meet again. Farewell. I go content:
I wished to see, and I have seen.
ABNER [*to* JEHOSHEBA]. The trust
I undertook to keep, I thus resign.

SCENE VIII

JOASH, JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME, JEHOIADA, ABNER, *Levites, the Chorus*

JEHOSH. [*to* JEHOIADA]. My lord, did'st hear the Queen's presumptuous words?
JEHOI. I heard them all, and felt for thee the while.
These Levites were with me ready to aid
Or perish with you, such was our resolve.
[*To* JOASH, *embracing him.*]
May God watch o'er thee, child, whose courage bore,
Just now, such noble witness to His Name.
Thy service, Abner, has been well discharged:
I shall expect thee at th' appointed hour.
I must return, this impious murderess
Has stain'd my vision, and disturb'd my prayers;
The very pavement that her feet have trod
My hands shall sprinkle o'er with cleansing blood.

SCENE IX

Chorus

ONE OF THE MAIDENS FORMING THE CHORUS.

What star has burst upon our eyes?
What shall this wondrous child become one day?
Vain pomp and show he dares despise,
Nor lets those charms, where danger lies,
Lead his young feet from God astray.

ANOTHER VOICE.

While all to Baal's altar flock,
And for the Queen their faith disown,
A child proclaims that Israel's Rock
Is the eternal God alone,
And though this Jezebel may mock,
Elijah's spirit he has shown.

ANOTHER VOICE.

Who will the secret of thy birth explain?
Dear child, some holy prophet lives in thee again!

ANOTHER VOICE.

Thus grew the gentle Samuel of yore,
Beneath the shadow of God's dwelling-place;
And he became the hope of Israel's race,
To guide and comfort; this be thou and more!

ANOTHER VOICE.

Oh! blest beyond compare,
The child who knows His love,
Who early hears His voice, and keeps with care
The teaching he receives from God above!
Far severed from the world, from birth endued
With all the gifts of Heaven,
No evil influence has imbued
His innocence with sin's infectious leaven.

ALL THE CHORUS.

A happy youth he spends,
Whom the Lord teaches, whom the Lord defends!

THE SAME VOICE [*alone*].

As in sequester'd vale,
Where a clear streamlet flows,
Shelter'd from every stormy gale
Darling of Nature, some young lily grows.
Far severed from the world, from birth endued
With all the gifts of Heaven,
No evil influence has imbued
His innocence with sin's infectious leaven.

ALL THE CHORUS.

Blest more than tongue can tell.
The child whom God inclines to keep His statutes well!

ONE VOICE [*alone*].

With faltering steps doth dawning Virtue tread
'Mid countless perils that beset the way;
What hindrances and snares for him are spread
Who seeks Thee, Lord, and fears from innocence to stray!
Where can Thy saints a shelter find,
With foes in front and foes behind?
Sinners fill all the earth, my God, look where we may.

ANOTHER VOICE.

Palace and City, David loved so well,
O Mount, where God Himself long deigned to dwell.

What has thy crime that draws down vengeance been?
What sayest thou, dear Zion, to behold,
Seated where sat thy kings from days of old,
An impious foreign Queen?

ALL THE CHORUS.

What sayest thou, dear Zion, to behold
An impious foreign Queen,
Seated where sat thy kings from days of old?

THE SAME VOICE.

Where once the Lord was bless'd,
Father and God confess'd,
Where David's holy strains so sweet had been,
What sayest thou, dear Zion, to behold
Cursing the Name thy kings adored of old,
Praising her own false gods, an impious foreign Queen?

ONE VOICE [*alone*].

How often, Lord, how often yet shall we
Against Thee rising up the wicked see?
They with unhallow'd feet Thy courts defile,
And all who worship Thee as fools revile.
How often, Lord, how often yet shall we
Against Thee rising up the wicked see?

ANOTHER VOICE.

Ah, what avails, say they, this virtue stern,
That from sweet Pleasures voice
Morosely bids you turn?
Your God does naught for you to justify your choice.

ANOTHER VOICE.

Where Pleasure leads, laughter and song be ours
Thus speak those impious throngs:
Care for the future to dull fools belongs,
To passion give the reins, cull the sweet flow'rs;
Too quickly at the best years take their flight,
Who knows if he shall see to-morrow's light?
Let us to-day enjoy life's fragrant bowers!

ALL THE CHORUS.

Let tears and terrors, Lord, their portion be,
These outcast wretches, who shall never see
Thy holy city with eternal glory crown'd;
Be ours, on whom Thy beams immortal shine,
To hymn Thy gifts divine,
Be ours with voice of praise Thy majesty to sound!

ONE VOICE [*alone*].

Of all their false delights what will remain
To souls absorb'd therein? As visions vain,
That vanish with the dawning day,
When they awaken with dismay!
While for the poor Thy table shall be spread,
Deep shall they drain the cup of judgment dread
That Thou shalt offer to all such as they,
When Mercy's hour has fled.

ALL THE CHORUS.

Oh, wakening of dismay
From dream too quickly sped,
From error's dangerous sway!

ACT III

SCENE I

MATTAN, NABAL, *the Chorus*

MAT. Go damsels: let Jehosheba be told
That Mattan would in private speak with her.

ONE OF THE MAIDENS OF THE CHORUS.

Mattan! May God in Heav'n confound his plots!

NAB. They all disperse in flight without reply!

MAT. Let us draw near.

SCENE II

ZACHARIAH, MATTAN, NABAL

ZACH. Rash man, where would'st thou go?
Beware thou do not step beyond this spot;
This is a dwelling sacred to the priests;
Our laws forbid all common entrance here.
Whom seekest thou? This solemn day, my sire
Shuns contact with impure idolatry,
And prostrate now before Jehovah's shrine,
My mother will not have her pray'r disturb'd.

MAT. My son, be not distress'd, we will wait here.

To your illustrious mother I would speak;
I come charged with a message from the Queen.

SCENE III

MATTAN, NABAL

NAB. Their very children ape their insolence!
But what means Athaliah now to do?
Whence springs this indecision in her plans?
This morn, rebuff'd by that presumptuous priest,
When dreams had warn'd of danger from a child,
Her mind was to destroy Jehoiada,
And in this temple Baal's altar place,
With thee to serve him; in thy joy I shared,
Hoping to gain my part in the rich spoil.
What made her change her fickle purpose thus?

MAT. She has not been herself these two days past.
No more is she the bold, clear sighted Queen,
With spirit raised above her timid sex,
Whose rapid action overwhelm'd her foes,
Who knew the value of an instant lost:
Fear and remorse disturb that lofty soul;
She wavers, falters, all the woman now.
Not long ago I fill'd with bitter wrath
Her heart already moved by threats from Heav'n,
And she, intrusting vengeance to my care,
Bade me assemble all her guard in haste;
But whether that young child, before her brought,
(A poor, unhappy foundling, as they say,)
Assuaged the terror that her dream had caused,
Or seeing in the boy some secret charm,
I find her shaken in her dire resolve,
Postponing vengeance to some future day;
And fatal strife in all her counsels reigns.
"I have inquired," said I, "about that child,
And hear strange boasts of royal ancestry,
How to the malcontents, from time to time,
The High Priest shows him, bids the Jews expect
In him a second Moses, and supports
His speech with lying oracles." These words
Made her brow flush. Swiftly the falsehood work'd.
"Is it for me," she said, "to pine in doubt?
Let us be rid of this perplexity.
Convey my sentence to Jehosheba:
Soon shall the fire be kindled, and the sword
Deal slaughter, soon their Temple shall be razed,
Unless, as hostage for their loyalty,
They yield this child to me."

NAB. For one unknown,
Whom chance, may be, has thrown into their arms,
Will they behold their Temple buried low—

MAT. Ah! but no mortals have such pride as they.
Rather than to my hands resign a child,
Whom to his God Jehoiada has vow'd,
He will endure to die the worst of deaths,
Besides, they manifestly love this child,
And, if I construe right the Queen's account,
Jehoiada knows more than he will say
Touching his birth. Refusal I foresee,
In any case, with fatal consequence,
The rest be my concern; with fire and sword
To wipe this odious Temple from my eyes
Is my last hope.

NAB. What prompts so fierce a hate?
Is it consuming zeal for Baal's cause?
Myself a child of Ishmael, as thou knowest,
I worship neither thine, nor Israel's god.

MAT. Dost think, my friend, that any senseless zeal
For a dumb idol could my judgment blind,—
A perishable log, that worms destroy
In spite of all my efforts, day by day?
From birth devoted to the God, who here
Is worshipp'd, Mattan still might be his priest,
If but the love of grandeur, thirst for pow'r,
Could be consistent with his stringent yoke.
Nabal, I hardly need to thee recall
The quarrel 'tween Jehoiada and me,
When against him I dared the censer claim;
They made some stir, my struggle, tears, despair.
Vanquish'd, I enter'd on a new career,
And bound me, soul and body, to the Court,
By slow degrees I gain'd the ear of kings,
And soon my voice was deem'd oracular.
Their hearts I studied, flatter'd each caprice,
And sprinkled flow'rs for them on danger's brink.
Nothing to me was sacred that they craved,
Measure and weight I alter'd as they will'd.
As often as Jehoiada's blunt speech
Boldly offended their fastidious ears,
So often I had pow'r and skill to charm:

Concealing from their eyes unpleasant truths,
Gilding their savage passion with fair tints.
And lavish more than all of human blood.
At length was raised by Athaliah's hands
A temple to the god she introduced.
Jerusalem with tears the outrage saw;
The sons of Levi, stricken with alarm,
Appeal'd to Heaven with indignant cries.
I only, leading cowards in my train,
Deserter from their Law, that act approved,
And Baal's priesthood thereby merited.
Thus made my rival's formidable foe,
I donn'd the mitre; march'd along, his peer.
Still, I confess, e'en at my glory's height,
Harass'd by memories of the God I left,
Some fear remain'd to discompose my soul,
And this it is that fans and feeds my rage:
Happy if, wreaking vengeance on His shrine,
I may reduce His wrath to impotence,
And amidst ruin, desolation, death,
Lose my remorse in plenitude of crime!
Here comes Jehosheba.

SCENE IV

JEHOSHEBA, MATTAN, NABAL

MAT. Sent by the Queen
To bring back peace, and hatred drive away,
Be not surprised that I should thee accost,
Princess, whose gentle spirit comes from Heav'n,
A rumour, which of falsehood I suspect,
Supports the warning that a dream had giv'n,
Accusing the High Priest of dangerous plots,
And raising in the Queen a storm of ire.
I wish not here to vaunt my services,
Knowing Jehoiada to me unjust;
But good for evil is a due return.
In short, I come commission'd to speak peace.
Live, keep your feasts without a shade of fear.
For your obedience she but asks a pledge,—
(My efforts to dissuade her have been vain),
This orphan, whom she says that she has seen.
JEHOSH. Eliakim?
MAT. Whereat I feel some shame
On her account, making an idle dream
Of too much moment. But unless ye give
This child to me forthwith, her mortal foes
Ye prove yourselves. Your answer she awaits,
Impatient.
JEHOSH. These, then, are her words of peace!
MAT. And can ye for one moment hesitate
By slight concession such a boon to gain?
JEHOSH. Strange would it be, if Mattan, free of guile,
Could trample down th' injustice of his heart,
And, after being of all ill contriver,
Could be the author of some shade of good!
MAT. What is your grievance? Has the Queen, in rage,
Sent to tear Zachariah from your arms?
He is your son; the other why so dear?
This fondness, in my turn, surprises me.
What treasure find ye there of priceless worth?
Has Heav'n in him sent a deliverer?
Bethink you, your refusal may confirm
A secret rumour that begins to grow.
JEHOSH. What rumour?
MAT. That illustrious is his birth,
And that thy husband hatches some grand part
For him to play.
JEHOSH. And Mattan, by this tale
That soothes his rage—
MAT. Princess, it is for thee
To disabuse my mind. I know thou would'st
As falsehood's ruthless foe, resign thy life
Sooner than sully thy sincerity
By the least word that is opposed to truth.
Hast thou no clue then to this mystery?
Is his birth buried in the deepest night?
Knowest thou not thyself from whom he sprang?
Whose hands they were that gave him to thy spouse?
I pause for answer; ready to believe thee.
Give glory, Princess, to the God thou servest.
JEHOSH. Base man, it suits thee well to dare to name
A God whom thou hast taught men to blaspheme!
Can such a wretch as thou invoke His truth,
Thou on the seat of foul corruption throned,
Where falsehood reigns and spreads its poison round,
Whose lip with treachery and imposture teems!

SCENE V

JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, MATTAN, NABAL

JEHOI. Where am I? Is this Baal's priest I see?

Does David's daughter with a traitor talk,
And turn a listening ear? Dost thou not fear
That 'neath his feet should gape a gulf profound,
And flames forth issuing straight scorch and consume thee,
Or these walls crush thee falling upon him?
What would he? Why this bold effrontery?
Why comes God's foe to taint this holy air?

MAT. To rail is but to be Jehoiada!
Yet might he well, in reverence for the Queen,
Show greater prudence, and forbear to insult
The chosen envoy of her high command.

JEHOI. With what ill-omened tidings art thou charged?
What dreadful mission brings such messenger?

MAT. Jehosheba has heard the royal will.

JEHOI. Then get thee from my presence, impious wretch;
Go, and fill up the measure of thy crimes,
Soon will God make thee join the perjured crew
Of Dathan, Doeg, and Ahithophel;
The dogs He fed with fallen Jezebel,
Waiting to glut their fury upon thee,
Besiege thy door, all howling for their prey.

MAT. [*in confusion*]. Ere the day close—which of us is to be—
'Twill soon be seen—but, Nabal, let us go.

NAB. Where dost thou stray? Is then thy sense distraught?
There lies thy way.

SCENE VI

JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA

JEHOSH. The storm's about to burst:
The angry Queen demands Eliakim.
Already they begin to penetrate
The mystery of his birth and thy designs,
Mattan could all but tell his father's name.

JEHOI. Who to the traitor can have giv'n a clue?
Thine agitation may have told too much.

JEHOSH. I have done all I could to master it:
And yet, believe me, danger presses close.
Let us reserve this child for happier times.
While still our wicked foes deliberate,
Ere they come round to tear him from our arms,
Let me, my lord, hide him a second time:
The gates stand open, and the way is free.
To wildest deserts must I carry him?
Ready am I. I know a secret path,
By which, without a chance of being seen,
Crossing the Kedron's torrent with the lad,
The wilderness I'll gain, where wept of old
David, in flight from his rebellious son,
And seeking safety from pursuit like us.
I shall fear less for him lions and bears—
But why reject Jehu's good offices?
Is not the counsel sound that I unfold?
Let us in Jehu's charge this treasure place,
And one may reach his realm this very day;
The way that leads to him is short. Nor starts
The heart of Jehu from compassion's touch;
The name of David he in honour holds.
Ah! lives there king so cruel and so hard,
Unless his mother were a Jezebel,
Who would not pity such a suppliant's cry?
Must not all monarchs make his cause their own?

JEHOI. What timid counsels, and how boldly urged!
Canst thou then place thy hopes in Jehu's aid?

JEHOSH. Does God forbid all forethought and all care?
Condemns He not too blind a confidence?
Making mankind fulfil His holy ends.
Is it not God Himself arms Jehu's hands?

JEHOI. Jehu, whom God in His deep wisdom chose,
Jehu, on whom I see thy hopes are based,
Ungratefully forgets His benefits;
Ahab's fierce daughter he has left in peace,
And follows the vile steps of Israel's kings,
Keeps up the shrines of Egypt's bestial god,
And on high places rashly dares to burn
An incense that the Lord our God abhors.
Jehu too surely lacks the upright heart,
And clean hands, needed to promote His cause.
No, we must cling to God, and Him alone.
We must not hide but plainly show the boy,
With royal diadem around his brow;
I e'en intend to advance the appointed hour.
Ere Mattan can mature his counterplot.

SCENE VII

JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, AZARIAH, *followed by the Chorus, and a number of Levites.*

JEHOI. Well, Azariah, is the Temple closed?

AZA. I have seen all the gates securely barr'd.
JEHOI. Remain there none but thou and thine allies?
AZA. Twice have I gone all round the sacred courts,
All have fled hence, nor think they of return,
Scatter'd by panic like a flock of sheep;
The holy tribe are left sole worshippers.
Never, since they escaped from Pharaoh's pow'r,
Has such dismay as this the people seized.
JEHOI. Faint-hearted people, born for slavery,
Bold only against God! Let us pursue
The work we have in hand. But who still keeps
These children in our midst?
ONE OF THE MAIDENS FORMING THE CHORUS. Could we, my lord,
Sever ourselves from you? No strangers we
Here, in God's House, where ranged beside thee stand
Our fathers and our brothers.
ANOTHER MAIDEN. If to avenge
The shame of Israel we lack Jael's pow'r,
Who pierced the temples of God's impious foe,
We may at least for Him our lives lay down;
When for His threaten'd shrine your arms shall fight,
At least our tears may to His throne appeal.
JEHOI. Lo, what avengers of Thy holy cause,
O Wisdom infinite,—these priests and babes!
But, Thou supporting, who can make them fall?
Thou canst, at will, recall us from our graves,
Canst wound and heal, canst kill and make alive.
They put no trust in merits of their own,
But in Thy Name, for them so oft invoked,
Thy promise to the holiest of their kings,
This Temple where Thou dost vouchsafe to dwell,
Destined to last long as the sun in heaven.
Why throbs my heart with holy ecstasy?
Is it God's Spirit thus takes hold of me,
Glows in my breast, speaks, and unseals mine eyes?
Before me spread dim distant ages rise.
Ye Levites, let your melodies conspire
To fan the flame of inspiration's fire.

THE CHORUS [*singing to the accompaniment of musical instruments*]. Lord, be Thy voice to our dull ears conveyed,
Thy holy message to our hearts be borne,
As to the tender blade
Comes, in the spring, the freshness of the morn!
JEHOI. Ye heavens hear my voice; thou earth give ear:
That the Lord sleeps, no more let Israel fear:
The Lord awakes! Ye sinners, disappear!
The music begins again, and JEHOIADA *immediately resumes.*
How has pure gold changed into worthless lead?
What Pontiff's blood is at the altar shed?
Weep, Salem; faithless city, weep in vain!
Thy murderous hands have God's own prophets slain:
Therefore His love for thee hath banish'd been,
Thine incense is to Him a smoke unclean.
Oh, whither are these tender captives led?
The Lord the queen of cities hath discrown'd,
Cast off her kings, her priests in fetters bound;
Within her streets no festal throngs are found:
The Temple falls! high leap the flames with cedar fed!
Jerusalem, sad spectacle of woe,
How in one day thy beauty disappears!
Would that mine eyes might be a fount of tears,
To weep thine overthrow!
AZA. Oh, holy shrine!
JEHOSH. Oh, David!
THE CHORUS. Lord, restore.
Favour to Thine own Zion, as of yore!
The music begins again, and JEHOIADA, *a moment afterwards, breaks in upon it.*
JEHOI. What new Jerusalem is this draws nigh,
With beams of light that from the desert shine?
She bears upon her brow a mark divine:
Ye peoples, raise your joyous song on high!
Zion is born anew, far fairer to the eye,
From every side a gathering crowd I view,
Children that thine own bosom never knew;
Jerusalem arise, lift up thine head!
Thy glory fills with wonder all these kings,
Each monarch of the earth his homage brings,

Her mightiest kiss the dust where thou dost tread;
All press to hail the light around thee shed.
Blessèd be he whose soul with ardour glows
To see fair Zion rise!
Drop down your dews, ye skies,
And let the earth her Saviour now disclose!
JEHOSH. Ah, whence may we expect a gift so rare,
If those, from whom that Saviour is to spring,—
JEHOI. Prepare, Jehosheba, the royal crown,
Which David wore upon his sacred brow:
[*To the Levites.*]
And ye, to arm yourselves, come, follow me
Where are kept hidden, far from eyes profane,
That dread array of lances, and of swords,
Which once were drench'd with proud Philistia's blood,
And conquering David, full of years and fame,
Devoted to the Lord who shelter'd him.
Can we employ them for a nobler use?
Come; and I will myself distribute them.

SCENE VIII

SALOME, *the Chorus*

SAL. What fearful scenes, my sisters, must we see!
These arms, great God, strange sacrifice portend:
What incense, what firstfruits do they intend
To offer on Thine altar unto Thee?
ONE OF THE MAIDENS OF THE CHORUS. What sight is this to meet our timid eyes!
Who would have thought that we should e'er behold
Forests of spears arise.
And swords flash forth, where Peace has dwelt from days of old?
ANOTHER. How comes it that, when danger is at hand,
Our city shows such dull indifference?
How comes it, sisters, that for our defence
E'en valiant Abner leads no succouring band?
SAL. Ah! In a Court that owns no other laws
Than force and violence,
Who would embrace the inauspicious cause
Of youthful innocence?
Baseness and blind submission there provide
High honours that to virtue are denied.
ANOTHER MAIDEN. When danger and disorder grimly frown,
For whom thus bring they forth the consecrated crown?
SAL. The Lord hath deign'd to speak
But vainly do we seek
His prophet's utterance to comprehend.
Arms He destructions upon us to wreak?
Or arms He to defend?
ALL THE CHORUS [*sings*]. Promise and threat! What may this mystery be?
What evil and what good in turn foretold!
How with such anger can such love agree?
Who shall the clue unfold?
ONE VOICE [*alone*]. Zion shall perish in devouring flame
And all her beauty shall be overthrown.
ANOTHER VOICE. Zion's defence is in Jehovah's Name,
His deathless word her sure foundation stone.
THE FIRST VOICE. I see her glory sink before mine eyes!
THE SECOND VOICE. The spreading radiance of her light I see!
THE FIRST VOICE. Plunged in the deepest gulf of misery!
THE SECOND VOICE. Zion uplifts her forehead to the skies!
THE FIRST VOICE. What ruin!
THE SECOND VOICE. Endless life to her belongs!
THE FIRST VOICE. What cries of pain!
THE SECOND VOICE. Hark to victorious song!
A THIRD VOICE. Cease these perplexing thoughts to trace,
God will the mystery solve, we know not how.
ALL THREE VOICES. Before His wrath in reverence let us bow,
And let our hopes His love embrace.
ANOTHER VOICE. The heart whose love is Thine,
My God, who can disturb its peace?
Thy will supreme its guiding star doth shine,
With beams that never cease:
What happiness in earth or heav'n can be
Like peace that keeps in sweet tranquillity,
The heart that loveth Thee?

Act IV

SCENE I

JOASH, JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME, *a Levite, the Chorus*

SAL. With step majestic, by my mother's side,
Comes with my brother young Eliakim.
Sisters, what bear they wrapp'd within those veils?
What means that sword carried in front of them?
JEHOSH. [*to* ZACHARIAH]. My son, with reverence on this table place
The awful volume of our holy Law.
And thou, my sweet Eliakim, lay here,
Close to the book of God, this diadem.
Levite, it is Jehoiada's command,
Let David's sword be placed beside his crown.
JOASH. Dear Princess, tell me, what new sight is this?
The sacred scroll, the sword, the diadem?
Since God within His Temple shelter'd me,
No preparation have I seen like this.
JEHOSH. Soon will thy wondering doubts be clear'd, my son.
JOASH. Try not that diadem upon my brow!
'Tis profanation of the glorious dead!
The King who wore it claims more reverence.
A poor unhappy child, left for the bears—
JEHOSH. [*trying the crown upon him*]. Let be, my son: thus has it been enjoin'd.
JOASH. But do I hear thee sob? Princess, thy cheeks
Are wet with tears! What pity touches thee?
Am I, as Jephthah's daughter was of old,
To be presented for a sacrifice,
And, by my death, appease the wrath of God?
A son has naught his Father may not claim.
Ah me!
JEHOSH. Lo, here is one who will declare God's will
To thee, alone: fear not.
Come, let us go.

SCENE II

JOASH, JEHOIADA

JOASH [*running into the High Priest's arms*]. Father!
JEHOI. My son!
JOASH. What preparation's here?
JEHOI. 'Tis right, my son, that thou should'st know the truth,
And, sooner than all others, learn God's will,
His purpose for His people and for thee.
Arm thee with courage, and renew thy faith.
The time is come to prove that fervent zeal
Which I have cherish'd in thy heart with care,
And to discharge the debt due to thy God.
Art thou resolv'd to show a generous mind?
JOASH. Yea, ready if He will to give my life.
JEHOI. Oft hast thou heard the story of our kings;
Dost bear in mind, my son, how strict the laws
A king must follow, worthy of the crown?
JOASH. Wise kings, for thus hath God Himself declared,
Will not rely on riches and on gold,
But fear the Lord their God, regarding still
His precepts, and His judgments, and His laws,
Nor yoke oppressive on their brethren lay.
JEHOI. But wert thou bound to copy one such king,
Which would'st thou choose to imitate, my son?
JOASH. There seems to me none worthy to compare
With faithful David, full of love divine.
JEHOI. Thou would'st not follow then the erring steps
Of faithless Joram and his impious son?
JOASH. Father!
JEHOI. Proceed, and tell me all thy mind.
JOASH. Whoso resembles them perish as they!

JEHOIADA *prostrates himself at his feet.*

Father, why dost thou kneel before my face?
JEHOI. I pay thee the respect I owe my King.
Joash, prove worthy of thine ancestor,
Of David.
JOASH. Am I Joash?
JEHOI. Thou shalt know
How graciously God foil'd the savage plot
Of Athaliah, saving thee from death,
Already with the dagger in thy breast.
Nor from her fury art thou yet escaped:

With the same eagerness that would erewhile
Have slain in thee her son's posterity,
Her cruelty is bent on thy destruction,
Nor does a change of name elude pursuit.
But 'neath thy standard I have gather'd here,
Prompt to avenge thee, an obedient band,
Enter, brave captains of the holy seed,
Honour'd by sacred service in your turns.

SCENE III

JEHOIADA, JOASH, AZARIAH, ISHMAEL, *and the three other chiefs of the Levites*

JEHOI. [*continues*]. Lo there, the King's avengers 'gainst his foes!
And there, ye priests, behold your promised King!
AZA. Why, 'tis Eliakim!
ISH. Is that sweet child—
JEHOI. The rightful heir of Judah's kings, the last
Of hapless Ahaziah's lineage,
Call'd by the name of Joash, as ye know.
All Judah, like yourselves, bewail'd the fate
Of that fair tender flow'r, so soon cut down,
Believing him with all his brethren slain.
With them he met the traitor's cruel knife:
But Heaven turn'd aside the mortal stroke,
Kept in his heart the smouldering spark of life.
And let my wife, eluding watchful eyes,
Convey him in her bosom, bathed in blood,
And hide him in the Temple with his nurse,
I being sole accomplice of her theft.
JOASH. Ah, how, my father, can I e'er repay
The kindness and the love so freely giv'n?
JEHOI. The time will come to prove that gratitude.
Look then upon your King, your only hope!
My care has been to keep him for this hour;
Servants of God, 'tis yours that care to crown.
The child of Jezebel, the murderess queen,
Inform'd that Joash lives, will soon be here,
Opening for him the tomb a second time,
His death determined, though himself unknown.
Priests, 'tis for you her fury to forestall,
And Judah's shameful slavery to end,
Avenge your princess slain, your Law restore,
Make Benjamin and Judah own their King.
The enterprise, no doubt, is dangerous,
Attacking a proud queen upon her throne,
Who rallies to her standard a vast host
Of hardy strangers and of faithless Jews:
But He who guides and strengthens me is God.
Think, on this child all Israel's hope depends.
The wrath of God already marks the Queen;
Here have I muster'd you, in her despite,
Nor lack ye warlike arms as she believes.
Haste, crown we Joash, and proclaim him King,
Then, our new Prince's valiant soldiers, march,
Calling on Him with Whom all victory lies,
And, waking loyalty in slumbering hearts,
E'en to her palace track our enemy.
What hearts, so sunk in sloth's inglorious sleep,
Will not be roused to follow in our steps,
When in our sacred ranks they see advance
A King whom God has at His altar fed,
Aaron's successor, and a train of priests
Leading to battle Levi's progeny.
And in those self-same hands, by all revered.
The arms that David hallow'd to the Lord?
Our God shall spread His terror o'er His foes.
Shrink not from bathing you in heathen blood;
Hew down the Tyrians, yea, and Jacob's seed.
Are ye not from those famous Levites sprung
Who, when inconstant Israel wickedly
At Sinai worshipp'd the Egyptian god,
Their dearest kinsmen slew with righteous zeal,
And sanctified their hands in traitors' blood,
Gaining the honour, by this noble deed,
Of serving at the altars of the Lord?
But I perceive your zeal already fired;
Swear then upon this holy volume, first,
Before this King whom Heav'n restores today,
To live, to fight, yea, or to die for him!
AZA. Here swear we, for ourselves and brethren all,
To establish Joash on his father's throne,
Nor, having taken in our hands the sword,
To lay it down till we have slain his foes.
If anyone of us should break this vow,
Let him, great God, and let his children feel
Thy vengeance, from Thine heritage shut out,

And number'd with the dead disown'd by Thee!
JEHOI. And thou, my King, wilt thou not swear to be
Faithful to this eternal Law of God?
JOASH. How could I ever wish to disobey?
JEHOI. My son,—once more to call thee by that name,—
Suffer this fondness, and forgive the tears
Prompted by too well founded fears for thee.
Far from the throne, in ignorance brought up
Of all the poisonous charms of royalty,
Thou knowest not th' intoxicating fumes
Of pow'r uncurb'd, and flattery's magic spells;
Soon will she whisper that the holiest laws,
Tho' governing the herd, must kings obey;
A monarch owns no bridle but his will;
All else must bow before his majesty;
Subjects are rightly doom'd to toil and tears.
And with a rod of iron should be ruled,
For they will crush him if they be not crush'd.
Thus will fresh pitfalls for your feet be dug,
New snares be spread to spoil your innocence,
Till they have made you hate the truth at last,
By painting virtue in repulsive guise.
Alas! our wisest king was led astray.
Swear on this book, before these witnesses,
That God shall be thy first and constant care;
Scourge of the evil, refuge of the good,
That you will judge the poor as God directs;
Rememb'ring how, in simple linen clad,
Thou wast thyself a helpless orphan child.
JOASH. I promise to observe the Law's commands.
If I forsake Thee, punish me, my God!
JEHOI. I must anoint thee with the holy oil.
Jehosheba, thou mayest show thyself.

SCENE IV

JOASH, JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME, AZARIAH, ISHMAEL, *the three other chiefs of the Levites, the Chorus*

JEHOSH. [*embracing* JOASH]. My King, and son of David!
JOASH. Mother dear,
My only mother! Zachariah, come,
Embrace thy brother.
JEHOSH. [*to* ZACHARIAH]. Kneel before thy king.
ZACHARIAH *casts himself at the feet of* JOASH.
JEHOI. [*while they embrace one another*].
My children be united ever thus!
JEHOSH. [*to* JOASH]. Thou knowest then whose blood has giv'n thee life?
JOASH. And who had robb'd me of it, but for thee.
JEHOSH. I then may call thee Joash, thy true name.
JOASH. And thee shall Joash never cease to love.
CHORUS. Why, there is—
JEHOSH. Joash.
JEHOI. Hear this messenger.

SCENE V

JOASH, JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME, AZARIAH, ISHMAEL, *the three other chiefs of the Levites, a Levite, the Chorus*

A LEVITE. I know not what their impious plan may be,
But everywhere resounds the threatening trump,
And amid standards fires are seen to shine;
The Queen is doubtless mustering her troops;
Already, every way of succour closed,
The sacred mount on which the Temple stands
Insolent Tyrians on all sides invest;
And one of these blasphemers now brings word
That Abner is in chains, so cannot help.
JEHOSH. [*to* JOASH]. Ah! dearest child, by Heav'n in vain restored,
Alas! for safety I can do no more.
God has forgotten David and his seed!
JEHOI. [*to* JEHOSHEBA]. Dost thou not fear to draw the wrath divine
Down on thyself, and on the King thou lovest?
And e'en tho' God should snatch him from thine arms,
And will that David's house perish with him,
Art thou not here upon the holy hill,
Where Abraham our father raised his hand
Obediently to slay his blameless son,
Nor murmur'd as he to the altar bound
The fruit of his old age; leaving to God
Fulfilment of His promise, though this son
Held in himself the hope of all his race?
Friends, let us take our several posts: the side

That looks towards the east let Ishmael guard;
Guard thou the north; thou, west; and thou the south.
Take heed that no one, with imprudent zeal,
Levite or priest, unmasking my designs,
Burst forth in headlong haste before the time;
Let each, as with one common will inspired,
Wherever placed, till death his post maintain.
Our foes regard you, in their blinded rage,
As timid flocks for slaughter set aside,
And think that ye will scatter in dismay.
Let Azariah on the King attend.

[*To* JOASH.]

Come, precious scion of a vigorous stock,
And with fresh courage thy defenders fill;
Come, don the diadem before their eyes,
And die, if it must be so, like a King.

[*To* JEHOSH.]

Follow him, Princess.

[*To a* LEVITE.]

Give me thou those arms.

[*To the* CHORUS.]

Offer to God the tears of innocence.

SCENE VI

SALOME, *the Chorus*

ALL THE CHORUS [*sings*].

Go forth, ye sons of Aaron, go:
Never did cause of greater fame
The spirit of your sires inflame.
Go forth, ye sons of Aaron, go:
'Tis for your God and King this day ye strike the blow.

ONE VOICE [*alone*].

Hast Thou no shafts in store,
That Justice may let fly?
Art Thou the jealous God no more,
No longer God of Vengeance throned on high?

ANOTHER VOICE.

Where, God of Jacob, is Thy goodness fled?
With horrors all around us pressing near,
Have but our sins a voice which Thou canst hear?
Wilt Thou on us no more Thy pardon shed?

ALL THE CHORUS.

Where is Thine ancient lovingkindness fled?

ONE VOICE [*alone*].

'Tis against Thee that in this fray,
The wicked set the arrow to the bow;
"Let us destroy His feasts," say they,
"No longer let the earth His worship show;
Nor his vexatious yoke let mortals longer know.
His altars overturn, His votaries slay,
Till of His name and glory
Remains not e'en the story;
Of Him and His Anointed break the sway."

ALL THE CHORUS.

Hast Thou no shafts in store,
That Justice may let fly?
Art Thou the jealous God no more,
No longer God of Vengeance throned on high?

ONE VOICE [*alone*].

Sad relic of our kings,
Last precious blossom of a stem so fair,
Ah! will the knife this time refuse to spare,
Which to his breast a cruel parent brings?
Tell us, sweet Prince, if o'er thy cradle hovered
Some Angel that protected thee from death?
Or did thy lifeless form in darkness covered,
At God's awakening voice resume its breath?

ANOTHER VOICE.

Great God, dost Thou the guilt upon him lay,
That his rebellious sires forsook Thy way?
Is Thy compassion then clean gone for aye?

THE CHORUS.

Where, God of Jacob, is Thy goodness fled?
Wilt Thou no more Thy gracious pardon shed?

ONE OF THE MAIDENS OF THE CHORUS [*speaking, not singing*].

Dear sisters, cruel Tyrians hem us round,
Do ye not hear their trumpets' dreadful sound?

SALOME.

Yea, and I hear them raise their savage cry;
I tremble with alarm;
Haste, let us to our place of refuge fly,
Where God's Almighty Arm
Shall in His Temple shelter us from harm.

ACT V

SCENE I

ZACHARIAH, SALOME, *the Chorus*

SAL. What news, dear Zachariah, dost thou bring?
ZACH. Double the fervour of your prayers to Heav'n!
Sister, our latest hour perhaps draws nigh.
For the dread conflict orders have been giv'n.
SAL. And what does Joash?
ZACH. He has just been crown'd,
And by the High Priest with the holy oil
Anointed. Oh, what joy in every eye
Welcomed a sovereign ransom'd from the tomb,
A scar still showing where the dagger fell!
There too might have been seen his faithful nurse,
Who, almost hidden in a far recess,
Was watching her loved charge, tho' none but God
And our dear mother witness'd her concern.
Our Levites wept in tenderness and joy,
Mingling with sobs their cries of glad delight:
He 'mid these transports, all untouch'd by pride,
Gave gracious smiles, words, pressure of the hand;
And, swearing to conform with their advice,
This one his father, that his brother call'd.
SAL. And has our secret reach'd the world without?
ZACH. 'Tis known to none beyond the Temple walls.
The sons of Levi, in divided bands,
Are ranged in solemn silence at the doors,
All in an instant ready to rush forth
And raise the signal shout, "Long live the King!"
But Azariah has been strictly charged
To guard the Prince's life from any risk.
Meanwhile the scornful Queen, dagger in hand,
Laughs at our frail defence of brazen doors,
Awaits the engines that shall break them down,
And threatens blood and ruin with each breath,
Some priests, my sister, ventured to advise
That in a crypt, dug in the days of old,
We should at least the precious Ark conceal;
"Such fears insult our God," my father said,
"Shall then the Ark that caused proud tow'rs to fall,
That drove the waters of the Jordan back,
And shatter'd to the earth Philistia's gods,
Flee from before a shameless woman's face!"
Our mother, standing near in mortal dread,
Now to the Prince, now to the altar turns
Her wavering glance, yielding to mute alarm,
A sight to make a very savage weep.
From time to time the King, with fond embrace,
Soothes her—Dear sisters, follow in my steps,
And, if this day our King is doom'd to die,
Let the same fate with him unite us all.
SAL. What rude hand knocks with quick repeated strokes?
What makes these Levites in confusion run?
Why with such caution do they hide their arms?
Say, is the Temple forced?
ZACH. Your fears dispel,
God sends us Abner.

SCENE II

JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME, ABNER, ISHMAEL, *two Levites, the Chorus*

JEHOI. Can I trust mine eyes?
How did dear Abner find his way to us,
Right through the enemy's blockading camp?
'Twas said that Athaliah, to insure
The execution of her cruel plots,
Had bound in iron chains thy generous hands.
ABNER. My lord, she fear'd my courage and my zeal,
And worse than fetters gave me for reward,
Confining me within a loathsome den,
To wait until the Temple should be burn'd,
And she, unsated still with streams of blood,
Should come to free me from an irksome life,
And cut short days, which sorrows to survive
My princes should have ended long ago.

JEHOI. What miracle procured thee thy release?
ABNER. God only knows how works her cruel heart.
She sent for me; and said with anxious air,—
"Thou seest this temple by my troops beset:
Soon will the vengeful flames but ashes leave,
In spite of all thy god can do to save.
Yet upon two conditions may his priests
Redeem their lives, but no time must be lost,
That in my pow'r they place Eliakim,
With treasure known to them, and them alone,
Amass'd by David when he reign'd of yore,
And left a secret in the High Priest's charge,
Go, tell them on these terms I let them live."
JEHOI. What course, dear Abner, thinkest thou the best?
ABNER. Give her the gold, if it indeed be true,
That in thy keeping David's treasure lies,
And all besides, that from her greedy hands
Thou hitherto hast saved, precious and rare.
Give all; or thou wilt have vile murderers come,
To break the altar, burn the cherubim,
And, on our sacred Ark laying rude hands,
Stain with thy priestly blood the inner shrine.
JEHOI. But, Abner, how can I in honour yield
To punishment a poor unhappy child,
Whom God Himself intrusted to my care,
And save our lives by sacrificing his?
ABNER. Would to Almighty God, Who sees my heart,
That Athaliah might forget the boy,
And be content her cruelty to slake
With Abner's blood, thinking thereby to soothe
Her angry gods! but what avails your care?
If ye all perish, will he die the less?
Does God command what is impossible?
When, in obedience to a tyrant's law,
His mother trusted Moses to the Nile,
Almost as soon as born, condemn'd to die;
Yet God, against all hope, his life preserved,
And made the King himself his childhood rear.
Who knows His purpose tow'rd Eliakim?
E'en such a lot may be for him in store,
And the fell murderess of the royal seed
Be render'd sensitive to pity's touch.
Not long ago I saw steal o'er her face
A tender look, that by Jehosheba
Was mark'd as well, calming her wrathful mood.
Princess, the hour of danger claims thy voice!
What! Shall Jehoiada, with thy consent,
For a mere stranger, let his son and thee,
Yea all this people, fruitlessly be slain,
And flames devour the only spot on earth
Where God is worshipp'd? What could ye do more,
Were he the sole survivor of our Kings,
Your ancestors?
JEHOSH. [*aside to* JEHOIADA]. Thou seest his loyal heart;
Tell him the truth.
JEHOI. The time is not yet come.
ABNER. Time is more precious than thou thinkest, Sir.
While thou art doubting what reply to give,
Mattan, at Athaliah's ear, demands,
Burning with rage, a speedy massacre.
Must I fall prostrate at thy hallow'd knees?
Now in the name of that Most Holy Place,
Unseen by mortal eye save thine, where dwells
God's glory; howsoever hard the task,
Let us think how to meet the sudden blow.
I only beg a moment's breathing space:
To-morrow, yea to-night, I will secure
The Temple, and make outrage dangerous
But I perceive my words are lost on thee,
Tears and entreaties pow'rless to persuade,
Too strict thy sense of duty to give way.
Well, find me then some weapon, spear or sword,
And, where the foe await me, at these gates,
Abner at least can die a soldier's death.
JEHOI. I yield. Your proffer'd counsel I embrace:
Abner, we will avert these threaten'd ills.
'Tis true that David left a treasure here,
That to my charge was trusted, the last hope
Left to the Jews in their calamities;
My watchful care bestowed it secretly,
But, since we cannot hide it from your Queen,
She shall be satisfied, and through these doors
Enter, attended by her officers;
But from these altars let her keep afar
The savage fury of her foreign troops,
And spare the House of God from pillage dire.
Arrange with her the number of her train,

Children and priests can small suspicion rouse.
Touching this child she dreads so much, to thee,
Knowing thine upright heart, I will unfold
The secret of his birth, when she can hear;
And thou shalt judge between us, if I must
Place this young boy in Athaliah's pow'r.

ABNER. I take him under my protection now;
Fear naught, my lord. Back to the Queen I haste.

SCENE III

JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME, ISHMAEL, *two Levites, the Chorus*

JEHOI. Great God! The hour is come that brings Thy prey!
Hark, Ishmael.
[*He whispers in his ear.*]

JEHOSH. Almighty King of Heav'n.
Place a thick veil before her eyes once more,
As when, making her crime of none effect,
Thou in my bosom didst her victim hide.

JEHOI. Good Ishmael, go, there is no time to lose;
Fulfil precisely this important task;
And, above all, take heed, when she arrives
And passes, that no threatening signs be seen,
Children, for Joash be a throne prepared;
Let our arm'd Levites on his steps attend.
Princess, bring hither too his trusty nurse,
And dry the copious fountain of thy tears.
[*To a* LEVITE.]
Soon as the Queen, madly presumptuous,
Has cross'd the threshold of the Temple gates,
Let all retreat be made impossible;
That very moment let the martial trump
Wake sudden terror in the hostile camp:
Call all the people to support their King,
And make her ears ring with the wondrous tale
Of Joash by God's providence preserved.
He comes.

SCENE IV

JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME, JOASH, AZARIAH, *a band of Priests and Levites, the Chorus*

JEHOI. [*continues*]. Ye Levites, and ye priests of God,
Range yourselves round, but do not show yourselves;
Leave it to me to keep your zeal in check,
And tarry till my voice bids you appear.
They all hide themselves.
My King, methinks this hope rewards thy vows;
Come, see thy foes fall prostrate at thy feet.
She who in fury sought thine infant life
Comes hither in hot haste to slay thee now;
But fear her not: think that upon our side
Stands the destroying angel as thy guard.
Ascend thy throne—The gates are opening wide;
One moment let this curtain cover thee.
He draws a curtain.
Princess, thy colour changes.

JEHOSH. Can I see
Assassins fill God's house, and not grow pale?
Why, look how numerous the retinue.

JEHOI. I see them shut the Temple doors again.
All is secure.

SCENE V

JOASH, JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, ABNER, ATHALIAH, *and her Attendants* (JOASH *is hidden behind the curtain.*)

ATH. [*to* JEHOIADA]. Deceiver, there thou art!
Author of mischief, plots, conspiracies,
Whose hopes are all upon disturbance based,
Inveterate foe of sovereign majesty!
Dost thou still lean upon thy god's support,
Or has that flimsy trust forsaken thee?
He leaves thee and thy temple in my pow'r.
Well might I on the altar thou dost serve—
But no, thine offer'd ransom shall suffice;
Fulfil what thou hast promised. That young boy,
That treasure which thou must to me resign,
Where are they?

JEHOI. Straight shalt thou be satisfied:
I am about to show them both at once.

The curtain is drawn up. JOASH *is discovered on his throne; his nurse is kneeling on his right;* AZARIAH, *sword in hand, is standing on his left; and near him* ZACHARIAH *and* SALOME *are kneeling on the steps of the throne; a number of Levites, with swords in their hands, are ranged on either side.*

Appear, dear child, worthy of royal sires.
Queen, dost thou recognize King David's heir?

Observe at least these marks thy dagger left:
Behold thine offspring, Ahaziah's son!
Welcome King Joash, Abner, people all!
ABNER. Heav'ns!
ATH. Traitor!
JEHOI. See this faithful Jewess here,
Whose bosom, as thou knowest, nursed him then.
Saved from thy fury by Jehosheba,
Within this temple God has guarded him.
Lo, here is all of David's treasure left!
ATH. Traitor, thy fraud will but destroy the child:
Rid me, my soldiers, of this vile pretence!
JEHOI. Soldiers of God, draw near, defend your King:
The back of the stage opens: the interior of the temple is shown; and armed Levites enter from all around upon the stage.
ATH. Treason! Oh, where am I, unhappy Queen!
Weapons and enemies on every side!
JEHOI. Thy search is vain, thou canst not 'scape the toils
Cast round thee by the God whom thou hast scorn'd.
Into our hands has He deliver'd thee;
Drunken with blood He calls thee to His bar.
ATH. My warriors are turn'd craven, numb with fear!
Abner, is this thy coward's snare?
ABNER. My Queen,
As God is witness—
ATH. Never mind thy god,
Avenge me.
ABNER [*throwing himself at the feet of* JOASH].
Upon whom? Joash? My prince?
ATH. He Joash! He thy King! Bethink you, knaves,
That ye are still beleaguer'd by my arms;
I hear my soldiers call me with loud shouts.
Tremble, ye rebels! Succour is at hand.

SCENE VI

JOASH, ATHALIAH, JEHOIADA, ISHMAEL, *and all the actors in the preceding scene*

ISH. [*to* JEHOIADA]. My lord, our foes have left the Temple free:
The foreigners are fled, the Jews submit.
As smoke is driv'n away before the wind,
Th' Almighty's voice this army has dispersed.
Our Levites, high above the courts around,
Have Ahaziah's son to all proclaim'd,
Told of his infant life saved from the sword,
And Athaliah's fall into the snare.
The trumpets sounded from all sides at once,
And, mingled with their cries, such terror spread
Throughout the camp as struck with wild dismay
Proud Midian at the flash of Gideon's sword,
The Tyrians, casting arms and shields away,
The first, in all directions disappear'd.
Some Jews, in dazed confusion, shared their flight;
The rest for Joash loudly have declared,
Owning herein the guiding hand of God.
Yea, all the people, with one heart inspired,
Women, old men, and babes embrace with joy,
Blessing Jehovah and the King He sends,
And hymn the son of David raised to life.
All in the holy city execrate
The name of Baal, and destroy his shrine.
Mattan is slain.
ATH. Jehovah, thou hast won!
Yes, it is Joash. Vain denial now!
'Twas here I gave command to have him slain;
He has the mien and features of his sire;
I trace his kinship with the line I hate.
Thus David triumphs, Ahab is destroy'd.
Relentless god, this is thy work alone,
With hopes of easy vengeance luring me.
And twenty times a day setting my thoughts
In conflict, now remorseful for this child,
Now dazzled with the prospect of rich spoil,
And loath to give it to devouring flames.
Well, let him reign, thy care and handiwork!
And, to inaugurate his sovereignty,
Bid him direct this dagger to my heart!
This for my grandson is my dying wish,—
My wish, nay more than wish, my trust and hope;
That weary of thy law, thy yoke contemn'd,
True to the blood of Ahab, drawn from me,
Following his grandsire's and his father's steps,
He, David's heir, shall make himself abhorr'd,
Profane thine altar, rob thee of thy rites,
So avenge Ahab, Jezebel, and me!
ATHALIAH *goes out, the Levites follow her.*
JEHOI. Out of the Temple precincts have her forth
At once, nor be its holy courts profaned.

Go, and avenge your princes massacred,
Whose blood cries out till pacified by hers.
If any venture to defend her cause,
Him let the sword along with her, devour.

SCENE VII

JOASH, JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, ABNER, *and all the actors in the preceding scene*

JOASH [*after descending from his throne*]. Thou seest, O Lord, the anguish of my soul,
Oh, turn her malediction from me far,
And never suffer it to be fulfill'd!
Let Joash die ere he forgets his God!
JEHOI. [*to the Levites*]. Call all the people, they shall see their King
Let them approach, and fresh allegiance swear.
King, priests, and people, let us all confirm
The covenant that Jacob made with God
Grateful for mercy, for our sins ashamed,
And with new vows binding ourselves to Him.
Abner, resume thy post beside the King.

SCENE VIII

JOASH, JEHOIADA, *a Levite, and all the actors in the preceding scene*

JEHOI. [*to the Levite*]. Well, has that monster met with punishment?
THE LEVITE. Her guilt has been atoned for with the sword.
Jerusalem, so long her fury's prey,
Relieved at last from her detested yoke.
With joy beholds her weltering in her blood.
JEHOI. By this, the dreadful end her crimes deserved,
Learn, King of Judah, nor this truth forget:—
Kings have in Heav'n their Judge severe,
Who to the fatherless
Is Father, and will punish those who innocence oppress!

HENRIK IBSEN (1828–1906)

A DOLL'S HOUSE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

TORVALD HELMER
NORA, *his wife*
DOCTOR RANK
MRS. LINDE
NILS KROGSTAD
Helmer's three young children
ANNE, *their nurse*
A Housemaid
A Porter

The action takes place in Helmer's house

ACT I

SCENE.—*A room furnished comfortably and tastefully but not extravagantly. At the back, a door to the right leads to the entrance-hall, another to the left leads to Helmer's study. Between the doors stands a piano. In the middle of the left-hand wall is a door, and beyond it a window. Near the window are a round table, arm-chairs and a small sofa. In the right-hand wall, at the farther end, another door; and on the same side, nearer the footlights, a stove, two easy chairs and a rocking-chair; between the stove and the door, a small table. Engravings on the walls; a cabinet with china and other small objects; a small book-case with well-bound books. The floors are carpeted, and a fire burns in the stove. It is winter.*

A bell rings in the hall; shortly afterwards the door is heard to open. Enter NORA, *humming a tune and in high spirits. She is in outdoor dress and carries a number of parcels; these she lays on the table to the right. She leaves the outer door open after her, and through it is seen a* PORTER *who is carrying a Christmas Tree and a basket, which he gives to the* MAID *who has opened the door.*

NORA. Hide the Christmas Tree carefully, Helen. Be sure the children do not see it till this evening, when it is dressed. [*To the* PORTER, *taking out her purse.*] How much?

PORTER. Sixpence.

NORA. There is a shilling. No, keep the change. [*The* PORTER *thanks her, and goes out.* NORA *shuts the door. She is laughing to herself, as she takes off her hat and coat. She takes a packet of macaroons from her pocket and eats one or two; then goes cautiously to her husband's door and listens.*] Yes, he is

in. [*Still humming, she goes to the table on the right.*]

HELMER [*calls out from his room*]. Is that my little lark twittering out there?

NORA [*busy opening some of the parcels*]. Yes, it is!

HELMER. Is it my little squirrel bustling about?

NORA. Yes!

HELMER. When did my squirrel come home?

NORA. Just now. [*Puts the bag of macaroons into her pocket and wipes her mouth.*] Come in here, Torvald, and see what I have bought.

HELMER. Don't disturb me. [*A little later, he opens the door and looks into the room, pen in hand.*] Bought, did you say? All these things? Has my little spendthrift been wasting money again?

NORA. Yes, but, Torvald, this year we really can let ourselves go a little. This is the first Christmas that we have not needed to economise.

HELMER. Still, you know, we can't spend money recklessly.

NORA. Yes, Torvald, we may be a wee bit more reckless now, mayn't we? Just a tiny wee bit! You are going to have a big salary and earn lots and lots of money.

HELMER. Yes, after the New Year; but then it will be a whole quarter before the salary is due.

NORA. Pooh! we can borrow till then.

HELMER. Nora! [*Goes up to her and takes her playfully by the ear.*] The same little featherhead! Suppose, now, that I borrowed fifty pounds to-day, and you spent it all in the Christmas week, and then on New Year's Eve a slate fell on my head and killed me, and—

NORA [*putting her hands over his mouth*]. Oh! don't say such horrid things.

HELMER. Still, suppose that happened,—what then?

NORA. If that were to happen, I don't suppose I should care whether I owed money or not.

HELMER. Yes, but what about the people who had lent it?

NORA. They? Who would bother about them? I should not know who they were.

HELMER. That is like a woman! But seriously, Nora, you know what I think about that. No debt, no borrowing. There can be no freedom or beauty about a home life that depends on borrowing and debt. We two have kept bravely on the straight road so far, and we will go on the same way for the short time longer that there need be any struggle.

NORA [*moving towards the stove*]. As you please, Torvald.

HELMER [*following her*]. Come, come, my little skylark must not droop her wings. What is this! Is my little squirrel out of temper? [*Taking out his purse.*] Nora, what do you think I have got here—

NORA [*turning round quickly*]. Money!

HELMER. There you are. [*Gives her some money.*] Do you think I don't know what a lot is wanted for housekeeping at Christmas-time?

NORA [*counting*]. Ten shillings—a pound—two pounds! Thank you, thank you, Torvald; that will keep me going for a long time.

HELMER. Indeed it must.

NORA. Yes, yes, it will. But come here and let me show you what I have bought. And all so cheap! Look, here is a new suit for Ivar, and a sword; and a horse and a trumpet for Bob; and a doll and dolly's bedstead for Emmy,—they are very plain, but anyway she will soon break them in pieces. And here are dress-lengths and handkerchiefs for the maids; old Anne ought really to have something better.

HELMER. And what is in this parcel?

NORA [*crying out*]. No, no! you mustn't see that till this evening.

HELMER. Very well. But now tell me, you extravagant little person, what would you like for yourself?

NORA. For myself? Oh, I am sure I don't want anything.

HELMER. Yes, but you must. Tell me something reasonable that you would particularly like to have.

NORA. No, I really can't think of anything—unless, Torvald—

HELMER. Well?

NORA [*playing with his coat buttons, and without raising her eyes to his*]. If you really want to give me something, you might—you might—

HELMER. Well, out with it!

NORA [*speaking quickly*]. You might give

me money, Torvald. Only just as much as you can afford; and then one of these days I will buy something with it.

HELMER. But, Nora—

NORA. Oh, do! dear Torvald; please, please do! Then I will wrap it up in beautiful gilt paper and hang it on the Christmas Tree. Wouldn't that be fun?

HELMER. What are little people called that are always wasting money?

NORA. Spendthrifts—I know. Let us do as you suggest, Torvald, and then I shall have time to think what I am most in want of. That is a very sensible plan, isn't it?

HELMER [*smiling*]. Indeed it is—that is to say, if you were really to save out of the money I give you, and then really buy something for yourself. But if you spend it all on the housekeeping and any number of unnecessary things, then I merely have to pay up again.

NORA. Oh but, Torvald—

HELMER. You can't deny it, my dear little Nora. [*Puts his arm round her waist.*] It's a sweet little spendthrift, but she uses up a deal of money. One would hardly believe how expensive such little persons are!

NORA. It's a shame to say that. I do really save all I can.

HELMER [*laughing*]. That's very true,—all you can. But you can't save anything!

NORA [*smiling quietly and happily*]. You haven't any idea how many expenses we skylarks and squirrels have, Torvald.

HELMER. You are an odd little soul. Very like your father. You always find some new way of wheedling money out of me, and, as soon as you have got it, it seems to melt in your hands. You never know where it has gone. Still, one must take you as you are. It is in the blood; for indeed it is true that you can inherit these things, Nora.

NORA. Ah, I wish I had inherited many of papa's qualities.

HELMER. And I would not wish you to be anything but just what you are, my sweet little skylark. But, do you know, it strikes me that you are looking rather—what shall I say—rather uneasy to-day?

NORA. Do I?

HELMER. You do, really. Look straight at me.

NORA [*looks at him*]. Well?

HELMER [*wagging his finger at her*]. Hasn't Miss Sweet-Tooth been breaking rules in town to-day?

NORA. No; what makes you think that?

HELMER. Hasn't she paid a visit to the confectioner's?

NORA. No, I assure you, Torvald—

HELMER. Not been nibbling sweets?

NORA. No, certainly not.

HELMER. Not even taken a bite at a macaroon or two?

NORA. No, Torvald, I assure you really—

HELMER. There, there, of course I was only joking.

NORA [*going to the table on the right*]. I should not think of going against your wishes.

HELMER. No, I am sure of that; besides, you gave me your word—[*Going up to her.*] Keep your little Christmas secrets to yourself, my darling. They will all be revealed to-night when the Christmas Tree is lit, no doubt.

NORA. Did you remember to invite Doctor Rank?

HELMER. No. But there is no need; as a matter of course he will come to dinner with us. However, I will ask him when he comes in this morning. I have ordered some good wine. Nora, you can't think how I am looking forward to this evening.

NORA. So am I! And how the children will enjoy themselves, Torvald!

HELMER. It is splendid to feel that one has a perfectly safe appointment, and a big enough income. It's delightful to think of, isn't it?

NORA. It's wonderful!

HELMER. Do you remember last Christmas? For a full three weeks beforehand you shut yourself up every evening till long after midnight, making ornaments for the Christmas Tree and all the other fine things that were to be a surprise to us. It was the dullest three weeks I ever spent!

NORA. I didn't find it dull.

HELMER [*smiling*]. But there was precious little result, Nora.

NORA. Oh, you shouldn't tease me about that again. How could I help the cat's going in and tearing everything to pieces?

HELMER. Of course you couldn't, poor little girl. You had the best of intentions to please us all, and that's the main thing. But

it is a good thing that our hard times are over.

NORA. Yes, it is really wonderful.

HELMER. This time I needn't sit here and be dull all alone, and you needn't ruin your dear eyes and your pretty little hands—

NORA [*clapping her hands*]. No, Torvald, I needn't any longer, need I! It's wonderfully lovely to hear you say so! [*Taking his arm.*] Now I will tell you how I have been thinking we ought to arrange things, Torvald. As soon as Christmas is over— [*A bell rings in the hall.*] There's the bell. [*She tidies the room a little.*] There's someone at the door. What a nuisance!

HELMER. If it is a caller, remember I am not at home.

MAID [*in the doorway*]. A lady to see you, ma'am,—a stranger.

NORA. Ask her to come in.

MAID [*to* HELMER]. The doctor came at the same time, sir.

HELMER. Did he go straight into my room?

MAID. Yes, sir.

[HELMER *goes into his room. The* MAID *ushers in* MRS. LINDE, *who is in travelling dress, and shuts the door.*]

MRS. LINDE [*in a dejected and timid voice*]. How do you do, Nora?

NORA [*doubtfully*]. How do you do—

MRS. LINDE. You don't recognise me, I suppose.

NORA. No, I don't know—yes, to be sure, I seem to—[*Suddenly.*] Yes! Christine! Is it really you?

MRS. LINDE. Yes, it is I.

NORA. Christine! To think of my not recognising you? And yet how could I— [*In a gentle voice.*] How you have altered, Christine!

MRS. LINDE. Yes, I have indeed. In nine, ten long years—

NORA. Is it so long since we met? I suppose it is. The last eight years have been a happy time for me, I can tell you. And so now you have come into the town, and have taken this long journey in winter—that was plucky of you.

MRS. LINDE. I arrived by steamer this morning.

NORA. To have some fun at Christmas-time, of course. How delightful! We will have such fun together! But take off your things. You are not cold, I hope. [*Helps her.*] Now we will sit down by the stove, and be cosy. No, take this arm-chair; I will sit here in the rocking-chair. [*Takes her hands.*] Now you look like your old self again; it was only the first moment— You are a little paler, Christine, and perhaps a little thinner.

MRS. LINDE. And much, much older, Nora.

NORA. Perhaps a little older; very, very little; certainly not much. [*Stops suddenly and speaks seriously.*] What a thoughtless creature I am, chattering away like this. My poor, dear Christine, do forgive me.

MRS. LINDE. What do you mean, Nora?

NORA [*gently*]. Poor Christine, you are a widow.

MRS. LINDE. Yes; it is three years ago now.

NORA. Yes, I knew; I saw it in the papers. I assure you, Christine, I meant ever so often to write to you at the time, but I always put it off and something always prevented me.

MRS. LINDE. I quite understand, dear.

NORA. It was very bad of me, Christine. Poor thing, how you must have suffered. And he left you nothing?

MRS. LINDE. No.

NORA. And no children?

MRS. LINDE. No.

NORA. Nothing at all, then?

MRS. LINDE. Not even any sorrow or grief to live upon.

NORA [*looking incredulously at her*]. But, Christine, is that possible?

MRS. LINDE [*smiles sadly and strokes her hair*]. It sometimes happens, Nora.

NORA. So you are quite alone. How dreadfully sad that must be. I have three lovely children. You can't see them just now, for they are out with their nurse. But now you must tell me all about it.

MRS. LINDE. No, no; I want to hear about you.

NORA. No, you must begin. I mustn't be selfish to-day; to-day I must only think of your affairs. But there is one thing I must tell you. Do you know we have just had a great piece of good luck?

MRS. LINDE. No, what is it?

NORA. Just fancy, my husband has been made manager of the Bank!

MRS. LINDE. Your husband? What good luck!

NORA. Yes, tremendous! A barrister's profession is such an uncertain thing, especially if he won't undertake unsavoury cases; and naturally Torvald has never been willing to do that, and I quite agree with him. You may imagine how pleased we are! He is to take up his work in the Bank at the New Year, and then he will have a big salary and lots of commissions. For the future we can live quite differently—we can do just as we like. I feel so relieved and so happy, Christine! It will be splendid to have heaps of money and not need to have any anxiety, won't it?

MRS. LINDE. Yes, anyhow I think it would be delightful to have what one needs.

NORA. No, not only what one needs, but heaps and heaps of money.

MRS. LINDE [*smiling*]. Nora, Nora, haven't you learnt sense yet? In our school-days you were a great spendthrift.

NORA [*laughing*]. Yes, that is what Torvald says now. [*Wags her finger at her.*] But "Nora, Nora" is not so silly as you think. We have not been in a position for me to waste money. We have both had to work.

MRS. LINDE. You too?

NORA. Yes; odds and ends, needlework, crochet-work, embroidery, and that kind of thing. [*Dropping her voice.*] And other things as well. You know Torvald left his office when we were married? There was no prospect of promotion there, and he had to try and earn more than before. But during the first year he overworked himself dreadfully. You see, he had to make money every way he could, and he worked early and late; but he couldn't stand it, and fell dreadfully ill, and the doctors said it was necessary for him to go south.

MRS. LINDE. You spent a whole year in Italy, didn't you?

NORA. Yes. It was no easy matter to get away, I can tell you. It was just after Ivar was born; but naturally we had to go. It was a wonderfully beautiful journey, and it saved Torvald's life. But it cost a tremendous lot of money, Christine.

MRS. LINDE. So I should think.

NORA. It cost about two hundred and fifty pounds. That's a lot, isn't it?

MRS. LINDE. Yes, and in emergencies like that it is lucky to have the money.

NORA. I ought to tell you that we had it from papa.

MRS. LINDE. Oh, I see. It was just about that time that he died, wasn't it?

NORA. Yes; and, just think of it, I couldn't go and nurse him. I was expecting little Ivar's birth every day and I had my poor sick Torvald to look after. My dear, kind father—I never saw him again, Christine. That was the saddest time I have known since our marriage.

MRS. LINDE. I know how fond you were of him. And then you went off to Italy?

NORA. Yes; you see we had money then, and the doctors insisted on our going, so we started a month later.

MRS. LINDE. And your husband came back quite well?

NORA. As sound as a bell!

MRS. LINDE. But—the doctor?

NORA. What doctor?

MRS. LINDE. I thought your maid said the gentleman who arrived here just as I did, was the doctor?

NORA. Yes, that was Doctor Rank, but he doesn't come here professionally. He is our greatest friend, and comes in at least once every day. No, Torvald has not had an hour's illness since then, and our children are strong and healthy and so am I. [*Jumps up and claps her hands.*] Christine! Christine! it's good to be alive and happy!—But how horrid of me; I am talking of nothing but my own affairs. [*Sits on a stool near her, and rests her arms on her knees.*] You mustn't be angry with me. Tell me, is it really true that you did not love your husband? Why did you marry him?

MRS. LINDE. My mother was alive then, and was bed-ridden and helpless, and I had to provide for my two younger brothers; so I did not think I was justified in refusing his offer.

NORA. No, perhaps you were quite right. He was rich at that time, then?

MRS. LINDE. I believe he was quite well off. But his business was a precarious one; and, when he died, it all went to pieces and there was nothing left.

NORA. And then?—

MRS. LINDE. Well, I had to turn my hand to anything I could find—first a small shop, then a small school, and so on. The last three years have seemed like one long

working-day, with no rest. Now it is at an end, Nora. My poor mother needs me no more, for she is gone; and the boys do not need me either; they have got situations and can shift for themselves.

NORA. What a relief you must feel it—

MRS. LINDE. No, indeed; I only feel my life unspeakably empty. No one to live for any more. [*Gets up restlessly.*] That was why I could not stand the life in my little backwater any longer. I hope it may be easier here to find something which will busy me and occupy my thoughts. If only I could have the good luck to get some regular work—office work of some kind—

NORA. But, Christine, that is so frightfully tiring, and you look tired out now. You had far better go away to some watering place.

MRS. LINDE [*walking to the window*]. I have no father to give me money for a journey, Nora.

NORA [*rising*]. Oh, don't be angry with me.

MRS. LINDE [*going up to her*]. It is you that must not be angry with me, dear. The worst of a position like mine is that it makes one so bitter. No one to work for, and yet obliged to be always on the look-out for chances. One must live, and so one becomes selfish. When you told me of the happy turn your fortunes have taken—you will hardly believe it—I was delighted not so much on your account as on my own.

NORA. How do you mean?—Oh, I understand. You mean that perhaps Torvald could get you something to do.

MRS. LINDE. Yes, that was what I was thinking of.

NORA. He must, Christine. Just leave it to me; I will broach the subject very cleverly—I will think of something that will please him very much. It will make me so happy to be of some use to you.

MRS. LINDE. How kind you are, Nora, to be so anxious to help me! It is doubly kind in you, for you know so little of the burdens and troubles of life.

NORA. I—? I know so little of them?

MRS. LINDE [*smiling*]. My dear! Small household cares and that sort of thing!—You are a child, Nora.

NORA [*tosses her head and crosses the stage*]. You ought not to be so superior.

MRS. LINDE. No?

NORA. You are just like the others. They all think that I am incapable of anything really serious—

MRS. LINDE. Come, come—

NORA. —that I have gone through nothing in this world of cares.

MRS. LINDE. But, my dear Nora, you have just told me all your troubles.

NORA. Pooh!—those were trifles. [*Lowering her voice.*] I have not told you the important thing.

MRS. LINDE. The important thing? What do you mean?

NORA. You look down upon me altogether, Christine—but you ought not to. You are proud, aren't you, of having worked so hard and so long for your mother?

MRS. LINDE. Indeed, I don't look down on any one. But it is true that I am both proud and glad to think that I was privileged to make the end of my mother's life almost free from care.

NORA. And you are proud to think of what you have done for your brothers.

MRS. LINDE. I think I have the right to be.

NORA. I think so, too. But now, listen to this; I too have something to be proud and glad of.

MRS. LINDE. I have no doubt you have. But what do you refer to?

NORA. Speak low. Suppose Torvald were to hear! He mustn't on any account—no one in the world must know, Christine, except you.

MRS. LINDE. But what is it?

NORA. Come here. [*Pulls her down on the sofa beside her.*] Now I will show you that I too have something to be proud and glad of. It was I who saved Torvald's life.

MRS. LINDE. "Saved"? How?

NORA. I told you about our trip to Italy. Torvald would never have recovered if he had not gone there—

MRS. LINDE. Yes, but your father gave you the necessary funds.

NORA [*smiling*]. Yes, that is what Torvald and all the others think, but—

MRS. LINDE. But—

NORA. Papa didn't give us a shilling. It was I who procured the money.

MRS. LINDE. You? All that large sum?

NORA. Two hundred and fifty pounds. What do you think of that?

MRS. LINDE. But, Nora, how could you possibly do it? Did you win a prize in the Lottery?

NORA [*contemptuously*]. In the Lottery? There would have been no credit in that.

MRS. LINDE. But where did you get it from, then?

NORA [*humming and smiling with an air of mystery*]. Hm, hm! Aha!

MRS. LINDE. Because you couldn't have borrowed it.

NORA. Couldn't I? Why not?

MRS. LINDE. No, a wife cannot borrow without her husband's consent.

NORA [*tossing her head*]. Oh, if it is a wife who has any head for business—a wife who has the wit to be a little bit clever—

MRS. LINDE. I don't understand it at all, Nora.

NORA. There is no need you should. I never said I had borrowed money. I may have got it some other way. [*Lies back on the sofa.*] Perhaps I got it from some other admirer. When anyone is as attractive as I am—

MRS. LINDE. You are a mad creature.

NORA. Now, you know you're full of curiosity, Christine.

MRS. LINDE. Listen to me, Nora dear. Haven't you been a little bit imprudent?

NORA [*sits up straight*]. Is it imprudent to save your husband's life?

MRS. LINDE. It seems to me imprudent, without his knowledge, to—

NORA. But it was absolutely necessary that he should not know! My goodness, can't you understand that? It was necessary he should have no idea what a dangerous condition he was in. It was to me that the doctors came and said that his life was in danger, and that the only thing to save him was to live in the south. Do you suppose I didn't try, first of all, to get what I wanted as if it were for myself? I told him how much I should love to travel abroad like other young wives; I tried tears and entreaties with him; I told him that he ought to remember the condition I was in, and that he ought to be kind and indulgent to me; I even hinted that he might raise a loan. That nearly made him angry, Christine. He said I was thoughtless, and that it was his duty as my husband not to indulge me in my whims and caprices—as I believe he called them. Very well, I thought, you must be saved—and that was how I came to devise a way out of the difficulty—

MRS. LINDE. And did your husband never get to know from your father that the money had not come from him?

NORA. No, never. Papa died just at that time. I had meant to let him into the secret and beg him never to reveal it. But he was so ill then—alas, there never was any need to tell him.

MRS. LINDE. And since then have you never told your secret to your husband?

NORA. Good Heavens, no! How could you think so? A man who has such strong opinions about these things! And besides, how painful and humiliating it would be for Torvald, with his manly independence, to know that he owed me anything! It would upset our mutual relations altogether; our beautiful happy home would no longer be what it is now.

MRS. LINDE. Do you mean never to tell him about it?

NORA [*meditatively, and with a half smile*]. Yes—some day, perhaps, after many years, when I am no longer as nice-looking as I am now. Don't laugh at me! I mean, of course, when Torvald is no longer as devoted to me as he is now; when my dancing and dressing-up and reciting have palled on him; then it may be a good thing to have something in reserve— [*Breaking off.*] What nonsense! That time will never come. Now, what do you think of my great secret, Christine? Do you still think I am of no use? I can tell you, too, that this affair has caused me a lot of worry. It has been by no means easy for me to meet my engagements punctually. I may tell you that there is something that is called, in business, quarterly interest, and another thing called payment in instalments, and it is always so dreadfully difficult to manage them. I have had to save a little here and there, where I could, you understand. I have not been able to put aside much from my housekeeping money, for Torvald must have a good table. I couldn't let my children be shabbily dressed; I have felt obliged to use up all he gave me for them, the sweet little darlings!

MRS. LINDE. So it has all had to come out of your own necessaries of life, poor Nora?

NORA. Of course. Besides, I was the one responsible for it. Whenever Torvald has given me money for new dresses and such things, I have never spent more than half of it; I have always bought the simplest and cheapest things. Thank Heaven, any clothes look well on me, and so Torvald has never noticed it. But it was often very hard on me, Christine—because it is delightful to be really well dressed, isn't it?

MRS. LINDE. Quite so.

NORA. Well, then I have found other ways of earning money. Last winter I was lucky enough to get a lot of copying to do; so I locked myself up and sat writing every evening until quite late at night. Many a time I was desperately tired; but all the same it was a tremendous pleasure to sit there working and earning money. It was like being a man.

MRS. LINDE. How much have you been able to pay off in that way?

NORA. I can't tell you exactly. You see, it is very difficult to keep an account of a business matter of that kind. I only know that I have paid every penny that I could scrape together. Many a time I was at my wits' end. [*Smiles.*] Then I used to sit here and imagine that a rich old gentleman had fallen in love with me—

MRS. LINDE. What! Who was it?

NORA. Be quiet!—that he had died; and that when his will was opened it contained, written in big letters, the instruction: "The lovely Mrs. Nora Helmer is to have all I possess paid over to her at once in cash."

MRS. LINDE. But, my dear Nora—who could the man be?

NORA. Good gracious, can't you understand? There was no old gentleman at all; it was only something that I used to sit here and imagine, when I couldn't think of any way of procuring money. But it's all the same now; the tiresome old person can stay where he is, as far as I am concerned; I don't care about him or his will either, for I am free from care now. [*Jumps up.*] My goodness, it's delightful to think of, Christine! Free from care! To be able to be free from care, quite free from care; to be able to play and romp with the children; to be able to keep the house beautifully and have everything just as Torvald likes it! And, think of it, soon the spring will come and the big blue sky! Perhaps we shall be able to take a little trip—perhaps I shall see the sea again! Oh, it's a wonderful thing to be alive and be happy. [*A bell is heard in the hall.*]

MRS. LINDE [*rising*]. There is the bell; perhaps I had better go.

NORA. No, don't go; no one will come in here; it is sure to be for Torvald.

SERVANT [*at the hall door*]. Excuse me, ma'am—there is a gentleman to see the master, and as the doctor is with him—

NORA. Who is it?

KROGSTAD [*at the door*]. It is I, Mrs. Helmer. [MRS. LINDE *starts, trembles, and turns to the window.*]

NORA [*takes a step towards him, and speaks in a strained, low voice*]. You? What is it? What do you want to see my husband about?

KROGSTAD. Bank business—in a way. I have a small post in the Bank, and I hear your husband is to be our chief now—

NORA. Then it is—

KROGSTAD. Nothing but dry business matters, Mrs. Helmer; absolutely nothing else.

NORA. Be so good as to go into the study, then. [*She bows indifferently to him and shuts the door into the hall; then comes back and makes up the fire in the stove.*]

MRS. LINDE. Nora—who was that man?

NORA. A lawyer, of the name of Krogstad.

MRS. LINDE. Then it really was he.

NORA. Do you know the man?

MRS. LINDE. I used to—many years ago. At one time he was a solicitor's clerk in our town.

NORA. Yes, he was.

MRS. LINDE. He is greatly altered.

NORA. He made a very unhappy marriage.

MRS. LINDE. He is a widower now, isn't he?

NORA. With several children. There now, it is burning up. [*Shuts the door of the stove and moves the rocking-chair aside.*]

MRS. LINDE. They say he carries on various kinds of business.

NORA. Really! Perhaps he does; I don't know anything about it. But don't let us think of business; it is so tiresome.

DOCTOR RANK [*comes out of* HELMER'S *study. Before he shuts the door he calls to*

him.] No, my dear fellow, I won't disturb you; I would rather go in to your wife for a little while. [*Shuts the door and sees* MRS. LINDE.] I beg your pardon; I am afraid I am disturbing you too.

NORA. No, not at all. [*Introducing him.*] Doctor Rank, Mrs. Linde.

RANK. I have often heard Mrs. Linde's name mentioned here. I think I passed you on the stairs when I arrived, Mrs. Linde?

MRS. LINDE. Yes, I go up very slowly; I can't manage stairs well.

RANK. Ah! some slight internal weakness?

MRS. LINDE. No, the fact is I have been overworking myself.

RANK. Nothing more than that? Then I suppose you have come to town to amuse yourself with our entertainments?

MRS. LINDE. I have come to look for work.

RANK. Is that a good cure for overwork?

MRS. LINDE. One must live, Doctor Rank.

RANK. Yes, the general opinion seems to be that it is necessary.

NORA. Look here, Doctor Rank—you know you want to live.

RANK. Certainly. However wretched I may feel, I want to prolong the agony as long as possible. All my patients are like that. And so are those who are morally diseased; one of them, and a bad case too, is at this very moment with Helmer—

MRS. LINDE [*sadly*]. Ah!

NORA. Whom do you mean?

RANK. A lawyer of the name of Krogstad, a fellow you don't know at all. He suffers from a diseased moral character, Mrs. Helmer; but even he began talking of its being highly important that he should live.

NORA. Did he? What did he want to speak to Torvald about?

RANK. I have no idea; I only heard that it was something about the Bank.

NORA. I didn't know this—what's his name—Krogstad had anything to do with the Bank.

RANK. Yes, he has some sort of appointment there. [*To* MRS. LINDE.] I don't know whether you find also in your part of the world that there are certain people who go zealously snuffing about to smell out moral corruption, and, as soon as they have found some, put the person concerned into some lucrative position where they can keep their eye on him. Healthy natures are left out in the cold.

MRS. LINDE. Still I think the sick are those who most need taking care of.

RANK [*shrugging his shoulders*]. Yes, there you are. That is the sentiment that is turning Society into a sickhouse.

NORA, *who has been absorbed in her thoughts, breaks out into smothered laughter and claps her hands.*

RANK. Why do you laugh at that? Have you any notion what Society really is?

NORA. What do I care about tiresome Society? I am laughing at something quite different, something extremely amusing. Tell me, Doctor Rank, are all the people who are employed in the Bank dependent on Torvald now?

RANK. Is that what you find so extremely amusing?

NORA [*smiling and humming*]. That's my affair! [*Walking about the room.*] It's perfectly glorious to think that we have—that Torvald has so much power over so many people. [*Takes the packet from her pocket.*] Doctor Rank, what do you say to a macaroon?

RANK. What, macaroons? I thought they were forbidden here.

NORA. Yes, but these are some Christine gave me.

MRS. LINDE. What! I?—

NORA. Oh, well, don't be alarmed! You couldn't know that Torvald had forbidden them. I must tell you that he is afraid they will spoil my teeth. But, bah!—once in a way— That's so, isn't it, Doctor Rank? By your leave! [*Puts a macaroon into his mouth.*] You must have one too, Christine. And I shall have one, just a little one—or at most two. [*Walking about.*] I am tremendously happy. There is just one thing in the world now that I should dearly love to do.

RANK. Well, what is that?

NORA. It's something I should dearly love to say, if Torvald could hear me.

RANK. Well, why can't you say it?

NORA. No, I daren't; it's so shocking.

MRS. LINDE. Shocking?

RANK. Well, I should not advise you to

say it. Still with us you might. What is it you would so much like to say if Torvald could hear you?

NORA. I should just love to say—Well, I'm damned!

RANK. Are you mad?

MRS. LINDE. Nora, dear—!

RANK. Say it, here he is!

NORA [*hiding the packet*]. Hush! Hush! Hush!

HELMER *comes out of his room, with his coat over his arm and his hat in his hand.*

NORA. Well, Torvald dear, have you got rid of him?

HELMER. Yes, he has just gone.

NORA. Let me introduce you—this is Christine, who has come to town.

HELMER. Christine—? Excuse me, but I don't know—

NORA. Mrs. Linde, dear; Christine Linde.

HELMER. Of course. A school friend of my wife's, I presume?

MRS. LINDE. Yes, we have known each other since then.

NORA. And just think, she has taken a long journey in order to see you.

HELMER. What do you mean?

MRS. LINDE. No, really, I—

NORA. Christine is tremendously clever at book-keeping, and she is frightfully anxious to work under some clever man so as to perfect herself—

HELMER. Very sensible, Mrs. Linde.

NORA. And when she heard you had been appointed manager of the Bank—the news was telegraphed, you know—she travelled here as quick as she could. Torvald, I am sure you will be able to do something for Christine, for my sake, won't you?

HELMER. Well, it is not altogether impossible. I presume you are a widow, Mrs. Linde?

MRS. LINDE. Yes.

HELMER. And have had some experience of bookkeeping?

MRS. LINDE. Yes, a fair amount.

HELMER. Ah! well, it's very likely I may be able to find something for you—

NORA [*clapping her hands*]. What did I tell you? What did I tell you?

HELMER. You have just come at a fortunate moment, Mrs. Linde.

MRS. LINDE. How am I to thank you?

HELMER. There is no need. [*Puts on his coat.*] But to-day you must excuse me—

RANK. Wait a minute; I will come with you. [*Brings his fur coat from the hall and warms it at the fire.*]

NORA. Don't be long away, Torvald dear.

HELMER. About an hour, not more.

NORA. Are you going too, Christine?

MRS. LINDE [*putting on her cloak*]. Yes, I must go and look for a room.

HELMER. Oh, well then, we can walk down the street together.

NORA [*helping her*]. What a pity it is we are so short of space here; I am afraid it is impossible for us—

MRS. LINDE. Please don't think of it! Good-bye, Nora dear, and many thanks.

NORA. Good-bye for the present. Of course you will come back this evening. And you too, Dr. Rank. What do you say? If you are well enough? Oh, you must be! Wrap yourself up well. [*They go to the door all talking together. Children's voices are heard on the staircase.*]

NORA. There they are. There they are! [*She runs to open the door. The* NURSE *comes in with the children.*] Come in! Come in! [*Stoops and kisses them.*] Oh, you sweet blessings! Look at them, Christine! Aren't they darlings?

RANK. Don't let us stand here in the draught.

HELMER. Come along, Mrs. Linde; the place will only be bearable for a mother now!

RANK, HELMER, *and* MRS. LINDE *go downstairs. The* NURSE *comes forward with the children;* NORA *shuts the hall door.*

NORA. How fresh and well you look! Such red cheeks!—like apples and roses. [*The children all talk at once while she speaks to them.*] Have you had great fun? That's splendid! What, you pulled both Emmy and Bob along on the sledge?—both at once? —that *was* good. You are a clever boy, Ivar. Let me take her for a little, Anne. My sweet little baby doll! [*Takes the baby from the* MAID *and dances it up and down.*] Yes, yes, mother will dance with Bob too. What! Have you been snowballing? I wish I had been there too! No, no, I will take their things off, Anne; please let me do it, it is such fun. Go in now, you look half frozen. There is some hot coffee for you on the stove.

The NURSE *goes into the room on the left.* NORA *takes off the children's things and throws them about, while they all talk to her at once.*

NORA. Really! Did a big dog run after you? But it didn't bite you? No, dogs don't bite nice little dolly children. You mustn't look at the parcels, Ivar. What are they? Ah, I daresay you would like to know. No, no—it's something nasty! Come, let us have a game! What shall we play at? Hide and Seek? Yes, we'll play Hide and Seek. Bob shall hide first. Must I hide? Very well, I'll hide first.

She and the children laugh and shout, and romp in and out of the room; at last NORA *hides under the table, the children rush in and look for her, but do not see her; they hear her smothered laughter, run to the table, lift up the cloth and find her. Shouts of laughter. She crawls forward and pretends to frighten them. Fresh laughter. Meanwhile there has been a knock at the hall door, but none of them has noticed it. The door is half opened, and* KROGSTAD *appears. He waits a little; the game goes on.*

KROGSTAD. Excuse me, Mr. Helmer.

NORA [*with a stifled cry, turns round and gets up on to her knees*]. Ah! what do you want?

KROGSTAD. Excuse me, the outer door was ajar; I suppose someone forgot to shut it.

NORA [*rising*]. My husband is out, Mr. Krogstad.

KROGSTAD. I know that.

NORA. What do you want here, then?

KROGSTAD. A word with you.

NORA. With me?—[*To the children, gently.*] Go in to nurse. What? No, the strange man won't do mother any harm. When he has gone we will have another game. [*She takes the children into the room on the left, and shuts the door after them.*] You want to speak to me?

KROGSTAD. Yes, I do.

NORA. To-day? It is not the first of the month yet.

KROGSTAD. No, it is Christmas Eve, and it will depend on yourself what sort of a Christmas you will spend.

NORA. What do you want? To-day it is absolutely impossible for me—

KROGSTAD. We won't talk about that till later on. This is something different. I presume you can give me a moment?

NORA. Yes—yes, I can—although—

KROGSTAD. Good. I was in Olsen's Restaurant and saw your husband going down the street—

NORA. Yes?

KROGSTAD. With a lady.

NORA. What then?

KROGSTAD. May I make so bold as to ask if it was a Mrs. Linde?

NORA. It was.

KROGSTAD. Just arrived in town?

NORA. Yes, to-day.

KROGSTAD. She is a great friend of yours, isn't she?

NORA. She is. But I don't see—

KROGSTAD. I knew her too, once upon a time.

NORA. I am aware of that.

KROGSTAD. Are you? So you know all about it; I thought as much. Then I can ask you, without beating about the bush—is Mrs. Linde to have an appointment in the Bank?

NORA. What right have you to question me, Mr. Krogstad?—You, one of my husband's subordinates! But since you ask, you shall know. Yes, Mrs. Linde *is* to have an appointment. And it was I who pleaded her cause, Mr. Krogstad, let me tell you that.

KROGSTAD. I was right in what I thought then.

NORA [*walking up and down the stage*]. Sometimes one has a tiny little bit of influence, I should hope. Because one is a woman, it does not necessarily follow that—. When anyone is in a subordinate position, Mr. Krogstad, they should really be careful to avoid offending anyone who—who—

KROGSTAD. Who has influence?

NORA. Exactly.

KROGSTAD [*changing his tone*]. Mrs. Helmer, you will be so good as to use your influence on my behalf.

NORA. What? What do you mean?

KROGSTAD. You will be so kind as to see that I am allowed to keep my subordinate position in the Bank.

NORA. What do you mean by that? Who proposes to take your post away from you?

KROGSTAD. Oh, there is no necessity to keep up the pretence of ignorance. I can quite understand that your friend is not very anxious to expose herself to the chance of rubbing shoulders with me; and I quite understand, too, whom I have to thank for being turned off.

NORA. But I assure you—

KROGSTAD. Very likely; but, to come to the point, the time has come when I should advise you to use your influence to prevent that.

NORA. But, Mr. Krogstad, I *have* no influence.

KROGSTAD. Haven't you? I thought you said yourself just now—

NORA. Naturally I did not mean you to put that construction on it. I! What should make you think I have any influence of that kind with my husband?

KROGSTAD. Oh, I have known your husband from our student days. I don't suppose he is any more unassailable than other husbands.

NORA. If you speak slightingly of my husband, I shall turn you out of the house.

KROGSTAD. You are bold, Mrs. Helmer.

NORA. I am not afraid of you any longer. As soon as the New Year comes, I shall in a very short time be free of the whole thing.

KROGSTAD [*controlling himself*]. Listen to me, Mrs. Helmer. If necessary, I am prepared to fight for my small post in the Bank as if I were fighting for my life.

NORA. So it seems.

KROGSTAD. It is not only for the sake of the money; indeed, that weighs least with me in the matter. There is another reason —well, I may as well tell you. My position is this. I daresay you know, like everybody else, that once, many years ago, I was guilty of an indiscretion.

NORA. I think I have heard something of the kind.

KROGSTAD. The matter never came into court; but every way seemed to be closed to me after that. So I took to the business that you know of. I had to do something; and, honestly, I don't think I've been one of the worst. But now I must cut myself free from all that. My sons are growing up; for their sake I must try and win back as much respect as I can in the town. This post in the Bank was like the first step up for me—and now your husband is going to kick me downstairs again into the mud.

NORA. But you must believe me, Mr. Krogstad; it is not in my power to help you at all.

KROGSTAD. Then it is because you haven't the will; but I have means to compel you.

NORA. You don't mean that you will tell my husband that I owe you money?

KROGSTAD. Hm!—suppose I were to tell him?

NORA. It would be perfectly infamous of you. [*Sobbing.*] To think of his learning my secret, which has been my joy and pride, in such an ugly, clumsy way—that he should learn it from you! And it would put me in a horribly disagreeable position—

KROGSTAD. Only disagreeable?

NORA [*impetuously*]. Well, do it, then!—and it will be the worse for you. My husband will see for himself what a blackguard you are, and you certainly won't keep your post then.

KROGSTAD. I asked you if it was only a disagreeable scene at home that you were afraid of?

NORA. If my husband does get to know of it, of course he will at once pay you what is still owing, and we shall have nothing more to do with you.

KROGSTAD [*coming a step nearer*]. Listen to me, Mrs. Helmer. Either you have a very bad memory or you know very little of business. I shall be obliged to remind you of a few details.

NORA. What do you mean?

KROGSTAD. When your husband was ill, you came to me to borrow two hundred and fifty pounds.

NORA. I didn't know any one else to go to.

KROGSTAD. I promised to get you that amount—

NORA. Yes, and you did so.

KROGSTAD. I promised to get you that amount, on certain conditions. Your mind was so taken up with your husband's illness, and you were so anxious to get the money for your journey, that you seem to have paid no attention to the conditions of our bargain. Therefore it will not be amiss if I remind you of them. Now, I promised to get the money on the security of a bond which I drew up.

NORA. Yes, and which I signed.

KROGSTAD. Good. But below your signature there were a few lines constituting your father a surety for the money; those lines your father should have signed.

NORA. Should? He did sign them.

KROGSTAD. I had left the date blank; that is to say your father should himself have inserted the date on which he signed the paper. Do you remember that?

NORA. Yes, I think I remember—

KROGSTAD. Then I gave you the bond to send by post to your father. Is that not so?

NORA. Yes.

KROGSTAD. And you naturally did so at once, because five or six days afterwards you brought me the bond with your father's signature. And then I gave you the money.

NORA. Well, haven't I been paying it off regularly?

KROGSTAD. Fairly so, yes. But—to come back to the matter in hand—that must have been a very trying time for you, Mrs. Helmer?

NORA. It was, indeed.

KROGSTAD. Your father was very ill, wasn't he?

NORA. He was very near his end.

KROGSTAD. And died soon afterwards?

NORA. Yes.

KROGSTAD. Tell me, Mrs. Helmer, can you by any chance remember what day your father died?—on what day of the month, I mean.

NORA. Papa died on the 29th of September.

KROGSTAD. That is correct; I have ascertained it for myself. And, as that is so, there is a discrepancy [*taking a paper from his pocket*] which I cannot account for.

NORA. What discrepancy? I don't know—

KROGSTAD. The discrepancy consists, Mrs. Helmer, in the fact that your father signed this bond three days after his death.

NORA. What do you mean? I don't understand—

KROGSTAD. Your father died on the 29th of September. But, look here; your father has dated his signature the 2nd of October. It is a discrepancy, isn't it? [NORA *is silent.*] Can you explain it to me? [NORA *is still silent.*] It is a remarkable thing, too, that the words "2nd of October," as well as the year, are not written in your father's handwriting but in one that I think I know. Well, of course it can be explained; your father may have forgotten to date his signature, and someone else may have dated it haphazard before they knew of his death. There is no harm in that. It all depends on the signature of the name; and *that* is genuine, I suppose, Mrs. Helmer? It was your father himself who signed his name here?

NORA [*after a short pause, throws her head up and looks defiantly at him*]. No, it was not. It was I that wrote papa's name.

KROGSTAD. Are you aware that is a dangerous confession?

NORA. In what way? You shall have your money soon.

KROGSTAD. Let me ask you a question; why did you not send the paper to your father?

NORA. It was impossible; papa was so ill. If I had asked him for his signature, I should have had to tell him what the money was to be used for; and when he was so ill himself I couldn't tell him that my husband's life was in danger—it was impossible.

KROGSTAD. It would have been better for you if you had given up your trip abroad.

NORA. No, that was impossible. That trip was to save my husband's life; I couldn't give that up.

KROGSTAD. But did it never occur to you that you were committing a fraud on me?

NORA. I couldn't take that into account; I didn't trouble myself about you at all. I couldn't bear you, because you put so many heartless difficulties in my way, although you knew what a dangerous condition my husband was in.

KROGSTAD. Mrs. Helmer, you evidently do not realise clearly what it is that you have been guilty of. But I can assure you that my one false step, which lost me all my reputation, was nothing more or nothing worse than what you have done.

NORA. You? Do you ask me to believe that you were brave enough to run a risk to save your wife's life?

KROGSTAD. The law cares nothing about motives.

NORA. Then it must be a very foolish law.

KROGSTAD. Foolish or not, it is the law by which you will be judged, if I produce this paper in court.

NORA. I don't believe it. Is a daughter not to be allowed to spare her dying father anxiety and care? Is a wife not to be allowed to save her husband's life? I don't know much about law; but I am certain that there must be laws permitting such things as that. Have you no knowledge of such laws—you who are a lawyer? You must be a very poor lawyer, Mr. Krogstad.

KROGSTAD. Maybe. But matters of business—such business as you and I have had together—do you think I don't understand that? Very well. Do as you please. But let me tell you this—if I lose my position a second time, you shall lose yours with me. [*He bows, and goes out through the hall.*]

NORA [*appears buried in thought for a short time, then tosses her head*]. Nonsense! Trying to frighten me like that!—I am not so silly as he thinks. [*Begins to busy herself putting the children's things in order.*] And yet—? No, it's impossible! I did it for love's sake.

THE CHILDREN [*in the doorway on the left*]. Mother, the stranger man has gone out through the gate.

NORA. Yes, dears, I know. But, don't tell anyone about the stranger man. Do you hear? Not even papa.

CHILDREN. No, mother; but will you come and play again?

NORA. No no,—not now.

CHILDREN. But, mother, you promised us.

NORA. Yes, but I can't now. Run away in; I have such a lot to do. Run away in, my sweet little darlings. [*She gets them into the room by degrees and shuts the door on them; then sits down on the sofa, takes up a piece of needlework and sews a few stitches, but soon stops.*] No! [*Throws down the work, gets up, goes to the hall door and calls out.*] Helen! bring the Tree in. [*Goes to the table on the left, opens a drawer, and stops again.*] No, no! it is quite impossible!

MAID [*coming in with the Tree*]. Where shall I put it, ma'am?

NORA. Here, in the middle of the floor.

MAID. Shall I get you anything else?

NORA. No, thank you. I have all I want. *Exit* MAID.

NORA [*begins dressing the tree*]. A candle here—and flowers here—. The horrible man! It's all nonsense—there's nothing wrong. The Tree shall be splendid! I will do everything I can think of to please you, Torvald!—I will sing for you, dance for you —[HELMER *comes in with some papers under his arm.*] Oh! are you back already?

HELMER. Yes. Has anyone been here?

NORA. Here? No.

HELMER. That is strange. I saw Krogstad going out of the gate.

NORA. Did you? Oh, yes, I forgot, Krogstad was here for a moment.

HELMER. Nora, I can see from your manner that he has been here begging you to say a good word for him.

NORA. Yes.

HELMER. And you were to appear to do it of your own accord; you were to conceal from me the fact of his having been here; didn't he beg that of you too?

NORA. Yes, Torvald, but—

HELMER. Nora, Nora, and you would be a party to that sort of thing? To have any talk with a man like that, and give him any sort of promise? And to tell me a lie into the bargain?

NORA. A lie—?

HELMER. Didn't you tell me no one had been here? [*Shakes his finger at her.*] My little song-bird must never do that again. A song-bird must have a clean beak to chirp with—no false notes! [*Puts his arm round her waist.*] That is so, isn't it? Yes, I am sure it is. [*Lets her go.*] We will say no more about it. [*Sits down by the stove.*] How warm and snug it is here! [*Turns over his papers.*]

NORA [*after a short pause, during which she busies herself with the Christmas Tree*]. Torvald!

HELMER. Yes.

NORA. I am looking forward tremendously to the fancy dress ball at the Stenborgs' the day after to-morrow.

HELMER. And I am tremendously curious to see what you are going to surprise me with.

NORA. It was very silly of me to want to do that.

HELMER. What do you mean?

NORA. I can't hit upon anything that will do; everything I think of seems so silly and insignificant.

HELMER. Does my little Nora acknowledge that at last?

NORA [*standing behind his chair with her arms on the back of it*]. Are you very busy, Torvald?

HELMER. Well—

NORA. What are all those papers?

HELMER. Bank business.

NORA. Already?

HELMER. I have got authority from the retiring manager to undertake the necessary changes in the staff and in the rearrangement of the work; and I must make use of the Christmas week for that, so as to have everything in order for the new year.

NORA. Then that was why this poor Krogstad—

HELMER. Hm!

NORA [*leans against the back of his chair and strokes his hair*]. If you hadn't been so busy I should have asked you a tremendously big favour, Torvald.

HELMER. What is that? Tell me.

NORA. There is no one has such good taste as you. And I do so want to look nice at the fancy-dress ball. Torvald, couldn't you take me in hand and decide what I shall go as, and what sort of a dress I shall wear?

HELMER. Aha! so my obstinate little woman is obliged to get someone to come to her rescue?

NORA. Yes, Torvald, I can't get along a bit without your help.

HELMER. Very well, I will think it over, we shall manage to hit upon something.

NORA. That is nice of you. [*Goes to the Christmas Tree. A short pause.*] How pretty the red flowers look—. But, tell me, was it really something very bad that this Krogstad was guilty of?

HELMER. He forged someone's name. Have you any idea what that means?

NORA. Isn't it possible that he was driven to do it by necessity?

HELMER. Yes; or, as in so many cases, by imprudence. I am not so heartless as to condemn a man altogether because of a single false step of that kind.

NORA. No you wouldn't, would you, Torvald?

HELMER. Many a man has been able to retrieve his character, if he has openly confessed his fault and taken his punishment.

NORA. Punishment—?

HELMER. But Krogstad did nothing of that sort; he got himself out of it by a cunning trick, and that is why he has gone under altogether.

NORA. But do you think it would—?

HELMER. Just think how a guilty man like that has to lie and play the hypocrite with everyone, how he has to wear a mask in the presence of those near and dear to him, even before his own wife and children. And about the children—that is the most terrible part of it all, Nora.

NORA. How?

HELMER. Because such an atmosphere of lies infects and poisons the whole life of a home. Each breath the children take in such a house is full of the germs of evil.

NORA [*coming nearer him*]. Are you sure of that?

HELMER. My dear, I have often seen it in the course of my life as a lawyer. Almost everyone who has gone to the bad early in life has had a deceitful mother.

NORA. Why do you only say—mother?

HELMER. It seems most commonly to be the mother's influence, though naturally a bad father's would have the same result. Every lawyer is familiar with the fact. This Krogstad, now, has been persistently poisoning his own children with lies and dissimulation; that is why I say he has lost all moral character. [*Holds out his hands to her.*] That is why my sweet little Nora must promise me not to plead his cause. Give me your hand on it. Come, come, what is this? Give me your hand. There now, that's settled. I assure you it would be quite impossible for me to work with him; I literally feel physically ill when I am in the company of such people.

NORA [*takes her hand out of his and goes to the opposite side of the Christmas Tree*]. How hot it is in here; and I have such a lot to do.

HELMER [*getting up and putting his papers in order*]. Yes, and I must try and read through some of these before dinner; and I must think about your costume, too. And it is just possible I may have something ready in gold paper to hang up on the Tree. [*Puts his hand on her head.*] My precious little singing-bird! [*He goes into his room and shuts the door after him.*]

NORA [*after a pause, whispers*]. No, no—it isn't true. It's impossible; it must be impossible.

The NURSE *opens the door on the left.*

NURSE. The little ones are begging so hard to be allowed to come in to mamma.

NORA. No, no, no! Don't let them come in to me! You stay with them, Anne.

NURSE. Very well, ma'am. [*Shuts the door.*]

NORA [*pale with terror*]. Deprave my little children? Poison my home? [*A short pause. Then she tosses her head.*] It's not true. It can't possibly be true.

ACT II

THE SAME SCENE.—*The Christmas Tree is in the corner by the piano, stripped of its ornaments and with burnt-down candle-ends on its dishevelled branches.* NORA'S *cloak and hat are lying on the sofa. She is alone in the room, walking about uneasily. She stops by the sofa and takes up her cloak.*

NORA [*drops the cloak*]. Someone is coming now! [*Goes to the door and listens.*] No—it is no one. Of course, no one will come to-day, Christmas Day—nor to-morrow either. But, perhaps—[*opens the door and looks out*]. No, nothing in the letter-box; it is quite empty. [*Comes forward.*] What rubbish! of course he can't be in earnest about it. Such a thing couldn't happen; it is impossible—I have three little children.

Enter the NURSE *from the room on the left, carrying a big cardboard box.*

NURSE. At last I have found the box with the fancy dress.

NORA. Thanks; put it on the table.

NURSE [*doing so*]. But it is very much in want of mending.

NORA. I should like to tear it into a hundred thousand pieces.

NURSE. What an idea! It can easily be put in order—just a little patience.

NORA. Yes, I will go and get Mrs. Linde to come and help me with it.

NURSE. What, out again? In this horrible weather? You will catch cold, ma'am, and make yourself ill.

NORA. Well, worse than that might happen. How are the children?

NURSE. The poor little souls are playing with their Christmas presents, but—

NORA. Do they ask much for me?

NURSE. You see, they are so accustomed to have their mamma with them.

NORA. Yes, but, nurse, I shall not be able to be so much with them now as I was before.

NURSE. Oh well, young children easily get accustomed to anything.

NORA. Do you think so? Do you think they would forget their mother if she went away altogether?

NURSE. Good heavens!—went away altogether?

NORA. Nurse, I want you to tell me something I have often wondered about—how could you have the heart to put your own child out among strangers?

NURSE. I was obliged to, if I wanted to be little Nora's nurse.

NORA. Yes, but how could you be willing to do it?

NURSE. What, when I was going to get such a good place by it? A poor girl who has got into trouble should be glad to. Besides, that wicked man didn't do a single thing for me.

NORA. But I suppose your daughter has quite forgotten you.

NURSE. No, indeed she hasn't. She wrote to me when she was confirmed, and when she was married.

NORA [*putting her arms round her neck*]. Dear old Anne, you were a good mother to me when I was little.

NURSE. Little Nora, poor dear, had no other mother but me.

NORA. And if my little ones had no other mother, I am sure you would— What nonsense I am talking! [*Opens the box.*] Go in to them. Now I must—. You will see to-morrow how charming I shall look.

NURSE. I am sure there will be no one at the ball so charming as you, ma'am. [*Goes into the room on the left.*]

NORA [*begins to unpack the box, but soon pushes it away from her*]. If only I dared go out. If only no one would come. If only I could be sure nothing would happen here in the meantime. Stuff and nonsense! No one will come. Only I mustn't think about it. I will brush my muff. What lovely, lovely gloves! Out of my thoughts, out of my thoughts! One, two, three, four, five, six— [*Screams.*] Ah! there is someone coming—. [*Makes a movement towards the door, but stands irresolute.*]

Enter MRS. LINDE *from the hall,. where she has taken off her cloak and hat.*

NORA. Oh, it's you, Christine. There is no one else out there, is there? How good of you to come!

MRS. LINDE. I heard you were up asking for me.

NORA. Yes, I was passing by. As a matter of fact, it is something you could help me with. Let us sit down here on the sofa. Look here. To-morrow evening there is to be a fancy-dress ball at the Stenborgs', who live above us; and Torvald wants me to go as a Neapolitan fisher-girl, and dance the Tarantella that I learnt at Capri.

MRS. LINDE. I see; you are going to keep up the character.

NORA. Yes, Torvald wants me to. Look, here is the dress; Torvald had it made for me there, but now it is all so torn, and I haven't any idea—

MRS. LINDE. We will easily put that right. It is only some of the trimming come unsewn here and there. Needle and thread? Now then, that's all we want.

NORA. It *is* nice of you.

MRS. LINDE [*sewing*]. So you are going to be dressed up to-morrow, Nora. I will tell you what—I shall come in for a moment and see you in your fine feathers. But I have completely forgotten to thank you for a delightful evening yesterday.

NORA [*gets up, and crosses the stage*]. Well I don't think yesterday was as pleasant as usual. You ought to have come to town a little earlier, Christine. Certainly Torvald does understand how to make a house dainty and attractive.

MRS. LINDE. And so do you, it seems to me; you are not your father's daughter for nothing. But tell me, is Doctor Rank always as depressed as he was yesterday?

NORA. No; yesterday it was very noticeable. I must tell you that he suffers from a very dangerous disease. He has consumption of the spine, poor creature. His father was a horrible man who committed all sorts of excesses; and that is why his son was sickly from childhood, do you understand?

MRS. LINDE [*dropping her sewing*]. But, my dearest Nora, how do you know anything about such things?

NORA [*walking about*]. Pooh! When you have three children, you get visits now and then from—from married women, who know something of medical matters, and they talk about one thing and another.

MRS. LINDE [*goes on sewing. A short silence*]. Does Doctor Rank come here every day?

NORA. Every day regularly. He is Torvald's most intimate friend, and a great friend of mine too. He is just like one of the family.

MRS. LINDE. But tell me this—is he perfectly sincere? I mean, isn't he the kind of man that is very anxious to make himself agreeable?

NORA. Not in the least. What makes you think that?

MRS. LINDE. When you introduced him to me yesterday, he declared he had often heard my name mentioned in this house; but afterwards I noticed that your husband hadn't the slightest idea who I was. So how could Doctor Rank—?

NORA. That is quite right, Christine. Torvald is so absurdly fond of me that he wants me absolutely to himself, as he says. At first he used to seem almost jealous if I mentioned any of the dear folk at home, so naturally I gave up doing so. But I often talk about such things with Doctor Rank, because he likes hearing about them.

MRS. LINDE. Listen to me, Nora. You are still very like a child in many things, and I am older than you in many ways and have a little more experience. Let me tell you this—you ought to make an end of it with Doctor Rank.

NORA. What ought I to make an end of?

MRS. LINDE. Of two things, I think. Yesterday you talked some nonsense about a rich admirer who was to leave you money—

NORA. An admirer who doesn't exist, unfortunately! But what then?

MRS. LINDE. Is Doctor Rank a man of means?

NORA. Yes, he is.

MRS. LINDE. And has no one to provide for?

NORA. No, no one; but—

MRS. LINDE. And comes here every day?

NORA. Yes, I told you so.

MRS. LINDE. But how can this well-bred man be so tactless?

NORA. I don't understand you at all.

MRS. LINDE. Don't prevaricate, Nora. Do you suppose I don't guess who lent you the two hundred and fifty pounds?

NORA. Are you out of your senses? How can you think of such a thing! A friend of ours, who comes here every day! Do you realise what a horribly painful position that would be?

MRS. LINDE. Then it really isn't he?

NORA. No, certainly not. It would never have entered into my head for a moment. Besides, he had no money to lend then; he came into his money afterwards.

MRS. LINDE. Well, I think that was lucky for you, my dear Nora.

NORA. No, it would never have come into my head to ask Doctor Rank. Although I am quite sure that if I had asked him—

MRS. LINDE. But of course you won't.

NORA. Of course not. I have no reason to think it could possibly be necessary. But I am quite sure that if I told Doctor Rank—

MRS. LINDE. Behind your husband's back?

NORA. I must make an end of it with the other one, and that will be behind his back too. I *must* make an end of it with him.

MRS. LINDE. Yes, that is what I told you yesterday, but—

NORA [*walking up and down*]. A man can put a thing like that straight much easier than a woman—

MRS. LINDE. One's husband, yes.

NORA. Nonsense! [*Standing still.*] When you pay off a debt you get your bond back, don't you?

MRS. LINDE. Yes, as a matter of course.

NORA. And can tear it into a hundred thousand pieces, and burn it up—the nasty dirty paper!

MRS. LINDE [*looks hard at her, lays down her sewing and gets up slowly*]. Nora, you are concealing something from me.

NORA. Do I look as if I were?

MRS. LINDE. Something has happened to you since yesterday morning. Nora, what is it?

NORA [*going nearer to her*]. Christine! [*Listens.*] Hush! there's Torvald come home. Do you mind going in to the children for the present? Torvald can't bear to see dressmaking going on. Let Anne help you.

MRS. LINDE [*gathering some of the things together*]. Certainly—but I am not going away from here till we have had it out with one another. [*She goes into the room on the left, as* HELMER *comes in from the hall.*]

NORA [*going up to* HELMER]. I have wanted you so much, Torvald dear.

HELMER. Was that the dressmaker?

NORA. No, it was Christine; she is helping me to put my dress in order. You will see I shall look quite smart.

HELMER. Wasn't that a happy thought of mine, now?

NORA. Splendid! But don't you think it is nice of me, too, to do as you wish?

HELMER. Nice?—because you do as your husband wishes? Well, well, you little rogue, I am sure you did not mean it in that way. But I am not going to disturb you; you will want to be trying on your dress, I expect.

NORA. I suppose you are going to work.

HELMER. Yes. [*Shows her a bundle of papers.*] Look at that. I have just been into the bank. [*Turns to go into his room.*]

NORA. Torvald.

HELMER. Yes.

NORA. If your little squirrel were to ask you for something very, very prettily—?

HELMER. What then?

NORA. Would you do it?

HELMER. I should like to hear what it is, first.

NORA. Your squirrel would run about and do all her tricks if you would be nice, and do what she wants.

HELMER. Speak plainly.

NORA. Your skylark would chirp about in every room, with her song rising and falling—

HELMER. Well, my skylark does that anyhow.

NORA. I would play the fairy and dance for you in the moonlight, Torvald.

HELMER. Nora—you surely don't mean that request you made of me this morning?

NORA [*going near him*]. Yes, Torvald, I beg you so earnestly—

HELMER. Have you really the courage to open up that question again?

NORA. Yes, dear, you *must* do as I ask; you *must* let Krogstad keep his post in the bank.

HELMER. My dear Nora, it is his post that I have arranged Mrs. Linde shall have.

NORA. Yes, you have been awfully kind

about that; but you could just as well dismiss some other clerk instead of Krogstad.

HELMER. This is simply incredible obstinacy! Because you chose to give him a thoughtless promise that you would speak for him, I am expected to—

NORA. That isn't the reason, Torvald. It is for your own sake. This fellow writes in the most scurrilous newspapers; you have told me so yourself. He can do you an unspeakable amount of harm. I am frightened to death of him—

HELMER. Ah, I understand; it is recollections of the past that scare you.

NORA. What do you mean?

HELMER. Naturally you are thinking of your father.

NORA. Yes—yes, of course. Just recall to your mind what these malicious creatures wrote in the papers about papa, and how horribly they slandered him. I believe they would have procured his dismissal if the Department had not sent you over to inquire into it, and if you had not been so kindly disposed and helpful to him.

HELMER. My little Nora, there is an important difference between your father and me. Your father's reputation as a public official was not above suspicion. Mine is, and I hope it will continue to be so, as long as I hold my office.

NORA. You never can tell what mischief these men may contrive. We ought to be so well off, so snug and happy here in our peaceful home, and have no cares—you and I and the children, Torvald! That is why I beg you so earnestly—

HELMER. And it is just by interceding for him that you make it impossible for me to keep him. It is already known at the Bank that I mean to dismiss Krogstad. Is it to get about now that the new manager has changed his mind at his wife's bidding—

NORA. And what if it did?

HELMER. Of course!—if only this obstinate little person can get her way! Do you suppose I am going to make myself ridiculous before my whole staff, to let people think that I am a man to be swayed by all sorts of outside influence? I should very soon feel the consequences of it, I can tell you! And besides, there is one thing that makes it quite impossible for me to have Krogstad in the bank as long as I am manager.

NORA. Whatever is that?

HELMER. His moral failings I might perhaps have overlooked, if necessary—

NORA. Yes, you could—couldn't you?

HELMER. And I hear he is a good worker, too. But I knew him when we were boys. It was one of those rash friendships that so often prove an incubus in after life. I may as well tell you plainly, we were once on very intimate terms with one another. But this tactless fellow lays no restraint on himself when other people are present. On the contrary, he thinks it gives him the right to adopt a familiar tone with me, and every minute it is "I say, Helmer, old fellow!" and that sort of thing. I assure you it is extremely painful for me. He would make my position in the bank intolerable.

NORA. Torvald, I don't believe you mean that.

HELMER. Don't you? Why not?

NORA. Because it is such a narrow-minded way of looking at things.

HELMER. What are you saying? Narrow-minded? Do you think I am narrow-minded?

NORA. No, just the opposite, dear—and it is exactly for that reason.

HELMER. It's the same thing. You say my point of view is narrow-minded, so I must be so too. Narrow-minded! Very well—I must put an end to this. [*Goes to the hall-door and calls.*] Helen!

NORA. What are you going to do?

HELMER [*looking among his papers*]. Settle it. [*Enter* MAID.] Look here; take this letter and go downstairs with it at once. Find a messenger and tell him to deliver it, and be quick. The address is on it, and here is the money.

MAID. Very well, sir. [*Exit with the letter.*]

HELMER [*putting his papers together*]. Now then, little Miss Obstinate.

NORA [*breathlessly*]. Torvald—what was that letter?

HELMER. Krogstad's dismissal.

NORA. Call her back, Torvald! There is still time. Oh Torvald, call her back! Do it for my sake—for your own sake—for the children's sake! Do you hear me, Torvald? Call her back! You don't know what that letter can bring upon us.

HELMER. It's too late.

NORA. Yes, it's too late.

HELMER. My dear Nora, I can forgive the anxiety you are in, although really it is an insult to me. It is, indeed. Isn't it an insult to think that I should be afraid of a starving quill-driver's vengeance? But I forgive you nevertheless, because it is such eloquent witness to your great love for me. [*Takes her in his arms.*] And that is as it should be, my own darling Nora. Come what will, you may be sure I shall have both courage and strength if they be needed. You will see I am man enough to take everything upon myself.

NORA [*in a horror-stricken voice*]. What do you mean by that?

HELMER. Everything, I say—

NORA [*recovering herself*]. You will never have to do that.

HELMER. That's right. Well, we will share it, Nora, as man and wife should. That is how it shall be. [*Caressing her.*] Are you content now? There! there!—not these frightened dove's eyes! The whole thing is only the wildest fancy!—Now, you must go and play through the Tarantella and practise with your tambourine. I shall go into the inner office and shut the door, and I shall hear nothing; you can make as much noise as you please. [*Turns back at the door.*] And when Rank comes, tell him where he will find me. [*Nods to her, takes his papers and goes into his room, and shuts the door after him.*]

NORA [*bewildered with anxiety, stands as if rooted to the spot, and whispers*]. He was capable of doing it. He will do it. He will do it in spite of everything.—No, not that! Never, never! Anything rather than that! Oh, for some help, some way out of it! [*The door-bell rings.*] Doctor Rank! Anything rather than that—anything, whatever it is! [*She puts her hands over her face, pulls herself together, goes to the door and opens it.* RANK *is standing without, hanging up his coat. During the following dialogue it begins to grow dark.*]

NORA. Good-day, Doctor Rank. I knew your ring. But you mustn't go into Torvald now; I think he is busy with something.

RANK. And you?

NORA [*brings him in and shuts the door after him*]. Oh, you know very well I always have time for you.

RANK. Thank you. I shall make use of as much of it as I can.

NORA. What do you mean by that? As much of it as you can?

RANK. Well, does that alarm you?

NORA. It was such a strange way of putting it. Is anything likely to happen?

RANK. Nothing but what I have long been prepared for. But I certainly didn't expect it to happen so soon.

NORA [*gripping him by the arm*]. What have you found out? Doctor Rank, you must tell me.

RANK [*sitting down by the stove*]. It is all up with me. And it can't be helped.

NORA [*with a sigh of relief*]. Is it about yourself?

RANK. Who else? It is no use lying to one's self. I am the most wretched of all my patients, Mrs. Helmer. Lately I have been taking stock of my internal economy. Bankrupt! Probably within a month I shall lie rotting in the churchyard.

NORA. What an ugly thing to say!

RANK. The thing itself is cursedly ugly, and the worst of it is that I shall have to face so much more that is ugly before that. I shall only make one more examination of myself; when I have done that, I shall know pretty certainly when it will be that the horrors of dissolution will begin. There is something I want to tell you. Helmer's refined nature gives him an unconquerable disgust at everything that is ugly; I won't have him in my sick-room.

NORA. Oh, but, Doctor Rank—

RANK. I won't have him there. Not on any account. I bar my door to him. As soon as I am quite certain that the worst has come, I shall send you my card with a black cross on it, and then you will know that the loathsome end has begun.

NORA. You are quite absurd to-day. And I wanted you so much to be in a really good humor.

RANK. With death stalking beside me?—To have to pay this penalty for another man's sin! Is there any justice in that? And in every single family, in one way or another, some such inexorable retribution is being exacted—

NORA [*putting her hands over her ears*]. Rubbish! Do talk of something cheerful.

RANK. Oh, it's a mere laughing matter,

the whole thing. My poor innocent spine has to suffer for my father's youthful amusements.

NORA [*sitting at the table on the left*]. I suppose you mean that he was too partial to asparagus and pâté de foie gras, don't you.

RANK. Yes, and to truffles.

NORA. Truffles, yes. And oysters too, I suppose?

RANK. Oysters, of course, that goes without saying.

NORA. And heaps of port and champagne. It is sad that all these nice things should take their revenge on our bones.

RANK. Especially that they should revenge themselves on the unlucky bones of those who have not had the satisfaction of enjoying them.

NORA. Yes, that's the saddest part of it all.

RANK [*with a searching look at her*]. Hm!—

NORA [*after a short pause*]. Why did you smile?

RANK. No, it was you that laughed.

NORA. No, it was you that smiled, Doctor Rank!

RANK [*rising*]. You are a greater rascal than I thought.

NORA. I am in a silly mood to-day.

RANK. So it seems.

NORA [*putting her hands on his shoulders*]. Dear, dear Doctor Rank, death mustn't take you away from Torvald and me.

RANK. It is a loss you would easily recover from. Those who are gone are soon forgotten.

NORA [*looking at him anxiously*]. Do you believe that?

RANK. People form new ties, and then—

NORA. Who will form new ties?

RANK. Both you and Helmer, when I am gone. You yourself are already on the high road to it, I think. What did that Mrs. Linde want here last night?

NORA. Oho!—you don't mean to say you are jealous of poor Christine?

RANK. Yes, I am. She will be my successor in this house. When I am done for, this woman will—

NORA. Hush! don't speak so loud. She is in that room.

RANK. To-day again. There, you see.

NORA. She has only come to sew my dress for me. Bless my soul, how unreasonable you are! [*Sits down on the sofa.*] Be nice now, Doctor Rank, and to-morrow you will see how beautifully I shall dance, and you can imagine I am doing it all for you—and for Torvald too, of course. [*Takes various things out of the box.*] Doctor Rank, come and sit down here, and I will show you something.

RANK [*sitting down*]. What is it?

NORA. Just look at those!

RANK. Silk stockings.

NORA. Flesh-coloured. Aren't they lovely? It is so dark here now, but to-morrow—. No, no, no! you must only look at the feet. Oh well, you may have leave to look at the legs too.

RANK. Hm!—

NORA. Why are you looking so critical? Don't you think they will fit me?

RANK. I have no means of forming an opinion about that.

NORA [*looks at him for a moment*]. For shame! [*Hits him lightly on the ear with the stockings.*] That's to punish you. [*Folds them up again.*]

RANK. And what other nice things am I to be allowed to see?

NORA. Not a single thing more, for being so naughty. [*She looks among the things, humming to herself.*]

RANK [*after a short silence*]. When I am sitting here, talking to you as intimately as this, I cannot imagine for a moment what would have become of me if I had never come into this house.

NORA [*smiling*]. I believe you do feel thoroughly at home with us.

RANK [*in a lower voice, looking straight in front of him*]. And to be obliged to leave it all—

NORA. Nonsense, you are not going to leave it.

RANK [*as before*]. And not be able to leave behind one the slightest token of one's gratitude, scarcely even a fleeting regret—nothing but an empty place which the first comer can fill as well as any other.

NORA. And if I asked you now for a—? No!

RANK. For what?

NORA. For a big proof of your friendship—

RANK. Yes, yes!

NORA. I mean a tremendously big favour—

RANK. Would you really make me so happy for once?

NORA. Ah, but you don't know what it is yet.

RANK. No—but tell me.

NORA. I really can't, Doctor Rank. It is something out of all reason; it means advice, and help, and a favour—

RANK. The bigger a thing it is the better. I can't conceive what it is you mean. Do tell me. Haven't I your confidence?

NORA. More than anyone else. I know you are my truest and best friend, and so I will tell you what it is. Well, Doctor Rank, it is something you must help me to prevent. You know how devotedly, how inexpressibly deeply Torvald loves me; he would never for a moment hesitate to give his life for me.

RANK [*leaning towards her*]. Nora—do you think he is the only one—?

NORA [*with a slight start*]. The only one—?

RANK. The only one who would gladly give his life for your sake.

NORA [*sadly*]. Is that it?

RANK. I was determined you should know it before I went away, and there will never be a better opportunity than this. Now you know it, Nora. And now you know, too, that you can trust me as you would trust no one else.

NORA [*rises, deliberately and quietly*]. Let me pass.

RANK [*makes room for her to pass him, but sits still*]. Nora!

NORA [*at the hall door*]. Helen, bring in the lamp. [*Goes over to the stove.*] Dear Doctor Rank, that was really horrid of you.

RANK. To have loved you as much as anyone else does? Was that horrid?

NORA. No, but to go and tell me so. There was really no need—

RANK. What do you mean? Did you know—? [MAID *enters with lamp, puts it down on the table, and goes out.*] Nora—Mrs. Helmer—tell me, had you any idea of this?

NORA. Oh, how do I know whether I had or whether I hadn't? I really can't tell you— To think you could be so clumsy, Doctor Rank! We were getting on so nicely.

RANK. Well, at all events you know now that you can command me, body and soul. So won't you speak out?

NORA [*looking at him*]. After what happened?

RANK. I beg you to let me know what it is.

NORA. I can't tell you anything now.

RANK. Yes, yes. You mustn't punish me in that way. Let me have permission to do for you whatever a man may do.

NORA. You can do nothing for me now. Besides, I really don't need any help at all. You will find that the whole thing is merely fancy on my part. It really is so—of course it is! [*Sits down in the rocking-chair, and looks at him with a smile.*] You are a nice sort of man, Doctor Rank!—don't you feel ashamed of yourself, now the lamp has come?

RANK. Not a bit. But perhaps I had better go—for ever?

NORA. No, indeed, you shall not. Of course you must come here just as before. You know very well Torvald can't do without you.

RANK. Yes, but you?

NORA. Oh, I am always tremendously pleased when you come.

RANK. It is just that, that put me on the wrong track. You are a riddle to me. I have often thought that you would almost as soon be in my company as in Helmer's.

NORA. Yes—you see there are some people one loves best, and others whom one would almost always rather have as companions.

RANK. Yes, there is something in that.

NORA. When I was at home, of course I loved papa best. But I always thought it tremendous fun if I could steal down into the maids' room, because they never moralised at all, and talked to each other about such entertaining things.

RANK. I see—it is *their* place I have taken.

NORA [*jumping up and going to him*]. Oh, dear, nice Doctor Rank, I never meant that at all. But surely you can understand that being with Torvald is a little like being with papa—

Enter MAID *from the hall.*

MAID. If you please, ma'am. [*Whispers and hands her a card.*]

NORA [*glancing at the card*]. Oh! [*Puts it in her pocket.*]

RANK. Is there anything wrong?

NORA. No, no, not in the least. It is only something—it is my new dress—

RANK. What? Your dress is lying there.

NORA. Oh, yes, that one; but this is another. I ordered it. Torvald mustn't know about it—

RANK. Oho! Then that was the great secret.

NORA. Of course. Just go in to him; he is sitting in the inner room. Keep him as long as—

RANK. Make your mind easy; I won't let him escape. [*Goes into* HELMER'S *room.*]

NORA [*to the* MAID]. And he is standing waiting in the kitchen?

MAID. Yes, he came up the back stairs.

NORA. But didn't you tell him no one was in?

MAID. Yes, but it was no good.

NORA. He won't go away?

MAID. No; he says he won't until he has seen you, ma'am.

NORA. Well, let him come in—but quietly. Helen, you mustn't say anything about it to anyone. It is a surprise for my husband.

MAID. Yes, ma'am, I quite understand. *Exit.*

NORA. This dreadful thing is going to happen! It will happen in spite of me! No, no, no, it can't happen—it shan't happen! [*She bolts the door of* HELMER'S *room. The* MAID *opens the hall door for* KROGSTAD *and shuts it after him. He is wearing a fur coat, high boots and a fur cap.*]

NORA [*advancing towards him*]. Speak low—my husband is at home.

KROGSTAD. No matter about that.

NORA. What do you want of me?

KROGSTAD. An explanation of something.

NORA. Make haste then. What is it?

KROGSTAD. You know, I suppose, that I have got my dismissal.

NORA. I couldn't prevent it, Mr. Krogstad. I fought as hard as I could on your side, but it was no good.

KROGSTAD. Does your husband love you so little, then? He knows what I can expose you to, and yet he ventures—

NORA. How can you suppose that he has any knowledge of the sort?

KROGSTAD. I didn't suppose so at all. It would not be the least like our dear Torvald Helmer to show so much courage—

NORA. Mr. Krogstad, a little respect for my husband, please.

KROGSTAD. Certainly—all the respect he deserves. But since you have kept the matter so carefully to yourself, I make bold to suppose that you have a little clearer idea, than you had yesterday, of what it actually is that you have done?

NORA. More than you could ever teach me.

KROGSTAD. Yes, such a bad lawyer as I am.

NORA. What is it you want of me?

KROGSTAD. Only to see how you were, Mrs. Helmer. I have been thinking about you all day long. A mere cashier, a quill-driver, a—well, a man like me—even he has a little of what is called feeling, you know.

NORA. Show it, then; think of my little children.

KROGSTAD. Have you and your husband thought of mine? But never mind about that. I only wanted to tell you that you need not take this matter too seriously. In the first place there will be no accusation made on my part.

NORA. No, of course not; I was sure of that.

KROGSTAD. The whole thing can be arranged amicably; there is no reason why anyone should know anything about it. It will remain a secret between us three.

NORA. My husband must never get to know anything about it.

KROGSTAD. How will you be able to prevent it? Am I to understand that you can pay the balance that is owing?

NORA. No, not just at present.

KROGSTAD. Or perhaps that you have some expedient for raising the money soon?

NORA. No expedient that I mean to make use of.

KROGSTAD. Well, in any case, it would have been of no use to you now. If you stood there with ever so much money in your hand, I would never part with your bond.

NORA. Tell me what purpose you mean to put it to.

KROGSTAD. I shall only preserve it—keep it in my possession. No one who is not concerned in the matter shall have the

slightest hint of it. So that if the thought of it has driven you to any desperate resolution—

NORA. It has.

KROGSTAD. If you had it in your mind to run away from your home—

NORA. I had.

KROGSTAD. Or even something worse—

NORA. How could you know that?

KROGSTAD. Give up the idea.

NORA. How did you know I had thought of *that?*

KROGSTAD. Most of us think of that at first. I did, too—but I hadn't the courage.

NORA [*faintly*]. No more had I.

KROGSTAD [*in a tone of relief*]. No, that's it, isn't it—you hadn't the courage either?

NORA. No, I haven't—I haven't.

KROGSTAD. Besides, it would have been a great piece of folly. Once the first storm at home is over—. I have a letter for your husband in my pocket.

NORA. Telling him everything?

KROGSTAD. In as lenient a manner as I possibly could.

NORA [*quickly*]. He mustn't get the letter. Tear it up. I will find some means of getting money.

KROGSTAD. Excuse me, Mrs. Helmer, but I think I told you just now—

NORA. I am not speaking of what I owe you. Tell me what sum you are asking my husband for, and I will get the money.

KROGSTAD. I am not asking your husband for a penny.

NORA. What do you want, then?

KROGSTAD. I will tell you. I want to rehabilitate myself, Mrs. Helmer; I want to get on; and in that your husband must help me. For the last year and a half I have not had a hand in anything dishonourable, and all that time I have been struggling in most restricted circumstances. I was content to work my way up step by step. Now I am turned out, and I am not going to be satisfied with merely being taken into favour again. I want to get on, I tell you. I want to get into the Bank again, in a higher position. Your husband must make a place for me—

NORA. That he will never do!

KROGSTAD. He will; I know him; he dare not protest. And as soon as I am in there again with him, then you will see! Within a year I shall be the manager's right hand. It will be Nils Krogstad and not Torvald Helmer who manages the Bank.

NORA. That's a thing you will never see!

KROGSTAD. Do you mean that you will—?

NORA. I have courage enough for it now.

KROGSTAD. Oh, you can't frighten me. A fine, spoilt lady like you—

NORA. You will see, you will see.

KROGSTAD. Under the ice, perhaps? Down into the cold, coal-black water? And then, in the spring, to float up to the surface, all horrible and unrecognisable, with your hair fallen out—

NORA. You can't frighten me.

KROGSTAD. Nor you me. People don't do such things, Mrs. Helmer. Besides, what use would it be? I should have him completely in my power all the same.

NORA. Afterwards? When I am no longer—

KROGSTAD. Have you forgotten that it is I who have the keeping of your reputation?

[NORA *stands speechlessly looking at him.*]

Well, now, I have warned you. Do not do anything foolish. When Helmer has had my letter, I shall expect a message from him. And be sure you remember that it is your husband himself who has forced me into such ways as this again. I will never forgive him for that. Good-bye, Mrs. Helmer.

[*Exit through the hall.*]

NORA [*goes to the hall door, opens it slightly and listens*]. He is going. He is not putting the letter in the box. Oh no, no! that's impossible! [*Opens the door by degrees.*] What is that? He is standing outside. He is not going downstairs. Is he hesitating? Can he—? [*A letter drops into the box; then* KROGSTAD'S *footsteps are heard, till they die away as he goes downstairs.* NORA *utters a stifled cry, and runs across the room to the table by the sofa. A short pause.*]

NORA. In the letter-box. [*Steals across to the hall-door.*] There it lies—Torvald, Torvald, there is no hope for us now!

MRS. LINDE *comes in from the room on the left, carrying the dress.*

MRS. LINDE. There, I can't see anything more to mend now. Would you like to try it on—?

NORA [*in a hoarse whisper*]. Christine, come here.

MRS. LINDE [*throwing the dress down on the sofa*]. What is the matter with you? You look so agitated!

NORA. Come here. Do you see that letter? There, look—you can see it through the glass in the letter-box.

MRS. LINDE. Yes, I see it.

NORA. That letter is from Krogstad.

MRS. LINDE. Nora—it was Krogstad who lent you the money!

NORA. Yes, and now Torvald will know all about it.

MRS. LINDE. Believe me, Nora, that's the best thing for both of you.

NORA. You don't know all. I forged a name.

MRS. LINDE. Good heavens—!

NORA. I only want to say this to you, Christine—you must be my witness.

MRS. LINDE. Your witness? What do you mean? What am I to—?

NORA. If I should go out of my mind—and it might easily happen—

MRS. LINDE. Nora!

NORA. Or if anything else should happen to me—anything, for instance, that might prevent my being here—

MRS. LINDE. Nora! Nora! you are quite out of your mind.

NORA. And if it should happen that there were someone who wanted to take all the responsibility, all the blame, you understand—

MRS. LINDE. Yes, yes—but how can you suppose—?

NORA. Then you must be my witness, that it is not true, Christine. I am not out of my mind at all; I am in my right senses now, and I tell you no one else has known anything about it; I, and I alone, did the whole thing. Remember that.

MRS. LINDE. I will, indeed. But I don't understand all this.

NORA. How should you understand it? A wonderful thing is going to happen?

MRS. LINDE. A wonderful thing?

NORA. Yes, a wonderful thing!—But it is so terrible. Christine; it *mustn't* happen, not for all the world.

MRS. LINDE. I will go at once and see Krogstad.

NORA. Don't go to him; he will do you some harm.

MRS. LINDE. There was a time when he would gladly do anything for my sake.

NORA. He?

MRS. LINDE. Where does he live?

NORA. How should I know—? Yes [*feeling in her pocket*], here is his card. But the letter, the letter—!

HELMER [*calls from his room, knocking at the door*]. Nora!

NORA [*cries out anxiously*]. Oh, what's that? What do you want?

HELMER. Don't be so frightened. We are not coming in; you have locked the door. Are you trying on your dress?

NORA. Yes, that's it. I look so nice, Torvald.

MRS. LINDE [*who has read the card*]. I see he lives at the corner here.

NORA. Yes, but it's no use. It is hopeless. The letter is lying there in the box.

MRS. LINDE. And your husband keeps the key?

NORA. Yes, always.

MRS. LINDE. Krogstad must ask for his letter back unread, he must find some pretence—

NORA. But it is just at this time that Torvald generally—

MRS. LINDE. You must delay him. Go in to him in the meantime. I will come back as soon as I can. [*She goes out hurriedly through the hall door.*]

NORA [*goes to* HELMER'S *door, opens it and peeps in*]. Torvald!

HELMER [*from the inner room*]. Well? May I venture at last to come into my own room again? Come along, Rank, now you will see— [*Halting in the doorway.*] But what is this?

NORA. What is what, dear?

HELMER. Rank led me to expect a splendid transformation.

RANK [*in the doorway*]. I understood so, but evidently I was mistaken.

NORA. Yes, nobody is to have the chance of admiring me in my dress until tomorrow.

HELMER. But, my dear Nora, you look so worn out. Have you been practising too much?

NORA. No, I have not practised at all.

HELMER. But you will need to—

NORA. Yes, indeed I shall, Torvald. But I can't get on a bit without you to help me; I have absolutely forgotten the whole thing.

HELMER. Oh, we will soon work it up again.

NORA. Yes, help me, Torvald. Promise that you will! I am so nervous about it—all the people—. You must give yourself up to me entirely this evening. Not the tiniest bit of business—you mustn't even take a pen in your hand. Will you promise, Torvald dear?

HELMER. I promise. This evening I will be wholly and absolutely at your service, you helpless little mortal. Ah, by the way, first of all I will just— [*Goes towards the hall-door.*]

NORA. What are you going to do there?

HELMER. Only see if any letters have come.

NORA. No, no! don't do that, Torvald!

HELMER. Why not?

NORA. Torvald, please don't. There is nothing there.

HELMER. Well, let me look. [*Turns to go to the letter-box.* NORA, *at the piano, plays the first bars of the Tarantella.* HELMER *stops in the doorway.*] Aha!

NORA. I can't dance to-morrow if I don't practise with you.

HELMER [*going up to her*]. Are you really so afraid of it, dear?

NORA. Yes, so dreadfully afraid of it. Let me practise at once; there is time now, before we go to dinner. Sit down and play for me, Torvald dear; criticise me, and correct me as you play.

HELMER. With great pleasure, if you wish me to. [*Sits down at the piano.*]

NORA [*takes out of the box a tambourine and a long variegated shawl. She hastily drapes the shawl round her. Then she springs to the front of the stage and calls out*]. Now play for me! I am going to dance!

HELMER *plays and* NORA *dances.* RANK *stands by the piano behind* HELMER, *and looks on.*

HELMER [*as he plays*]. Slower, slower!

NORA. I can't do it any other way.

HELMER. Not so violently, Nora!

NORA. This is the way.

HELMER [*stops playing*]. No, no—that is not a bit right.

NORA [*laughing and swinging the tambourine*]. Didn't I tell you so?

RANK. Let me play for her.

HELMER [*getting up*]. Yes, do. I can correct her better then.

RANK *sits down at the piano and plays.* NORA *dances more and more wildly.* HELMER *has taken up a position beside the stove, and during her dance gives her frequent instructions. She does not seem to hear him; her hair comes down and falls over her shoulder; she pays no attention to it, but goes on dancing. Enter* MRS. LINDE.

MRS. LINDE [*standing as if spell-bound in the doorway*]. Oh!—

NORA [*as she dances*]. Such fun, Christine!

HELMER. My dear darling Nora, you are dancing as if your life depended on it.

NORA. So it does.

HELMER. Stop, Rank; this is sheer madness. Stop, I tell you! [RANK *stops playing, and* NORA *suddenly stands still.* HELMER *goes up to her.*] I could never have believed it. You have forgotten everything I taught you.

NORA [*throwing away the tambourine*]. There, you see.

HELMER. You will want a lot of coaching.

NORA. Yes, you see how much I need it. You must coach me up to the last minute. Promise me that, Torvald!

HELMER. You can depend on me.

NORA. You must not think of anything but me, either to-day or to-morrow; you mustn't open a single letter—not even open the letter-box—

HELMER. Ah, you are still afraid of that fellow—

NORA. Yes, indeed I am.

HELMER. Nora, I can tell from your looks that there is a letter from him lying there.

NORA. I don't know; I think there is; but you must not read anything of that kind now. Nothing horrid must come between us till this is all over.

RANK [*whispers to* HELMER]. You mustn't contradict her.

HELMER [*taking her in his arms*]. The child shall have her way. But to-morrow night, after you have danced—

NORA. Then you will be free. [*The* MAID *appears in the doorway to the right.*]

MAID. Dinner is served, ma'am.

NORA. We will have champagne, Helen.

MAID. Very good, ma'am. *Exit.*

HELMER. Hullo!—are we going to have a banquet?

NORA. Yes, a champagne banquet till the small hours. [*Calls out.*] And a few macaroons, Helen—lots, just for once!

HELMER. Come, come, don't be so wild and nervous. Be my own little skylark, as you used.

NORA. Yes, dear, I will. But go in now and you too, Doctor Rank. Christine, you must help me to do up my hair.

RANK [*whispers to* HELMER *as they go out*]. I suppose there is nothing—she is not expecting anything?

HELMER. Far from it, my dear fellow; it is simply nothing more than this childish nervousness I was telling you of. [*They go into the right-hand room.*]

NORA. Well!

MRS. LINDE. Gone out of town.

NORA. I could tell from your face.

MRS. LINDE. He is coming home to-morrow evening. I wrote a note for him.

NORA. You should have let it alone; you must prevent nothing. After all, it is splendid to be waiting for a wonderful thing to happen.

MRS. LINDE. What is it that you are waiting for?

NORA. Oh, you wouldn't understand. Go in to them, I will come in a moment. [MRS. LINDE *goes into the dining-room.* NORA *stands still for a little while, as if to compose herself. Then she looks at her watch.*] Five o'clock. Seven hours till midnight; and then four-and-twenty hours till the next midnight. Then the Tarantella will be over. Twenty-four and seven? Thirty-one hours to live.

HELMER [*from the doorway on the right*]. Where's my little skylark?

NORA [*going to him with her arms outstretched*]. Here she is!

ACT III

THE SAME SCENE.—*The table has been placed in the middle of the stage, with chairs round it. A lamp is burning on the table. The door into the hall stands open. Dance music is heard in the room above.* MRS. LINDE *is sitting at the table idly turning over the leaves of a book; she tries to read, but does not seem able to collect her thoughts. Every now and then she listens intently for a sound at the outer door.*

MRS. LINDE [*looking at her watch*]. Not yet—and the time is nearly up. If only he does not—. [*Listens again.*] Ah, there he is. [*Goes into the hall and opens the outer door carefully. Light footsteps are heard on the stairs. She whispers.*] Come in. There is no one here.

KROGSTAD [*in the doorway*]. I found a note from you at home. What does this mean?

MRS. LINDE. It is absolutely necessary that I should have a talk with you.

KROGSTAD. Really? And is it absolutely necessary that it should be here?

MRS. LINDE. It is impossible where I live; there is no private entrance to my rooms. Come in; we are quite alone. The maid is asleep, and the Helmers are at the dance upstairs.

KROGSTAD [*coming into the room*]. Are the Helmers really at a dance to-night?

MRS. LINDE. Yes, why not?

KROGSTAD. Certainly—why not?

MRS. LINDE. Now, Nils, let us have a talk.

KROGSTAD. Can we two have anything to talk about?

MRS. LINDE. We have a great deal to talk about.

KROGSTAD. I shouldn't have thought so.

MRS. LINDE. No, you have never properly understood me.

KROGSTAD. Was there anything else to understand except what was obvious to all the world—a heartless woman jilts a man when a more lucrative chance turns up.

MRS. LINDE. Do you believe I am as absolutely heartless as all that? And do you believe that I did it with a light heart?

KROGSTAD. Didn't you?

MRS. LINDE. Nils, did you really think that?

KROGSTAD. If it were as you say, why did you write to me as you did at the time?

MRS. LINDE. I could do nothing else. As I had to break with you, it was my duty also to put an end to all that you felt for me.

KROGSTAD [*wringing his hands*]. So that was it. And all this—only for the sake of money!

MRS. LINDE. You must not forget that I had a helpless mother and two little brothers. We couldn't wait for you, Nils; your prospects seemed hopeless then.

KROGSTAD. That may be so, but you had no right to throw me over for any one else's sake.

MRS. LINDE. Indeed I don't know. Many a time did I ask myself if I had the right to do it.

KROGSTAD [*more gently*]. When I lost you, it was as if all the solid ground went from under my feet. Look at me now—I am a shipwrecked man clinging to a bit of wreckage.

MRS. LINDE. But help may be near.

KROGSTAD. It *was* near; but then you came and stood in my way.

MRS. LINDE. Unintentionally, Nils. It was only to-day that I learnt it was your place I was going to take in the bank.

KROGSTAD. I believe you, if you say so. But now that you know it, are you not going to give it up to me?

MRS. LINDE. No, because that would not benefit you in the least.

KROGSTAD. Oh, benefit, benefit—I would have done it whether or no.

MRS. LINDE. I have learnt to act prudently. Life, and hard, bitter necessity have taught me that.

KROGSTAD. And life has taught me not to believe in fine speeches.

MRS. LINDE. Then life has taught you something very reasonable. But deeds you must believe in?

KROGSTAD. What do you mean by that?

MRS. LINDE. You said you were like a shipwrecked man clinging to some wreckage.

KROGSTAD. I had good reason to say so.

MRS. LINDE. Well, I am like a shipwrecked woman clinging to some wreckage—no one to mourn for, no one to care for.

KROGSTAD. It was your own choice.

MRS. LINDE. There was no other choice—then.

KROGSTAD. Well, what now?

MRS. LINDE. Nils, how would it be if we two shipwrecked people could join forces?

KROGSTAD. What are you saying?

MRS. LINDE. Two on the same piece of wreckage would stand a better chance than each on their own.

KROGSTAD. Christine!

MRS. LINDE. What do you suppose brought me to town?

KROGSTAD. Do you mean that you gave me a thought?

MRS. LINDE. I could not endure life without work. All my life, as long as I can remember, I have worked, and it has been my greatest and only pleasure. But now I am quite alone in the world—my life is so dreadfully empty and I feel so forsaken. There is not the least pleasure in working for one's self. Nils, give me someone and something to work for.

KROGSTAD. I don't trust that. It is nothing but a woman's overstrained sense of generosity that prompts you to make such an offer of yourself.

MRS. LINDE. Have you ever noticed anything of the sort in me?

KROGSTAD. Could you really do it? Tell me—do you know all about my past life?

MRS. LINDE. Yes.

KROGSTAD. And do you know what they think of me here?

MRS. LINDE. You seemed to me to imply that with me you might have been quite another man.

KROGSTAD. I am certain of it.

MRS. LINDE. Is it too late now?

KROGSTAD. Christine, are you saying this deliberately? Yes, I am sure you are. I see it in your face. Have you really the courage, then—?

MRS. LINDE. I want to be a mother to someone, and your children need a mother. We two need each other. Nils, I have faith in your real character—I can dare anything together with you.

KROGSTAD [*grasps her hands*]. Thanks, thanks, Christine! Now I shall find a way to clear myself in the eyes of the world. Ah, but I forgot—

MRS. LINDE [*listening*]. Hush! The Tarantella! Go, go!

KROGSTAD. Why? What is it?

MRS. LINDE. Do you hear them up there? When that is over, we may expect them back.

KROGSTAD. Yes, yes—I will go. But it is all no use. Of course you are not aware what steps I have taken in the matter of the Helmers.

MRS. LINDE. Yes, I know all about that.

KROGSTAD. And in spite of that have you the courage to—?

MRS. LINDE. I understand very well to what lengths a man like you might be driven by despair.

KROGSTAD. If I could only undo what I have done!

MRS. LINDE. You cannot. Your letter is lying in the letter-box now.

KROGSTAD. Are you sure of that?

MRS. LINDE. Quite sure, but—

KROGSTAD [*with a searching look at her*]. Is that what it all means?—that you want to save your friend at any cost? Tell me frankly. Is that it?

MRS. LINDE. Nils, a woman who has once sold herself for another's sake, doesn't do it a second time.

KROGSTAD. I will ask for my letter back.

MRS. LINDE. No, no.

KROGSTAD. Yes, of course I will. I will wait here till Helmer comes; I will tell him he must give me my letter back—that it only concerns my dismissal—that he is not to read it—

MRS. LINDE. No, Nils, you must not recall your letter.

KROGSTAD. But, tell me, wasn't it for that very purpose that you asked me to meet you here?

MRS. LINDE. In my first moment of fright, it was. But twenty-four hours have elapsed since then, and in that time I have witnessed incredible things in this house. Helmer must know all about it. This unhappy secret must be disclosed; they must have a complete understanding between them, which is impossible with all this concealment and falsehood going on.

KROGSTAD. Very well, if you will take the responsibility. But there is one thing I can do in any case, and I shall do it at once.

MRS. LINDE [*listening*]. You must be quick and go! The dance is over; we are not safe a moment longer.

KROGSTAD. I will wait for you below.

MRS. LINDE. Yes, do. You must see me back to my door.

KROGSTAD. I have never had such an amazing piece of good fortune in my life! [*Goes out through the outer door. The door between the room and the hall remains open.*]

MRS. LINDE [*tidying up the room and laying her hat and cloak ready*]. What a difference! what a difference! Someone to work for and live for—a home to bring comfort into. That I will do, indeed. I wish they would be quick and come— [*Listens.*] Ah, there they are now. I must put on my things.

[*Takes up her hat and cloak.* HELMER'S *and* NORA'S *voices are heard outside; a key is turned, and* HELMER *brings* NORA *almost by force into the hall. She is in an Italian costume with a large black shawl round her; he is in evening dress, and a black domino which is flying open.*]

NORA [*hanging back in the doorway, and struggling with him*]. No, no, no!—don't take me in. I want to go upstairs again; I don't want to leave so early.

HELMER. But, my dearest Nora—

NORA. Please, Torvald dear—please, *please*—only an hour more.

HELMER. Not a single minute, my sweet Nora. You know that was our agreement. Come along into the room; you are catching cold standing there. [*He brings her gently into the room, in spite of her resistance.*]

MRS. LINDE. Good-evening.

NORA. Christine!

HELMER. You here, so late, Mrs. Linde?

MRS. LINDE. Yes, you must excuse me; I was so anxious to see Nora in her dress.

NORA. Have you been sitting here waiting for me?

MRS. LINDE. Yes, unfortunately I came too late, you had already gone upstairs; and I thought I couldn't go away again without having seen you.

HELMER [*taking off* NORA'S *shawl*]. Yes, take a good look at her. I think she is worth looking at. Isn't she charming, Mrs. Linde?

MRS. LINDE. Yes, indeed she is.

HELMER. Doesn't she look remarkably pretty? Everyone thought so at the dance. But she is terribly self-willed, this sweet little person. What are we to do with her? You will hardly believe that I had almost to bring her away by force.

NORA. Torvald, you will repent not having let me stay, even if it were only for half an hour.

HELMER. Listen to her, Mrs. Linde! She had danced her Tarantella, and it had been a tremendous success, as it deserved—although possibly the performance was a trifle too realistic—a little more so, I mean, than was strictly compatible with the limitations of art. But never mind about that! The chief thing is, she had made a success—she had made a tremendous success. Do you think I was going to let her remain there after that, and spoil the effect? No, indeed!

I took my charming little Capri maiden—my capricious littie Capri maiden, I should say—on my arm; took one quick turn round the room; a curtsey on either side, and, as they say in novels, the beautiful apparition disappeared. An exit ought always to be effective, Mrs. Linde; but that is what I cannot make Nora understand. Pooh! this room is hot. [*Throws his domino on a chair, and opens the door of his room.*] Hullo! it's all dark in here. Oh, of course—excuse me—. [*He goes in, and lights some candles.*]

NORA [*in a hurried and breathless whisper*]. Well?

MRS. LINDE [*in a low voice*]. I have had a talk with him.

NORA. Yes, and—

MRS. LINDE. Nora, you must tell your husband all about it.

NORA [*in an expressionless voice*]. I knew it.

MRS. LINDE. You have nothing to be afraid of as far as Krogstad is concerned; but you must tell him.

NORA. I won't tell him.

MRS. LINDE. Then the letter will.

NORA. Thank you, Christine. Now I know what I must do. Hush—!

HELMER [*coming in again*]. Well, Mrs. Linde, have you admired her?

MRS. LINDE. Yes, and now I will say good-night.

HELMER. What, already? Is this yours, this knitting?

MRS. LINDE [*taking it*]. Yes, thank you, I had very nearly forgotten it.

HELMER. So you knit?

MRS. LINDE. Of course.

HELMER. Do you know, you ought to embroider.

MRS. LINDE. Really? Why?

HELMER. Yes, it's far more becoming. Let me show you. You hold the embroidery thus in your left hand, and use the needle with the right—like this—with a long, easy sweep. Do you see?

MRS. LINDE. Yes, perhaps—

HELMER. But in the case of knitting—that can never be anything but ungraceful; look here—the arms close together, the knitting-needles going up and down—it has a sort of Chinese effect—. That was really excellent champagne they gave us.

MRS. LINDE. Well,—good-night, Nora, and don't be self-willed any more.

HELMER. That's right, Mrs. Linde.

MRS. LINDE. Good-night, Mr. Helmer.

HELMER [*accompanying her to the door*]. Good-night, good-night. I hope you will get home all right. I should be very happy to—but you haven't any great distance to go. Good-night, good-night. [*She goes out; he shuts the door after her, and comes in again.*] Ah!—at last we have got rid of her. She is a frightful bore, that woman.

NORA. Aren't you very tired, Torvald?

HELMER. No, not in the least.

NORA. Nor sleepy?

HELMER. Not a bit. On the contrary, I feel extraordinarily lively. And you?—you really look both tired and sleepy.

NORA. Yes, I am very tired. I want to go to sleep at once.

HELMER. There, you see it was quite right of me not to let you stay there any longer.

NORA. Everything you do is quite right, Torvald.

HELMER [*kissing her on the forehead*]. Now my little skylark is speaking reasonably. Did you notice what good spirits Rank was in this evening?

NORA. Really! Was he? I didn't speak to him at all.

HELMER. And I very little, but I have not for a long time seen him in such good form. [*Looks for a while at her and then goes nearer to her.*] It is delightful to be at home by ourselves again, to be all alone with you—you fascinating, charming little darling!

NORA. Don't look at me like that, Torvald.

HELMER. Why should I not look at my dearest treasure?—at all the beauty that is mine, all my very own?

NORA [*going to the other side of the table*]. You mustn't say things like that to me tonight.

HELMER [*following her*]. You have still got the Tarantella in your blood, I see. And it makes you more captivating than ever. Listen—the guests are beginning to go now. [*In a lower voice.*] Nora—soon the whole house will be quiet.

NORA. Yes, I hope so.

HELMER. Yes, my own darling Nora. Do you know, when I am out at a party with you like this, why I speak so little to

you, keep away from you, and only send a stolen glance in your direction now and then? —do you know why I do that? It is because I make believe to myself that we are secretly in love, and you are my secretly promised bride, and that no one suspects there is anything between us.

NORA. Yes, yes—I know very well your thoughts are with me all the time.

HELMER. And when we are leaving, and I am putting the shawl over your beautiful young shoulders—on your lovely neck—then I imagine that you are my young bride and that we have just come from the wedding, and I am bringing you for the first time into our home—to be alone with you for the first time—quite alone with my shy little darling! All this evening I have longed for nothing but you. When I watched the seductive figures of the Tarantella, my blood was on fire; I could endure it no longer, and that was why I brought you down so early—

NORA. Go away, Torvald! You must let me go. I won't—

HELMER. What's that? You're joking, my little Nora! You won't—you won't? Am I not your husband—? [*A knock is heard at the outer door.*]

NORA [*starting*]. Did you hear—?

HELMER [*going into the hall*]. Who is it?

RANK [*outside*]. It is I. May I come in for a moment?

HELMER [*in a fretful whisper*]. Oh, what does he want now? [*Aloud.*] Wait a minute? [*Unlocks the door.*] Come, that's kind of you not to pass by our door.

RANK. I thought I heard your voice, and felt as if I should like to look in. [*With a swift glance round.*] Ah, yes!—these dear familiar rooms. You are very happy and cosy in here, you two.

HELMER. It seems to me that you looked after yourself pretty well upstairs too.

RANK. Excellently. Why shouldn't I? Why shouldn't one enjoy everything in this world?—at any rate as much as one can, and as long as one can. The wine was capital—

HELMER. Especially the champagne.

RANK. So you noticed that too? It is almost incredible how much I managed to put away!

NORA. Torvald drank a great deal of champagne to-night, too.

RANK. Did he?

NORA. Yes, and he is always in such good spirits afterwards.

RANK. Well, why should one not enjoy a merry evening after a well-spent day?

HELMER. Well spent? I am afraid I can't take credit for that.

RANK [*clapping him on the back*]. But I can, you know!

NORA. Doctor Rank, you must have been occupied with some scientific investigation to-day.

RANK. Exactly.

HELMER. Just listen!—little Nora talking about scientific investigations!

NORA. And may I congratulate you on the result?

RANK. Indeed you may.

NORA. Was it favourable, then?

RANK. The best possible, for both doctor and patient—certainty.

NORA [*quickly and searchingly*]. Certainty?

RANK. Absolute certainty. So wasn't I entitled to make a merry evening of it after that?

NORA. Yes, you certainly were, Doctor Rank.

HELMER. I think so too, so long as you don't have to pay for it in the morning.

RANK. Oh well, one can't have anything in this life without paying for it.

NORA. Doctor Rank—are you fond of fancy-dress balls?

RANK. Yes, if there is a fine lot of pretty costumes.

NORA. Tell me—what shall we two wear at the next?

HELMER. Little featherbrain!—are you thinking of the next already?

RANK. We two? Yes, I can tell you. You shall go as a good fairy—

HELMER. Yes, but what do you suggest as an appropriate costume for that?

RANK. Let your wife go dressed just as she is in everyday life.

HELMER. That was really very prettily turned. But can't you tell us what you will be?

RANK. Yes, my dear friend, I have quite made up my mind about that.

HELMER. Well?

RANK. At the next fancy-dress ball I shall be invisible.

HELMER. That's a good joke!

RANK. There is a big black hat—have you never heard of hats that make you invisible? If you put one on, no one can see you.

HELMER [*suppressing a smile*]. Yes, you are quite right.

RANK. But I am clean forgetting what I came for. Helmer, give me a cigar—one of the dark Havanas.

HELMER. With the greatest pleasure. [*Offers him his case*].

RANK [*takes a cigar and cuts off the end*]. Thanks.

NORA [*striking a match*]. Let me give you a light.

RANK. Thank you. [*She holds the match for him to light his cigar.*] And now good-bye!

HELMER. Good-bye, good-bye, dear old man!

NORA. Sleep well, Doctor Rank.

RANK. Thank you for that wish.

NORA. Wish me the same.

RANK. You? Well, if you want me to sleep well! And thanks for the light. [*He nods to them both and goes out.*]

HELMER [*in a subdued voice*]. He has drunk more than he ought.

NORA [*absently*]. Maybe. [HELMER *takes a bunch of keys out of his pocket and goes into the hall.*] Torvald! what are you going to do there?

HELMER. Empty the letter-box; it is quite full; there will be no room to put the newspaper in to-morrow morning.

NORA. Are you going to work to-night?

HELMER. You know quite well I'm not. What is this? Some one has been at the lock.

NORA. At the lock—?

HELMER. Yes, someone has. What can it mean? I should never have thought the maid—. Here is a broken hairpin. Nora, it is one of yours.

NORA [*quickly*]. Then it must have been the children—

HELMER. Then you must get them out of those ways. There, at last I have got it open. [*Takes out the contents of the letter-box, and calls to the kitchen.*] Helen!—Helen, put out the light over the front door. [*Goes back into the room and shuts the door into the hall. He holds out his hand full of letters.*] Look at that—look what a heap of them there are. [*Turning them over.*] What on earth is that?

NORA [*at the window*]. The letter—No! Torvald, no!

HELMER. Two cards—of Rank's.

NORA. Of Doctor Rank's?

HELMER [*looking at them*]. Doctor Rank. They were on the top. He must have put them in when he went out.

NORA. Is there anything written on them?

HELMER. There is a black cross over the name. Look there—what an uncomfortable idea! It looks as if he were announcing his own death.

NORA. It is just what he is doing.

HELMER. What? Do you know anything about it? Has he said anything to you?

NORA. Yes. He told me that when the cards came it would be his leave-taking from us. He means to shut himself up and die.

HELMER. My poor old friend. Certainly I knew we should not have him very long with us. But so soon! And so he hides himself away like a wounded animal.

NORA. If it has to happen, it is best it should be without a word—don't you think so, Torvald?

HELMER [*walking up and down*]. He had so grown into our lives. I can't think of him as having gone out of them. He, with his sufferings and his loneliness, was like a cloudy background to our sunlit happiness. Well, perhaps it is best so. For him, anyway. [*Standing still.*] And perhaps for us too, Nora. We two are thrown quite upon each other now. [*Puts his arms round her.*] My darling wife, I don't feel as if I could hold you tight enough. Do you know, Nora, I have often wished that you might be threatened by some great danger, so that I might risk my life's blood, and everything, for your sake.

NORA [*disengages herself, and says firmly and decidedly*]. Now you must read your letters, Torvald.

HELMER. No, no; not to-night. I want to be with you, my darling wife.

NORA. With the thought of your friend's death—

HELMER. You are right, it has affected us both. Something ugly has come between

us—the thought of the horrors of death. We must try and rid our minds of that. Until then—we will each go to our own room.

NORA [*hanging on his neck*]. Good-night, Torvald—Good-night!

HELMER [*kissing her on the forehead*]. Good-night, my little singing-bird. Sleep sound, Nora. Now I will read my letters through. [*He takes his letters and goes into his room, shutting the door after him.*]

NORA [*gropes distractedly about, seizes* HELMER'S *domino, throws it round her, while she says in quick, hoarse, spasmodic whispers*]. Never to see him again. Never! Never! [*Puts her shawl over her head.*] Never to see my children again either—never again. Never! Never!—Ah! the icy, black water—the unfathomable depths—If only it were over! He has got it now—now he is reading it. Good-bye, Torvald and my children. [*She is about to rush out through the hall, when* HELMER *opens his door hurriedly and stands with an open letter in his hand.*]

HELMER. Nora!

NORA. Ah!—

HELMER. What is this? Do you know what is in this letter?

NORA. Yes, I know. Let me go! Let me get out!

HELMER [*holding her back*]. Where are you going?

NORA [*trying to get free*]. You shan't save me, Torvald!

HELMER [*reeling*]. True? Is this true, that I read here? Horrible! No, no—it is impossible that it can be true.

NORA. It is true. I have loved you above everything else in the world.

HELMER. Oh, don't let us have any silly excuses.

NORA [*taking a step towards him*]. Torvald—!

HELMER. Miserable creature—what have you done?

NORA. Let me go. You shall not suffer for my sake. You shall not take it upon yourself.

HELMER. No tragedy airs, please. [*Locks the hall door.*] Here you shall stay and give me an explanation. Do you understand what you have done? Answer me? Do you understand what you have done?

NORA [*looks steadily at him and says with a growing look of coldness in her face*]. Yes, now I am beginning to understand thoroughly.

HELMER [*walking about the room*]. What a horrible awakening! All these eight years—she who was my joy and pride—a hypocrite, a liar—worse, worse—a criminal! The unutterable ugliness of it all!—For shame! For shame! [NORA *is silent and looks steadily at him. He stops in front of her.*] I ought to have suspected that something of the sort would happen. I ought to have foreseen it. All your father's want of principle—be silent! —all your father's want of principle has come out in you. No religion, no morality, no sense of duty—. How I am punished for having winked at what he did! I did it for your sake, and this is how you repay me.

NORA. Yes, that's just it.

HELMER. Now you have destroyed all my happiness. You have ruined all my future. It is horrible to think of! I am in the power of an unscrupulous man; he can do what he likes with me, ask anything he likes of me, give me any orders he pleases—I dare not refuse. And I must sink to such miserable depths because of a thoughtless woman!

NORA. When I am out of the way, you will be free.

HELMER. No fine speeches, please. Your father had always plenty of those ready, too. What good would it be to me if you were out of the way, as you say? Not the slightest. He can make the affair known everywhere; and if he does, I may be falsely suspected of having been a party to your criminal action. Very likely people will think I was behind it all—that it was I who prompted you! And I have to thank you for all this—you whom I have cherished during the whole of our married life. Do you understand now what it is you have done for me?

NORA [*coldly and quietly*]. Yes.

HELMER. It is so incredible that I can't take it in. But we must come to some understanding. Take off that shawl. Take it off, I tell you. I must try and appease him some way or another. The matter must be hushed up at any cost. And as for you and me, it must appear as if everything between us were just as before—but naturally only in the eyes of the world. You still remain in my house, that is a matter of

course. But I shall not allow you to bring up the children; I dare not trust them to you. To think that I should be obliged to say so to one whom I have loved so dearly, and whom I still—. No, that is all over. From this moment happiness is not the question; all that concerns us is to save the remains, the fragments, the appearance—

A ring is heard at the front-door bell.

HELMER [*with a start*]. What is that? So late! Can the worst—? Can he—? Hide yourself, Nora. Say you are ill.

NORA *stands motionless.* HELMER *goes and unlocks the hall door.*

MAID [*half-dressed, comes to the door*]. A letter for the mistress.

HELMER. Give it to me. [*Takes the letter, and shuts the door.*] Yes, it is from him. You shall not have it; I will read it myself.

NORA. Yes, read it.

HELMER [*standing by the lamp*]. I scarcely have the courage to do it. It may mean ruin for both of us. No, I must know. [*Tears open the letter, runs his eye over a few lines, looks at a paper enclosed, and gives a shout of joy.*] Nora! [*She looks at him questioningly.*] Nora!— No, I must read it once again—. Yes, it is true! I am saved! Nora, I am saved!

NORA. And I?

HELMER. You too, of course; we are both saved, both you and I. Look, he sends you your bond back. He says he regrets and repents—that a happy change in his life—never mind what he says! We are saved, Nora! No one can do anything to you. Oh, Nora, Nora!—no, first I must destroy these hateful things. Let me see—. [*Takes a look at the bond.*] No, no, I won't look at it. The whole thing shall be nothing but a bad dream to me. [*Tears up the bond and both letters, throws them all into the stove, and watches them burn.*] There—now it doesn't exist any longer. He says that since Christmas Eve you—. These must have been three dreadful days for you, Nora.

NORA. I have fought a hard fight these three days.

HELMER. And suffered agonies, and seen no way out but—. No, we won't call any of the horrors to mind. We will only shout with joy, and keep saying, "It's all over! It's all over!" Listen to me, Nora. You don't seem to realise that it is all over. What is this?—such a cold, set face! My poor little Nora, I quite understand; you don't feel as if you could believe that I have forgiven you. But it is true, Nora, I swear it; I have forgiven you everything. I know that what you did, you did out of love for me.

NORA. That is true.

HELMER. You have loved me as a wife ought to love her husband. Only you had not sufficient knowledge to judge of the means you used. But do you suppose you are any the less dear to me, because you don't understand how to act on your own responsibility? No, no; only lean on me; I will advise you and direct you. I should not be a man if this womanly helplessness did not just give you a double attractiveness in my eyes. You must not think any more about the hard things I said in my first moment of consternation, when I thought everything was going to overwhelm me. I have forgiven you, Nora; I swear to you I have forgiven you.

NORA. Thank you for your forgiveness. [*She goes out through the door to the right.*]

HELMER. No, don't go—. [*Looks in.*] What are you doing in there?

NORA [*from within*]. Taking off my fancy dress.

HELMER [*standing at the open door*]. Yes, do. Try and calm yourself, and make your mind easy again, my frightened little singing-bird. Be at rest, and feel secure; I have broad wings to shelter you under. [*Walks up and down by the door.*] How warm and cosy our home is, Nora. Here is shelter for you; here I will protect you like a hunted dove that I have saved from a hawk's claws; I will bring peace to your poor beating heart. It will come, little by little, Nora, believe me. To-morrow morning you will look upon it all quite differently; soon everything will be just as it was before. Very soon you won't need me to assure you that I have forgiven you; you will yourself feel the certainty that I have done so. Can you suppose I should ever think of such a thing as repudiating you, or even reproaching you? You have no idea what a true man's heart is like, Nora. There is something so indescribably sweet and satisfying, to a man, in the knowledge that he has forgiven his wife—forgiven her

freely, and with all his heart. It seems as if that had made her, as it were, doubly his own; he has given her a new life, so to speak; and she has in a way become both wife and child to him. So you shall be for me after this, my little scared, helpless darling. Have no anxiety about anything, Nora; only be frank and open with me, and I will serve as will and conscience both to you—. What is this? Not gone to bed? Have you changed your things?

NORA [*in everyday dress*]. Ye , Torvald, I have changed my things now.

HELMER. But what for?—so late as this.

NORA. I shall not sleep to-night.

HELMER. But, my dear Nora—

NORA [*looking at her watch*]. It is not so very late. Sit down here, Torvald. You and I have much to say to one another. [*She sits down at one side of the table.*]

HELMER. Nora—what is this?—this cold, set face?

NORA. Sit down. It will take some time; I have a lot to talk over with you.

HELMER [*sits down at the opposite side of the table*]. You alarm me, Nora!—and I don't understand you.

NORA. No, that is just it. You don't understand me, and I have never understood you either—before to-night. No, you mustn't interrupt me. You must simply listen to what I say. Torvald, this is a settling of accounts.

HELMER. What do you mean by that?

NORA [*after a short silence*]. Isn't there one thing that strikes you as strange in our sitting here like this?

HELMER. What is that?

NORA. We have been married now eight years. Does it not occur to you that this is the first time we two, you and I, husband and wife, have had a serious conversation?

HELMER. What do you mean by serious?

NORA. In all these eight years—longer than that—from the very beginning of our acquaintance, we have never exchanged a word on any serious subject.

HELMER. Was it likely that I would be continually and for ever telling you about worries that you could not help me to bear?

NORA. I am not speaking about business matters. I say that we have never sat down in earnest together to try and get at the bottom of anything.

HELMER. But, dearest Nora, would it have been any good to you?

NORA. That is just it; you have never understood me. I have been greatly wronged, Torvald—first by papa and then by you.

HELMER. What! By us two—by us two, who have loved you better than anyone else in the world?

NORA [*shaking her head*]. You have never loved me. You have only thought it pleasant to be in love with me.

HELMER. Nora, what do I hear you saying?

NORA. It is perfectly true, Torvald. When I was at home with papa, he told me his opinion about everything, and so I had the same opinions; and if I differed from him I concealed the fact, because he would not have liked it. He called me his doll-child, and he played with me just as I used to play with my dolls. And when I came to live with you—

HELMER. What sort of an expression is that to use about our marriage?

NORA [*undisturbed*]. I mean that I was simply transferred from papa's hands into yours. You arranged everything according to your own taste, and so I got the same tastes as you—or else I pretended to, I am really not quite sure which—I think sometimes the one and sometimes the other. When I look back on it, it seems to me as if I had been living here like a poor woman—just from hand to mouth. I have existed merely to perform tricks for you, Torvald. But you would have it so. You and papa have committed a great sin against me. It is your fault that I have made nothing of my life.

HELMER. How unreasonable and how ungrateful you are, Nora! Have you not been happy here?

NORA. No, I have never been happy. I thought I was, but it has never really been so.

HELMER. Not—not happy!

NORA. No, only merry. And you have always been so kind to me. But our home has been nothing but a playroom. I have been your doll-wife, just as at home I was papa's doll-child; and here the children have been my dolls. I thought it great fun when you played with me, just as they thought it great fun when I played with

them. That is what our marriage has been, Torvald.

HELMER. There is some truth in what you say—exaggerated and strained as your view of it is. But for the future it shall be different. Playtime shall be over, and lesson-time shall begin.

NORA. Whose lessons? Mine, or the children's?

HELMER. Both yours and the children's, my darling Nora.

NORA. Alas, Torvald, you are not the man to educate me into being a proper wife for you.

HELMER. And you can say that!

NORA. And I—how am I fitted to bring up the children?

HELMER. Nora!

NORA. Didn't you say so yourself a little while ago—that you dare not trust me to bring them up?

HELMER. In a moment of anger! Why do you pay any heed to that?

NORA. Indeed, you were perfectly right. I am not fit for the task. There is another task I must undertake first. I must try and educate myself—you are not the man to help me in that. I must do that for myself. And that is why I am going to leave you now.

HELMER [*springing up*]. What do you say?

NORA. I must stand quite alone, if I am to understand myself and everything about me. It is for that reason that I cannot remain with you any longer.

HELMER. Nora, Nora!

NORA. I am going away from here now, at once. I am sure Christine will take me in for the night—

HELMER. You are out of your mind! I won't allow it! I forbid you!

NORA. It is no use forbidding me anything any longer. I will take with me what belongs to myself. I will take nothing from you, either now or later.

HELMER. What sort of madness is this!

NORA. To-morrow I shall go home—I mean, to my old home. It will be easiest for me to find something to do there.

HELMER. You blind, foolish woman!

NORA. I must try and get some sense, Torvald.

HELMER. To desert your home, your husband and your children! And you don't consider what people will say!

NORA. I cannot consider that at all. I only know that it is necessary for me.

HELMER. It's shocking. This is how you would neglect your most sacred duties.

NORA. What do you consider my most sacred duties?

HELMER. Do I need to tell you that? Are they not your duties to your husband and your children?

NORA. I have other duties just as sacred.

HELMER. That you have not. What duties could those be?

NORA. Duties to myself.

HELMER. Before all else, you are a wife and a mother.

NORA. I don't believe that any longer. I believe that before all else I am a reasonable human being, just as you are—or, at all events, that I must try and become one. I know quite well, Torvald, that most people would think you right, and that views of that kind are to be found in books; but I can no longer content myself with what most people say, or with what is found in books. I must think over things for myself and get to understand them.

HELMER. Can you not understand your place in your own home? Have you not a reliable guide in such matters as that?—have you no religion?

NORA. I am afraid, Torvald, I do not exactly know what religion is.

HELMER. What are you saying?

NORA. I know nothing but what the clergyman said, when I went to be confirmed. He told us that religion was this, and that, and the other. When I am away from all this, and am alone, I will look into that matter too. I will see if what the clergyman said is true, or at all events if it is true for me.

HELMER. This is unheard of in a girl of your age! But if religion cannot lead you aright, let me try and awaken your conscience. I suppose you have some moral sense? Or—answer me—am I to think you have none?

NORA. I assure you, Torvald, that is not an easy question to answer. I really don't know. The thing perplexes me altogether. I only know that you and I look at it in quite a different light. I am learning, too, that the law is quite another thing from what I

supposed; but I find it impossible to convince myself that the law is right. According to it a woman has no right to spare her old dying father, or to save her husband's life. I can't believe that.

HELMER. You talk like a child. You don't understand the conditions of the world in which you live.

NORA. No, I don't. But now I am going to try. I am going to see if I can make out who is right, the world or I.

HELMER. You are ill, Nora; you are delirious; I almost think you are out of your mind.

NORA. I have never felt my mind so clear and certain as to-night.

HELMER. And is it with a clear and certain mind that you forsake your husband and your children?

NORA. Yes, it is.

HELMER. Then there is only one possible explanation.

NORA. What is that?

HELMER. You do not love me any more.

NORA. No, that is just it.

HELMER. Nora!—and you can say that?

NORA. It gives me great pain, Torvald, for you have always been so kind to me, but I cannot help it. I do not love you any more.

HELMER [*regaining his composure*]. Is that a clear and certain conviction too?

NORA. Yes, absolutely clear and certain. That is the reason why I will not stay here any longer.

HELMER. And can you tell me what I have done to forfeit your love?

NORA. Yes, indeed I can. It was to-night, when the wonderful thing did not happen; then I saw you were not the man I had thought you.

HELMER. Explain yourself better—I don't understand you.

NORA. I have waited so patiently for eight years; for, goodness knows, I knew very well that wonderful things don't happen every day. Then this horrible misfortune came upon me; and then I felt quite certain that the wonderful thing was going to happen at last. When Krogstad's letter was lying out there, never for a moment did I imagine that you would consent to accept this man's conditions. I was so absolutely certain that you would say to him: Publish the thing to the whole world. And when that was done—

HELMER. Yes, what then?—when I had exposed my wife to shame and disgrace?

NORA. When that was done, I was so absolutely certain, you would come forward and take everything upon yourself, and say: I am the guilty one.

HELMER. Nora—!

NORA. You mean that I would never have accepted such a sacrifice on your part? No, of course not. But what would my assurances have been worth against yours? That was the wonderful thing which I hoped for and feared; and it was to prevent that, that I wanted to kill myself.

HELMER. I would gladly work night and day for you, Nora—bear sorrow and want for your sake. But no man would sacrifice his honour for the one he loves.

NORA. It is a thing hundreds of thousands of women have done.

HELMER. Oh, you think and talk like a heedless child.

NORA. Maybe. But you neither think nor talk like the man I could bind myself to. As soon as your fear was over—and it was not fear for what threatened me, but for what might happen to you—when the whole thing was past, as far as you were concerned it was exactly as if nothing at all had happened. Exactly as before, I was your little skylark, your doll, which you would in future treat with doubly gentle care, because it was so brittle and fragile. [*Getting up.*] Torvald—it was then it dawned upon me that for eight years I had been living here with a strange man, and had borne him three children—. Oh, I can't bear to think of it! I could tear myself into little bits!

HELMER [*sadly*]. I see, I see. An abyss has opened between us—there is no denying it. But, Nora, would it not be possible to fill it up?

NORA. As I am now, I am no wife for you.

HELMER. I have it in me to become a different man.

NORA. Perhaps—if your doll is taken away from you.

HELMER. But to part!—to part from you! No, no, Nora, I can't understand that idea.

NORA [*going out to the right*]. That makes it all the more certain that it must be done. [*She comes back with her cloak and hat and a small bag which she puts on a chair by the table.*]

HELMER. Nora, Nora, not now! Wait till to-morrow.

NORA [*putting on her cloak*]. I cannot spend the night in a strange man's room.

HELMER. But can't we live here like brother and sister—?

NORA [*putting on her hat*]. You know very well that would not last long. [*Puts the shawl round her.*] Good-bye, Torvald. I won't see the little ones. I know they are in better hands than mine. As I am now, I can be of no use to them.

HELMER. But some day, Nora—some day?

NORA. How can I tell? I have no idea what is going to become of me.

HELMER. But you are my wife, whatever becomes of you.

NORA. Listen, Torvald. I have heard that when a wife deserts her husband's house, as I am doing now, he is legally freed from all obligations towards her. In any case I set you free from all your obligations. You are not to feel yourself bound in the slightest way, any more than I shall. There must be perfect freedom on both sides. See, here is your ring back. Give me mine.

HELMER. That too?

NORA. That too.

HELMER. Here it is.

NORA. That's right. Now it is all over. I have put the keys here. The maids know all about everything in the house—better than I do. To-morrow, after I have left her, Christine will come here and pack up my own things that I brought with me from home. I will have them sent after me.

HELMER. All over! All over!—Nora, shall you never think of me again?

NORA. I know I shall often think of you and the children and this house.

HELMER. May I write to you, Nora?

NORA. No—never. You must not do that.

HELMER. But at least let me send you—

NORA. Nothing—nothing—

HELMER. Let me help you if you are in want.

NORA. No. I can receive nothing from a stranger.

HELMER. Nora—can I never be anything more than a stranger to you?

NORA [*taking her bag*]. Ah, Torvald, the most wonderful thing of all would have to happen.

HELMER. Tell me what that would be!

NORA. Both you and I would have to be so changed that—. Oh, Torvald, I don't believe any longer in wonderful things happening.

HELMER. But I will believe in it. Tell me? So changed that—?

NORA. That our life together would be a real wedlock. Good-bye. [*She goes out through the hall.*]

HELMER [*sinks down on a chair at the door and buries his face in his hands*]. Nora! Nora! [*Looks round, and rises.*] Empty. She is gone. [*A hope flashes across his mind.*] The most wonderful thing of all—?

The sound of a door shutting is heard from below.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

(1749–1832)

FAUST[1]

A TRAGEDY

FAUST. All that philosophy can teach,
The craft of lawyer and of leech,
I've mastered, ah! and sweated through
Theology's dreary deserts, too;
Yet here, poor fool! for all my lore,
I stand no wiser than before.
They call me magister, save the mark!
Doctor, withal! and these ten years I
Have been leading my pupils a dance in the dark,
Up hill, down dale, through wet and through dry—

[1]Translated by Sir Theodore Martin.

And yet, that nothing can ever be
By mortals known, too well I see!
This is burning the heart clean out of me.
More brains have I than all the tribe
Of doctor, magister, parson, and scribe.
From doubts and scruples my soul is free;
Nor hell nor devil has terrors for me:
But just for this I am dispossessed
Of all that gives pleasure to life and zest.
I can't even juggle myself to own
There is any one thing to be truly known,
Or aught to be taught in science or arts,
To better mankind and to turn their hearts.
Besides, I have neither land nor pence,
Nor worldly honour nor influence.
A dog in my case would scorn to live!

So myself to magic I've vowed to give,
And see, if through spirit's might and tongue
The heart from some mysteries cannot be wrung;
If I cannot escape from the bitter woe
Of babbling of things that I do not know,
And get to the root of those secret powers
Which hold together this world of ours,
The sources and centres of force explore,
And chaffer and dabble in words no more.

Oh, broad bright moon, if this might be
The last of the nights of agony,
The countless midnights, these weary eyes
Have from this desk here watched thee rise!
Then, sad-eyed friend, thy wistful looks
Shone in upon me o'er paper and books;
But oh! might I wander, in thy dear light,
O'er the trackless slopes of some mountain height,
Round mountain caverns with spirits sail,
Or float o'er the meads in thy hazes pale;
And, freed from the fumes of a fruitless lore,
Bathe in thy dews, and be whole once more!

Ah me! am I penned in this dungeon still?
Accursed doghole, clammy and chill!
Where heaven's own blessed light must pass,
Shorn of its rays, through the painted glass,
Narrowed and cumbered by piles of books,
That are gnawed by worms and grimed with dust,
And which, with its smoke-stained paper looks
Swathed to the roof in a dingy rust;
Stuck round with phials, and chests untold,
With instruments littered, and lumbered with old,
Crazy, ancestral household ware—
This is your world! A world most rare!

And yet can you wonder why your soul
Is numbed within your breast, and why
A dead, dull anguish makes your whole
Life's pulses falter, and ebb, and die?
How should it be but so? Instead
Of the living nature, whereinto
God has created man, things dead
And drear alone, encompass you—
Smoke, litter, dust, the skeletons
Of birds and beasts, and dead men's bones!

Up, up! Away to the champaign free!
And this mysterious volume, writ
By Nostradamus' self, is it
Not guide and counsel enough for thee?
Then wilt thou learn by what control
The stars within their orbits roll,
And if thou wilt let boon Nature be
The guide and monitress to thee,
Thy soul shall expand with tenfold force,
As spirit with spirit holds discourse.
Dull poring, think not, that can here
Expound these holy signs to thee!
Ye spirits, ye are hovering near,
If ye can hear me, answer me!
Throws open the book, and discovers the sign of the Macrocosm.
Ha! as it meets my gaze, what rapture, gushing
Through all my senses, mounts into my brain!
Youth's ecstasy divine, I feel it rushing,
Like quickening fire, through every nerve and vein!
Was it a god who chronicled these signs,
Which all the war within me still,
The aching heart with sweetness fill,
And to mine eyes, in clearest lines,
Unveil all Nature's powers as with a mystic thrill?
Am I a god? All grows so bright.
In these pure outlines I behold
Nature at work before my soul unrolled.
Now can I read the sage's saw aright:
"Not barred to man the world of spirits is;
Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead!
Up, student, lave,—nor dread the bliss,—
Thy earthly breast in the morning-red!"
Gazes intently at the sign.
Into one whole how all the things blend,
One in the other working, living!

What powers celestial, lo! ascend, descend,
Each unto each the golden pitchers giving!
And, wafting blessings from their wings,
From heaven through farthest earth career,
While through the universal sphere
One universal concord rings!

Oh, what a show! yet but a show! Ah me!
Where, boundless Nature, shall I clutch at thee?
Ye breasts, where are ye? Ye perennial springs
Of life, whereon hang heaven and earth,
Whereto the blighted bosom clings,
Ye gush, ye slake all thirst, yet I pine on in dearth!
Turns the leaves of the book angrily, and sees the sign of the Earth Spirit.
How differently I feel before this sign!
Earth Spirit, thou to me art nearer;
My faculties grow loftier, clearer,
Even now I glow as with new wine.
Courage I feel, into the world to roam,
To bid earth's joy and sorrows hail,
'Mid storm and struggle to make my home,
And in the crash of shipwreck not to quail.
Clouds gather o'er my head;
The moon conceals her light,
The lamp's gone out. The air
Grows thick and close! Red flashes play
Around me. From the vaulted roof
A shuddering horror creeps
And on me lays its gripe!
Spirit by me invoked, I feel
Thou'rt hovering near,—thou art, thou art!
Unveil thyself!
Ha! What a tugging at my heart!
Stirred through their depths, my senses reel
With passions new and strange! I feel
My heart is thine, thine wholly! Hear!
Thou must! ay, though it cost my life, thou must appear!
Seizes the book, and utters the sign of the Spirit mysteriously. A red light flashes, in which the Spirit appears.

SPIRIT. Who calls on me?

FAUST [*turning away*]. Dread vision gaunt!

SPIRIT. By potent art thou'st dragged me here;
Thou'st long been sucking at my sphere,
And now—

FAUST. I loathe thee. Hence, avaunt!

SPIRIT. To view me were thy prayer and choice,
To see my face, to hear my voice.
Well! by thy potent prayer won o'er,
I come. And thou, that wouldst be more
Than mortal, having thy behest,
Art with a craven fear possessed!
Where is thy pride of soul? Where now the breast
Which in itself a universe created,
Sustained and fostered,—which dilated
With giant throes of rapture, in the hope
As peer with spirits such as me to cope?
Where art thou, Faust, whose summons rang so wide,
Is this thing thou? This, my mere breath doth make
Through every nerve and fibre quake?
A crawling, cowering, timorous worm?

FAUST. Thou film of flame, art thou a thing to fear?
I am, I am that Faust! I am thy peer!

SPIRIT. In the currents of Life, in Action's storm,
I wander and I wave;
Everywhere I be!
Birth and the grave,
An infinite sea,
A web ever growing,
A life ever glowing;
Thus at Time's whizzing loom I spin,
And weave the living vesture that God is mantled in!

FAUST. Thou busy Spirit, who dost sweep
From sphere to sphere, from deep to deep,
Ranging the world from end to end,
How near akin I feel to thee!

SPIRIT. Thou'rt like the Spirit, thou dost comprehend,
But not like me! *Vanishes.*

. . . . . .

FAUST. O happy he who still can hope
Out of this sea of error to arise!
We long to use what lies beyond our scope,
Yet cannot use even what within it lies.
But let us not, by saddening thoughts like these,
The blessing of this happy hour o'errun.
See, how they gleam, the green-girt cottages,
Fired by the radiance of the evening sun!
It slopes, it sets. Day wanes. On with a bound
It speeds, and lo! a new world is alive!
O God, for wings to lift me from the ground,

Onward, still onward, after it to strive!
Beneath me, I should see, as on I pressed,
The hushed world ever bathed in evening's beams,
Each mountain-top on fire, each vale at rest,
The silver brook flow into golden streams.
Nor peak nor mountain-chasm should then defeat
My onward course, so godlike and so free.
Lo, with its bays all winking in the heat,
Bursts on my wonder-smitten eyes the sea!
But now the god appears about to sink!
Fresh impulse stirs me, not to be confined.
I hurry on, his deathless light to drink,
The day before me, and the night behind,
The heavens above me, and the waves below.
A lovely dream! Meanwhile, the sun his face
Has hid. Ah, with the spirit's wing will no
Corporeal wings so readily keep pace!
Yet is the yearning with us all inborn,
Upwards and onwards to be struggling still,
When over us we hear the lark, at morn,
Lost in the sky, her quivering carol trill;
When o'er the mountains' pine-clad summits drear
The eagle wheels afar on outstretched wing,
When over flat and over mere
The crane is homewards labouring.

WAGNER. I too have often had my whims and moods,
But never was by such an impulse stirred.
A man soon looks his fill at fields and woods;
The wings I ne'er shall envy of a bird.
How differently the spirit's pure delights
Waft us from book to book, from page to page!
They give a beauty to the winter's nights,
A cheerful glow that can its chill assuage.
And some fine manuscript when you unroll,
Ah, then all heaven descends into your soul!

FAUST. One only aspiration thou hast known,
Oh, never seek to know the other, never!
Two souls, alas! within my bosom throne,
That each from other fiercely longs to sever.
One, with a passionate love that never tires,
Cleaves as with cramps of steel to things of earth,
The other upwards through earth's mists aspires
To kindred regions of a loftier worth.
Oh, in the air if spirits be,
That float 'twixt earth and heaven, and lord it there,
Then from your golden haze descend, and me
Far hence to fields of new existence bear!
Yes, if a magic mantle were but mine,
To stranger lands to waft me at my call,
I'd prize it more than robes of costliest shine,
I would not change it for a monarch's pall.

. . . . . .

MEPHISTOPHELES. These my tiny spirits be.
Hark, with what sagacity
They advise thee to pursue
Action, pleasure ever new!
Out into the world so fair
They would lure and lead thee hence,
From this lonely chamber, where
Stagnate life and soul and sense.
No longer trifle with the wretchedness,
That, like a vulture, gnaws your life away!
The worst society will teach you this,
You are a man 'mongst men, and feel as they.
Yet 'tis not meant, I pray you, see,
To thrust you 'mong the rabble rout;—
I'm done of your great folks, no doubt,
But if, in fellowship with me,
To range through life you are content,
I will most cheerfully consent
To be your own upon the spot.
I am your chum. You'd rather not?
Well! If your scruples it will save,
I am your servant, yea, your slave!

FAUST. And in return what must I do for you?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Oh, time enough to talk of that!

FAUST. Nay, nay!
The devil's selfish—is and was always—
And is not like for mere God's sake to do
A liberal turn to any child of clay.
Out with the terms, and plainly! Such as thou
Are dangerous servants in a house, I trow.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I bind myself to serve you here,—to do
Your bidding promptly, whatsoe'er it be,
And, when we come together yonder, you
Are then to do the same for me.

FAUST. I prize that yonder at a rush!
Only this world to atoms crush,
And then that other may arise!
From earth my every pleasure flows,
Yon Sun looks down upon my woes;
Let me but part myself from those,

Then come what may, in any guise!
To idle prate I'll close mine ears,
If we hereafter hate or love,
Or if there be in yonder spheres,
As here, an Under and Above!
MEPHISTOPHELES. You're in the proper mood to venture! Bind
Yourself, and pleasure in my sleights you'll find,
While this life lasts. I'll give you more
Than eye of man hath ever seen before.
FAUST. What wilt thou give, thou sorry devil? When
Were the aspiring souls of men
Fathomed by such a thing as thee?
Oh, thou hast food that satisfieth never,
Gold, ruddy gold thou hast, that restlessly
Slips, like quicksilver, through the hand for ever;
A game, where we must losers be;
A girl, that, on my very breast,
My neighbour woos with smile and wink;
Fame's rapturous flash of godlike zest,
That, meteor-like, is doomed to sink.
Show me the fruit that, ere 'tis plucked, doth rot,
And trees that every day grow green anew!
MESPHISTOPHELES. Such task as this affrights me not.
I have such treasures at command for you.
But, my good friend, the time draws nigh
When we may banquet on the best in peace!
FAUST. If e'er at peace on sluggard's couch I lie,
Then may my life upon the instant cease!
Cheat thou me ever by thy glozing wile,
So that I cease to scorn myself, or e'er
My senses with a perfect joy beguile,
Then be that day my last! I offer fair,
How say'st thou?
MEPHISTOPHELES. Done!
FAUST. My hand upon it! There!
If to the passing moment e'er I say,
"Oh, linger yet, thou art so fair!"
Then cast me into chains you may,
Then will I die without a care!
Then may the death-bell sound its call,
Then art thou from thy service free,
The clock may stand, the index fall,
And time and tide may cease for me!
MEPHISTOPHELES. Think well; we sha'n't forget the terms you name.
FAUST. Your perfect right I must allow.
Not rashly to the pact I came.
I am a slave as I am now;
Yours or another's, 'tis to me the same!
MEPHISTOPHELES. Then at the Doctors' feast this very day
Will I my post, as your attendant take.
Just one thing more! To guard against mistake,
Oblige me with a line or two, I pray.
FAUST. Pedant, must thou have writing, too?
Hast thou no true man, or man's promise, known?
Is not my word of mouth enough for you,
To pledge my days for all eternity?
Does not the universe go raving on,
In all its ever-eddying currents, free
To pass from change to change and I alone,
Shall a mere promise curb or fetter me?
Yet doth man's heart so hug the dear deceit,
Who would its hold without a pang undo?
Blest he, whose soul is with pure truth replete,
No sacrifice shall ever make him rue.
But, oh, your stamped and scribbled parchment sheet
A spectre is, which all men shrink to view.
The word dies ere it quits the pen,
And wax and sheepskin lord it then.
What would you have, spirit of ill!
Brass, marble, parchment, paper?—Say,
Am I to write with pen, or style, or graver?
I care not—choose whiche'er you will.
MEPHISTOPHELES. Why, throw your eloquence away,
Or give it such a very pungent savour?
Pshaw! Any scrap will do—'tis quite the same—
With the least drop of blood just sign your name.
FAUST. If that will make you happy, why, a claim
So very whimsical I'll freely favour.
MEPHISTOPHELES. Blood is a juice of quite peculiar kind.
FAUST. Fear not that I the compact will evade!
My life's whole struggle, heart and mind,
Chimes with the promise I have made.
Too high I've soared—too proudly dreamt,
I'm only peer for such as thee;
The Mighty Spirit spurns me with contempt,
And Nature veils her face from me.
Thought's chain is snapt;—for many a day
I've loathed all knowledge every way.

So quench we now our passion's fires
In sense and sensual delights,
Unveil all hidden magic sleights,
To minister to our desires!
Let us plunge in the torrent of time, and range
Through the weltering chaos of chance and change,
Then pleasure and pain, disaster and gain,
May course one another adown my brain.
Change and excitement may work as they can,
Rest there is none for the spirit of man.

FOREST AND CAVERN

FAUST [*alone*]. Majestic spirit, thou hast given me all
For which I prayed. Thou not in vain didst turn
Thy countenance to me in fire and flame.
Thou glorious Nature for my realm hast given,
With power to feel, and to enjoy her. Thou
No mere cold glance of wonder hast vouchsafed,
But lett'st me peer deep down into her breast,
Even as into the bosom of a friend.
Before me thou in long procession lead'st
All things that live, and teachest me to know
My kindred in still grove, in air, and stream.
And, when the storm sweeps roaring through the woods,
Upwrenching by the roots the giant pines,
Whose neighbouring trunks, and intertangled boughs,
In crashing ruin tear each other down,
And shake with roar of thunder all the hills,
Then dost thou guide me to some sheltering cave,
There show'st me to myself, and mine own soul
Teems marvels forth I weened not of before.
And when the pure moon, with her mellowing light,
Mounts as I gaze, then from the rocky walls,
And out from the dank underwood, ascend
Forms silvery-clad of ages long ago,
And soften the austere delight of thought.

Oh, now I feel no perfect boon is e'er
Achieved by man. With this ecstatic power,
Which brings me hourly nearer to the gods,
A yokemate thou hast given me, whom even now
I can no more dispense with, though his cold
Insulting scorn degrades me to myself,
And turns my gifts to nothing with a breath.
Within my breast he fans unceasingly
A raging fire for that bewitching form.
So to fruition from desire I reel,
And 'midst fruition languish for desire.

. . . . . .

MARGARET'S ROOM

MARGARET [*at her spinning-wheel, alone*].
My peace is gone,
My heart is sore;
'Tis gone for ever
And evermore.

Where he is not,
Is the grave to me,
The whole world's changed,
Ah, bitterly.

I sit and I ponder
One only thought,
My senses wander,
My brain's distraught

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore;
'Tis gone for ever
And evermore.

From my window to greet him
I gaze all day,
I stir out, if meet him
I only may.

His noble form,
His bearing high,
His mouth's sweet smile,
His mastering eye;

And the magic flow
Of his talk, the bliss
In the clasp of his hand,
And oh! his kiss!

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore;
'Tis gone for ever
And evermore.

For him doth my bosom
Cry out and pine;
Oh, if I might clasp him,
And keep him mine!

And kiss him, kiss him.
As fain would I,
I'd faint on his kisses,
Yes, faint and die!

. . . . . .

MARTHA'S GARDEN

MARGARET, FAUST.

MARGARET. Promise me, Henry!

FAUST. What I can, I will.

MARGARET. How do you stand about religion, say?
You are a thoroughly good man, but still
I fear you don't think much about it anyway.

FAUST. Hush, hush, my child! You feel I love you,—good!
For those I love could lay down life, and would.
No man would I of creed or church bereave.

MARGARET. That is not right; we must ourselves believe.

FAUST. Must we?

MARGARET. Ah! could I but persuade you, dear!
You do not even the sacraments revere.

FAUST. Revere I do.

MARGARET. But seek them not, alas!
For long you've never gone to shrift or mass.
Do you believe in God?

FAUST. Love, who dare say
I do believe in God? You may
Ask priest or sage, and their reply
Will only seem to mystify,
And mock you.

MARGARET. Then you don't believe?

FAUST. My meaning, darling, do not misconceive.
Him who dare name?
Or who proclaim,
Him I believe?
Who feel,
Yet steel
Himself to say, Him I do not believe?
The All-Embracer,
The All-Sustainer.
Embraces and sustains He not
Thee, me, Himself?
Rears not the heaven its arch above?
Doth not the firm-set earth beneath us lie?
And with the tender gaze of love
Climb not the everlasting stars on high?
Do I not gaze upon thee, eye to eye?
And all the world of sight and sense and sound,
Bears it not in upon thy heart and brain,
And mystically weave around
Thy being influences that never wane?
Fill thy heart thence even unto overflowing,
And when with thrill ecstatic thou art glowing,
Then call it whatsoe'er thou wilt,
Bliss! Heart! Love! God!
Name for it have I none!
Feeling is all in all;
Name is but sound and smoke,
Shrouding heaven's golden glow!

MARGARET. All this is beautiful and good; just so
The priest, too, speaks to us at times,
In words, though, somewhat different.

FAUST. So speak the hearts of all men in all climes,
O'er which the blessed sky is bent,
On which the blessed light of heaven doth shine.
Then why not I in mine?

MARGARET. To hear you speak, it looks not much amiss,
But still there's something, love, about it wrong;
For Christian you are not, I see.

FAUST. Dear child!

MARGARET. My heart has ached for long,
To see you in such company.

FAUST. How so?

MARGARET. The man that is your mate
Wakes in my inmost soul the deepest hate.
In all my life not anything
Has given my heart so sharp a sting
As that man's loathsome visage grim.

FAUST. Nay, dearest, have no fear of him.

MARGARET. His presence makes my blood congeal.
Kindly to all men else I feel;
But howsoe'er for you I long,
From that man with strange dread I shrink;
That he's a knave I needs must think.
God pardon me, if I do him wrong!

FAUST. Such odd fish there must always be.

MARGARET. I would not live with such as he.
Whenever he comes, he's sure to peer
In at the door with such a sneer,
Half angry-like with me.
That he in no one thing takes part, is clear;
On his brow 'tis written, as on a scroll,
That he can love no human soul.
I feel so happy within thy arms,
So free, so glowing, so fearless of harms,
But in his presence my heart shuts to.
FAUST. You sweet, foreboding angel, you!

. . . . . .

SCENE III

A Dungeon. FAUST *with a bundle of keys, before a small iron door.*

FAUST. I quake with a strange dread. The woe of all
Mankind possesses me. This is her cell!
Here does she lie behind this cold dank wall,
And all her crime was having loved too well.
Why do I hang back thus? Is't fear
To think how I again shall see her?
Onward! Each moment's pause brings nearer her death-knell.
Opening the lock. A voice is heard within singing.
My mother, the wanton,
She took my life.
My father, the rogue,
Ate me up with his knife!
My wee little sister,
She picked up my bones,
And laid them to cool
All under the stones.
Then I turned to a woodbird,
So bonnie to see!
Fly away, fly away
To the woodland with me!
FAUST [*opens the door*]. She little dreams that her beloved is near,
The rattling chains, the rustling straw can hear.
He enters.
MARGARET [*hiding her face on her pallet*]. They come! Oh, bitter death! Oh, woe is me!
FAUST [*softly*]. Hush! hush! I come to set thee free!
MARGARET [*throwing herself at his feet*]. If thou be'st human, feel for my distress!
FAUST. Thou'lt wake the sentinels! These cries repress.
Takes hold of her fetters to unlock them.
MARGARET [*on her knees*]. Who, hangman, who has given you right
To treat me thus—or who could give?
You fetch me, while 'tis yet midnight.
Oh, pity me, and let me live!
Is daybreak to-morrow not soon enough?
[*Rises.*]
Oh, I am still so young, so young,
And yet must die!
Fair, too, they told me, once was I,
And that was my undoing. He was nigh,
My own dear love, in those sweet hours.
But now he's far away from me.
My wreath is torn, and scattered are its flowers.
Seize me not with a grasp so rough!
Spare me, what have I ever done to thee?
Oh, let me not in vain implore!
I never saw thee all my days before.
FAUST. Can I survive this miserable hour?
MARGARET. Now I am wholly in your power,
To do with me whatever you think best
But to the babe first let me give the breast!
All through the night I coaxed and stilled it;
They took it from me to vex my brain,
And now they say, I would have killed it,
And never shall I be blithe again.
The people, they sing songs about me,
To sting me, and flout me.
Ah! they mean me unkindly by it;
An old tale ends so. Who bade them apply it?
FAUST [*flings himself on the ground*]. The lover here lies prostrate at thy feet,
To rend these miserable bonds, my sweet!
MARGARET [*throws herself by his side*]. Oh, let us kneel to call upon the saints!
Look! Look! Under the stair!
Under the door there,
The fires of hell,
They seethe, and they roar there!
The fiend within,
Furious and fell,
Is making a din!
FAUST. Margaret! Margaret!
MARGARET [*listening*]. That was my loved one's voice!
She springs up—her fetters fall off.
Where is he? Where? I heard him call.

I'm free! I'm free! Let no one try
To stay me! On his neck I'll fall,
Upon his bosom lie!
He called on Margaret! stood there at the door
Through all hell's howling and its roar,
Through devilish scoff, and gibe, and groan,
I recognised the sweet, the loving tone!
FAUST. 'Tis I!
MARGARET. Thou, thou! Oh, say it once again!
Clasping him.
'Tis he, 'tis he! Where now are all my pains?
The anguish of the dungeon? Of the chains?
'Tis thou! Thou com'st to rescue me! Oh, then,
Then I am saved. Oh, now again
Along the street I wander free,
Where first I met with thee;
Am in the cheerful garden, by the gate,
Where for thee I and Martha wait.
FAUST [*trying to force her away*]. Come with me! Come!
MARGARET. Oh, stay!
I like so much to stay, love, where thou stay'st.
FAUST. Quick, quick, away!
Of, if thou wilt not haste,
We shall rue dearly the delay!
MARGARET. How's this?
Thou canst no longer kiss?
Parted from me so short a time, and yet
Thou couldst the way to kiss forget?
Why do I grow so sad upon thy bosom now,
When from thy words, thy looks, in other days
A whole heaven flooded me, and thou
Didst kiss, as thou wouldst stifle me, always?
Kiss me, or I'll kiss thee!
Oh, woe is me!
Thy lips are cold, they chill me through.
How! not one word! Where hast thou left
Thy love? Oh, who
Has thy poor Margaret of that bereft?
Turns away from him.
FAUST. Come, follow me! Take courage, oh, my sweet!
I'll clasp thee to my heart, when this is o'er,
A thousand times more fondly than before,
So thou'lt but follow me. Hence, I entreat!
MARGARET [*turning to him*]. And is it thou, then, thou? And is this true?
FAUST. Oh, yes! Come! Come!
MARGARET. My chains thou wilt undo,
Take me again into thy breast!—So, so!
How comes it that thou shrinkest not from me?
Oh, my sweet love, dost thou, then, know
Whom thou art setting free?
FAUST. Come! Come! The night's already on the wane!
MARGARET. My mother I have slain,
And drowned my child! To thee
The little one was given, and me;
To thee, love, too! 'Tis thou! Oh, can it be?
Give me thy hand! Yes! Yes! these are no dreams,—
Thine own dear hand. But, woe is me! 'tis wet!
How! dripping, dripping yet?
How it doth run!
Oh, wipe it off! Meseems,
There's blood upon 't! Ah, God! what hast thou done?
Put up thy sword! Oh, sheathe it, I implore!
FAUST. Let what is past be past! I can no more.
Each word thou speak'st is death to me.
MARGARET. No, I must go, but thou must stay.
I will describe the graves to thee:
To-morrow thou to them must see
By break of day.
For mother the best place provide.
Then to her lay my brother nearest;
Me a little to one side,
But not too far off, dearest!
And the little one on my breast to the right!
No one else shall lie by me.
Ah, love, to nestle up to thee,
It was a sweet, a dear delight!
But that I never again shall know.
I have a feeling as if I must
Hang, cling to thee, and thou didst thrust
Me back—back—back! Yet, wherefore so?
Thou art, thou lookest, so good, so kind!
FAUST. If such thou feel'st I am, come, come, love!
MARGARET. Where?
Out yonder?
FAUST. Out to the open air!
MARGARET. If the grave is there,
If death is waiting, come! 'Tis best.
From here into the bed of everlasting rest,
And not a step beyond! Ah, me!

Thou'rt going? Henry, if I might with thee!
FAUST. Thou canst! Decide! See, open stands the door!
MARGARET. I dare not go. For me all hope is o'er.
What boots to fly? Beset with spies am I.
It is so hard to have to beg your way,
And with an evil conscience harder still;
It is so hard in a strange land to stray,
And they will catch me, do whate'er I will.
FAUST. Then I remain with thee!
MARGARET. Fly, fly!
Thy child will die!
Save it! oh, save it!
Away! away!
Keep to the path,
Up by the brook,
And into the wood beyond!
Strike to the left
By the plank in the pond!
Quick! Seize it, seize it!
It tries to rise!
It is struggling yet.
Help! Help!
FAUST. Be calm! be still!
Only one step, and thou art free.
MARGARET. Oh, were we only past the hill!
There sits my mother upon a stone;
My temples throb with an icy dread.
There sits my mother upon a stone,
And to and fro she waves her head:
Her eyes are set, she makes no moan,
Her hand is heavy as lead.
She slept so long, no more she'll wake;
She slept, that we our delight, might take.
That was a happy time!
FAUST. Thou 'rt deaf to all remonstrance, prayer,
And I perforce must bear thee hence.
MARGARET. Unhand me! Cruel one, forbear!
I will endure no violence.
Lay not this murderous grasp on me.
Time was, I gave up all to pleasure thee!
FAUST. The day is breaking! Darling! Darling!
MARGARET. Ay!
The day, indeed! The last day draweth nigh.
It should have been my wedding-day. Let no one know
That thou hast been with Margaret before.
Woe to my garland, woe!
Already all is o'er.
Love, we shall meet once more,
But not in the dance, ah, no!
The multitude, they come!
So hushed, you cannot hear the hum.
The lanes, the streets, the square,
Scarce hold the thousand there.
The bell! Hark to its boom!
The staff of doom
Is broken. How they bind me, blind me!
Now to the seat of blood they drag me off;
And every neck doth feel
The quiver of the steel,
That's quivering for mine!
Now lies the world all silent as the grave.
FAUST. Oh, that I never had been born!
MEPHISTOPHELES [*appears at the door*]. Away!
Away! Or you are lost for ever!
Truce to this waiting and prating, this bootless delay!
My horses shiver!
The morning is dawning gray!
MARGARET. What's that, sprang from the ground? I know its face!
Send him away! 'tis he! 'tis he!
What should he do in a holy place?
He comes for me.
FAUST. Thou shalt—must live!
MARGARET. Judgment of God!
Myself unto Thy mercy I resign!
MEPHISTOPHELES [*to* FAUST]. Come! Come! How's this? You will not stir!
I'll leave you in the lurch with her.
MARGARET. Thine am I, Father, thine!
Save me! Ye angels! Ministers of light
Compass me round with your protecting might!
Henry, I shudder as I think of thee.
MEPHISTOPHELES. She's judged.
VOICE [*from above*]. She's saved.
MEPHISTOPHELES [*to* FAUST]. Away with me!

Disappears with FAUST.

VOICE [*from within, dying away*]. Henry! Henry!

From PART II

THE DEATH OF FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES [*as overseer, leading the way*]. This way, this way! Come in, you

Lemures, stumbling, hobbled,—
Abortions, out of sinew,
Bone, and tendon cobbled!
LEMURES [*in chorus*]. Here we are at your command!
We've half heard why we came—it
Is all about a stretch of land,
And we are to reclaim it.
Sharp-pointed stakes, long chains withal,
To measure with, we've brought in.
On us why you were pleased to call—
That we have clean forgotten.
MEPHISTOPHELES. The work here needs no artist-touches nice;
To measure from yourselves will quite suffice.
Let him that's tallest lie upon the ground,
And then you others pile the turf all round.
As for our sires they did, prepare
A sunken pit oblong and square.
Out of the palace to the narrow home—
Such is the sorry end to which they all must come.
LEMURES [*digging with elvish gestures*]. In youth when I did live, did love,
Methought 'twas very sweet;
Where mirth was free, and jollity,
That place for me was meet.
But age with stealing steps
Hath clawed me with his crutch.
A grave, its door I stumbled o'er;
Why leave they open such?
FAUST [*comes out of the palace, groping by the doorposts*]. The clink of spades!
What rapture in the sound!
Hark! multitudes at work to do my bidding,
The soil of what disturbs it ridding,
Imposing on the waves a bound,
And drawing a strong curb the sea around!
MEPHISTOPHELES [*aside*]. Yet all your labour's spent for us alone.
With your fine dams and bulwarks vast,
You're but preparing a superb repast
For Neptune, the sea-fiend, to feast upon.
You're trumped and done for every way,
Into our hands the elements play,
Destruction onward is striding fast.
FAUST. Inspector!
MEPHISTOPHELES. Here!
FAUST. Howe'er, where'er you may,
Get labourers, heaps on heaps. Excite
By threats, cajoling, extra pay,
And extra cheer, to work with all their might.
Each day I'd have the tidings brought me how
The trench is getting on, they're digging now.
MEPHISTOPHELES [*half aloud*]. Their talk to me, it is as if they gave,
Not tidings of a trench, but of—a grave.
FAUST. The marsh, that spread hence to the mountain's base,
Empoisons all the land already gained;
But drain the noisome swamp off from the place,
My last, my highest aim were then attained.
Though not quite safe, still there would be broad lands,
Free for the tillage of a million hands!
Fields green and fertile; men and cattle both
Would to the virgin soil draw, nothing loath,
Hedging themselves betimes by dike and mound,
Which their bold busy hands will pile around.
Within, a very paradise; outside,
Howe'er may rage the angry baffled tide,
Striving to sap, to force an entrance, each
And all rush swiftly to close up the breach.
Yes! This one thought absorbs me wholly —rife
With wisdom's final lesson, and most true;
He only merits freedom, merits life,
Who daily has to conquer them anew.
So, girt by danger, shall youth, manhood, age,
Pass kindly here their busy pilgrimage.
Such swarming multitudes I fain would see,
Free people standing on a soil as free;
Then to the passing moment might I say,
"Oh, linger yet, thou art so fair!
So may the traces of my earthly day
Not with the ages fade away in air!"
In the foretaste of such high bliss, I seem
Even now to enjoy that moment all supreme.
FAUST *sinks back; the* LEMURES *seize him and lay him upon the ground.*
MEPHISTOPHELES. Him does no pleasure sate, nor gain content!
From change to change his fancy ever went.
The last vile empty moment fain
Would he, poor creature, as it flies, retain.
He, who defied me with so high a hand,
Time masters him—there lies he on the sand.
The clock stands still—
CHORUS. Stands still! Hushed as midnight.
The index falls.

MEPHISTOPHELES. It falls; 'tis finished quite!
CHORUS. 'Tis past!
MEPHISTOPHELES. Pshaw! Past? A stupid phrase! Why past?
Past and pure nothingness are one at last!
What boots this evermore creating, when
Things all sweep into nothingness again?
"There! Now 'tis past!" From this what can we glean?
'Tis all the same as though it ne'er had been;
Yet round and round it goes, as though it were.
Eternal Void I, for my part, prefer.

THE SALVATION OF FAUST

ANGELS [*hovering in the higher sphere, bearing the immortal part of* FAUST]. Rescued from the Evil One
Is our brother's soul here;
Who hath nobly wrestled, run,
Him can we enroll here.
And if 'twas love divine's behest
That sin should not defeat him,
Then will the spirits of the blest
With cordial welcome greet him.
THE YOUNGER ANGELS. Roses that from hands were sent,
Loving—holy—penitent,
Helped us to inflict defeat,
And our lofty task complete,
Rescuing this precious soul
From the Evil One's control.
As we strewed them on their head,
Demons shrank and devils fled.
Not the wonted pangs of hell,
But love's anguish on them fell.
Even the Arch-Fiend with pain
Quivered, pierced through every vein.
Shout aloud through all the sky!
We have triumphed! Victory!
THE MORE ADVANCED ANGELS. Alas! still with earthly taint
Is he encumbered,
Not yet with the pure, a saint,
May he be numbered.
When spirit-force strong
Hath the earthly attracted.
And this with itself has
Inwoven and compacted,
No angels can part what
Is twofold, yet one,
By Love Everlasting
This alone may be done.
THE YOUNGER ANGELS. Round yonder peak on high,
Mist-like and trailing,
Spirits of good I spy
Hitherward sailing.
Now clears the cloud away;
I see a bright array
Circling and soaring,
Boys, blessed boys they be,
Set from earth's burden free,
Rapt and adoring;
Drinking in quickened life
From all the beauty rife,
Fresh to their gaze unfurled,
Here in the upper world.
Let him, where they begin
Perfected bliss to win,
Be mated with them!
THE BLESSED BOYS. Him we are fain to Receive as a chrysalis;
Thus we attain to
The pledge of angelic bliss.
Loosen the films of earth
He is still heir to;
E'en now in his second birth
He is great,—fair too!
DOCTOR MARIANUS [*in the highest, purest cell*]. Here the outlook is free,
The spirit aspiring!
Women I yonder see
Floating up, quiring.
Midmost, in wondrous sheen,
Star-crowned and beaming,
Lo! there is Heaven's queen,
Gloriously gleaming! [*Enraptured.*]
Ruler of sky and earth below,
In Thy azure vaulted,
Unto me vouchsafe to show
Thy mystery exalted!
Bless all that in man's heart hath fired
Emotions gentler, dearer,
And, with a saintly love inspired,
To Thee still draws it nearer!
If Thy behests inspire our will;
What then may daunt or curb it?
But if Thou biddest us be still,
Our calm, what may disturb it?
Virgin pure from spot or taint,
Mother, holy, tender,
Queen, elect of us, and saint,
Throned with God in splendour!

Light cloudlets free
Around her bent;
Women they be,
That have sinned and repent—
Sinned in their weakness
Of nature too tender,
Now in all meekness
Kneeling to render
Lowly contrition,
Imploring remission
Of sins from her grace.
To thee, whom passion could not touch,
Still, still it hath been granted,
That those who fall, through loving much,
May come with trust undaunted.
'Tis hard from ruin to defend
Them, so their weakness blindeth;
And who by his own strength may rend
The fetters passion bindeth!
How on smooth slippery slope the feet
Slide swift to their undoing!
Whom fool not words and glances sweet,
And flattery's subtle wooing?

MATER GLORIOSA *comes floating forward.*

CHORUS OF REPENTANT WOMEN. Upward thou'rt soaring
To regions eternal;
Hear our imploring,
Thou, peerless, supernal.
Thou rich to o'erflowing
In pardoning grace!
MAGNA PECCATRIX (*St. Luke vii.* 36–50). By the love, that bent in weeping
O'er thy Son, divinely born,
His feet with balmy teardrops steeping,
Spite of Pharisaic scorn;
By the box, that dropped profusely
Ointment precious, odour fine;
By the tresses clustering loosely,
That did wipe the limbs divine!
MULIER SAMARITANA (*St. John iv.* 4–42). By the spring, whereto in dim
Far ages Abraham's flocks were led;
By the pitcher's cooling rim,
That touched His lips, the Saviour dread;
By the clear, full source that now
Wells out there in stream abundant,
Through the universe to flow,
Ever sparkling and redundant!
MARIA AEGYPTIACA. By that hallowed spot and dear,
Where was laid the Lord Immortal;
By the arm in warning clear
Raised, that thrust me from its portal;
By the forty years I passed,
In deserts lone, of true repentance;
By what on the sand at last
I traced, a blessed farewell sentence!
THE THREE. Thou, who from the greatly sinning
Never dost avert Thy face,
Still for their repentance winning
An eternal resting-place,
To her, who only once forgot
Herself, vouchsafe Thy blessing!—
To her, who fell, yet weeted not
Wherein she was transgressing!
UNA PENITENTIUM [*formerly called* GRETCHEN]. Incline, incline,
Thou peerless one, bright
With effulgence of light,
Unto my bliss thy glance benign!
My early love, my lover,
All trial, struggle over,
Returns to me—is mine!
THE BLESSED BOYS [*circling round and drawing near*]. Already us far above
Towers he in might;
Richly our fost'ring love
Will be requite.
From life were we brought, ere
Its lessons could reach us;
But he hath been taught there,
And he will teach us.
UNA PENITENTIUM. In rapt amazement he is lost,
While round the choir celestial shineth;
He grows so like the heavenly host,
That his fresh life he scarce divineth.
Lo, every bond of earth hath he
Off with its whilom vesture flung,
And, in celestial panoply
Arrayed, comes stately forth and young!
Vouchsafe, I may his teacher be—
Still dazzles him the unwonted light.
MATER GLORIOSA. Come! Mount to higher spheres! and he
Will follow, holding thee in sight.
DOCTOR MARIANUS [*prostrate on his face in prayer*]. Touched hearts, that true repentance know,
Gaze on those pitying eyes,
And, ever grateful, ever grow
More meet for Paradise!
May every better thought serene

Be to thy service given!
Oh, bless us, Virgin, Mother, Queen,
Omnipotent in heaven!
CHORUS MYSTICUS. All in earth's fleeting state
As symbol is still meant;
Here the inadequate
Grows to fulfilment;
Here is wrought the inscrutable,
To silence that awes us;
Love eternal, immutable,
On, ever on, draws us.

COMEDY

COMEDY

COMEDY is to be distinguished from tragedy by its appeal to the intellect rather than to the feelings. Its primary purpose is to arouse laughter, to amuse and entertain by exposing the follies, vices, and incongruities of life. Naturally what excites the laughter of one age may move another to disgust, but from Aristotle down critics generally agree that the comic spirit is aroused when we perceive some departure from the normal, "some defect or ugliness which is not painful or destructive," which appeals to our intellects rather than to our sympathies. According to Horace Walpole, "The world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel."

Comedy may be divided into social, or high, comedy, low comedy, and farce. Such intermediate steps as that of farce-comedy reveal how easily one form may shade into another. In high comedy, or the comedy of manners, the interest for the spectator lies in sharing the playwright's knowledge of the discrepancies between the hero's opinion of himself, or what he pretends to be, and the actual fact. Its purpose is frequently corrective and educational. In farce and farce-comedy the emphasis is placed on situation, or upon character which makes itself absurd. Its purpose is pure entertainment.

The Old Comedy of Athens produced one extraordinary figure, the greatest of all writers of farce-comedy, and one of the greatest names in the history of the drama. Aristophanes (448–380 B. C.), the spokesman of the conservative party in the theatre, satirized uproariously, and often obscenely, the various antics of the unruly Athenian democracy.

The Birds (414 B. C.) is a rollicking burlesque of national mythology. In his depiction of Cloud-Cuckoo-Land, or walled city of the birds, the great comic poet's exuberant imagination has free rein. Aristophanes displayed, moreover, an exquisite lyrical gift, particularly in his choruses.

The two Roman poets Plautus (245–184 B. C.) and Terence (195–159 B. C.) followed models set by the so-called New Comedy of the Greeks, all but fragments of which have been lost. In place of burlesque we find stock types—the parasite, the deceived husband, the courtesan, the rascally servant, the vainglorious soldier—providing the entertainment by the complicated intrigues in which they display themselves.

Shakespearean comedy as contrasted with the satiric social comedy of Aristophanes is purely romantic. The great poet by his sunny and sage humor and his delightful verse transformed many tales of common-place romantic intrigue into light comedies of sweetness and charm. An exquisite pastoral atmosphere pervades these plays. But there is always present in Shakespearean comedy a draught of ironic reality entering the make-believe world so delicately created by the author. *As You Like It* is an exquisite example of Shakespeare's comedy—with Touchstone and Jaques, each in his own way, acting as humorous critics of the absurd romantic love story.

The greatest representative in all literature of social comedy in its most perfect form is Jean Baptiste Poquelin, who called himself Molière (1622–1673). Not until a highly artificial society like that of the court of Louis XIV had come into being could such comedies be written. Molière, in his greatest plays, *Tartuffe* and *The Misanthrope*, has discarded everything unessential to his purpose of exposing the failings of men, and correcting them by ridicule and thoughtful laughter. The eternal clash between the claims of society and the individual honesty of such a character as Alceste has never been more searchingly portrayed than in *The Misanthrope*.

Farce-comedy is represented in this book by *The Rivals* by Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751–1816) and *The Importance of Being Earnest* by Oscar Wilde (1836–1900): the former is selected because it is a true comedy of manners, holding up for our amusement the vanities and affectations of eighteenth century society; the latter, because of its keen satire and brilliancy of dialogue.

ARISTOPHANES (448–380 B. C.)

THE BIRDS[1]

PEISTHETAIRUS, an Athenian citizen, but disgusted with his own country, starts on his travels proposing to seek his fortune in the kingdom of the Birds. He is represented as the essential man of business and ability, the true political adventurer; the man who directs everything and everybody; who is never in the wrong, never at a loss, never satisfied with what has been done by others, uniformly successful in his operations. He maintains a constant ascendancy, or if he loses it for a moment, recovers it immediately.

EUELPIDES, a simple easy-minded droll companion, his natural follower and adherent; as the Merry Andrew is of the Mountebank. It will be seen that, like the Merry Andrew, he interposes his buffoonish comments on the grand oration delivered by his master.

EPOPS, King of the Birds; formerly Tereus, King of Thrace, but long ago, according to the records of mythology, transformed into a *Hoopoe*. He appears as the courteous dignified sovereign of a primitive uncivilized race, whom he is desirous to improve: he gives a gracious reception to strangers arriving from a country more advanced in civilization; and adopts the projects of aggrandizement suggested to him by Peisthetairus.

THE CHORUS OF BIRDS, his subjects, retain, on the contrary, their hereditary hatred and suspicion of the human race; they are ready to break out into open mutiny against their king, and to massacre his foreign (human) advisers upon the spot. It is with the greatest difficulty that they can be prevailed upon to hear reason, and attend to the luminous exposition of Peisthetairus. His harangue has the effect of conciliating and convincing them; his projects are adopted without a dissentient voice. War is not immediately declared against the gods, but a sort of Mexican blockade is established by proclamation.

PROMETHEUS, a malcontent deity, the ancient patron of the human race, still retaining a concealed attachment to the deposed dynasty of Saturn. He comes over secretly with intelligence, which Peisthetairus avails himself of, and which proves ultimately decisive of the subjugation of the gods.

NEPTUNE, HERCULES, TRIBALLUS, or the TRIBALLIAN — joint ambassadors from the gods, commissioned to treat with Peisthetairus. *Neptune* is represented as a formal dignified personage of the old school. *Hercules* as a passionate, wrong-headed, greedy blockhead: he is cajoled and gained over by Peisthetairus; and in his turn intimidates the *Triballian*, an ignorant barbarian deity, who is hardly able to speak intelligibly. They join together, Neptune is out-voted, and Peisthetairus concludes a treaty by which his highest pretensions are realized.

The characters above-mentioned are the only ones who contribute in any way to the progress of the drama; the remainder, a very amusing set of persons, are introduced in detached scenes, exemplifying the various interruptions and annoyances incident to the man of business, distracting his attention and embarrassing him in the exercise of his authoritative functions. There are, however, exceptions.

IRIS, who is brought in, having been captured and detained for an infringement of the blockade.

A Priest who comes to sacrifice at the inauguration of the new city.

Two Messengers arriving from different quarters, with very interesting and satisfactory intelligence.

The rest are a mere series of intruders on the time and attention of the great man.

Poet, a ragged vagabond, who comes begging with an inaugural ode on the foundation of the new city.

A Soothsayer, arriving with oracles relative to the same important event, and a demand of perquisites due to himself by divine authority.

METON, the Astronomer, proposes to make a plan and survey of the new city.

A Commissioner from Athens, a very authoritative personage.

A Vendor of copies of decrees: he enters, reading them aloud, like a hawker to attract purchasers.

Parricide, a young man who has beaten his father, and proposes to strangle him, offers himself as a desirable acquisition to the new colony.

KINESIAS, the dithyrambic poet, applies for a pair of wings.

Informer, a young man whose hereditary trade is that of an informer, and whose practice extends to the Islands, comes with the same application.

SCENE.—*A wild desolate country with a bare open prospect on one side, and some upright rocks covered with shrubs and brushwood in the centre of the stage.* PEISTHETAIRUS *and* EUELPIDES *appear as a couple of worn-out pedestrian travellers, the one with a Raven and the other with a Jackdaw on his hand:—they appear to be seeking for a direction from the motions and signals made to them by the Birds.*

[1] Translation by John Hookhan Frere.

EUELPIDES [*speaking to his Jackdaw*]. Right on, do ye say? to the tree there in the distance?

PEISTHETAIRUS [*speaking first to his Raven, and then to his companion*].

Plague take ye! Why, this creature calls us back!

EU. What use can it answer tramping up and down?

We're lost, I tell ye: our journey's come to nothing.

PEIS. To think of me travelling a thousand stadia

With a Raven for my adviser!

EU. Think of me too,

Going at the instigation of a Jackdaw,

To wear my toes and my toenails to pieces!

PEIS. I don't know even the country, where we've got to.

EU. And yet you expect to find a country here,

A country for yourself!

PEIS. Truly, not I;

Not even Execestides could do it,

That finds himself a native everywhere.

EU. Oh dear! We're come to ruin, utter ruin!

PEIS. Then go that way, can't ye?—'the Road to Ruin!'

EU. He has brought us to a fine pass, that crazy fellow,

Philocrates the poulterer; he pretended

To enable us to find where Tereus lives;

The King that was, the Hoopoe that is now;

Persuading us to buy these creatures of him,

That Raven there for three-pence, and this other,

This little Tharrelides of a Jackdaw,—

He charged a penny for: but neither of 'em

Are fit for anything but to bite and scratch.

[*Speaking to his Jackdaw.*]

Well, what are ye after now? gaping and poking!

You've brought us straight to the rock. Where would you take us?

There's no road here!

PEIS. No, none, not even a path.

EU. Nor don't your Raven tell us anything?

PEIS. She's alter'd somehow—she croaks differently.

EU. But which way does she point? What does she say?

PEIS. Say? Why, she says, she'll bite my fingers off.

EU. Well, truly it's hard upon us, hard indeed,

To go with our own carcasses to the crows,

And not be able to find 'em after all.

[*Turning to the audience.*]

For our design, most excellent spectators,

(Our passion, our disease, or what you will),

Is the reverse of that which Sacas feels;

For he, though not a native, strives perforce

To make himself a citizen: whilst we,

Known and acknowledged as Athenians born,

(Not hustled off, nor otherwise compell'd),

Have deem'd it fitting to betake ourselves

To these our legs, and make our person scarce.

Not through disgust or hatred or disdain

Of our illustrious birthplace, which we deem

Glorious and free; with equal laws ordain'd

For fine and forfeiture and confiscation;

With taxes universally diffused;

And suits and pleas abounding in the Courts.

For grasshoppers sit only for a month

Chirping upon the twigs; but our Athenians

Sit chirping and discussing all the year,

Perch'd upon points of evidence and law.

Therefore we trudge upon our present travels,

With these our sacrificial implements,

To seek some easier unlitigious place,

Meaning to settle there and colonize.

Our present errand is in search of Tereus,

(The Hoopoe that is now) to learn from him

If in his expeditions, flights, and journeys,

He ever chanced to light on such a spot.

PEIS. Holloh!

EU. What's that?

PEIS. My Raven here points upwards. —Decidedly!

EU. Aye, and here's my Jackdaw, too,

Gaping as if she saw something above.—

Yes,—I'll be bound for it; this must be the place:

We'll make a noise, and know the truth of it.

PEIS. Then 'kick against the rock'.

EU. Knock you your head

Against the rock!—and make it a double knock!

PEIS. Then fling a stone at it!

EU. With all my heart,

Holloh, there!

PEIS. What do you mean with your Holloh?
You should cry Hoop for a Hoopoe.
EU. Well, then, Hoop!
Hoop and holloh, there!—Hoopoe, Hoopoe, I say!
TROCHILUS. What's here? Who's bawling there? Who wants my master?
The door is opened, and both parties start at seeing each other.
EU. Oh mercy, mighty Apollo! what a beak!
TR. Out! out upon it! a brace of bird-catchers!
EU. No, no; don't be disturb'd; think better of us.
TR. You'll both be put to death.
EU. But we're not men.
TR. Not men! what are ye? what do ye call yourselves?
EU. The fright has turn'd me into a Yellow-Hammer.
TR. Poh! Stuff and nonsense!
EU. I can prove it to ye.
Search!
TR. But your comrade here, what bird is he?
PEIS. I'm changed to a Golden Pheasant just at present.
EU. Now tell me, in heaven's name, what creature are ye?
TR. I'm a Slave Bird.
EU. A slave! how did it happen; Were you made prisoner by a fighting cock?
TR. No. When my master made himself a Hoopoe,
He begg'd me to turn bird to attend upon him.
EU. Do birds, then, want attendance?
TR. Yes, of course; In his case, having been a man before,
He longs occasionally for human diet,
His old Athenian fare: pilchards for instance,—
Then I must fetch the pilchards; sometimes porridge;
He calls for porridge, and I mix it for him.
EU. Well, you're a dapper waiter, a didapper;
But didapper, I say, do step within there,
And call your master out.
TR. But just at present He's taking a little rest after his luncheon,
Some myrtle berries and a dish of worms.
EU. No matter, call him here; we wish to speak to him.
TR. He'll not be pleased, I'm sure; but notwithstanding,
Since you desire it, I'll make bold to call him. *Exit.*
PEIS. [*looking after him*]. Confound ye, I say, you've frighten'd me to death.
EU. He has scared away my Jackdaw; it's flown away.
PEIS. You let it go yourself, you coward.
EU. Tell me. Have you not let your Raven go?
PEIS. Not I.
EU. Where is it then?
PEIS. Flown off of its own accord.
EU. You did not let it go! you're a brave fellow!
THE HOOPOE [*from within*]. Open the door, I say let me go forth.
THE ROYAL HOOPOE *appears with a tremendous beak and crest.*
EU. O Hercules, what a creature! What a plumage!
And a triple tier of crests; what can it be!
HOO. Who call'd? who wanted me?
EU. May the heavenly powers!—
—Confound ye! I say [*aside*].
HOO. You mock at me, perhaps, Seeing these plumes.—But, stranger, you must know
That once I was a man.
EU. We did not laugh At you, Sir.
HOO. What, then, were you laughing at?
EU. Only that beak of yours seem'd rather odd.
HOO. It was your poet Sophocles that reduced me
To this condition with his tragedies.
EU. What are you, Tereus? Are you a bird, or what?
HOO. A Bird.
EU. Then where are all your feathers?
HOO. Gone.
EU. In consequence of an illness?
HOO. No; the Birds At this time of the year leave off their feathers.
But you! what are ye? Tell me.
EU. Mortal men.
HOO. What countrymen?
EU. Of the country of the Triremes.
HOO. Jurymen, I suppose?

EU. Quite the reverse,
We're anti-jurymen.
HOO. Does that breed still
Continue amongst you?
EU. Some few specimens
You'll meet with here and there in country places.
HOO. And what has brought you here? What was your object?
EU. We wish'd to advise with you.
HOO. With me! For what?
EU. Because you were a man: the same as us;
And found yourself in debt: the same as us;
And did not like to pay: the same as us;
And after that, you changed into a bird,
And ever since have flown and wander'd far
Over the lands and seas, and have acquired
All knowledge that a bird or man can learn.
Therefore we come, as suppliants, to beseech
Your favour and advice to point us out
Some comfortable country, close and snug,
A country like a blanket or a rug,
Where we might fairly fold ourselves to rest.
HOO. Do you wish then for a greater state than Athens?
EU. Not greater, but more suitable for us.
HOO. It's clear you're fond of aristocracy.
EU. What, him, the son of Scellias! Aristocrates? I abhor him.
HOO. Well, what kind of a town would suit ye?
EU. Why, such a kind of town as this, for instance,
A town where the importunities and troubles
Are of this sort. Suppose a neighbour calls
Betimes in the morning with a sudden summons:
'Now, don't forget,' says he, 'for heaven's sake,
To come to me to-morrow; bring your friends,
Children, and all, we've wedding cheer at home.
Come early, mind ye, and if you fail me now,
Don't let me see your face when I'm in trouble.'
HOO. So you're resolved to encounter all these hardships!
[*To* PEISTHETAIRUS.] And what say you?
PEIS. My fancy's much the same.
HOO. How so?
PEIS. To find a place of the same sort;
A kind of place where a good, jolly father
Meets and attacks me thus—'What's come to ye
With my young people? You don't take to 'em.
What! they're not reckon'd ugly! You might treat 'em,
As an old friend, with a little attention, surely,
And take a trifling civil freedom with 'em.'
HOO. Aye! You're in love, I see, with difficulties
And miseries. Well, there's a city, in fact,
Much of this sort; one that I think might suit ye,
Near the Red Sea.
EU. No, no! not near the sea;
Lest I should have the Salaminian galley
Arriving some fine morning with a summons
Sent after me, and a pursuivant to arrest me.
But could not you tell us of some Grecian city?
HOO. Why, there's in Elis there, the town of Lepreum.
EU. No, no! No Lepreums; nor no lepers neither.
No leprosies for me. Melanthius
Has given me a disgust for leprosies.
HOO. Then there's Opuntius in the land of Locris.
EU. Opuntius? Me to be like Opuntius!
With his one eye! Not for a thousand drachmas.
But tell me, among the birds here, how do ye find it?
What kind of an existence?
HOO. Pretty fair;
Not much amiss. Time passes smoothly enough;
And money is out of the question. We don't use it.
EU. You've freed yourselves from a great load of dross.
HOO. We've our field sports. We spend our idle mornings
With banqueting and collations in the gardens,
With poppy-seeds and myrtle.
EU. So your time
Is pass'd like a perpetual wedding-day.

PEISTHETAIRUS, *who has hitherto felt his way by putting* EUELPIDES *forward, and allowing him to take the lead, and who has paid no attention to this trifling, inconclusive con-*

versation, breaks out as from a profound reflective reverie.

PEIS. Hah! What a power is here; what opportunities!
If I could only advise you. I see it all!
The means for an infinite empire and command!

HOO. And what would you have us do? What's your advice?

PEIS. Do! what would I have ye do? Why, first of all
Don't flutter and hurry about all open-mouth'd
In that undignified way. With us for instance,
At home, we should cry out, 'What creature's that?'
And Teleas would be the first to answer:
'A mere poor creature, a weak restless animal,
A silly bird, that's neither here nor there.'

HOO. Yes, Teleas might say so. *It would be like him.*

But tell me, what would you have us do?

PEIS. [*emphatically.*] Concentrate;
—Bring all your birds together. Build a city.

HOO. The Birds! How could we build a city? Where?

PEIS. Nonsense. You can't be serious. What a question!
Look down.

HOO. I do.

PEIS. Look up now.

HOO. So I do.

PEIS. Now turn your neck round.

HOO. I should sprain it though.

PEIS. Come, what d'ye see?

HOO. The clouds and sky;—that's all.

PEIS. Well, that we call the pole and the atmosphere;
And would it not serve you birds for a metropole?

HOO. Pole? Is it call'd a pole?

PEIS. Yes, that's the name.
Philosophers of late call it the pole;
Because it wheels and rolls itself about,
As it were, in a kind of roly-poly way.
Well, there then, you may build and fortify,
And call it your Metropolis,—your Acropolis.
From that position you'll command mankind,
And keep them in utter thorough subjugation:
Just as you do the grasshoppers and locusts.
And if the gods offend you, you'll blockade 'em,
And starve 'em to a surrender.

HOO. In what way?

PEIS. Why thus. Your atmosphere is placed, you see,
In a middle point, just betwixt earth and heaven.
A case of the same kind occurs with us.
Our people in Athens, if they send to Delphi
With deputations, offerings, or what not,
Are forced to obtain a pass from the Boeotians:
Thus when mankind on earth are sacrificing,
If you should find the gods grown mutinous
And insubordinate, you could intercept
All their supplies of sacrificial smoke.

HOO. By the earth and all its springs! springs and nooses!
Odds, nets and snares! this is the cleverest notion:
And I could find it in my heart to venture;
If the other Birds agree to the proposal.

PEIS. But who must state it to them?

HOO. You yourself,
They'll understand ye, I found them mere barbarians,
But living here a length of time amongst them,
I have taught them to converse and speak correctly.

PEIS. How will you summon them?

HOO. That's easy enough;
I'll just step into the thicket here hard by,
And call my Nightingale. She'll summon them.
And when they hear her voice, I promise you
You'll see them all come running here pell-mell.

PEIS. My dearest, best of Birds! don't lose moment,
I beg, but go directly into the thicket;
Nay, don't stand here, go call your Nightingale.

Exit HOOPOE.

SONG *from behind the scene, supposed to be sung by the* HOOPOE.

Awake! awake!
Sleep no more my gentle mate!
With your tiny tawny bill,
Wake the tuneful echo shrill,
On vale or hill;

Or in her airy rocky seat,
Let her listen and repeat
The tender ditty that you tell,
The sad lament,
The dire event,
To luckless Itys that befell.
Thence the strain
Shall rise again,
And soar amain,
Up to the lofty palace gate,
Where mighty Apollo sits in state
In Jove's abode, with his ivory lyre,
Hymning aloud to the heavenly choir.
While all the gods shall join with thee
In a celestial symphony.

A solo on the flute supposed to be the Nightingale's call.

PEIS. Oh, Jupiter! the dear delicious bird!
With what a lovely tone she swells and falls,
Sweetening the wilderness with delicate air.
EU. Hist!
PEIS. What?
EU. Be quiet, can't ye?
PEIS. What's the matter?
EU. The Hoopoe is just preparing for a song.
HOO. Hoop! hoop!
Come in a troop,
Come at a call,
One and all,
Birds of a feather,
All together.
Birds of an humble gentle bill
Smooth and shrill,
Dieted on seeds and grain,
Rioting on the furrow'd plain,
Pecking, hopping,
Picking, popping,
Among the barley newly sown.
Birds of bolder louder tone,
Lodging in the shrubs and bushes,
Mavises and Thrushes.
On the summer berries browsing,
On the garden fruits carousing,
All the grubs and vermin smouzing.
You that in an humbler station,
With an active occupation,
Haunt the lowly watery mead,
Warring against the native breed,
The gnats and flies, your enemies;
In the level marshy plain
Of Marathon pursued and slain.
You that in a squadron driving
From the seas are seen arriving,
With the Cormorants and Mews
Haste to land and hear the news!
All the feather'd airy nation,
Birds of every size and station,
Are convened in convocation.
For an envoy queer and shrewd
Means to address the multitude,
And submit to their decision
A surprising proposition,
For the welfare of the state
Come in a flurry,
With a hurry-scurry,
Hurry to the meeting and attend to the debate.
EU. How they thicken, how they muster,
How they clutter, how they cluster!
Now they ramble here and thither,
Now they scramble altogether.
What a fidgeting and clattering!
What a twittering and chattering!
Don't they mean to threaten us? What think ye?
PEIS. Yes, methinks they do.
EU. They're gaping with an angry look against us both.
PEIS. It's very true.
CHOR. Where is He, the Màgistrate that assèmbled us to delìberate?
HOO. Friends and comrades, here am I, your old associate and ally.
CHOR. What have ye to commùnicate for the bènefit of the stàte?
HOO. A proposal safe and useful, practicable, profitable,
Two projectors are arrived here, politicians shrewd and able.
CHOR. Whee! whaw! where! where!
What? what? what? what? what?
HOO. I repeat it—human envoys are arrived, a steady pair,
To disclose without reserve a most stupendous huge affair.
CHOR. Chief, of all that ever were, the worst, the most unhappy one!
Speak, explain!
HOO. Don't be alarm'd!
CHOR. Alas, alas! what have you done?
HOO. I've received a pair of strangers, who desired to settle here.
CHOR. Have you risk'd so rash an act?
HOO. I've done it, and I persevere.
CHOR. But where are they?

Hoo. Near beside you; near as I am; very near.
Chor. Oût, alàs! oût, alàs!
We are betràỳ'd, crùelly betray'd
To a calàmitous end.
Our còmrade and our friènd,
Our compànion in the fièlds and in the pàstures
Is the aùthor of all our mìseries and dìsasters,
Our àncient sàcred làws and sòlemn oàth!
Transgrèssing bòth!
Trèasonably delìvering us as a prìze
To our hòrrible immemòrial enemiès,
To a detèstable race,
Exècrably base!
For the Bird our Chief, hereafter he must answer to the state;
With respect to these intruders, I propose, without debate,
On the spot to tear and hack them.
Eu. There it is, our death and ruin!
Ah, the fault was all your own, you know it; it was all your doing;
You that brought me here, and why?
Peis. Because I wanted an attendant.
Eu. Here to close my life in tears.
Peis. No, that's a foolish fear, depend on 't.
Eu. Why a foolish fear?
Peis. Consider; when you're left without an eye,
It's impossible in nature; how could you contrive to cry?
Chor. Form in rank, Form in rank;
Then move forward and outflank.
Let me see them overpower'd,
Hack'd, demolish'd, and devour'd,
Neither earth, nor sea, nor sky,
Nor woody fastnesses on high,
Shall protect them if they fly.
Where's the Captain? what detains him? what prevents us to proceed?
On the right there, call the Captain! let him form his troop and lead.
Eu. There it is; where can I fly?
Peis. Sirrah, be quiet; wait a bit.
Eu. What, to be devour'd amongst them!
Peis. Will your legs or will your wit
Serve to escape them?
Eu. I can't tell.
Peis. But I can tell; do as you're bid;
Fight we must. You see the pot just there before ye; take the lid
And present it for a shield; the spit will serve you for a spear;
With it you may scare them off, or spike them if they venture near.
Eu. What can I find to guard my eyes?
Peis. Why, there's the very thing you wish,
Two vizard helmets ready made, the cullender and skimming dish.
Eu. What a clever, capital, lucky device, sudden and new!
Nicias, with all his tactics, is a simpleton to you.
Chor. Steady, Birds! present your beaks! in double time, charge and attack!
Pounce upon them, smash the pot-lid, clapperclaw them, tear and hack.
Hoo. Tell me, most unworthy creatures, scandal of the feather'd race,
Must I see my friends and kinsmen massacred before my face?
Chor. What, do you propose to spare them? Where will your forbearance cease,
Hesitating to destroy destructive creatures such as these?
Hoo. Enemies they might have been; but here they come, with fair design,
With proposals of advice, for your advantage and for mine.
Chor. Enemies time out of mind! they that have spilt our father's blood,
How should they be friends of ours, or give us counsel for our good?
Hoo. Friendship is a poor adviser; politicians deep and wise
Many times are forced to learn a lesson from their enemies;
Diligent and wary conduct is the method soon or late
Which an adversary teaches; whilst a friend or intimate
Trains us on to sloth and ease; to ready confidence; to rest
In a careless acquiescence; to believe and hope the best.
Look on earth! behold the nations, all in emulation vying,
Active all, with busy science engineering, fortifying;
To defend their hearths and homes, with patriotic industry,
Facing every city round with massy walls of masonry;

Tactical devices old they modify with new design;
Arms offensive and defensive to perfection they refine;
Galleys are equipp'd and arm'd, and armies train'd to discipline.
Look to life, in every part; in all they practise, all they know,
Every nation has derived its best instruction from the foe.
CHOR. We're agreed to grant a hearing; if an enemy can teach
Anything that's wise or useful, let him prove it in his speech.
PEIS. [*aside.*] Let's retire a pace or two; you see the change in their behaviour.
HOO. Simple justice I require, and I request it as a favour.
CHOR. Faith and equity require it, and the nation hitherto
Never has refused to take direction and advice from you.
PEIS. [*aside.*] They're relenting by degrees;
Recover arms and stand at ease.
CHOR. Back to the rear! resume your station,
Ground your wrath and indignation,
Sheathe your fury, stand at ease!
While I proceed to question these:
What design has brought them here?
Hoh, there, Hoopoe! can't he hear?
HOO. What's your question?
CHOR. Who are these?
HOO. Strangers from the land of Greece.
CHOR. What design has brought them thence?
What's their errand or pretence?
HOO. They come here simply with a view
To settle and reside with you;
Here to remain and here to live.
CHOR. What is the reason that they give?
HOO. A project marvellous and strange.
CHOR. Will it account for such a change,
Coming here so vast a distance?
Does he look for our assistance
To serve a friend or harm a foe?
HOO. Mighty plans he has to show
(Hinted and proposed in brief—)
For a power beyond belief;
Ocean, earth, he says, and air,
All creation everywhere,
Everything that's here or there,
An empire and supremacy
Over all beneath the sky
Is attainable by you,
Your just dominion and your due.
CHOR. Tell us, was he fool or mad?
HOO. No, believe me, grave and sad.
CHOR. Did his reasons and replies
Mark him as discreet and wise?
HOO. With a force, a depth, a reach
Of judgment; a command of speech;
An invention, a facility,
An address, a volubility,
More than could be thought believable;
'Tis a varlet inconceivable!
CHOR. Let us hear him! let us hear him!
Bid him begin! for raised on high
Our airy fancy soars; and I
Am rapt in hope, ready to fly.
HOO. [*to the* CHORUS.] Here you, take these same arms, in the name of Heaven,
And hang them quietly in the chimney-corner; [*turning to* PEISTHETAIRUS]
And you, communicate your scheme, exhibiting
Your proofs and calculations—the discourse
Which they were call'd to attend to.
PEIS. No, not I,
By Jove! unless they agree to an armistice;
Such as the little poor baboon, our neighbour,
The sword cutler, concluded with his wife;
That they shan't bite me, or take unfair advantage
In any way.
CHOR. We won't.
PEIS. Well, swear it then!
CHOR. We swear, by our hope of gaining the first prize
With the general approval and consent
Of the whole audience, and of all the judges—
And if we fail, may the reproach befall us,
Of gaining it only by the casting vote.
HER. Hear ye, good people all! the troops are order'd
To take their arms within doors; and consult
On the report and entry to be made
Upon our journal of this day's proceedings.
CHOR. Since time began
The race of man
Has ever been deceitful, faithless ever.
Yet may our fears be vain!
Speak therefore and explain:
If in this realm of ours,
Your clearer intellect, searching and clever,
Has noticed means or powers
Unknown and undetected,

In unambitious indolence neglected.
Guide and assist our ignorant endeavour:
You, for your willing aid and ready wit,
Will share with us the common benefit.

Now speak to the business and be not afraid,
The Birds will adhere to the truce that we made.
PEIS. I'm fill'd with the subject and long to proceed—
My rhetorical leaven is ready to knead.—
Boy, bring me a crown and a basin and ewer.
EU. Why, what does he mean? Are we banqueting, sure?
PEIS. A rhetorical banquet I mean; and I wish
To serve them at first with a sumptuous dish,
To astound and delight them. 'The grief and compassion
That oppresses my mind on beholding a nation,
A people of sovereigns! . . . '
CHOR. Sovereigns we!
PEIS. Of all the creation! of this man and me,
And of Jupiter too; for observe that your birth
Was before the old Titans, and Saturn and Earth.
CHOR. And Earth!
PEIS. I repeat it.
CHOR. That's wonderful news!
PEIS. Your wonder implies a neglect to peruse
And examine old Aesop, from whom you might gather
That the lark was embarrass'd to bury his father
On account of the then non-existence of Earth;
And how to repair so distressing a dearth,
He adopted a method unheard of and new.
CHOR. If the story you quote is authentic and true,
No doubt can exist of our clear seniority,
And the gods must acknowledge our right to authority.
EU. Your beaks will be worn with distinction and pride;
The woodpecker's title will scarce be denied;
And Jove the pretender will surely surrender.
PEIS. . . . Moreover, most singular facts are combined
In proof that the birds were adored by mankind:
For instance, the Cock was a sovereign of yore
In the empire of Persia, and ruled it before
Darius's time; and you all may have heard
That his title exists as the 'Persian bird'. . . .
EU. And hence you behold him stalk in pride,
Majestic and stout, with a royal stride,
With his turban upright, a privilege known
Reserved to kings and kings alone.
PEIS. . . . So wide was his empire, so mighty his sway,
That the people of earth to the present day,
Attend to his summons and freely obey:
Tinkers, tanners, cobblers, all,
Are roused from rest at his royal call,
And shuffle their shoes on before it is light,
To trudge to the workshop.
EU. I warrant you're right;
I know to my cost, by the cloak that I lost;
It was owing to him I was robb'd and beguiled.
For a feast had been made for a neighbour's child,
To give it a name; and I went as a guest,
And sat there carousing away with the rest;
But drinking too deep, I feel soundly asleep;
And he began crowing; and I never knowing,
But thinking it morning, went off at the warning
(With the wine in my pate, to the city gate),
And fell in with a footpad was lying in wait,
Just under the town, and was fairly knock'd down;
Then I tried to call out; but before I could shout,
He stripp'd me at once with a sudden pull,
Of a bran new mantle of Phrygian wool.
PEIS. . . . Then the kite was the monarch of Greece heretofore . . .
Hoo. Of Greece?
PEIS. . . . and instructed our fathers of yore,
On beholding a kite, to fall down and adore . . .
EU. Well, a thing that befell me, was comical quite,
I threw myself down on beholding a kite;
But turning my face up to stare at his flight,
With a coin in my mouth, forgetting my penny,

I swallow'd it down, and went home without any.
PEIS. . . . In Sidon and Egypt the Cuckoo was king;
They wait to this hour for the Cuckoo to sing;
And when he begins, be it later or early,
They reckon it lawful to gather their barley . . .
EU. Ah, thence it comes our harvest cry,
Cuckoo, Cuckoo, to the passers-by.
PEIS. . . . At an era, moreover, of modern date,
Menelaus the king, Agamemnon the great,
Had a bird as assessor attending in state,
Perch'd on his sceptre, to watch for a share
Of fees and emoluments, secret or fair.
EU. Ah, there I perceive I was right in my guess,
For when Priam appear'd in his tragical dress,
The bird on his sceptre, I plainly could see,
Was watching Lysicrates taking a fee.
PEIS. . . . Nay, Jupiter now that usurps the command
Appears with an Eagle, appointed to stand
As his emblem of empire; a striking example
Of authority once so extended and ample:
And each of the gods had his separate fowl,
Apollo a Hawk, and Minerva an Owl.
EU. That's matter of fact, and you're right in the main;
But what was the reason I wish you'd explain.
PEIS. The reason was this: that the bird should be there
To demand as of right a proportional share
Of the entrails and fat; when an offering was made,
A suitable portion before them was laid:
Moreover you'll find that the race of mankind
Always swore by a bird; and it never was heard
That they swore by the gods at the time that I mention.
And Lampon himself, with a subtle intention,
Adheres to the old immemorial use;
He perjures and cheats us, and swears 'by the goose'.
Thus far forth have I proved and shown
The power and estate that were once your own,
Now totally broken and overthrown:
And need I describe your present tribe,
Weak, forlorn, exposed to scorn,
Distress'd, oppress'd, never at rest,
Daily pursued with outrage rude,
With cries and noise of men and boys,
Screaming, hooting, pelting, shooting,
The fowler sets his traps and nets,
Twigs of bird-lime, loops, and snares,
To catch you kidnapp'd unawares,
Even within the temple's pale.
They set you forth to public sale,
Paw'd and handled most severely;
And, not content with roasting merely,
In an insolent device,
Sprinkle you with cheese and spice;
With nothing of respect or favour,
Derogating from your flavour.
Or, for a further outrage, have ye
Soused in greasy sauce and gravy.
HOO. Sad and dismal is the story,
Human stranger, which you tell,
Of our fathers' ancient glory,
Ere the fated empire fell.
From the depth of degradation,
A benignant happy fate
Sends you to restore the nation,
To redeem and save the state.
I consign to your protection,
Able to preserve them best,
All my objects of affection,
My wife, my children, and my nest.
HOO. Explain then the method you mean to pursue
To recover our empire and freedom anew.
For thus to remain in dishonour and scorn,
Our life were a burthen no more to be borne.
PEIS. Then I move, that the birds shall in common repair
To a centrical point, and encamp in the air;
And intrench and enclose it, and fortify there;
And build up a rampart impregnably strong,
Enormous in thickness, enormously long;
Bigger than Babylon, solid and tall,
With bricks and bitumen! a wonderful wall.
EU. Bricks and bitumen! I'm longing to see
What a daub of a building the city will be!
PEIS. . . . As soon as the fabric is brought to an end,
A herald or envoy to Jove we shall send,
To require his immediate prompt abdication;
And if he refuses, or shows hesitation,

Or evades the demand, we shall further proceed,
With legitimate warfare, avow'd and decreed;
With a warning and notices, formally given,
To Jove, and all others residing in heaven,
Forbidding them ever to venture again
To trespass on our atmospheric domain,
With scandalous journeys, to visit a list
Of Alcmenas and Semeles; if they persist,
We warn them that means will be taken moreover
To stop their gallanting and acting the lover.
Another ambassador also will go
Dispatch'd upon earth, to the people below,
To notify briefly the fact of accession;
And enforcing our claims upon taking possession;
With orders in future, that every suitor,
Who applies to the gods with an offering made,
Shall begin with a previous offering paid
To a suitable Bird, of a kind and degree
That accords with the god, whosoever he be.
In Venus's fane, if a victim is slain,
First let a Sparrow be feasted with grain.
When gifts and oblations to Neptune are made,
To the Drake let a tribute of barley be paid.
Let the Cormorant's appetite first be appeased,
And let Hercules then have an Ox for his feast.
If you offer to Jove, as the sovereign above,
A Ram for his own, let the Golden-crown,
As a sovereign Bird, be duly preferr'd,
Feasted and honour'd, in right of his reign,
With a jolly fat pismire offer'd and slain.

EU. A pismire, how droll! I shall laugh till I burst!
Let Jupiter thunder, and threaten his worst!

HOO. But mankind, will they, think ye, respect and adore,
If they see us all flying, the same as before?
They will reckon us merely as Magpies and Crows.

PEIS. Poh! nonsense, I tell ye—no blockhead but knows
That Mercury flies; there is Iris too:
Homer informs us how she flew:
'Smooth as a Dove she went sailing along.'
And pinions of gold, both in picture and song,
To Cupid and Victory fairly belong.

HOO. But Jove's thunder has wings; if he send but a volley,
Mankind for a time may abandon us wholly.

PEIS. What then? we shall raise a granivorous troop,
To sweep their whole crops with a ravenous swoop:
If Ceres is able, perhaps she may deign
To assist their distress with a largess of rain. . . .

EU. No, no! she'll be making excuses, I warrant.

PEIS. . . . Then the Crows will be sent on a different errand,
To pounce all at once, with a sudden surprise,
On their oxen and sheep, to peck out their eyes,
And leave them stone-blind for Apollo to cure:
He'll try it; he'll work for his salary sure!

EU. Let the cattle alone; I've two beeves of my own:
Let me part with them first, and then do your worst.

PEIS. But, if men shall acknowledge your merit and worth,
As equal to Saturn, to Neptune, and Earth,
And to everything else, we shall freely bestow
All manner of blessings.

HOO. Explain them and show.

PEIS. For instance: if locusts arrive to consume
All their hopes of a crop, when the vines are in bloom,
A squadron of Owls may demolish them all;
The Midges moreover, which canker and gall
The figs and the fruit, if the Thrush is employ'd,
By a single battalion will soon be destroy'd.

HOO. But wealth is their object; and how can we grant it?

PEIS. We can point them out mines; and our help will be wanted
To inspect and direct navigation and trade;
Their voyages all will be easily made,
With a saving of time and a saving of cost;
And a seaman in future will never be lost.

HOO. How so?

PEIS. We shall warn them: 'Now hasten to sail,
Now keep within harbour; your voyage will fail.'

Eu. How readily then will a fortune be made!
I'll purchase a vessel and venture on trade.
Peis. . . . And old treasure conceal'd will again be reveal'd;
The Birds as they know it will readily show it.
'Tis a saying of old, 'My silver and gold
Are so safely secreted, and closely interr'd,
No creature can know it, excepting a Bird.'
Eu. I'll part with my vessel, I'll go not aboard;
I'll purchase a mattock and dig up a hoard.
Hoo. We're clear as to wealth; but the blessing of health
Is the gift of the gods.
Peis. It will make no such odds:
If they're going on well, they'll be healthy still,
And none are in health that are going on ill.
Hoo. But then for longevity; that is the gift
Of the gods.
Peis. But the Birds can afford them a lift,
And allow them a century, less or more.
Hoo. How so?
Peis. From their own individual store,
They may reckon it fair, to allot them a share;
For old proverbs affirm, that the final term
Of a Raven's life exceeds the space
Of five generations of human race.
Hoo. What need have we then for Jove as a king?
Surely the Birds are a better thing!
Peis. Surely! surely! First and most,
We shall economize the cost
Of marbled domes and gilded gates.
The Birds will live at cheaper rates,
Lodging, without shame or scorn,
In a maple or a thorn;
The most exalted and divine
Will have an olive for his shrine.
We need not run to foreign lands,
Or Ammon's temple in the sands;
But perform our easy vows
Among the neighbouring shrubs and boughs;
Paying our oblations fairly
With a pennyworth of barley.
Chor. O best of all envoys, suspected before,
Now known and approved, and respected the more;
To you we resign the political lead,
Our worthy director in council and deed.

Elated with your bold design,
I swear and vow:
If resolutely you combine
Your views and interest with mine,
In steadfast counsels as a trusty friend,
Without deceit, or guile, or fraudful end:
They that rule in haughty state,
The gods, ere long shall abdicate
Their high command,
And yield the sceptre to my rightful hand.

Then reckon on us for a number and force;
As on you we rely for a ready resource,
In council and policy, trusting to you
To direct the design we resolve to pursue.
Hoo. That's well, but we've no time, by Jove! to loiter,
And dawdle and postpone like Nicias.
We should be doing something. First, however,
I must invite you to my roosting place,
This nest of mine, with its poor twigs and leaves.
And tell me what your names are?
Peis. Certainly;
My name is Peisthetairus.
Hoo. And your friend?
Eu. Euelpides from Thria.
Hoo. Well, you're welcome—
Both of ye.
Peis. We're obliged.
Hoo. Walk in together.
Peis. Go first then, if you please.
Hoo. No, pray move forward.
Peis. But bless me—stop, pray—just for a single moment—
Let's see—do tell me—explain—how shall we manage
To live with you—with a person wearing wings?
Being both of us unfledged?
Hoo. Perfectly well!
Peis. Yes, but I must observe, that Aesop's fables
Report a case in point—the fox and eagle:
The fox repented of his fellowship,
And with good cause; you recollect the story.
Hoo. Oh! don't be alarm'd; we'll give you a certain root
That immediately promotes the growth of wings.

PEIS. Come, let's go in then; Xanthias, do you mind,
And Manodorus, follow with the bundles.
CHOR. Holloh!
HOO. What's the matter?
CHOR. Go in with your party,
And give them a jolly collation and hearty.
But the Bird to the Muses and Graces so dear,
The lovely, sweet Nightingale, bid her appear,
And leave her amongst us, to sport with us here.
PEIS. [*with a hurried, nervous eagerness.*]
O yes, by Jove! indeed, you must indulge them;
Do, do me, the favour; call her from the thicket!
For heaven's sake—let me entreat you—bring her here,
And let us have a sight of her ourselves.
HOO. [*with grave good-breeding, implying a kind of rebuke to the fussy importunity into which* PEISTHETAIRUS *had fallen.*]
Since it is your wish and pleasure, it must be so;
Come here to the strangers, Procne! show yourself!
PEIS. O Jupiter! what a graceful, charming bird!
What a beautiful creature it is!
EU. I'll tell ye what;
I could find in my heart to rumple her feathers.
PEIS. And what an attire she wears, all bright with gold!
EU. Well, I should like to kiss her for my part.
PEIS. You blockhead! With that beak she'd run you through.
EU. By Jove, then, one must treat her like an egg;
Just clear away the shell and kiss her—thus.
HOO. [*gravely disapproving the liberties which are taken in his presence*]. Let's go!
PEIS. Go first, then, and good luck go with us.

Exeunt.

CHOR. O lovely, sweet companion meet,
From morn to night my sole delight,
My little, happy, gentle mate,
You come, you come, O lucky fate!
Returning here with new delight,
To charm the sight, to charm the sight,
And charm the ear.
Come then, anew combine
Your notes in harmony with mine,
And with a tone beyond compare
Begin your Anapaestic air.

Ye Children of Man! whose life is a span,
Protracted with sorrow from day to day,
Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,
Sickly, calamitous creatures of clay!
Attend to the words of the Sovereign Birds
(Immortal, illustrious, lords of the air),
Who survey from on high, with a merciful eye,
Your struggles of misery, labour, and care.
Whence you may learn and clearly discern
Such truths as attract your inquisitive turn;
Which is busied of late with a mighty debate,
A profound speculation about the creation,
And organical life, and chaotical strife,
With various notions of heavenly motions,
And rivers and oceans, and valleys and mountains,
And sources of fountains, and meteors on high,
And stars in the sky . . . We propose by and by
(If you'll listen and hear), to make it all clear.
And Prodicus henceforth shall pass for a dunce,
When his doubts are explain'd and expounded at once.

Before the creation of Aether and Light,
Chaos and Night together were plight,
In the dungeon of Erebus foully bedight.
Nor Ocean, or Air, or substance was there,
Or solid or rare, or figure or form,
But horrible Tartarus ruled in the storm:
At length, in the dreary chaotical closet
Of Erebus old, was a privy deposit,
By Night the primaeval in secrecy laid—
A Mystical Egg, that in silence and shade
Was brooded and hatch'd, till time came about,
And Love, the delightful, in glory flew out,
In rapture and light, exulting and bright,
Sparkling and florid, with stars in his forehead,
His forehead and hair, and a flutter and flare,
As he rose in the air, triumphantly furnish'd
To range his dominions on glittering pinions,
All golden and azure, and blooming and burnish'd:

He soon, in the murky Tartarean recesses,
With a hurricane's might, in his fiery caresses
Impregnated Chaos; and hastily snatched
To being and life, begotten and hatch'd,
The primitive Birds: but the Deities all,
The celestial Lights, the terrestrial Ball,
Were later of birth, with the dwellers on earth
More tamely combined, of a temperate kind;
When chaotical mixture approach'd to a fixture.
Our antiquity proved, it remains to be shown
That Love is our author, and master alone;
Like him we can ramble and gambol and fly
O'er ocean and earth, and aloft to the sky:
And, all the world over, we're friends to the lover,
And when other means fail, we are found to prevail,
When a Peacock or Pheasant is sent as a present.
All lessons of primary daily concern
You have learnt from the Birds, and continue to learn,
Your best benefactors and early instructors;
We give you the warning of seasons returning.
When the Cranes are arranged, and muster afloat
In the middle air, with a creaking note,
Steering away to the Lybian sands,
Then careful farmers sow their lands;
The crazy vessel is haul'd ashore,
The sail, the ropes, the rudder, and oar
Are all unshipp'd, and housed in store,
The shepherd is warn'd, by the Kite reappearing,
To muster his flock, and be ready for shearing.
You quit your old cloak at the Swallow's behest,
In assurance of summer, and purchase a vest.
For Delphi, for Ammon, Dodona, in fine
For every oracular temple and shrine,
The Birds are a substitute equal and fair,
For on us you depend, and to us you repair
For counsel and aid when a marriage is made,
A purchase, a bargain, a venture in trade:
Unlucky or lucky, whatever has struck ye,
An ox or an ass that may happen to pass,
A voice in the street, or a slave that you meet,
A name or a word by chance overheard,
If you deem it an omen, you call it a *Bird;*
And if birds are your omens, it clearly will follow
That birds are a proper prophetic Apollo.

Then take us as gods, and you'll soon find the odds,
We'll serve for all uses, as prophets and muses;
We'll give ye fine weather, we'll live here together;
We'll not keep away, scornful and proud, a-top of a cloud
(In Jupiter's way); but attend every day
To prosper and bless all you possess,
And all your affairs, for yourselves and your heirs.
And as long as you live, we shall give
You wealth and health, and pleasure and treasure,
In ample measure;
And never bilk you of pigeon's milk
Or potable gold; you shall live to grow old,
In laughter and mirth, on the face of the earth,
Laughing, quaffing, carousing, boozing,
Your only distress shall be the excess
Of ease and abundance and happiness.

SEMICHORUS.

Muse, that in the deep recesses
Of the forest's dreary shade,
Vocal with our wild addresses;
Or in the lonely lowly glade
Attending near, art pleased to hear
Our humble bill, tuneful and shrill:

When to the name of omnipotent Pan
Our notes we raise, or sing in praise
Of mighty Cybele, from whom we began,
Mother of nature and every creature,
Wing'd or unwing'd, of birds or man;
Aid and attend, and chant with me
The music of Phrynichus, open and plain,
The first that attempted a loftier strain,
Ever busy like the bee, with the sweets of harmony.

EPIRRHEMA.

Is there any person present sitting a spectator here,
Who desires to pass his time freely without restraint or fear?

Should he wish to colonize, he never need be check'd or chid
For the trifling indiscretions which the testy laws forbid.
Parricides are in esteem: among the birds we deem it fair,
A combat honourably fought betwixt a game-cock and his heir!
There the branded runagate, branded and mottled in the face,
Will be deem'd a motley bird; a motley mark is no disgrace.
Spintharus, the Phrygian born, will pass a muster there with ease,
Counted as a Phrygian fowl; and even Execestides,
Once a Carian and a slave, may there be nobly born and free,
Plume himself on his descent, and hatch a proper pedigree.

SEMICHORUS.

Thus the Swans in chorus follow,
On the mighty Thracian stream,
Hymning their eternal theme—
Praise to Bacchus and Apollo:
The welkin rings with sounding wings,
With songs and cries and melodies,
Up to the thunderous Aether ascending:
Whilst all that breathe on earth beneath,
The beasts of the wood, the plain, and the flood,
In panic amazement, are crouching and bending,
With the awful qualm of a sudden calm,
Ocean and air in silence blending.
The ridge of Olympus is sounding on high,
Appalling with wonder the lords of the sky,
And the Muses and Graces,
Enthroned in their places,
Join in the solemn symphony.

ANTEPIRRHEMA.

Nothing can be more delightful than the having wings to wear!
A spectator sitting here, accommodated with a pair,
Might for instance (if he found a tragic chorus dull and heavy)
Take his flight and dine at home, and if he did not choose to leave ye,
Might return in better humour when the weary drawl was ended.
Introduce then wings in use—believe me, matters will be mended:
Patroclides would not need to sit there and befoul his seat;
Flying off, he might return, eased in a moment, clean and neat.
Trust me, wings are all in all! Diitrephes has mounted quicker
Than the rest of our aspirants, soaring on his wings of wicker:
Basket-work and crates and hampers first enabled him to fly;
First a captain, then promoted to command the cavalry;
With his fortunes daily rising, office and preferment new,
An illustrious, enterprising, airy, gallant Cockatoo.

PEIS. Well, there it is! Such a comical set out,
By Jove, I never saw!
EU. Why, what's the matter?
What are you laughing at?
PEIS. At your pen feathers;
I'll tell ye exactly now the thing you're like;
You're just the perfect image of a Goose,
Drawn with a pen in a writing-master's flourish.
EU. And you're like a pluck'd Blackbird to a tittle.
PEIS. Well, then, according to the line in Aeschylus,
'It's our own fault, the feathers are our own.'
EU. Come, what's to be done?
HOO. First we must choose a name-
Some grand, sonorous name, for our new city;
Then we must sacrifice.
EU. I think so too.
PEIS. Let's see—let's think of a name—what shall it be?
What say ye to the Lacedaemonian name?
Sparta sounds well—suppose we call it Sparta.
EU. Sparta! What, *Sparto*?—Rushes!—no, not I,
I'd not put up with *Sparto* for a mattress,
Much less for a city—we're not come to that.
PEIS. Come, then, what name shall it be?
EU. Something appropriate,
Something that sounds majestic, striking, and grand,
Alluding to the clouds and the upper regions.

PEIS. What think ye of Clouds and Cuckoos? Cuckoo-cloudlands
Or Nephelococcugia?
HOO. That will do;
A truly noble and sonorous name!
EU. I wonder if that Nephelococcugia
Is the same place I've heard of; people tell me
That all Theagenes's rich possessions
Lie there; and Aeschines's whole estate.
PEIS. Yes! and a better country it is by far
Than all that land in Thrace, the fabulous plain
Of Phlegra, where those earth-born landed giants
Were bullied and out-vapour'd by the gods.
EU. It will be a genteelish, smart concern, I reckon,
This city of ours.—Which of the deities
Shall we have for a patron? We must weave our mantle,
Our sacred mantle, of course—the yearly mantle
To one or other of 'em.
PEIS. Well, Minerva?
Why should not we have Minerva? She's establish'd,
Let her continue; she'll do mighty well.
EU. No—there I object; for a well-order'd city
The example would be scandalous, to see
The goddess, a female born, in complete armour
From head to foot; and Cleisthenes with a distaff.
PEIS. What warden will ye appoint for the Eagle tower,
Your Citadel, the fort upon the rock?
HOO. That charge will rest with a chief of our own choice,
Or Persian race, a chicken of the game,
An eminent warrior.
EU. Oh my chick-hiddy—
My little master. I should like to see him
Strutting about and roosting on the rock.
PEIS. Come you now! please to step to the atmosphere,
And give a look to the work, and help the workmen;
And between whiles, fetch bricks and tiles, and such like;
Draw water, stamp the mortar,—do it barefoot;
Climb up the ladders; tumble down again;
Keep constant watch and ward; conceal your watch-lights;
Then go the rounds, and give the countersign,
Till you fall fast asleep. Send heralds off,
—A brace of them—one to the gods above,
And another, down below there, to mankind.
Bid them, when they return, inquire for me.
EU. For me! for me! You may be hang'd for me.
PEIS. Come, friend, go where I bid you; never mind;
The business can't go on without you, anyhow.
It's just a sacrifice to these new deities,
That I must wait for, and the priest that's coming.
Holloh, you boy there! bring the basin and ewer!
CHOR. We urge, we exhort you, and advise,
To ordain a mighty sacrifice;
And before the gods to bring
A stupendous offering;
—Either a sheep or some such thing!—
To please the critics of the age,
Sacrificed upon the stage.—
Sound amain the Pythian strain!
Let Chaeris be brought here to sing.
PEIS. Have done there with your puffing
—Heaven and earth,
What's here? I've seen a many curious things,
But never saw the like of this before,
A Crow with a flute and a mouthpiece.
Priest, your office:
Perform it! Sacrifice to the new deities!
PRIEST. I will—but where's the boy gone with the basket?
Let us pray to the holy flame,
And the holy Hawk that guards the same;
To the sovereign Deities,
All and each, of all degrees,
Female and male!
CHOR. Hail, thou Hawk of Sunium, hail!
PRIEST. To the Delian and the Pythian Swan,
And to the Latonian Quail,
All hail!
CHOR. To the Bird of awful stature,
Mother of Gods, mother of Man;
Great Cybele! nurse of Nature!
Glorious Ostrich, hear our cry!

Fearful and enormous creature,
Hugest of all things that fly,
O preserve and prosper us,
Thou mother of Cleocritus!
Grant the blessings that we seek
For us, and for the Chians eke!
PEIS. That's right, the Chians—don't forget the Chians!
PRIEST. To the Heroes, Birds, and Heroes' sons,
We call at once, we call and cry,
To the Woodpecker, the Jay, the Pie,
To the Mallard and the Widgeon,
To the Ringdove and the Pigeon,
To the Petrel and Sea-mew,
To the Dottrel and Curlew,
To the Vultures and the Hawks,
To the Cormorants and Storks,
To the Rail, to the Quail,
To the Peewit, to the Tomtit—
PEIS. Have done there! call no more of 'em; are you mad?
Inviting all the Cormorants and Vultures,
For a victim such as this! Why don't you see,
A Kite at a single swoop would carry it off?
Get out of my way there with your Crowns and Fillets!
I'll do it myself! I'll make the sacrifice!
PRIEST. Then must I commence again,
In a simple humble strain;
And invite the gods anew,
To visit us—but very few—
Or only just a single one,
All alone
In a quiet easy way;
Wishing you may find enough,
If you dine with us to-day;
Our victim is so poor and thin,
Merely bones, in fact, and skin.
PEIS. We sacrifice and pray to the winged deities.
Enter a Poet, very ragged and shabby.
POET. 'For the festive, happy day,
Muse, prepare an early lay
To Nephelococcugia.'
PEIS. What's here to do? What are you? Where do you come from?
POET. A humble menial of the Muses' train,
As Homer expresses it.
PEIS. A menial, are you,
With your long hair? A menial?
POET. 'Tis not that
No!—but professors of the poetical art
Are simply styled, the 'Menials of the Muses.'
As Homer expresses it.
PEIS. Aye, the Muse has given you
A ragged livery. Well, but friend, I say—
Friend! Poet! What the plague has brought you here?
POET. I've made an Ode upon your new-built City,
And a charming composition for a Chorus,
And another, in Simonides's manner.
PEIS. [*in a sharp cross-examining tone.*] When were they made?
What time? How long ago?
POET. From early date, I celebrate in song
The noble Nephelococcugian state.
PEIS. That's strange, when I'm just sacrificing here,
For the first time, to give the town a name.
POET. Intimations, swift as air,
To the Muses' ear are carried,
Swifter than the speed and force
Of the fiery-footed horse,
Hence, the tidings never tarried;
Father, patron, mighty lord,
Founder of the rising state,
What thy bounty can afford,
Be it little, be it great,
With a quick resolve incline
To bestow on me and mine.
PEIS. This fellow will breed a bustle, and make mischief,
If we don't give him a trifle, and get rid of him.
You there, you've a spare waistcoat; pull it off!
And give it this same clever ingenious poet—
There, take the waistcoat, friend! Ye seem to want it!
POET. Freely, with a thankful heart,
What the bounteous hand bestows,
Is received in friendly part;
But amid the Thracian snows,
Or the chilly Scythian plain,
He the wanderer, cold and lonely,
With an under-waistcoat only,
Must a further wish retain;
Which, the Muse, averse to mention,
To your gentle comprehension
Trusts her enigmatic strain.
PEIS. I comprehend it enough; you want a jerkin.

Here, give him yours; one ought to encourage genius.
There, take it, and good-bye to ye!
POET. Well, I'm going;
And, as soon as I get to the town, I'll set to work;
And finish something, in this kind of way.
'Seated on your golden throne,
Muse, prepare a solemn ditty
To the mighty,
To the flighty,
To the cloudy, quivering, shivering,
To the lofty-seated city.'
PEIS. Well, I should have thought, that jerkin might have cured him
Of his 'quiverings and shiverings.' How the plague
Did the fellow find us out? I should not have thought it.
Come once again, go round with the basin and ewer.
Peace! Silence, silence!
Enter a Soothsayer.
SOOTH. Stop the sacrifice!
PEIS. What are you?
SOOTH. A Soothsayer, that's what I am.
PEIS. The worse luck for ye.
SOOTH. Friend, are you in your senses?
Don't trifle absurdly with religious matters.
Here's a prophecy of Bakis, which expressly
Alludes to Nephelococcugia.
PEIS. How came it, then, you never prophesied
Your prophecies, before the town was built?
SOOTH. The spirit withheld me.
PEIS. And is it allowable now,
To give us a communication of them?
SOOTH. Hem!
'Moreover, when the Crows and Daws unite,
To build and settle, in the midway right
Between tall Corinth and fair Sicyon's height.
Then to Pandora let a milk white Goat
Be slain, and offer'd, and a comely coat
Given to the Soothsayer, and shoes a pair;
When he to you this oracle shall bear.'
PEIS. Are the shoes mention'd?
SOOTH. [*pretending to feel for his papers.*] Look at the book, and see!
'And let him have the entrails for his share.'
PEIS. Are the entrails mention'd?
SOOTH. [*as before.*] Look at the book, and see!
'If you, predestined youth, shall do these things,
Then you shall soar aloft, on eagle's wings;
But, if you do not, you shall never be
An Eagle, nor a Hawk, nor bird of high degree.'
PEIS. Is all this there?
SOOTH. [*as before.*] Look at the book, and see!
PEIS. This oracle differs most remarkably
From that which I transcribed in Apollo's temple.
'If at the sacrifice . . . which you prepare,
An uninvited vagabond . . . should dare
To interrupt you, and demand a share,
Let cuffs and buffets . . . be the varlet's lot.
Smite him between the ribs . . . and spare him not.'
SOOTH. Nonsense you're talking!
PEIS. [*with the same action as the Soothsayer, as if he were feeling for papers.*] Look at the book, and see!
'Thou shalt in no wise heed them, or forbear
To lash and smite those Eagles of the air,
Neither regard their names, for it is written,
Lampon and Diopeithes shall be smitten.'
SOOTH. Is all this there?
PEIS. [*producing a horsewhip.*] Look at the book, and see!
Get out, with a plague and a vengeance.
SOOTH. Oh dear! oh!
PEIS. Go soothsay somewhere else, you rascal, run!
Exit Soothsayer.
Enter METON *the Astronomer.*
MET. I'm come, you see, to join you.
PEIS. [*aside.*] (Another plague!)
For what? What's your design? Your plan, your notion?
Your scheme,—your apparatus,—your equipment,
Your outfit? What's the meaning of it all?
MET. I mean to take a geometrical plan
Of your atmosphere—to allot it, and survey it
In a scientific form.
PEIS. In the name of heaven!
Who are ye and what? What name? What manner of man?

MET. Who am I and what? Meton's my name, well known.
In Greece, and in the village of Colonos.
PEIS. [*going up to him and pulling them about.*]
But tell me pray;—these implements, these articles,
What are they meant for?
MET. These are—*Instruments!*
An atmospherical geometrical scale.
First, you must understand, that the atmosphere
Is form'd,—in a manner,—altogether,—partly,
In the fashion of a furnace, or a funnel;
I take this circular arc, with the moveable arm,
And so, by shifting it round, till it coincides
At the angle;—you understand me?
PEIS. Not in the least.
MET. [*with animation and action illustrative of the proposed plan.*] . . . I obtain a true division, with the quadrature
Of the equilateral circle. Here, I trace
Your market-place, in the centre, with the streets,—
Converging inwards,—and the roads, diverging—
From the circular wall, without—like solar rays
From the circular circumference of the Sun.
PEIS. [*in a pretended soliloquy; then calling to him with a tone of mystery and alarm.*] Another Thales! absolutely, a Thales!—
Meton!
MET. [*startled.*] Why, what's the matter?
PEIS. You're aware
That I've a regard for you. Take my advice;
Don't be seen here—Withdraw yourself,—abscond!
MET. Is there any alarm or risk?
PEIS. Why, much the same
As it might be in Lacedaemon. There's a bustle
Of expelling aliens; people are dragg'd out
From the inns and lodgings, with a deal of uproar,
And blows and abuse in plenty, to be met with
In the public streets.
MET. A popular tumult—heh?
PEIS. [*scandalized at the supposition.*] Oh, fie! no, nothing of that kind.
MET. How do you mean then?
PEIS. We're carrying into effect a resolution
Adopted lately; to discard and cudgel—
Coxcombs and Mountebanks—of every kind:
MET. Perhaps—I had best withdraw.
PEIS. Why yes, *perhaps*—
But yet, I would not answer for it, neither;
Perhaps, you may be too late; the blows I mention'd
Are coming—close upon you—there they come!
MET. Oh bless me!
PEIS. Did I not tell you and give you warning?
Get out, you coxcomb, find out by your Geometry
The road you came, and measure it back: you'd best.
Exit METON.

Enter a Commissioner from Athens.

COM. Is nobody here? None of the Proxeni,
To receive and attend upon me?
PEIS. What's all this?
Sardanapalus in person come amongst us!
COM. I come, appointed as Commissioner
To Nephelococcugia.
PEIS. A Commissioner!
What brings you here?
COM. A paltry scrap of paper,
A trifling silly decree, that sent me away
Here to this place of yours.
PEIS. Well now! suppose,
To make things easy on both sides—could not you
Just take your salary at once; and so return,
Without any further trouble?
COM. Truly yes,
I've other affairs at home: a speech and a motion,
That I meant to have made in the general assembly,
About a business, that I took in hand
On the part of my friend Pharnaces, the satrap.
PEIS. Agreed then, and farewell. Here, take your salary.
COM. What's here?

PEISTHETAIRUS *has held out his left hand as if with an offer of money, he grasps the right hand of the Commissioner, and with this advantage proceeds to buffet him.*

PEIS. A motion on the part of Pharnaces!

COM. Bear witness here! I'm beaten and abused
In my character of Commissioner!

Exit COM.

PEIS. Get out!
With your balloting-box and all. It's quite a shame,
Quite scandalous! They send commissioners here,
Before we've finish'd our first sacrifice.

Enter a Hawker.

HAW. 'Moreover, if a Nephelococcugian
Should assault or smite an Athenian citizen'—

PEIS. What's this? What's all this trumpery paper here?

HAW. I've brought you the new laws and ordinances,
And copies of the last decrees to sell.

PEIS. [*dryly and bitterly.*] Let's hear 'em.

HAW. 'It's enacted and ordain'd,
That the Nephelococcugians shall use
Such standard weights and measures'—

PEIS. Friend, you'll find
Hard *measure* here, and a heavy *weight*, I promise you,
Upon your shoulders shortly.

HAW. What's the matter?
What's come to you?

PEIS. Get out, with your decrees!
I've bloody decrees against you, dire decrees. [*Drives him off.*]

COM. [*returning.*] I summon Peisthetairus to his answer,
In an action of assault and battery,
For the first day of the month Munychion.

PEIS. Hah! say you so? You're there again! Have at you. [*Drives him off.*]

HAW. [*returning.*] 'And in case of any assault or violence,
Against the person of the Magistrate'—

PEIS. Bless me! What you! You're there again. [*Drives him off.*]

COM. [*returning again.*] I'll ruin you;
I'll lay my damages at ten thousand drachmas.

PEIS. In the meantime, I'll smash your balloting boxes.

COM. Remember, how you effaced the public monument,
On the pillar, and defiled it late last night.

PEIS. Pah! stuff! There, seize him, somebody. —What, you're off, too.
Come, let's remove, and get away from hence,
And sacrifice our goat to the gods within doors.

CHORUS.

Henceforth—Our Worth,
Our Right—Our Might,
Shall be shown,
Acknowledged, known;
Mankind shall raise
Prayers, vows, praise,
To the Birds alone.
Our employ is to destroy
The vermin train,
Ravaging amain
Your fruits and grain:
We're the wardens
Of your gardens,
To watch and chase
The wicked race,
And cut them shorter
In hasty slaughter.

EPIRRHEMA.

At the present urgent crisis, all your efforts and attention
Are directed to secure Diagoras's apprehension:
Handsome bounties have been offer'd of a talent for his head,
Likewise with respect to Tyrants (Tyrants, that are gone and dead),
Bounties of a talent each, for all that can be kill'd or caught.
With a zealous emulation, we, the Birds, have also thought
Just and proper to proclaim, from this time forth, that we withdraw
From Philocrates, the fowler, the protection of the law:
Furthermore, we fix a price for bringing him alive or dead,
Four, if he's secured alive, a single talent for his head:
He, that Ortolans and Quails to market has presumed to bring,
And the Sparrows, six a penny, tied together in a string,
With a wicked art retaining sundry Doves in his employ,

Fasten'd, with their feet in fetters, forced to serve for a decoy.
Further, we declare and publish our command to men below,
All the Birds you keep in prison, to release and let them go.
We shall, else, revenge ourselves, and we shall teach the tyrants yet,
How to chirp and dance in fetters, in the tangles of a net.

CHORUS.

Blest are they,
The Birds alway,
With perfect clothing,
Fearing nothing,
Cold or sleet or summer heat.
As it chances,
As he fancies,
Each his own vagary follows,
Dwelling in the dells and hollows;
When, with eager weary strain,
The shrilly grasshoppers complain,
Parch'd upon the sultry plain,
Madden'd with the raging heat,
We secure a cool retreat,
In the shady nooks and coves,
Recesses of the sacred groves,
Many a herb, and many a berry
Serves to feast, and make us merry.

ANTEPIRRHEMA.

To the judges of the prize, we wish to mention in a word
The return we mean to make, if our performance is preferr'd.
First, then, in your empty coffers you shall see the sterling Owl,
From the mines of Laurium, familiar as a common fowl;
Roosting among the bags and pouches, each at ease upon his nest;
Undisturb'd, rearing and hatching little broods of interest:
If you wish to cheat in office, but are inexpert and raw,
You should have a Kite for agent, capable to gripe and claw;
Cranes and Cormorants shall help you to a stomach and a throat
When you feast abroad; but if you give a vile, unfriendly vote,
Hasten and provide yourselves, each, with a little silver plate,
Like the statues of the gods, for the protection of his pate;
Else, when forth abroad you ramble on a summer holiday,
We shall take a dirty vengeance, and befoul your best array.
PEIS. Well, Friends and Birds, the sacrifice has succeeded;
Our omens have been good ones, good and fair.
But what's the meaning of it? We've no news
From the new building yet! No messenger!
Oh! there at last, I see,—There's somebody
Running at speed, and panting like a racer.

Enter a messenger, quite out of breath, and speaking in short snatches.

MESS. Where is he? Where? Where is he? Where? Where is he?—
The president, Peisthetairus?
PEIS. [*coolly.*] Here am I.
MESS. [*in a gasp of breath.*] Your fortification's finish'd.
PEIS. Well! that's well.
MESS. A most amazing, astonishing work it is!
So that Theagenes and Proxenides
Might flourish, and gasconade, and prance away,
Quite at their ease, both of them four-in-hand,
Driving abreast upon the breadth of the wall,
Each in his own chariot.
PEIS. You surprise me.
MESS. And the height (for I made the measurement myself)
Is exactly a hundred fathom.
PEIS. Heaven and earth!
How could it be? Such a mass! Who could have built it?
MESS. The Birds; no creature else—no foreigners,
Egyptian bricklayers, workmen or masons,
But they themselves, alone, by their own efforts
(Even to my surprise, as an eye-witness)—
The Birds, I say, completed everything.
There came a body of thirty thousand Cranes
(I won't be positive, there might be more)
With stones from Africa, in their craws and gizzards,

Which the Stone-curlews and Stone-chatterers
Work'd into shape and finish'd. The Sand-Martins,
And Mud-larks, too, were busy in their department,
Mixing the mortar, while the Water-Birds,
As fast as it was wanted, brought the water
To temper, and work it.
PEIS. [*in a fidget.*] But who served the masons?
Who did you get to carry it?
MESS. To carry it?
Of course, the Carrion Crows and Carrying Pigeons.
PEIS. [*in a fuss, which he endeavours to conceal.*] Yes! yes! But after all, to load your hods—
How did you manage that?
MESS. Oh, capitally,
I promise you.—There were the Geese, all barefoot,
Trampling the mortar, and, when all was ready,
They handed it into the hods so cleverly,
With their flat feet!
PEIS. [*A bad joke, as a vent for irritation.*] They *footed* it, you mean—
Come; it was handily done though, I confess.
MESS. Indeed, I assure you, it was a sight to see them;
And trains of Ducks there were, clambering the ladders,
With their duck legs, like bricklayer's 'prentices,
All dapper and handy, with their little trowels.
PEIS. In fact, then, it's no use engaging foreigners;
Mere folly and waste; we've all within ourselves.
Ah, well now, come! But about the woodwork? Heh!
Who were the carpenters? Answer me that!
MESS. The Woodpeckers, of course: and there they were,
Labouring upon the gates, driving and banging,
With their hard hatchet beaks, and such a din,
Such a clatter as they made, hammering and hacking,
In a perpetual peal, pelting away
Like shipwrights hard at work in the arsenal.
And now their work is finish'd, gates and all,
Staples and bolts, and bars and everything;
The sentries at their posts; patrols appointed;
The watchmen in the barbican; the beacons
Ready prepared for lighting; all their signals
Arranged—But I'll step out, just for a moment,
To wash my hands.—You'll settle all the rest. *Exit.*

PEISTHETAIRUS, *surprised at the rapid conclusion of the work, feeling from the volubility and easy manner of the messenger the blow which his authority has received; seeing that nothing is left for him to superintend, nothing to direct, nothing to suggest, or to find fault with, remains in an attitude of perplexity and astonishment, with his hands clasped across his forehead.*

CHORUS. [*to* PEISTHETAIRUS, *in a sort of self-satisfied, drawling tone.*] Heighday! Why, what's the matter with ye? Sure!
Ah! well now, I calculate, you're quite astonish'd;
You did not know the nature of our birds:
I guess you thought it an impossible thing
To finish up your fortification job
Within the time so cleverly.
PEIS. [*recovering himself and looking round.*] Yes, truly.
Yes, I'm surprised, indeed, I must confess—
I could almost imagine to myself
It was a dream, an illusion altogether—
—But there's the watchman of the town, I see!
In alarm and haste, it seems! He's running here—

The watchman enters, with a shout of alarm.

—Well, what's the matter?
W. A most dreadful business!
One of the gods just now—Jupiter's gods—
Has bolted through the gates, and driven on
Right into the atmosphere, in spite of us,
And all the Jackdaws, that were mounting guard.
PEIS. [*animated at the prospect of having something to manage.*] What an outrage! What an insult! Which of 'em?
Which of the gods?
W. We can't pretend to say;
We just could ascertain that he wore wings.
We're clear upon that point.

PEIS. But a light party
Ought surely to have been sent in such a case;
A detachment—
W. A detachment has been sent
Already: a squadron of ten thousand Hawks,
Besides a corps of twenty thousand Hobby-hawks,
As a light cavalry, to scour the country:
Vultures and Falcons, Ospreys, Eagles, all
Have sallied forth; the sound of wings is heard,
Rushing and whizzing round on every side,
In eager search.—The fugitive divinity
Is not far off, and soon must be discovered.
PEIS. Did nobody think of slingers? Where are they?
Where are the slingers got to? Give me a sling.
Arrows and slings, I say!—Make haste with 'em.

CHOR. War is at hand,
On air and land,
Proclaim'd and fix'd.
War and strife,
Eager and rife,
Are kindled atwixt
This state of ours,
And the heavenly powers.
Look with care
To the circuit of air;
Watch lest he,
The deity,
Whatever he be,
Should unaware
Escape and flee.
But hark! The rushing sound of hasty wings
Approaches us. The deity is at hand.
PEIS. Holloh, you! Where are ye flying? Where are ye going?
Hold! Halt! Stop there, I tell ye!—Stop this instant!
What are ye? Where do you come from? Speak, explain.
IRIS. Me? From the gods, to be sure! the Olympian gods.
PEIS. [*pointing to the flaunting appendages of her dress.*] What are ye? with all your flying trumpery!
A helmet, or a galley? What's your name?
IRIS. Iris, the messenger of the gods.
PEIS. A messenger!
Oh, you're a naval messenger, I reckon;
The Salaminian galley, or the Paralian?
—You're in full sail, I see.
IRIS. What's here to do?
PEIS. Are there no birds in waiting? Nobody
To take her into custody?
IRIS. Me, to custody?
Why, what's all this?
PEIS. You'll find to your cost, I promise ye.
IRIS. Well, this seems quite unaccountable!
PEIS. Which of the gates
Did ye enter at, ye jade? How came you here?
IRIS. Gates!—I know nothing about your gates, not I.
PEIS. Fine innocent ignorant airs she gives herself!
You applied to the Pelicans, I suppose?—The captain
Of the Cormorants on guard admitted you?
IRIS. Why, what the plague! what's this?
PEIS. So, you confess!
—You came without permission!
IRIS. Are you mad?
PEIS. Did neither the sitting magistrates nor birdmasters
Examine and pass you?
IRIS. Examine me, forsooth!
PEIS. This is the way then!—without thanks or leave
You ramble and fly, committing trespasses
In an atmosphere belonging to your neighbours!
IRIS. And where would you have us fly then? Us, the gods!
PEIS. I neither know nor care.—But I know this—
They sha'n't fly here.—And another thing I know.
I know—that, if there ever was an instance
Of an Iris or a rainbow, such as you,
Detected in the fact, fairly condemn'd,
And justly put to death, it would be you.
IRIS. But I'm immortal.
PEIS. [*coolly and peremptorily.*] That would make no difference;
We should be strangely circumstanced indeed,
With the possession of a Sovereign Power,
And you, the gods, in no subordination,
No kind of order; fairly mutinying,
Infringing and disputing our commands.

—Now then, you'll please to tell me where you're going?
Which way you're steering with those wings of yours?
IRIS. [*in a great fright, hesitating and hurried, but attempting to assume a tone of authority.*] I? . . . I'm commission'd from my father Jove
To summon human mortals to perform
Their rites and offerings and oblations, due
To the powers above.
PEIS. And who do you mean? what powers?
IRIS. What powers? Ourselves, the Olympian deities!
PEIS. So then, you're deities, the rest of ye!
IRIS. Yes, to be sure. What others should there be?
PEIS. Remember—once for all—that we, the Birds,
Are the only deities from this time forth,
And not your father Jove. By Jove! not he!
IRIS. Oh, rash, presumptuous wretch! Incense no more
The wrath of the angry gods, lest Ruin drive
Her ploughshare o'er thy mansion; and Destruction,
With hasty besom sweep thee to the dust;
Or flaming Lightning smite thee with a flash,
Left in an instant smouldering and extinct.
PEIS. Do ye hear her?—Quite in tragedy! —quite sublime!
Come, let me try for a bouncer in return.
Let's see.—Let's recollect.—'Me dost thou deem,
Like a base Lydian or a Phrygian slave,
With hyperbolical bombast to scare?'
I tell ye, and you may tell him—Jupiter—
If he provokes me, and pushes things too far—
Will see some eagles of mine, to outnumber his,
With firebrands in their claws, about his house.
And I shall send a flight of my Porphyrions,
A hundred covey or more, arm'd cap-à-pie,
To assault him in his sublime celestial towers:
Perhaps he may remember, in old times
He found enough to do with one Porphyrion.
And for you, Madam Iris, I shall strip
Your rainbow-shanks, if you're impertinent,
Depend upon it, and I myself, in person,
Will punish you, myself—old as I am.
IRIS. Curse ye, you wretch, and all your filthy words.
PEIS. Come, scuttle away; convey your person elsewhere;
Be brisk, and leave a vacancy. Brush off.
IRIS. I shall inform my father.—He shall know
Your rudeness and impertinence. He shall,—
He'll settle ye and keep ye in order.—You shall see.
PEIS. Oh dear! is it come to that? No, you're mistaken,
Young woman, upon that point; I'm not your man;
I'm an old fellow grown; I'm thunder-proof;
Proof against flames and darts and female arts:
You'd best look out for a younger customer.
CHOR. Notice is hereby given
To the deities of heaven,
Not to trespass here,
Upon our atmosphere;
Take notice; from the present day
No smoke or incense is allow'd
To pass this way.
PEIS. Quite strange it is! quite unaccountable!
That herald to mankind that was dispatch'd,
What has become of him? He's not yet return'd.

Enter HERALD.

HERALD. Oh, Peisthetairus, happiest, wisest, best,
Cleverest of men! Oh, most illustrious!
Oh, most inordinately fortunate!
Oh, most . . . Oh, do, for shame, do bid me have done.
PEIS. What are you saying?
HER. All the people of Earth
Have join'd in a complimentary vote, decreeing
A crown of gold to you, for your exertions.
PEIS. I'm much obliged to the people of Earth. But why?
What was their motive?
HER. Oh, most noble founder
Of this supereminent, celestial city,
You can't conceive the clamour of applause,
The enthusiastic popularity,

That attends upon your name; th' impulse and stir
That moves among mankind, to colonize
And migrate hither. In the time before,
There was a Spartan mania, and people went
Stalking about the streets with Spartan staves,
With their long hair, unwash'd and slovenly,
Like so many Socrateses; but, of late,
Birds are the fashion—Birds are all in all—
Their modes of life are grown to be mere copies
Of the birds' habits; rising with the Lark;
Scratching and scrabbling suits and informations;
Picking and pecking upon points of law;
Brooding and hatching evidence;—in short,
It has grown to such a pitch, that names of Birds
Are given to individuals; Chaerophon
Is call'd an Owl, Theagenes a Goose,
Philocles a Cock Sparrow, Midias
A Dunghill Cock.—And all the songs in vogue
Have something about Birds, Swallows or Doves;
Or about flying, or a wish for wings.
Such is the state of things, and I must warn you,
That you may expect to see some thousands of them
Arriving here, almost immediately,
With a clamorous demand for wings and claws:
I advise you to provide yourself in time.

PEIS. Come, it won't do then, to stand dawdling here;
Go you, fill the hampers and the baskets there
With wings, and bid the loutish porter bring them,
While I stop here, to encounter the newcomers.

CHOR. Shortly shall the noble town,
Populous and gay,
Shine in honour and renown.

PEIS. [*dryly.*] Why, perhaps she may.

CHOR. The benignant powers of love,
From their happy sphere,
From the blest abodes above—

PEIS. [*venting his ill-humour on the servant.*]
Curse ye, rascal! Can't ye move?

CHOR. —Are descending here,
Where in all this earthly range,
He that wishes for a change,
Can he find a seat,
Joyous and secure as this,
Fill'd with happiness and bliss,
Such a fair retreat?
Here are all the lovely faces,
Gentle Venus and the Graces,
And the little Cupid;
Order, ease and harmony,
Peace and affability.

PEIS. The scoundrel is so stupid,
Quicker, sirrah! bring it quicker!

CHOR. Let him bring the woven wicker
With the winged store.
I myself, in very deed,
With the varlet will proceed,
And smite him more and more:
Like a sluggish ass he seems,
Or even as a man that dreams,
Therefore smite him sore.

PEIS. [*determined to cross them, relapses into good-humour.*] He's a lazy rogue, it's true.

CHOR. Now range them forth, display'd in order due;
Feathers of every form and size and hue,
With shrewd intent adapting every pinion
To the new residents of your dominion.

PEIS. I vow by the Hawks and Eagles,
I won't bear it;
I'll beat ye, I will myself, you lazy rascal!

Enter a fellow, singing.

Y. MAN. 'Oh! for an Eagle's force and might,
Loftily to soar
Over land and sea, to light
On a lonely shore.'

PEIS. Well, here's a song that's something to the purpose.

Y. MAN. Aye, aye, there's nothing like it —wings and flying!
Wings are your only sort. I'm a bird-fancier.
In the new fashion quite. I've taken a notion
To settle and live amongst ye. I like your laws.

PEIS. [*very gravely and methodically.*] What laws do you mean? We've many laws amongst us.

Y. MAN. Your laws in general; but particularly

The law that allows of beating one's own father.

PEIS. Why truly, Yes! we esteem it a point of valour

In a Chicken, if he clapperclaws the old Cock.

Y. MAN. That was my view, feeling a wish in fact

To throttle mine, and seize the property.

PEIS. [*with great candour and composure, simply stating a fact.*]

Yes, but you'd find some difficulties here;

An obstacle insurmountable, I conceive;

An ancient statute standing unrepeal'd,

Engraved upon our old Ciconian columns.

It says: that when a Stork or a Ciconia

Has brought his lawful progeny of young Storks

To bird's estate, and enabled them to fly,

The sire shall stand entitled to a maintenance,

At the son's cost and charge, in his old age.

Y. MAN. [*with a start of disappointment, slapping his forehead.*]

I've managed finely, it seems, to mend myself!

Forced to maintain my father after all!

PEIS. [*in a soothing consolatory tone.*] No, no; not quite so bad; since you're come here,

As a well-wisher to the establishment,

Zealous and friendly, we'll contrive to equip you

With a suit of armour, as a soldier's orphan.

And now, young man, let me suggest some notions,

Things that were taught me when a boy. 'Your father?'

'Strike him not!' rather take this pair of wings;

And this cockspur [*giving him a sword*]; imagine you've a coxcomb

Upon your head, to serve you for a helmet;

Look out for service, and enlist yourself;

Get into a garrison; live upon your pay;

And let your father live. You're fond of fighting,

And fond of flying—take a flight to Thrace;

There you may please yourself, and fight your fill.

Y. MAN. By Jove, you're right. The notion's not a bad one,

I'll follow it up!

PEIS. [*very gravely and quietly.*] You'll find it the best way. *Exit* Y. MAN.

Enter KINESIAS, *singing.*

KIN. Fearless, I direct my flight

To the vast Olympian height;

Thence at random I repair,

Wafted in the whirling air,

With an eddy, wild and strong,

Over all the fields of song.

PEIS. Ah! well, Kinesias, I'm quite glad to see ye;

But what has brought ye and all your songs and music,

Hobbling along with your old chromatic joints?

KIN. [*singing.*] 'Let me live, and let me sing,

Like a bird upon the wing.'

PEIS. No more of that; but tell us plainly, in prose,

What are ye come for? what's your scheme, your object?

KIN. I was anxious to procure a pair of wings,

To say the truth, wishing to make a tour

Among the clouds, collecting images,

And metaphors, and things of that description.

PEIS. How so! do you procure 'em from the clouds?

KIN. Entirely! Our dithyrambic business absolutely

Depends upon them; our most approved commodities,

The dusky, misty, murky articles,

With the suitable wings and feathers, are imported

Exclusively from thence. I'll give you a sample,

A thing of my own composing. You shall judge.

PEIS. But, indeed, I'd rather not.

KIN. But, indeed, you must;

It's a summary view of flying, comprehending it

In all its parts, in every point of view. [*Singing.*]

Ye gentle feather'd tribes,

Of every plume and hue,

That, in uninhabited air,

Are hurrying here and there;

Oh! that I, like you,

Could leave this earthly level,

For a wild aerial revel;
O'er the waste of ocean
To wander and to dally
With the billow's motion;
Or, in an eager sally,
Soaring to the sky,
To range and rove on high
With my plumy sails,
Buffeted and baffled with the gusty gales,
Buffeted and baffled . . .
While KINESIAS *is repeating these last lines* PEISTHETAIRUS *comes behind him and gives him a flap with a huge pair of wings.*
KIN. A pretty, civil joke indeed!
PEIS. What joke?
I'm only buffeting you with the plumy sails;
I thought it was what you wanted.
KIN. Well, that's fine!
Pretty respect for a master such as me;
A leader of the band, that all the tribes
Are ready to fight for, to bespeak him first.
PEIS. Well, we've a little unfledged chorus here,
That Leotrophides hatch'd, poor puny nestlings,
I'll give 'em you for scholars.
KIN. Ah, laugh on!
Laugh on! but take my word for it, here I stay,
Till you provide me with a pair of wings,
Proper to circumnavigate the skies.
Exit KINESIAS.

Enter SYCOPHANT, *singing.*

SYC. Tell us who the strangers are,
Gentle Swallow. Birds of air,
Party-colour'd, poor and bare,
Tell us who the strangers are.
Gentle Swallow, tell me true.
PEIS. Here's a fine plague broke out! See yonder fellow
Sauntering along this way, swaggering and singing.
SYC. Hoh! gentle Swallow! I say, my gentle Swallow,
My gentle Swallow! How often must I call?
PEIS. Why, there it is; the prodigal in the fable
Seeking for Swallows in a ragged coat.
SYC. [*in an arrogant, overbearing tone.*] Who's he that's set to serve out wings? Where is he?
PEIS. 'Tis I, but what do you want? You should explain.
SYC. Wings! Wings! You need not have ask'd me. Wings I want.
PEIS. Do you mean to fly for flannel to Pellene?
SYC. [*a little disconcerted at this allusion to his attire.*] No, no! But I'm employ'd . . . I employ myself,
In fact, among the allies and islanders;
I'm in the informing line.
PEIS. [*in a tone of very grave irony, which the Sycophant not perceiving, he proceeds more fluently than before.*] I wish you joy.
SYC. And a mover and manager for prosecutions
In criminal suits, and so forth; you understand me;
So I wish to equip myself with a pair of wings,
To whisk about and trounce the islanders.
PEIS. Would it be doing things in better form
To serve a summons flying, think ye?
SYC. [*not knowing very well what to make of him.*] No,
Not that, but just to avoid the risk of pirates,
To return in company with a flight of cranes
(As they do with the gravel in their gizzards)
With a belly-full of lawsuits for my ballast.
PEIS. [*in a grave, primitive, and somewhat twaddling tone, intended to re-animate the impertinence of the Sycophant.*] So this is your employment! A young man like you to be an informer! Is it possible?
SYC. Why shouldn't it? I was never bred to labour.
PEIS. [*as before.*] But sure, there are other lawful occupations,
In which a brisk young fellow, such as you,
Might earn an honest, decent livelihood,
In credit and good-will, without informing.
SYC. [*thoroughly taken in, and thinking he has to deal with a mere silly, well-meaning old man, becomes emphatically insolent.*]
Wings, my good fellow, wings—I want not words!
PEIS. [*dryly.*] I'm giving you wings, already.
SYC. [*a little puzzled and taken aback.*] What, with words?
Is that your way?

PEIS. [*in a tone of very grave banter.*] Yes, for mankind in general
Are wing'd, as it were, and brought to plume themselves
In different ways, by speeches and discourse.
SYC. [*confused and puzzled.*] What, all?
PEIS. [*as before.*] Yes, all. I'll give you a striking instance:
You must have heard, yourself, elderly people
Sitting conversing in the barber's shop.
And one says—'Well, Diitrephes has talk'd
So much to my young man, he has brought him at last
To plume himself in driving.' And another
Says that his son is quite amongst the clouds,
Grown flighty of late with studying tragedy.
SYC. [*with a sort of hesitating laugh.*]
So words are wings, you say.
PEIS. No doubt of it.
I say it, and I repeat it; human nature
Is marvellously raised and elevated
By words. I was in hopes that I might raise you,
By words of good advice, to another sphere,
To live in an honest calling.
SYC. [*feeling himself bantered and beaten, but restive and angry.*] But I won't, though.
PEIS. [*coolly.*] Why, what will you do?
SYC. [*sulkily at first, but animating as he proceeds.*] Why, I won't disgrace my family:
My father, and my grandfather before him,
Served as informers; and I'll stick to it,
The profession.—So you'll please to hand 'em me out,
A pair of your best wings, Vultures or Hawks,
To fly to the Islands, with my summonses,
And home again to record them in the courts,
And out again, to the Islands.
PEIS. [*in a tone of interest and sympathy, as if he was himself an amateur desirous of displaying his professional knowledge.*] Yes, that's well;
I understand ye, I think; your method is,
To be beforehand with 'em? Your defendant,
You get him cast for non-appearance, heh!
Before he can arrive; and finish him
In his absence, heh?
SYC. [*completely taken in, delighted, rubbing his hands.*] By Jove, you're up to it!
PEIS. Then, whilst he's sailing here you get the start,
And fly, to pounce upon the property,
To rummage out the chattels.
SYC. That's the trick,
The notion of it!—I see you're up to it.—
A man must whisk about, here and away,
Just like a whipping-top.
PEIS. Aye, yes, you're right;
I understand you. The instance is a good one.—
A whipping-top, you say. Well, by good luck,
I've here a capital, slashing suit of wings
To serve ye, made of a cow-hide from Corcyra.
SYC. Oh, heaven! what's there? a horse-whip?
PEIS. Wings, I tell ye,
To whisk ye about, to flog ye, and make ye fly.
SYC. Oh dear! oh dear!
PEIS. Scamper away, you scoundrel!
Vanish, you vagabond! whisk yourself off!
I'll pay ye for your practices in the courts,
Your pettifoggicorascalities. *Exit* SYC.
[*To the attendants.*]
Come, bundle up the wings; let's take 'em back. *Exeunt.*

STROPHE.

CHOR. We have flown and we have run,
Viewing marvels many a one,
In every land beneath the sun.
But the strangest sight to see
Was a huge exotic tree,
Growing, without heart or pith,
Weak and sappy, like a withe;
But with leaves and boughs withal,
Comely, flourishing, and tall.
This the learned all ascribe
To the Sycophantic tribe;
But the natives there, like us,
Call it a Cleonymus.
In the springs' delightful hours
It blossoms with rhetoric flowers;
I saw it standing in the field,
With leaves in figure like a shield;
On the first tempestuous day
I saw it cast those leaves away.

ANTISTROPHE.

There lies a region out of sight,
Far within the realm of night,

Far from torch and candle-light.
There in feasts of meal and wine
Men and demigods may join;
There they banquet and they dine,
Whilst the light of day prevails;
At sunset their assurance fails.
If any mortal then presumes,
Orestes, sallying from the tombs,
Like a fierce heroic sprite,
Assaults and strips the lonely wight.

PROMETHEUS, PEISTHETAIRUS, CHORUS.

PRO. [*enters muffled up, peeping about him with a look of anxiety and suspicion.*]
Oh, dear! if Jupiter should chance to see me!
Where's Peisthetairus? Where?
PEIS. Why, what's all this?
This fellow muffled up?
PRO. Do look behind me;
Is anybody watching? any gods
Following and spying after me?
PEIS. No, none;
None that I see; there's nobody—But you!
What are ye?
PRO. Tell me, what's the time of day?
PEIS. Why, noon; past noon; but tell me, who are ye? Speak.
PRO. Much past? How much?
PEIS. [*aside.*] Confound the fool, I say!
The insufferable blockhead!
PRO. How's the sky?
Open or overcast? Are there any clouds?
PEIS. [*aloud and angrily.*] Be hang'd!
PRO. Then I'll disguise myself no longer.
PEIS. My dear Prometheus!
PRO. Hold your tongue, I beg;
Don't mention my name! If Jupiter should see me
Or overhear ye, I'm ruin'd and undone.
—But now, to give you a full complete account
Of everything that's passing there in Heaven—
The present state of things . . . But first, I'll trouble you
To take the umbrella, and hold it overhead,
Lest they should overlook us.
PEIS. What a thought!
Just like yourself! A true Promethean thought!
Stand under it, here! Speak boldly; never fear.
PRO. D'ye mind me?
PEIS. Yes, I mind ye; speak away.
PRO. [*emphatically.*] Jupiter's ruined!
PEIS. Ruin'd! How? Since when?
PRO. From the first hour you fortified and planted
Your atmospheric settlements. Ever since,
There's not a mortal offers anything
In the shape of sacrifice.—No smoke of victims!
No fumes of incense! Absolutely nothing!
We're keeping a strict fast—fasting perforce,
From day to day—the whole community.
And the inland barbarous gods in the upper country
Are broken out, quite mutinous and savage,
With hunger and anger; threatening to come down
With all their force, if Jupiter refuses
To open the ports and allow them a free traffic
For their entrails and intestines, as before.
PEIS. [*a little annoyed at being obliged to ask the question.*]
What, are there other barbarous gods, besides,
In the upper country?
PRO. Barbarous?—To be sure!
They're all of Execestides's kindred.
PEIS. [*as before hesitating, but with a sort of affected ease.*] Well . . . but . . . the name now: These same barbarous deities . . .
What name do you call 'em?
PRO. [*surprised at* PEISTHETAIRUS's *ignorance.*] Call them! The Triballi!
PEIS. [*giving vent to his irritation by a forced joke.*] Ah! well, then, that accounts for our old saying—
Confound the *Tribe* of them!
PRO. [*annoyed and dryly.*] Precisely so.
But now to business. Thus much I can tell ye—
That envoys will arrive immediately
From Jupiter and those upland wild Triballi,
To treat for a peace. But you must not consent
To ratify or conclude, till Jupiter
Acknowledges the sovereignty of the Birds,
Surrendering up to you the Sovereign Queen,
Whom you must marry.
PEIS. Why, what Queen is that?
PRO. What Queen?—A most delightful, charming girl—

Jove's housekeeper, that manages his matters,
Serves out his thunderbolts, arranges everything;
The constitutional laws and liberties,
Morals and manners, the marine department,
Freedom of speech, and threepence for the juries.
PEIS. Why, that seems all in all.
PRO. Yes, everything,
I tell ye; in having her, you've everything;
I came down hastily to say thus much;
I'm hearty, ye know; I stick to principle.
Steady to the human interest—always was.
PEIS. Yes, we're obliged to you for our roast victuals.
PRO. And I hate these present gods, you know, most thoroughly:
I need not tell you that.
PEIS. [*with a sort of half sneer.*] No, no, you need not,
You're known of old for an enemy to the gods.
PRO. Yes, yes, like Timon; I'm a perfect Timon;
Just such another. But I must be going;
Give me the umbrella; if Jupiter should see me,
He'll think that I'm attending a procession.
PEIS. That's well; but don't forget the folding chair,
For a part of your disguise. Here, take it with you. *Exit.*
CHOR. Beyond the navigable seas,
Amongst the fierce Antipodes,
There lies a lake, obscure and holy,
Lazy, deep and melancholy,
Solitary, secret, hidden,
Where baths and washing are forbidden.
Socrates, beside the brink,
Summons from the murky sink
Many a disembodied ghost;
And Pisander reach'd the coast
To raise the spirit that he lost;
With a victim strange and new,
A gawky Camel which he slew,
Like Ulysses—Whereupon
The grizzly sprite of Chaerephon
Flitted round him, and appear'd
With his eyebrows and his beard,
Like a strange infernal fowl,
Half a Vampyre, half an Owl.

NEPTUNE, *the* TRIBALLIAN ENVOY, HERCULES.

NEP. There's Nephelococcugia, that's the town,
The point we're bound to, with our embassy.
[*Turning to the* TRIBALLIAN.]
But you! What a figure have ye made yourself!
What a way to wear a mantle! slouching off
From the left shoulder! Hitch it round, I tell ye,
On the right side. For shame,—come,—so; that's better,
These folds too, bundled up.—There, throw them round
Even and easy,—so.—Why, you're a savage,
A natural born savage.—Oh, democracy!
What will it bring us to? when such a ruffian
Is voted into an embassy!
TRI. [*To* NEPTUNE *who is pulling his dress about.*] Come, hands off!
Hands off!
NEP. Keep quiet, I tell ye, and hold your tongue,
For a very beast; in all my life in heaven,
I never saw such another.—Hercules,
I say, what shall we do? What should you think?
HER. What would I do? What do I think? I've told you
Already—I think to throttle him—the fellow,
Whoever he is, that's keeping us blockaded.
NEP. Yes, my good friend; but we were sent, you know,
To treat for a Peace. Our embassy is for peace.
HER. That makes no difference; or if it does,
It makes me long to throttle him the more.
PEIS. [*very busy, affecting not to see them.*]
Give me the Silphium spice.—Where's the cheese-grater?
Bring cheese here, somebody! Mend the charcoal fire.
HER. Mortal, we greet you and hail you! Three of us.
Three deities—
PEIS. [*without looking up.*] But I'm engaged at present;
A little busy, you see, mixing my sauce.
HER. Why sure! How can it be? what dish is this?
Birds seemingly!

PEIS. [*without looking up.*] Some individual birds,
Opposed to the popular democratic birds,
Render'd themselves obnoxious.
HER. So, you've pluck'd them,
And put them into sauce, provisionally?
PEIS. [*looking up.*] Oh! bless me, Hercules, I'm quite glad to see you!
What brings you here?
HER. We're come upon an embassy
From Heaven, to put an end to this same war—
SERV. [*to* PEISTHETAIRUS.] The cruet's empty, our oil is out.
PEIS. No matter,
Fetch more, fetch plenty, I tell ye. We shall want it.
HER. . . . For, in fact it brings no benefit to us,
The continuance of the War prolonging it;
And you yourselves, by being on good terms
Of harmony with the gods—why, for the future,
You'd never need to know the want of rain,
For water in your tanks; and we could serve ye
With reasonable, seasonable weather,
According as you wish'd it, wet or dry.
And this is our commission coming here,
As envoys, with authority to treat.
PEIS. Well, the dispute, you know, from the beginning
Did not originate with us. The war
(If we could hope in any way to bring you
To reasonable terms) might be concluded.
Our wishes, I declare it, are for Peace.
If the same wish prevails upon your part;
The arrangement in itself, is obvious.—
—A retrocession on the part of Jupiter.—
The Birds again to be reintegrated
In their estate of sovereignty.—This seems
The fair result; and if we can conclude,
I shall hope to see the ambassadors to supper.
HER. Well, this seems satisfactory; I consent.
NEP. [*to* HERCULES.] What's come to ye? What do ye mean? Are ye gone mad?
You Glutton! would you ruin your own father,
Depriving him of his ancient sovereignty?
PEIS. [*to* NEPTUNE, *with the civil, good-humoured sneer of a superior understanding.*] Indeed!—And would not it be a better method
For all you deities, and confirm your power,
To leave the Birds to manage things below?
You sit there, muffled in your clouds above,
While all mankind are shifting, skulkin', lurking,
And perjuring themselves here out of sight.
Whereas, if you would form a steady strict
Alliance with the Birds, when any man
(Using the common old familiar oath—
'By Jupiter and the crow') forswore himself,
The Crow would pick his eyes out, for his pains.
NEP. Well, that seems plausible—that's fairly put.
HER. I think so, too.
PEIS. [*to the* TRIBALLIAN.] Well, what say you?
TRIB. Say true.
PEIS. [*very volubly,—quite at his ease.*]
Yes. He consents, you see! But I'll explain now
The services and good offices we could do you.
Suppose a mortal made a vow, for instance,
To any o' You; then he delays and shuffles,
And says 'The gods are easy creditors'.
In such a case, we could assist ye, I say,
To levy a fine.
NEP. [*open to conviction, but anxious to proceed on sure ground.*] How would you do it? Tell me.
PEIS. Why, for example, when he's counting money,
Or sitting in the bath, we give the warrant
To a pursuivant of ours, a Kite or Magpie;
And they pounce down immediately, and distrain
Cash or apparel, money or money's worth,
To twice the amount of your demand upon him.
HER. Well, I'm for giving up the sovereignty,
For my part.
NEP. [*convinced, but wishing to avoid responsibility, by voting last.*] The Triballian, what says he?
HER. [*aside to the* TRIBALLIAN, *showing his fist.*]
You, Sir; do you want to be well bang'd or not?

Mind, how you vote! Take care how you provoke me.
TRIB. Yaw, yaw. Goot, goot.
HER. He's of the same opinion.
NEP. Then, since you're both agreed, I must agree.
HER. [*shouting to* PEISTHETAIRUS, *the negotiators having withdrawn to consult at the extremity of the stage.*] Well, you!
We've settled this concern, you see,
About the sovereignty; we're all agreed.
PEIS. Oh, faith, there's one thing more, I recollect,
Before we part; a point that I must mention.
As for dame Juno, we'll not speak of her;
I've no pretensions, Jupiter may keep her;
But, for that other Queen, his manager,
The sovereign goddess, her surrender to me
Is quite an article indispensable.
NEP. [*with gravity and dignity.*] Your views, I find, are not disposed for peace:
We must turn homewards.
PEIS. As you please, so be it.
Cook, mind what you're about there with the sauce;
Let's have it rich and savoury, thicken it up!
HER. How now, man? Neptune! are you flying off?
Must we remain at war, here, for a woman?
NEP. But, what are we to do?
HER. Do? Why, make peace.
NEP. [*in great wrath, like a grave Uncle scolding a great fool of a Nephew.*] I pity you really! I feel quite ashamed
And sorry to see you; ruining yourself!
If anything should happen to your father,
After surrendering the sovereignty,
What's to become of you? When you yourself
Have voted away your whole inheritance:
At his decease, you must remain a beggar.
PEIS. [*aside to* HERCULES.] Ah there! I thought so; he's coming over ye;
Step here, a moment! Let me speak to ye!
Your Uncle's chousing you, my poor dear friend,
You've not a farthing's worth of expectation,
From what your father leaves. Ye can't inherit
By law: ye're illegitimate, ye know.
HER. Heighday! Why, what do you mean?
PEIS. I mean the fact!
Your mother was a foreigner; Minerva
Is counted an heiress, everybody knows;
How could that be, supposing her own father
To have had a lawful heir?
HER. But, if my father
Should choose to leave the property to me,
In his last Will.
PEIS. The law would cancel it!
And Neptune, he that's using all his influence
To work upon ye, he'd be the very first
To oppose ye, and oust ye, as the testator's brother.
I'll tell ye what the law says, Solon's law:
'A foreign heir shall not succeed,
Where there are children of the lawful breed:
But, if no native heir there be,
The kinsman nearest in degree
Shall enter on the property.'
HER. Does nothing come to me, then?—Nothing at all,
Of all my father leaves?
PEIS. Nothing at all,
I should conceive. But you perhaps can tell me;
Did he, your father, ever take ye with him,
To get ye enroll'd upon the register?
HER. No truly, I—thought it strange—he—never did.
PEIS. Well, but don't think things strange. Don't stand there, stammering,
Puzzling and gaping. Trust yourself to me,
'Tis I must make your fortune after all!
If you'll reside and settle amongst us here,
I'll make you chief Commander among the Birds,
Captain, and Autocrat and everything.
Here you shall domineer and rule the roast,
With splendour and opulence and pigeon's milk.
HER. [*in a more audible voice, and in a formal decided tone.*] I agreed with you before: I think your argument
Unanswerable. I shall vote for the surrender.
PEIS. [*to* NEPTUNE.] And what say you?
NEP. [*firmly and vehemently.*] Decidedly, I dissent.
PEIS. Then it depends upon our other friend,
It rests with the Triballian, what say you?

TRI. Me tell you; pretty girl, grand beautiful Queen.
Give him to Birds.
HER. Aye, give her up, you mean.
NEP. Mean! He knows nothing about it. He means nothing
But chattering like a Magpie.
PEIS. Well, 'The Magpies'
He means, the Magpies or the Birds in general.
The Republic of the Birds—their government—
That the surrender should be made to them.
NEP. [*in great wrath.*] Well, settle it yourselves; amongst yourselves;
In your own style: I've nothing more to say.
HER. [*to* PEISTHETAIRUS.] Come, we're agreed, in fact, to grant your terms;
But you must come, to accompany us to the sky;
To take back this same Queen, and the other matters.
PEIS. [*very quietly.*] It happens lucky enough, with this provision
For a marriage-feast. It seems prepared on purpose.
HER. Indeed, and it does. Suppose in the meanwhile,
I superintend the cookery, and turn the roast,
While you go back together.
NEP. [*with a start of surprise and disgust.*] Turn the roast!
A pretty employment! Won't you go with us?
HER. No, thank ye; I'm mighty comfortable here.
PEIS. Come, give me a marriage robe; I must be going.

CHOR. Along the Sycophantic shore,
And where the savage tribes adore
The waters of the Clepsydra,
There dwells a nation, stern and strong,
Armed with an enormous tongue,
Wherewith they smite and slay:

With their tongues, they reap and sow,
And gather all the fruits that grow,
The vintage and the grain;
Gorgias is their Chief of pride,
And many more there be beside
Of mickle might and main.

Good they never teach, nor show
But how to work men harm and woe,
Unrighteousness and wrong;
And hence, the custom doth arise,
When beasts are slain in sacrifice,
We sever out the tongue.

Enter a HARBINGER *or* HERALD, [*announcing the approach of* PEISTHETAIRUS].

HER. O fortunate! O triumphant! O beyond
All power of speech or thought, supremely blest,
Prosperous happy Birds!—Behold your King
Here in his glorious palace!—Mark his entrance,
Dazzling all eyes, resplendent as a Star;
Outshining all the golden lights, that beam,
From the rich roof, even as a summer Sun,
Or brighter than the Sun, blazing at Noon.
He comes; and at his side a female form
Of beauty ineffable; wielding on high,
In his right hand, the winged thunderbolt,
Jove's weapon. While the fumes of incense spread,
Circling around, and subtle odours steal
Upon the senses from the wreathed smoke
Curling and rising in the tranquil air.
See, there he stands! Now must the sacred Muse
Give with auspicious words her welcome due.

SEMICHORUS.

Stand aside and clear the ground,
Spreading in a circle round
With a worthy welcoming;
To salute our noble King
In his splendour and his pride,
Coming hither, side by side
With his happy lovely bride.

O the fair delightful face!
What a figure! What a grace!
What a presence! What a carriage!
What a noble worthy marriage!

Let the Birds rejoice and sing,
At the wedding of the King:
Happy to congratulate
Such a blessing to the state.
Hymen Hymen Hoh!

Jupiter, that god sublime,
When the Fates, in former time,
Match'd him with the Queen of Heaven,
At a solemn banquet given,

Such a feast was held above;
And the charming God of Love,
Being present in command,
As a Bridesman took his stand,
With the golden reins in hand.
Hymen Hymen Hoh!

PEIS. I accept and approve the marks of your love,
Your music and verse I applaud and admire.
But rouse your invention, and raising it higher,
Describe me the terrible engine of Jove,
The thunder of Earth and the thunder above.
CHOR. O dreaded Bolt of Heaven,
The Clouds with horror cleaving,
And ye terrestrial thunders deep and low
Closed in the subterranean caves below,
That even at this instant growl and rage,
Shaking with awful sound this earthly stage;
Our King by you has gain'd his due;
By your assistance, yours alone,
Everything is made his own,
Jove's dominion and his throne;
And his happiness and pride,
His delightful lovely bride.
Hymen Hymen Hoh!

PEIS. Birds of ocean and of air,
Hither in a troop repair,
To the royal ceremony,
Our triumphant matrimony!
Come for us to feast and feed ye!
Come to revel, dance, and sing!—
Lovely creature! Let me lead ye
Hand in hand, and wing to wing.

PLAUTUS (254–184 B. C.)

THE CAPTIVES[1]

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ERGASILUS, *a parasite*
HEGIO, *an old gentleman*
PHILOCRATES, *an Elian Knight* } *the prisoners*
TYNDARUS, *son of Hegio* }
ARISTOPHONTES, *a prisoner*
PHILOPOLEMUS, *a young man, son of* HEGIO
STALAGMUS, *a slave*
Overseers of slaves
A boy

The Scene represents the house of HEGIO *in Ætolia. Before the house are seen standing in chains the two prisoners,* PHILOCRATES *and* TYNDARUS.

PROLOGUE. You all can see two prisoners standing here,
Standing in bonds; they stand, they do not sit;
In this you'll witness that I speak the truth.
Old Hegio, who lives here, is this one's father;
But how he's come to be his father's slave
My prologue shall inform you, if you'll listen.
This old man had two sons; the one of whom
Was stolen by a slave when four years old.
He ran away to Elis and there sold him
To this one's father.
—Do you see?—That's right!
Yon fellow in the gallery says he does n't?
Let him come nearer, then! What, there's no room?
If there's no room to sit, there's room to walk!
You'd like to send me begging, would you, sir!
Pray, don't suppose I'll crack my lungs for *you!*
You gentlemen of means and noble rank
Receive the rest; I hate to be in debt.
That run-a-way, as I've already said,
When in his flight he'd stolen from his home
His master's son, sold him to this man's father,
Who, having bought him, gave him to his son
To be his valet; for the two lads were
Much of an age. Now he's his father's slave
In his own home, nor does his father know it;
See how the gods play ball with us poor men!
Now then, I've told you how he lost *one* son.
The Ætolians and the Elians being at war,
His *other* son, a not uncommon thing
In war, was taken prisoner; and a doctor

[1]Translated in the original meters by Edward H. Sugden.

At Elis, called Menarchus, bought him there.
His father then began to buy up Elians,
To see if he could find one to exchange
Against his son,—the one that is a prisoner;
The other, who's at home, he doesn't know.
Now, only yesterday he heard a rumor
How that an Elian knight of highest rank
And noblest family was taken prisoner;
He spared no cash if he might save his son;
And so, to get him home more readily,
He bought these two from the commissioners.
But they between themselves have laid a plot,
So that the slave may get his lord sent home.
Thus they've exchanged their clothing and their names;
He's called Philocrates, *he* Tyndarus,
And either plays the other's part to-day.
The slave to-day will work this clever dodge,
And get his master set at liberty.
By the same act he'll save his brother too,
And get him brought back free to home and father,
Though all unwitting: oft we do more good
In ignorance than by our best-laid plans.
Well, ignorantly, in their own deceit,
They've so arranged and worked their little trick,
That he shall still remain his father's slave.
For now, not knowing it, he serves his father.
What things of naught are men, when one reflects on 't!
This story's ours to act, and yours to see.
But let me give you one brief word of warning:
It's well worth while to listen to this play.
It's not been treated in a hackneyed fashion,
Nor like the rest of plays; here you'll not find
Verses that are too nasty to be quoted.
Here is no perjured pimp, or crafty girl,
Or braggart captain.—Pray, don't be afraid
Because I said a war was going on
Between the Ætolians and the Elians;
The battles won't take place upon the stage.
We're dressed for comedy; you can't expect
That we should act a tragedy all at once.
If anybody's itching for a fight,
Just let him start a quarrel; if he gets
An opposite that's stronger, I dare bet
He'll quickly see more fighting than he likes,
And never long to see a fight again.
I'm off. Farewell, ye most judicious judges
At home, most valiant fighters in the field!
Exit.

Enter ERGASILUS *from the town.*

ERG. *Grace* is the name the boys have given me,
Because I'm always found *before the meat!*
The wits, I know, say it's ridiculous;
But so don't I! For at the banquet-table
Your gamester throws the dice and asks for *grace.*
Then is *grace* there or not? Of course she is!
But, more of course, we parasites are there,
Though no one ever asks or summons us!
Like mice we live on other people's food;
In holidays, when folks go out of town,
Our teeth enjoy a holiday as well.
As, when it's warm, the snails lie in their shells,
And, failing dew, live on their native juices;
So parasites lie hid in misery
All through the holidays, living on their juices,
Whilst those they feed on jaunt it in the country.
During the holidays, we parasites
Are greyhounds; when they're over, we are mastiffs,
Bred out of "Odious" by "Prince of Bores."
Now here, unless your parasite can stand
Hard fisticuffs, and has no strong objection
To have the crockery broken on his pate,
He'd better go and take a porter's billet
At the Trigeminal gate; which lot, I fear,
Is not at all unlikely to be mine.
My patron has been captured by the foe—
The Ætolians and the Elians are at war,
(This is Ætolia); Philopolemus,
The son of Hegio here, whose house this is,
In Elis lies a prisoner; so this house
A house of lamentation is to me;
As oft as I behold it, I must weep.
Now for his son's sake, he's begun a trade,
Dishonorable, hateful to himself;
He's buying prisoners, if perchance he may
Find any to exchange against his son.
O how I pray that he may gain his wish!
Till he's recovered, I am past recovery.
The other youths are selfish, hopelessly,
And only he keeps up the ancient style.
I've never flattered him without reward;
And the good father takes after his son!

Now I'll go see him. Ha! the door is opening,
Whence I have often come, just drunk with gorging.

Enter from the house HEGIO *and an Overseer.*

HEG. Attend to me; those prisoners that I bought
A day ago from the Commissioners
Out of the spoil, put lighter fetters on them;
Take off these heavier ones with which they're bound,
And let them walk indoors or out at will;
But watch them with the utmost carefulness.
For when a free man's taken prisoner,
He's just like a wild bird; if once he gets
A chance of running off, it's quite enough;
You need n't hope to catch your man again.
OVER. Why, all of us would rather far be free
Than slaves.
HEG. Why not take steps, then, to be free?
OVER. Shall I give *leg-bail?* I've naught else to give!
HEG. I fancy that in that case you would *catch it!*
OVER. I'll be like that wild bird you spoke about.
HEG. All right; then I will clap you in a cage.
Enough of this; do what I said, and go.
Exit Overseer into the house.
I'll to my brother's, to my other captives,
To see how they've behaved themselves last night,
And then I'll come back home again straightway.
ERG. [*aside*]. It grieves me that the poor old man should ply
This gaoler's trade to save his hapless son.
But if perchance the son can be brought back,
The father may turn hangman: what care I?
HEG. Who speaks there?
ERG. One who suffers in your grief.
I'm growing daily thinner, older, weaker!
See, I'm all skin and bones, as lean as lean!
All that I eat at home does me no good;
Only a bite at a friend's agrees with me.
HEG. Ergasilus! hail!
ERG. Heav'n bless you, Hegio!
HEG. Don't weep!
ERG. Not weep for him? What, not bewail
That excellent young man?
HEGIO. I always knew
You and my son to be the best of friends
ERG. Alas! we don't appreciate our blessings
Till we have lost the gifts we once enjoyed.
Now that your son is in the foeman's hands,
I realize how much he was to me!
HEG. Ah, if a stranger feels his loss so much,
What must *I* feel? He was my only joy.
ERG. A stranger? I a stranger? Hegio,
Never say that nor cherish such a thought!
Your only joy he was, but oh! to me
Far dearer than a thousand only joys.
HEG. You're right to make your friend's distress your own;
But come, cheer up!
ERG. Alas! it pains me here,
That now the feaster's army is discharged.
HEG. And can't you meantime find another general
To call to arms this army that's discharged?
ERG. No fear! since Philopolemus was taken,
Who filled that post, they all refuse to act.
HEG. And it's no wonder they refuse to act.
You need so many men of divers races
To work for you; first, those of Bakerton;
And several tribes inhabit Bakerton;
Then men of Breadport and of Biscuitville,
Of Thrushborough and Ortolania,
And all the various soldiers of the sea.
ERG. How oft the noblest talents lie concealed!
O what a splendid general you would make,
Though now you're serving as a private merely.
HEG. Be of good cheer; in a few days, I trust,
I shall receive my dear son home again.
I've got a youthful Elian prisoner,
Whom I am hoping to exchange for him,
One of the highest rank and greatest wealth.
ERG. May Heaven grant it!
HEGIO. Where 've you been invited
To dine to-day?
ERG. Why, nowhere that I know of
Why do you ask?

HEG. Because it is my birthday;
And so, I pray you, come and dine with me.
ERG. Well said indeed!
HEG. That is if you're content
With frugal fare.
ERG. Well, if it's not *too* frugal;
I get enough of that, you know, at home.
HEG. Well, name your figure!
ERG. Done! unless I get
A better offer, and on such conditions
As better suit my partners and myself.
As I am selling you my whole estate,
It's only fair that I should make my terms.
HEG. I fear that this estate you're selling me
Has got a bottomless abyss within't!
But if you come, come early.
ERG. Now, if you like!
HEG. Go hunt a hare; you've only caught a weasel.
The path my guest must tread is full of stones.
ERG. You won't dissuade me, Hegio; don't think it!
I'll get my teeth well shod before I come.
HEG. My table's really coarse.
ERG. Do you eat brambles?
HEG. My dinner's from the soil.
ERG. So is good pork.
HEG. Plenty of cabbage!
ERG. Food for invalids!
What more?
HEG. Be there in time.
ERG. I'll not forget.
Exit ERGASILUS *to the marketplace.*

HEG. Now I'll go in and look up my accounts,
To see what I have lying at my banker's;
Then to my brother's, as I said just now.
Exit HEGIO *into the house.*

Enter Overseers, PHILOCRATES *and* TYNDARUS, *each in the other's clothes, and other slaves.*

OVER. Since Heaven has willed it should be so,
That you must drink this cup of woe,
Why, bear it with a patient mind,
And so your pain you'll lighter find.
At home, I dare say, you were free;
Now that your lot is slavery,
Just take it as a thing of course,
Instead of making matters worse;
Behave yourselves and don't be queasy
About your lord's commands; 't is easy.
PRISONERS. Oh, oh!
OVER. No need for howls and cries!
I see your sorrow in your eyes.
Be brave in your adversities.
TYN. But we're ashamed to wear these chains.
OVER. My lord would suffer far worse pains,
Should he leave you to range at large out of his custody,
Or set you at liberty whom he bought yesterday.
TYN. Oh, he need n't fear that he'll lose his gains;
Should he release us, we know what's our duty, sir.
OVER. Yes, you'll run off; I know *that.* You're a beauty, sir!
TYN. Run off? run off where?
OVER. To the land of your birth.
TYN. Nay, truly, it never would answer
To imitate runaway slaves.
OVER. Well, by Jove!
I'd advise you, if you get a chance, sir.
TYN. One thing I beg of you.
OVER. What's your petition, sir?
TYN. Give us a chance of exchanging a word,
Where there's no fear that we'll be overheard.
OVER. Granted! Go, leave them. We'll take our position there.
See that your talk doesn't last too long!
TYN. Oh, that's my intention. So now, come along!
OVER. Go, leave them alone.
TYN. We ever shall own
We're in your debt for the kindness you've shown to us;
You have the power, and you've proved yourself bounteous.
PHILOC. Come away farther, as far as we can from them;
We must contrive to conceal our fine plan from them,
Never disclose any trace of our trickery,
Else we shall find all our dodges a mockery.
Once they get wind of it,
There'll be an end of it;
For if you are my master brave,
And I pretend to be your slave

Then we must watch with greatest care;
Of eavesdroppers we must beware.
With caution and skill keep your senses all waking;
There's no time to sleep; it's a big undertaking.
TYN. So I'm to be master?
PHILOC. Yes, that is the notion.
TYN. And so for your head (I would pray you remark it),
You want me to carry my own head to market!
PHILOC. I know.
TYN. Well, when you've gained your wish, remember my devotion.
This is the way that you'll find most men treating you;
Until they have
The boon they crave,
They're kind as can be; but success makes the knave!
When they have got it, they set to work cheating you.
Now I have told you the treatment you owe to me.
You I regard as a father, you know, to me.
PHILOC. Nay, let us say,—no conventions shall hinder us,—
Next to my own, you're my father, dear Tyndarus.
TYN. That will do!
PHILOC. Now then, I warn you always to remember this;
I no longer am your master but your slave; don't be remiss.
Since kind Heav'n has shown us plainly that the way ourselves to save
Is for me, who was your master, now to turn into your slave,
Where before I gave you orders, now I beg of you in prayer,
By the changes in our fortune, by my father's kindly care,
By the common fetters fastened on us by the enemy,
Think of who you were and are, and pay no more respect to me
Than I used to pay to you, when you were slave and I was free.
TYN. Well, I know that I am you and you are me!
PHILOC. Yes, stick to that!
Then I hope that by your shrewdness we shall gain what we are at.

Enter HEGIO *from his house.*

HEG. [*addressing some one inside*]. I'll be back again directly when I've looked into the case:
Where are those whom I directed at the door to take their place?
PHILOC. O by Pollux! you've been careful that we shouldn't be to seek;
Thus by bonds and guards surrounded we have had no chance to sneak!
HEG. Howsoever careful, none can be as careful as he ought;
When he thinks he's been most careful, oft your careful man is caught.
Don't you think that I've just cause to keep a careful watch on you,
When I've had to pay so large a sum of money for the two?
PHILOC. Truly we've no right to blame you, that you watch and guard us thus;
And if we should get a chance and run away, you can't blame *us*.
HEG. Just like you, my son is held in slavery by your countrymen.
PHILOC. Was he taken prisoner?
HEG. Yes.
PHILOC. We were n't the only cowards then.
HEG. Come aside here; there is something I would ask of you alone;
And I hope you'll not deceive me.
PHILOC. Everything I know I'll own;
If in aught I'm ignorant, I'll tell you so, upon my life.

HEGIO *and* PHILOCRATES *go aside;* TYNDARUS *standing where he can hear their conversation.*

TYN. [*aside*]. Now the old man's at the barber's; see my master whets his knife!
Why, he has n't even put an apron on to shield his clothes!
Will he shave him close or only cut his hair? Well, goodness knows!
But if he has any sense, he'll crop the old man properly!
HEG. Come now, tell me, would you rather be a slave or get set free?
PHILOC. What I want is that which brings me most of good and least of ill.
Though I must confess my slavery was n't very terrible;
Little difference was made between me and my master's son.

TYN. [*aside*]. Bravo! I'd not give a cent for Thales, the Milesian!
For, compared with this man's cunning, he is but a trifling knave.
Mark how cleverly he talks, as if he'd always been a slave!
HEG. Tell me to what family Philocrates belongs?
PHILOC. The Goldings;
That's a family most wealthy both in honors and in holdings.
HEG. Is your master there respected?
PHILOC. Highly, by our foremost men.
HEG. If his influence amongst them is as great as you maintain,
Are his riches fat?
PHILOC. I guess so! Fat as suet, one might say.
HEG. Is his father living?
PHILOC. Well, he *was*, sir, when we came away;
Whether he still lives or not, you'll have to go to hell to see.
TYN. [*aside*]. Saved again! for now he's adding to his lies philosophy!
HEG. What's his name, I pray?
PHILOC. Thensaurocræsonicochrysides.
HEG. I suppose a sort of nickname given to show how rich he is.
PHILOC. Nay, by Pollux! it was given him for his avarice and greed.
'Truth to tell you, Theodoromedes is his name indeed.
HEG. What is this? His father's grasping?
PHILOC. Grasping? Ay, most covetous!
Just to show you, when he sacrifices to his Genius,
All the vessels that he uses are of Samian crockery,
Lest the Genius should steal them! There's his character, you see.
HEG. Come with me then. [*Aside.*] Now I'll ask the other what I want to know.
[*To* TYNDARUS.] Now, Philocrates, your slave has acted as a man should do,
For from him I've learnt your birth; the whole he has confessed to me.
If you will admit the same, it shall to your advantage be;
For your slave has told me all.
TYN. It was his duty so to do.
All is true that he's confessed; although I must admit to you,
'T was my wish to hide from you my birth, and wealth, and family;
But now, Hegio, that I've lost my fatherland and liberty,
Naturally he should stand in awe of you much more than me,
Since by force of arms our fortunes stand on an equality.
I remember when he durst not speak a word to do me ill;
He may strike me now; so fortune plays with mortals as she will.
I, once free, am made a slave and brought from high to low degree,
And instead of giving orders must obey submissively.
But if I should have a master, such as *I* was when at home,
I've no fear that his commands will prove unjust or burdensome.
Hegio, will you bear from me a word of warning?
HEG. Yes, say on.
TYN. Once I was as free and happy as your own beloved son.
But the force of hostile arms has robbed him of his freedom, too;
He's a slave amongst our people, just as I am here with you.
Certainly there is a God who watches us where'er we be;
He will treat your son exactly as He finds that you treat me.
Virtue sure will be rewarded, vice will e'er bring sorrow on—
I've a father misses me, as much as you your absent son.
HEG. Yes, I know. Do you admit, then, what your slave confessed to me?
TYN. I admit, sir, that my father is a man of property,
And that I'm of noble birth. But I beseech you, Hegio,
Do not let my ample riches cause your avarice to grow,
Lest my father think it better, though I am his only son,
That I should continue serving you and keep your livery on,
Rather than come home a beggar to my infinite disgrace.
HEG. Thanks to Heav'n and my forefathers, I've been wealthy all my days

Nor is wealth, in my opinion, always useful to obtain—
Many a man I've known degraded to a beast by too much gain;
There are times when loss is better far than gain, in every way.
Gold! I hate it! Oh, how many people has it led astray!
Now, attend to me, and I my purpose plainly will declare:
There in Elis, with your people, is my son a prisoner.
If you'll bring him back to me, you shall not pay a single cent:
I'll release you and your slave too; otherwise I'll not relent.

TYN. That's the noblest, kindest offer! All the world can't find your mate!
But is he in slavery to a private man or to the State?

HEG. To Menarchus, a physician.

TYN. Ah! my client! all is plain;
Everything will be as easy as the falling of the rain.

HEG. Bring him home as soon as may be.

TYN. Certainly; but, Hegio—

HEG. What's your wish? For I'll do aught in reason.

TYN. Listen; you shall know.
I don't ask that I should be sent back until your son has come.
Name the price you'll take for yonder slave, to let me send him home,
That he may redeem your son.

HEG. Nay, some one else I should prefer,
Whom I'll send when truce is made to go and meet your father there.
He can take your father any message that you like to send.

TYN. It's no use to send a stranger; all your toil in smoke would end.
Send my slave, he'll do the business just as soon as he gets there;
You won't hit on anybody you can send who's trustier,
Or more faithful; he's a man who does his work with all his heart.
Boldly trust your son to him; and he will truly play his part.
Don't you fear! at my own peril I'll make trial of his truth;
For he knows my kindness to him; I can safely trust the youth.

HEG. Well, I'll send him at your risk, if you consent.

TYN. Oh, I agree.

HEG. Let him start as soon as may be.

TYN. That will suit me perfectly.

HEG. Well, then, if he does n't come back here you'll pay me fifty pounds;
Are you willing?

TYN. Certainly.

HEG. Then go and loose him from his bonds;
And the other too.

TYN. May Heaven ever treat you graciously!
Since you've shown me so much kindness, and from fetters set me free.
Ah, my neck's more comfortable, now I've cast that iron ruff!

HEG. Gifts when given to good people win their gratitude! Enough!
Now, if you are going to send him, teach and tell him what to say,
When he gets home to your father. Shall I call him?

TYN. Do so, pray!

HEGIO *crosses the stage to* PHILOCRATES *and addresses him.*

HEG. Heav'n bless this project to my son and me,
And you as well! I, your new lord, desire
That you should give your true and faithful service
To your old master. I have lent you to him,
And set a price of fifty pounds upon you.
He says he wants to send you to his father
That he may ransom my dear son and make
An interchange between us of our sons.

PHILOC. Well, I'm prepared to serve either one or t' other;
I'm like a wheel, just twist me as you please!
I'll turn this way or that, as you command.

HEG. I'll see that you don't lose by your compliance;
Since you are acting as a good slave should.
Come on.
Now, here's your man.

TYN. I thank you, sir,
For giving me this opportunity
Of sending him to bring my father word
About my welfare and my purposes;
All which he'll tell my father as I bid him.
Now, Tyndarus, we've come to an agreement,
That you should go to Elis to my father;

And should you not come back, I've undertaken
To pay the sum of fifty pounds for you.
PHILOC. A fair agreement! for your father looks
For me or for some other messenger
To come from hence to him.
TYN. Then, pray attend,
And I will tell you what to tell my father.
PHILOC. I have always tried to serve you hitherto, Philocrates,
As you wished me, to the utmost of my poor abilities.
That I'll ever seek and aim at, heart and soul and strength alway.
TYN. That is right: you know your duty. Listen now to what I say.
First of all, convey a greeting to my parents dear from me,
And to other relatives and friends, if any you should see.
Say I'm well, and held in bondage by this worthy gentleman,
Who has shown and ever shows me all the honor that he can.
PHILOC. Oh, you need n't tell me that, it's rooted in my memory.
TYN. If I did n't see my keeper, I should think that I was free.
Tell my father of the bargain I have made with Hegio,
For the ransom of his son.
PHILOC. Don't stay to tell me that. I know.
TYN. He must purchase and restore him, then we both shall be set free.
PHILOC. Good!
HEG. Bid him be quick, for your sake and for mine in like degree.
PHILOC. You don't long to see your son more ardently than he does his!
HEG. Why, each loves his own.
PHILOC. Well, have you any other messages?
TYN. Yes; don't hesitate to say I'm well and happy, Tyndarus;
That no shade of disagreement ever separated us;
That you've never once deceived me nor opposed your master's will,
And have stuck to me like wax in spite of all this flood of ill.
By my side you've stood and helped me in my sore adversities,
True and faithful to me ever. When my father hears of this,
Tyndarus, and knows your noble conduct towards himself and me,
He will never be so mean as to refuse to set you free;
When I'm back I'll spare no effort that it may be brought about.
To your toil, and skill, and courage, and your wisdom, there's no doubt
That I owe my chance of getting to my father's home again:
For 't was you confessed my birth and riches to this best of men;
So you set your master free from fetters by your ready wit.
PHILOC. Yes, I did, sir, as you say; I'm glad that you remember it.
But indeed, you've well deserved it at my hands, Philocrates;
For if I should try to utter all your many kindnesses,
Night would fall before I'd finished; you have done as much for me
As if you had been my slave.
HEG. Good heavens, what nobility
Shines in both their dispositions! I can scarce refrain from tears
When I see their true affection, and the way the slave reveres
And commends his master.
TYN. Truly he has not commended me
Even a hundredth part as much as he himself deserves to be.
HEG. Well, as you've behaved so nobly, now you have a splendid chance
Here to crown your services by doubly faithful vigilance.
PHILOC. As I wish the thing accomplished, so I shall do all I know;
To assure you of it, I call Jove to witness, Hegio!
That I never will betray Philocrates, I'll take my oath!
HEG. Honest fellow!
PHILOC. I will treat him as myself, upon my troth!
TYN. From these loving protestations, mind you never never swerve.
And if I've said less about you than your faithful deeds deserve,
Pray you, don't be angry with me on account of what I've said;

But remember you are going with a price upon your head;
And that both my life and honor I have staked on your return;
When you've left my sight, I pray you, don't forget what you have sworn,
Or when you have left me here in slavery instead of you,
Think that you are free, and so neglect what you are pledged to do,
And forget your solemn promise to redeem this good man's son.
Fifty pounds, remember, is the price that we've agreed upon.
Faithful to your faithful master, do not let your faith be bought;
And I'm well assured my father will do everything he ought.
Keep me as your friend forever, and this good old man as well.
Take my hand in yours, I pray you, swear an oath unbreakable,
That you'll always be as faithful as I've ever been to you.
Mind, you're now my master, aye protector, and my father too!
I commit to you my hopes and happiness.
PHILOC. O that'll do!
Are you satisfied if I can carry this commission through?
TYN. Yes.
PHILOC. Then I'll return in such a manner as shall please you both.
Is that all, sir?
HEG. Come back quickly.
PHILOC. So I will, upon my troth.
HEG. Come along then to my banker's; I'll provide you for the way.
Also I will get a passport from the prætor.
TYN. Passport, eh?
HEG. Yes, to get him through the army so that they may let him go.
Step inside.
TYN. A pleasant journey!
PHILOC. Fare-you-well!
HEG. By Pollux, though,
What a blessing that I bought these men from the Commissioners!
So, please Heav'n, I've saved my son from bondage to those foreigners.
Dear! How long I hesitated whether I should buy or not!
Please to take him in, good slaves, and do not let him leave the spot,
When there is no keeper with him; I shall soon be home again.

Exeunt TYNDARUS *and slaves into the house.*

Now I'll run down to my brother's and inspect my other men.
I'll inquire if any of them is acquainted with this youth.
[*To* PHILOCRATES.] Come along and I'll despatch you. That must be done first, in sooth.

Exeunt HEGIO *and* PHILOCRATES *to the market-place.*

Enter ERGASILUS *returning from the market-place.*

ERG. Wretched he who seeks his dinner, and with trouble gets a haul;
Wretcheder who seeks with trouble, and can't find a meal at all;
Wretchedest who dies for food, and can't get any anyway.
If I could, I'd like to scratch the eyes out of this cursed day!
For it's filled all men with meanness towards me. Oh, I never saw
Day so hungry; why, it's stuffed with famine in its greedy maw.
Never day pursued its purpose in so vacuous a way;
For my gullet and my stomach have to keep a holiday.
Out upon the parasite's profession: it's all gone to pot!
For us impecunious wits the gilded youth don't care a jot.
They no longer want us Spartans, owners of a single chair,
Sons of Smacked-Face, whose whole stock-in-trade is words, whose board is bare.
Those that they invite are fellows who can ask them back in turn.
Then they cater for themselves and us poor parasites they spurn;
You will see them shopping in the market with as little shame
As when, sitting on the bench, the culprit's sentence they proclaim.
For us wits they don't care twopence; keep entirely to their set.
When I went just now to market, there a group of them I met;
"Hail!" says I; "where shall we go," says I, "to lunch?" They all were mum.

"Who speaks first? Who volunteers?" says I. And still the chaps were dumb.
Not a smile! "Where shall we dine together? Answer." Not a word!
Then I flashed a jest upon them from my very choicest hoard,
One that meant a month of dinners in the old days, I declare.
No one smiled; and then I saw the whole was a got-up affair.
Why, they would n't even do as much as any angry cur;
If they could n't smile, they might at least have shown their teeth, I swear!
Well, I left the rascals when I saw that they were making game;
Went to others; and to others; and to others —still the same!
They had formed a ring together, just like those who deal in oil
I' the Velabrum. So I left them when I saw they mocked my toil.
In the Forum vainly prowling other parasites I saw.
I've resolved that I must try to get my rights by Roman law.
As they've formed a plot to rob us of our life and victuals too,
I shall summon them and fine them, as a magistrate would do.
They shall give me ten good dinners, at a time when food is dear!
So I'll do; now to the harbor; there I may to dinner steer;
If that fails me, I'll return and try this old man's wretched cheer.

Exit ERGASILUS *to the harbor.*

Enter HEGIO *from his brother's with* ARISTOPHONTES.

HEG. How pleasant it is when you've managed affairs
For the good of the public, as yesterday I did,
When I bought those two fellows. Why, every one stares
And congratulates me on the way I decided.
To tell the plain truth, I am worried with standing,
And weary with waiting;
From the flood of their words I could scarce get a landing,
And even at the prætor's it showed no abating.
I asked for a passport; and when it had come,
I gave it to Tyndarus; *he* set off home.
When he had departed, for home off I started;
Then went to my brother's, to question the others,
Whether any among them Philocrates knew.
Then one of them cries, "He's my friend, good and true."
I told him I'd bought him;
He begged he might see him; and so I have brought him.
I bade them loose him from his chains,
And came away. [*To* ARISTOPHONTES.] Pray follow me;
Your earnest suit success obtains,
Your dear old friend you soon shall see.

Exeunt HEGIO *and* ARISTOPHONTES *into the house;* TYNDARUS *immediately rushes out.*

TYN. Alas! the day has come on which I wish I never had been born.
My hopes, resources, stratagems, have fled and left me all forlorn.
On this sad day no hope remains of saving my poor life, 'tis clear;
No help or hope remains to me to drive away my anxious fear.
No cloak I anywhere can find to cover up my crafty lies,
No cloak, I say, comes in my way to hide my tricks and rogueries.
There is no pardon for my fibs, and no escape for my misdeeds;
My cheek can't find the shelter, nor my craft the hiding-place it needs.
All that I hid has come to light; my plans lie open to the day;
The whole thing's out, and in this scrape I fail to see a single ray
Of hope to shun the doom which I must suffer for my master's sake.
This Aristophontes, who's just come, will surely bring me to the stake;
He knows me, and he is the friend and kinsman of Philocrates.
Salvation could n't save me, if she would; there is no way but this,
To plan some new and smarter trickeries.
Hang it, *what?* What shall I do? I *ain* just up a lofty tree,
If I can't contrive some new and quite preposterous foolery.

Enter from the house HEGIO *and* ARISTOPHONTES.

HEG. Where's the fellow gone whom we saw rushing headlong from the house?
TYN. [*aside*]. Now the day of doom has come; the foe's upon thee, Tyndarus!
O, what story shall I tell them? What deny and what confess?
My purposes are all at sea; O, ain't I in a pretty mess?
O would that Heaven had blasted you before you left your native land,
You wretch, Aristophontes, who have ruined all that I had planned.
The game is up if I can't light on some atrocious villainy!
HEG. Ah, there's your man; go speak to him.
TYN. [*aside*]. What man is wretcheder than I?
ARIS. How is this that you avoid my eyes and shun me, Tyndarus?
Why, you might have never known me, fellow, that you treat me thus!
I'm a slave as much as you, although in Elis I was free,
Whilst you from your earliest boyhood were enthralled in slavery.
HEG. Well, by Jove! I'm not surprised that he should shun you, when he sees
That you call him Tyndarus, not, as you should, Philocrates.
TYN. Hegio, this man in Elis was considered raving mad.
Take no note of anything he tells you either good or bad.
Why, he once attacked his father and his mother with a spear;
And the epilepsy takes him in a form that's most severe.
Don't go near him!
HEG. Keep your distance!
ARIS. Rascal! Did I rightly hear,
That you say I'm mad, and once attacked my father with a spear?
And that I have got the sickness for which men are wont to spit?
HEG. Never mind! for many men besides yourself have suffered it,
And the spitting was a means of healing them, and they were glad.
ARIS. What, do you believe the wretch?
HEG. In what respect?
ARIS. That I am mad!
TYN. Do you see him glaring at you? Better leave him! O beware!
Hegio, the fit is on him; he'll be raving soon! Take care!
HEG. Well, I thought he was a madman when he called you Tyndarus.
TYN. Why, he sometimes does n't know his *own* name. Oh, he's often thus.
HEG. But he said you were his comrade.
TYN. Ah, no doubt! precisely so!
And Alcmæon, and Orestes, and Lycurgus, don't you know,
Are my comrades quite as much as he is!
ARIS. Oh, you gallows bird,
Dare you slander me? What, don't I know you?
HEG. Come, don't be absurd.
You don't know him, for you called him Tyndarus: that's very clear.
You don't know the man you see; you name the man who is n't here.
ARIS. Nay, he says he is the man he isn't, not the man he is.
TYN. O yes! Doubtless you know better whether I'm Philocrates
Than Philocrates himself does!
ARIS. You'd prove truth itself a liar,
As it strikes me. But, I pray you, look at me!
TYN. As you desire!
ARIS. Are n't you Tyndarus?
TYN. I'm not.
ARIS. You say you are Philocrates?
TYN. Certainly.
ARIS. Do you believe him?
HEG. Yes, and shall do, if I please.
For the other, who you say he is, went home from here to-day
To the father of this captive.
ARIS. Father? He's a slave.
TYN. And, pray!
Are you not a slave, though you were free once, as I hope to be,
When I have restored good Hegio's son to home and liberty?
ARIS. What's that, gaol-bird? Do you tell me that you were a free-man born?
TYN. No! Philocrates, not Freeman, is my name.
ARIS. Pray, mark his scorn!
Hegio, I tell you, you're being mocked and swindled by this knave;

Why, he never had a slave except himself; for *he's* a slave.
TYN. Ah, because you're poor yourself, and have no means of livelihood,
You'd wish everybody else to be like you. I know your mood;
All poor men like you are spiteful, envy those who're better off.
ARIS. Hegio, don't believe this fellow; for he's doing naught but scoff;
Sure I am, he'll play some scurvy trick on you before he's done;
I don't like this tale of his about the ransom of your son.
TYN. You don't like it, I dare say; but I'll accomplish it, you see!
I'll restore him to his father; he in turn releases me.
That's why I've sent Tyndarus to see my father.
ARIS. Come, that's lame!
You are Tyndarus yourself, the only slave who bears that name!
TYN. Why reproach me with my bondage? I was captured in the fray.
ARIS. Oh, I can't restrain my fury!
TYN. Don't you hear him? Run away!
He'll be hurling stones at us just now, if you don't have him bound.
ARIS. Oh, damnation!
TYN. How he glares at us! I hope your ropes are sound.
See, his body's covered over with bright spots of monstrous size!
It's the black bile that afflicts him.
ARIS. Pollux! if this old man's wise,
You will find black pitch afflict you, when it blazes round your breast.
TYN. Ah, he's wandering now, poor fellow! by foul spirits he's possessed!
HEG. [*to* TYNDARUS]. What do you think? Would it be best to have him bound?
TYN. Yes, so I said.
ARIS. Oh, perdition take it! Would I had a stone to smash his head,
This whipped cur, who says I'm mad! By Jove, sir, I will make you smart!
TYN. Hear him calling out for stones!
ARIS. Pray, might we have a word apart, Hegio?
HEG. Yes, but keep your distance; there's no need to come so close!
TYN. If, by Pollux, you go any nearer, he'll bite off your nose.
ARIS. Hegio, I beg and pray you, don't believe that I am mad,
Or that I have epilepsy as this shameless fellow said.
But if you're afraid of me, then have me bound; I won't say no,
If you'll bind that rascal too.
TYN. O no, indeed, good Hegio!
Bind the man who wishes it!
ARIS. Be quiet, you! The case stands thus;
I shall prove Philocrates the false to be true Tyndarus.
What are you winking for?
TYN. I was n't.
ARIS. He winks before your very face!
HEG. What, if I approached this madman?
TYN. It would be a wild-goose chase.
He'll keep chattering, till you can't make either head or tail of it.
Had they dressed him for the part, you'd say 't was Ajax in his fit.
HEG. Never mind, I *will* approach him.
TYN. [*aside*]. Things are looking very blue.
I'm between the knife and altar, and I don't know what to do.
HEG. I attend, Aristophontes, if you've anything to say.
ARIS. You shall hear that that is true which you've been thinking false today.
First I wish to clear myself of all suspicion that I rave,
Or that I am subject to disease—except that I'm a slave.
So may He who's king of gods and men restore me home again:
He's no more Philocrates than you or I.
HEG. But tell me then,
Who he is.
ARIS. The same that I have told you from the very first.
If you find it otherwise, I pray that I may be accursed,
And may suffer forfeit of fatherland and freedom sweet.
HEG. What say *you?*
TYN. That I'm your slave, and you're my master.
HEG. That's not it
Were you free?
TYN. I was.

ARIS. He was n't. He's just lying worse and worse.
TYN. How do *you* know? Perhaps it happened that you were my mother's nurse,
That you dare to speak so boldly!
ARIS. Why, I saw you when a lad.
TYN. Well, I see you when a man to-day! So we are quits, by gad!
Did I meddle with your business? Just let mine alone then, please.
HEG. Was his father called Thensaurocrœsonicochrysides?
ARIS. No, he was n't, and I never heard the name before to-day.
Theodoromedes was his master's father.
TYN. [*aside*]. Deuce to pay!
O be quiet, or go straight and hang yourself, my beating heart!
You are dancing there, whilst I can hardly stand to play my part.
HEG. He in Elis was a slave then, if you are not telling lies,
And is not Philocrates?
ARIS. You'll never find it otherwise.
HEG. So I've been chopped into fragments and dissected, goodness knows,
By the dodges of this scoundrel, who has led me by the nose.
Are you sure there's no mistake though?
ARIS. Yes, I speak of what I know.
HEG. Is it certain?
ARIS. Certain? Nothing could be more entirely so.
Why, Philocrates has been my friend from when he was a boy;
But where is he now?
HEG. Ah, that's what vexes me, but gives *him* joy.
Tell me though, what sort of looking man is this Philocrates?
ARIS. Thin i' the face, a sharpish nose, a fair complexion, coal-black eyes,
Reddish, crisp, and curly hair.
HEG. Yes, that's the fellow to a T.
TYN. [*aside*]. Curse upon it, everything has gone all wrong to-day with me.
Woe unto those wretched rods that on my back to-day must die!
HEG. So I see that I've been cheated.
TYN. [*aside*]. Come on, fetters, don't be shy!
Run to me and clasp my legs and I'll take care of you, no fear!
HEG. Well, I've been sufficiently bamboozled by these villains here.
T' other said he was a slave, while this pretended to be free;
So I've gone and lost the kernel, and the husk is left to me.
Yes, they've corked my nose most finely! Don't I make a foolish show?
But this fellow here shan't mock me! Colaphus, Corax, Cordalio,
Come out here and bring your thongs.

Enter Overseers.

OVER. To bind up faggots? Here's a go!
HEG. Come, bind your heaviest shackles on this wretch.
TYN. Why, what's the matter? what's my crime?
HEG. Your crime!
You've sowed and scattered ill, now you shall reap it.
TYN. Had n't you better say I harrowed too?
For farmers always harrow first, then sow.
HEG. How boldly does he flout me to my face!
TYN. A harmless, guiltless man, although a slave,
Should boldly face his master, of all men.
HEG. Tie up his hands as tightly as you can.
TYN. You'd better cut them off; for I am yours.
But what's the matter? Why are you so angry?
HEG. Because my plans, as far as in you lay,
By your thrice-villainous and lying tricks
You've torn asunder, mangled limb from limb,
And ruined all my hopes and purposes.
Philocrates escaped me through your guile;
I thought he was the slave, and you the free;
For so you said, and interchanged your names
Between yourselves.
TYN. Yes, I admit all that.
'T is just as you have said, and cunningly
He's got away by means of my smart work;
But I beseech you, are you wroth at that?
HEG. You've brought the worst of torments on yourself.
TYN. If not for sin I perish, I don't care!

But though I perish, and he breaks his word,
And does n't come back here, my joy is this:
My deed will be remembered when I'm dead,
How I redeemed my lord from slavery,
And rescued him and saved him from his foes,
To see once more his father and his home;
And how I rather chose to risk my life,
Than let my master perish in his bonds.
HEG. The only fame you'll get will be in hell.
TYN. Nay, he who dies for virtue doesn't perish.
HEG. When I've expended all my torments on you,
And given you up to death for your deceits,
People may call it death or perishing
Just as they like; so long as you are dead,
I don't mind if they say that you're alive.
TYN. By Pollux! if you do so, you'll repent,
When he comes back as I am sure he will.
ARIS. O Heavens! I see it now! and understand
What it all means. My friend Philocrates
Is free at home, and in his native land.
I'm glad of that; nothing could please me more.
But I am grieved I've got *him* into trouble,
Who stands here bound because of what I said.
HEG. Did I forbid you to speak falsely to me?
TYN. You did, sir.
HEG. Then how durst you tell me lies?
TYN. Because to tell the truth would have done hurt
To him I served; he profits by my lie.
HEG. But *you* shall smart for it!
TYN. O that's all right!
I've saved my master and am glad of that,
For I've been his companion from a boy;
His father, my old master, gave me to him.
D' you now think this a crime?
HEG. A very vile one.
TYN. *I* say it's right; I don't agree with you.
Consider, if a slave had done as much
For your own son, how grateful you would be!
Would n't you give that slave his liberty?
Would n't that slave stand highest in your favor?
Answer!
HEG. Well, yes.
TYN. Then why be wroth with *me?*
HEG. Because you were more faithful to your master
Than e'er to me.
TYN. What else could you expect?
Do you suppose that in one night and day
You could so train a man just taken captive,
A fresh newcomer, as to serve you better
Than him with whom he'd lived from earliest childhood?
HEG. Then let him pay you for it. Take him off,
And fit him with the heaviest, thickest chains;
Thence to the quarries you shall go right on.
And whilst the rest are hewing eight stones each,
You shall each day do half as much again,
Or else be nicknamed the Six-hundred-striper.
ARIS. By gods and men, I pray you, Hegio,
Do not destroy him.
HEG. I'll take care of him!
For in the stocks all night he shall be kept,
And quarry stones all day from out the ground.
O, I'll prolong his torments day by day.
ARIS. Is this your purpose?
HEG. Death is not so sure.
Go take him to Hippolytus the smith;
Tell him to rivet heavy fetters on him.
Then cause him to be led out of the city
To Cordalus, my freedman at the quarries,
And tell him that I wish him to be treated
With greater harshness than the worst slave there.
TYN. Why should I plead with you when you're resolved?
The peril of my life is yours as well.
When I am dead I have no ill to fear;
And if I live to an extreme old age,
My time of suffering will be but short.
Farewell! though you deserve a different wish.
Aristophontes, as you've done to me,
So may you prosper; for it is through you
That this has come upon me.
HEG. Take him off.
TYN. But if Philocrates returns to you,
Give me a chance of seeing him, I pray.
HEG. Come, take him from my sight or I'll destroy you!

TYN. Nay, this is sheer assault and battery!
Exeunt Overseers and TYNDARUS *to the quarries.*
HEG. There, he has gone to prison as he merits.
I'll give my other prisoners an example,
That none of them may dare repeat his crime.
Had it not been for him, who laid it bare,
The rascals would have led me in a string.
Never again will I put trust in man.
Once cheated is enough. Alas! I hoped
That I had saved my son from slavery.
My hope has perished. One of my sons I lost,
Stolen by a slave when he was four years old;
Nor have I ever found the slave or him.
The elder's now a captive. What's my crime,
That I beget my children but to lose them?
Follow me, you! I'll take you where you were.
Since no one pities me, I'll pity none.
ARIS. Under good auspices I left my chain;
But I must take the auspices again.
Exeunt ARISTOPHONTES *and* HEGIO *to* HEGIO'S *brother's.*

Enter ERGASILUS *from the harbor.*

ERG. Jove supreme, thou dost protect me and increase my scanty store,
Blessings lordly and magnific thou bestowest more and more;
Both thanks and gain, and sport and jest, festivity and holidays,
Processions plenty, lots of drink and heaps of meat and endless praise.
Ne'er again I'll play the beggar, everything I want I've got;
I'm able now to bless my friends, and send my enemies to pot.
With such joyful joyfulness this joyful day has loaded me!
Though it has n't been bequeathed me, I've come into property!
So now I'll run and find the old man Hegio. O what a store
Of good I bring to him, as much as ever he could ask, and more.
I am resolved I'll do just what the slaves do in a comedy;
I'll throw my cloak around my neck, that he may hear it first from me.
For this good news I hope to get my board in perpetuity.

Enter HEGIO *from his brother's.*

HEG. How sad the regrets in my heart that are kindled,
As I think over all that has happened to me.
O is n't it shameful the way I've been swindled,
And yet could n't see!
As soon as it's known, how they'll laugh in the city!
When I come to the market they'll show me no pity,
But chaffing say, "Wily old man up a tree!"
But is this Ergasilus coming? Bless me!
His cloak's o'er his shoulder. Why, what can it be?
ERG. Come, Ergasilus, act and act vigorously!
Hereby I denounce and threaten all who shall obstruct my way;
Any man who dares to do so will have seen his life's last day.
I will stand him on his head.
HEG. 'Fore me the man begins to spar!
ERG. I shall do it. Wherefore let all passers-by stand off afar;
Let none dare to stand conversing in this street, till I've passed by;
For my fist's my catapult, my arm is my artillery,
And my shoulder is my ram; who meets my knee, to earth he goes.
Folk will have to pick their teeth up, if with me they come to blows.
HEG. What's he mean by all this threatening? I confess I'm puzzled quite.
ERG. I'll take care they don't forget this day, this place, my mickle might.
He who stops me in my course, will find he's stopped his life as well.
HEG. What he's after with these threats and menaces, I cannot tell.
ERG. I proclaim it first, that none may suffer inadvertently;
Stay at home, good people all, and then you won't get hurt by me.
HEG. Oh, depend on 't, it's a dinner that has stirred his valorous bile.

Woe to that poor wretch whose food has given him this lordly style!
ERG. First, for those pig-breeding millers, with their fat and bran-fed sows,
Stinking so that one is hardly able to get past the house;
If in any public place I catch their pigs outside their pen,
With my fists I'll hammer out the bran from those same filthy—men!
HEG. Here's pot-valor with a vengeance! He's as full as man could wish!
ERG. Then those fishmongers, who offer to the public stinking fish,
Riding to the market on a jumping, jolting, joggling cob,
Whose foul smell drives to the Forum every loafer in the mob;
With their fish baskets I'll deal them on their face a few smart blows,
Just to let them feel the nuisance that they cause the public nose.
HEG. Listen to his proclamations! What a royal style they keep!
ERG. Then the butchers, who arrange to steal the youngsters from the sheep,
Undertake to kill a lamb, but send you home right tough old mutton;
Nickname ancient ram as yearling, sweet enough for any glutton;
If in any public street or square that ram comes in my view,
I will make them sorry persons—ancient ram and butcher, too!
HEG. Bravo! he makes rules as if he were a mayor and corporation.
Surely he's been made the master of the market to our nation.
ERG. I'm no more a parasite, but kinglier than a king of kings.
Such a stock of belly-timber from the port my message brings.
Let me haste to heap on Hegio this good news of jollity.
Certainly there's no man living who's more fortunate than he.
HEG. What's this news of gladness which he gladly hastes on me to pour?
ERG. Ho! where are you?
Who is there? Will some one open me this door?
HEG. Ah! the fellow's come to dinner.
ERG. Open me the door, I say;
Or I'll smash it into matchwood, if there's any more delay.
HEG. I'll speak to him. Ergasilus!
ERG. Who calls my name so lustily?
HEG. Pray, look my way!
ERG. You bid me do what Fortune never did to me!
Who is it?
HEG. Why, just look at me. It's Hegio!
ERG. Ye gods! It's he.
Thou best of men, in nick of time we have each other greeted.
HEG. You've got a dinner at the port; *that* makes you so conceited.
ERG. Give me your hand.
HEG. My hand?
ERG. Your hand, I say, at once!
HEG. I give it. There!
ERG. Now rejoice!
HEG. Rejoice! but why?
ERG. 'T is my command. Begone dull care!
HEG. Nay, the sorrows of my household hinder me from feeling joy.
ERG. Ah, but I will wash you clean from every speck that can annoy.
Venture to rejoice!
HEG. All right, though I've no reason to be glad.
ERG. That's the way. Now order—
HEG. What?
ERG. To have a mighty fire made.
HEG. What, a mighty fire?
ERG. I said so; have it big enough.
HEG. What next?
Do you think I'll burn my house down at your asking?
ERG. Don't be vexed!
Have the pots and pans got ready. Is it to be done or not?
Put the ham and bacon in the oven, have it piping hot.
Send a man to buy the fish—
HEG. His eyes are open, but he dreams!
ERG. And another to buy pork, and lamb, and chickens—
HEG. Well, it seems
You could dine well, if you'd money.
ERG. —Perch and lamprey, if you please,
Pickled mackerel and sting-ray, then an eel and nice soft cheese.
HEG. Naming's easy, but for eating you won't find facilities
At my house, Ergasilus.

ERG. Why, do you think I'm ordering this
For myself?
HEG. Don't be deceived; for you'll eat neither much, nor little,
If you've brought no appetite for just your ordinary victual.
ERG. Nay, I'll make you eager for a feast though I should urge you not.
HEG. Me?
ERG. Yes, you.
HEG. Then you shall be my lord.
ERG. A kind one too, I wot!
Come, am I to make you happy?
HEG. Well, I'm not in love with woe.
ERG. Where's your hand?
HEG. There, take it.
ERG. Heaven's your friend!
HEG. But I don't mark it, though.
ERG. You're not in the *market*, that's why you don't *mark it:* come now, bid
That pure vessels be got ready for the offering, and a kid,
Fat and flourishing, be brought.
HEG. What for?
ERG. To make a sacrifice.
HEG. Why, to whom?
ERG. To me, of course!—I'm Jupiter in human guise!
Yes, to you I am Salvation, Fortune, Light, Delight, and Joy.
It's your business to placate my deity with food, dear boy!
HEG. Hunger seems to be your trouble.
ERG. Well, my hunger is n't yours.
HEG. As you say; so I can bear it.
ERG. Lifelong habit that ensures!
HEG. Jupiter and all the gods confound you!
ERG. Nothing of the sort!
Thanks I merit for re*port*ing such good tidings from the *port*.
Now I'll get a meal to suit me!
HEG. Idiot, go! you've come too late.
ERG. If I'd come before I did, your words would come with greater weight.
Now receive the joyful news I bring you. I have seen your son
Philopolemus in harbor safe; and he'll be here anon.
He was on a public vessel; with him was that Elian youth
And your slave Stalagmus, he who ran away —it's naught but truth—
He who stole your little boy when four years old so cruelly.
HEG. Curse you, cease your mocking!
ERG. So may holy Fulness smile on me,
Hegio, and make me ever worthy of her sacred name,
As I saw him.
HEG. Saw my son?
ERG. Your son, my patron: they're the same.
HEG. And the prisoner from Elis?
ERG. *Oui, parbleu!*
HEG. And that vile thief,
Him who stole my younger son, Stalagmus?
ERG. *Oui, monsieur, par Crieff!*
HEG. What, just now?
ERG. *Par Killiecrankie!*
HEG. Has he come?
ERG. *Oui, par Dundee!*
HEG. Are you sure?
ERG. *Par Auchtermuchtie!*
HEG. Certain?
ERG. *Oui, par Kirkcudbright!*
HEG. Why by these barbarian cities do you swear?
ERG. Because they're rude,
As you said your dinner was.
HEG. That's just like your ingratitude!
ERG. Ah, I see you won't believe me though it's simple truth I say.
But what countryman was this Stalagmus, when he went away?
HEG. A Sicilian.
ERG. Well, but he belongs to *Color*ado now;
For he's married to a *collar*, and she squeezes him, I vow!
HEG. Tell me, is your story true?
ERG. It's really true—the very truth.
HEG. O good Heav'ns! if you're not mocking, I've indeed renewed my youth.
ERG. What? Will you continue doubting when I've pledged my sacred troth?
As a last resource then, Hegio, if you can't believe my oath,
Go and see.
HEG. Of course I will; go in, prepare the feast at once;
Everything's at your disposal; you're my steward for the nonce.
ERG. If my oracle's a false one, with a cudgel comb my hide!

HEG. You shall have your board forever, if you've truly prophesied.
ERG. Who will pay?
HEG. My son and I.
ERG. You promise that?
HEG. I do indeed.
ERG. Then I promise you your son has really come in very deed.
HEG. Take the best of everything!
ERG. May no delay your path impede!
Exit HEGIO *to the harbor.*
ERG. He has gone; and put his kitchen absolutely in my hands!
Heav'ns! how necks and trunks will be dissevered at my stern commands!
What a ban will fall on bacon, and what harm on humble ham!
O what labor on the lard, and what calamity on lamb!
Butchers and pork dealers, you shall find a deal to do to-day!
But to tell of all who deal in food would cause too long delay.
Now, in virtue of my office, I'll give sentence on the lard,
Help those gammons, hung though uncondemned—a fate for them too hard.
Exit ERGASILUS *into the house.*

Enter a boy from the house of HEGIO.

BOY. May Jupiter and all the gods, Ergasilus, confound you quite,
And all who ask you out to dine, and every other parasite.
Destruction, ruin, dire distress, have come upon our family.
I feared that, like a hungry wolf, he'd make a fierce attack on me.
I cast an anxious look at him, he licked his lips and glared around;
I shook with dread, by Hercules! he gnashed his teeth with fearsome sound.
When he'd got in, he made a raid upon the meat-safe and the meats;
He seized a knife—from three fat sows he cut away the dainty teats.
Save those which held at least a peck, he shattered every pan and pot:
Then issued orders to the cook to get the copper boiling hot.
He broke the cupboard doors and searched the secrets of the storeroom's hoard.
So kindly watch him if you can, good slaves, whilst I go seek my lord.
I'll tell him to lay in fresh stores, if he wants any for himself,
For as this fellow's carrying on, there'll soon be nothing on the shelf.
Exit boy to the harbor.

Enter from the harbor HEGIO, PHILOPOLEMUS, PHILOCRATES, *and* STALAGMUS.

HEG. All praise and thanksgiving to Jove I would render
For bringing you back to your father again;
For proving my staunch and successful defender,
When, robbed of my son, I was tortured with pain;
For restoring my runaway slave to my hands;
For Philocrates' honor; unsullied it stands.
PHILOP. Grieved I have enough already, I don't want to grow still thinner,
And you've told me all your sorrows at the harbor, pending dinner.
Now to business!
PHILOC. Tell me, Hegio, have I kept my promises,
And restored your son to freedom?
HEG. Yes, you have, Philocrates.
I can never, never thank you for the services you've done,
As you merit for the way you've dealt with me and with my son.
PHILOP. Yes, you can, dear father, and the gods will give us both a chance,
Worthily to recompense the source of my deliverance.
And I'm sure, my dearest father, it will be a pleasing task.
HEG. Say no more. I have no tongue that can deny you aught you ask.
PHILOC. Then restore to me the slave whom, as a pledge, I left behind.
He has always served me better than himself, with heart and mind.
To reward him for his kindness now shall be my earnest care.
HEG. For your goodness he shall be restored to you; 't is only fair.
That and aught beside you ask for, you shall have. But don't, I pray,
Be enraged with me because in wrath I've punished him to-day.
PHILOC. Ah, what have you done?
HEG. I sent him to the quarries bound with chains,
When I found how I'd been cheated.

PHILOC. Woe is me! he bears these pains,
Dear good fellow, for my sake, because he
gained me my release.
HEG. And on that account you shall not
pay for him a penny piece.
I will set him free for nothing.
PHILOC. Well, by Pollux! Hegio,
That is kind. But send and fetch him
quickly, will you?
HEG. Be it so.
[*To a slave.*] Ho, where are you? Run and
quickly bid young Tyndarus return.
Now, go in; for from this slave, this whipping-
block, I fain would learn
What has happened to my younger son, and
if he's living still.
Meanwhile you can take a bath.
PHILOP. Come in, Philocrates.
PHILOC. I will.
Exeunt PHILOPOLEMUS *and* PHILOCRATES
into the house.
HEG. Now stand forth, my worthy sir,
my slave so handsome, good, and wise!
STAL. What can you expect from *me*,
when such a man as *you* tells lies?
For I never was nor shall be fine or hand-
some, good or true;
If you're building on my goodness, it will be
the worse for you.
HEG. Well, it is n't hard for you to see
which way your interest lies;
If you tell the truth, 't will save you from
the harshest penalties.
Speak out, straight and true; although
you've not done right and true, I
guess.
STAL. Oh, you need n't think I blush to
hear you say what I confess.
HEG. I will make you blush, you villain;
for a bath of blood prepare!
STAL. That will be no novelty! you
threaten one who's oft been there!
But no more of that; just tell me what you
want to ask of me.
Perhaps you'll get it.
HEG. You're too fluent; kindly speak
with brevity.
STAL. As you please.
HEG. Ah, from a boy he was a supple,
flattering knave.
But to business! Pray attend to me, and
tell me what I crave.
If you speak the truth, you'll find your
interest 't will best subserve.
STAL. Don't tell me! D' you think that
I don't know full well what I deserve?
HEG. But you may escape a part if not
the whole of your desert.
STAL. Oh, it's little I'll escape! and much
will happen to my hurt:
For I ran away and stole your son from you,
and him I sold.
HEG. Oh, to whom?
STAL. To Theodoromedes of the house
of Gold
For ten pounds.
HEG. Good Heav'ns! Why, that's the
father of Philocrates.
STAL. Yes, I know that quite as well as
you do—better, if you please.
HEG. Jupiter in Heaven, save me, and
preserve my darling son!
On your soul, Philocrates, come out! I
want you. Make haste, run!

Enter PHILOCRATES *from the house.*

PHILOC. Hegio, I am at your service.
HEG. This man says he sold my son
To your father there in Elis for ten pounds.
PHILOC. When was this done?
STAL. Twenty years ago.
PHILOC. O, nonsense! Hegio, he's tell-
ing lies.
STAL. Either you or I am lying; for
when you were little boys,
He was given you by your father to be
trained along with you.
PHILOC. Well, then, tell me what his
name was, if this tale of yours is true.
STAL. Pægnium at first; in after time
you called him Tyndarus.
PHILOC. How is it that I don't know
you?
STAL. Men are oft oblivious,
And forget the names of those from whom
they've nothing to expect.
PHILOC. Then this child you sold my
father, if your story is correct,
Was bestowed on me as valet. Who was he?
STAL. My master's son.
HEG. Is he living, fellow?
STAL. Nay, I got the money; then I'd
done.
HEG. What say *you?*
PHILOC. That Tyndarus is your lost son!
I give you joy!
So at least this fellow's statements make me
think; for he's the boy

Who received his education with myself all through our youth.

HEGIO. Well, I'm fortunate and wretched all at once, if you speak truth;

Wretched that I treated him so cruelly, if he's my son;

Oh, alas! I did both more and less than what I should have done!

How I'm vexed that I chastised him! Would that I could alter it!

See, he comes! and in a fashion that is anything but fit.

Enter TYNDARUS *from the quarries.*

TYN. Well, I've often seen in pictures all the torments of the damned;

But I'm certain that you could n't find a hell that's stuffed and crammed

With such tortures as those quarries. There they've got a perfect cure

For all weariness; you simply drive it off by working more.

When I got there, just as wealthy fathers oft will give their boys

Starlings, goslings, quills to play with in the place of other toys,

So when I got there, a *crow* was given me as plaything pretty!

Ah, my lord is at the door; and my old lord from Elis city

Has returned!

HEG. O hail, my long lost son!

TYN. What means this talk of "sons"?

Oh, I see why you pretend to be my father; yes, for once

You have acted like a parent, for you've brought me to the light.

PHILOC. Hail, good Tyndarus!

TYN. All hail! for you I'm in this pretty plight.

PHILOC. Ah! but now you shall be free and wealthy; for you must be told,

Hegio's your father. That slave stole you hence when four years old;

And then sold you to my father for ten pounds, who gave you me,

When we both were little fellows, that my valet you might be.

This man whom we brought from Elis has most certain proofs supplied.

TYN. What, am I his son?

PHILOC. You are; your brother too you'll find inside.

TYN. Then you have brought back with you his son who was a prisoner?

PHILOC. Yes, and he is in the house.

TYN. You've done right well and nobly, sir.

PHILOC. Now you have a father; here's the thief who stole you when a boy.

TYN. Now that I'm grown up, he'll find that theft will bring him little joy.

PHILOC. He deserves your vengeance.

TYN. Oh, I'll have him paid for what he's done.

Tell me though, are you my father really?

HEG. Yes, I am, my son.

TYN. Now at length it dawns upon me, and I seem, when I reflect,

Yes, I seem to call to mind and somewhat vaguely recollect,

As if looking through a mist, my father's name was Hegio.

HEG. I am he!

PHILOC. Then strike the fetters off your son and let him go!

And attach them to this villain.

HEG. Certainly, it shall be so.

Let's go in, and let the smith be summoned to strike off your chains,

And to put them on this fellow.

STAL. Right! For they're my only gains.

EPILOGUE. Gentlemen, this play's been written on the lines of modesty;

Here are found no wiles of women, no gay lovers' gallantry;

Here are no affiliations, and no tricks for getting gold;

No young lover buys his mistress whilst his father is cajoled.

It's not often nowadays, that plays are written of this kind,

In which good folk are made better. Now then, if it be your mind,

And we've pleased you and not bored you, kindly undertake our cause,

And to modesty award the prize with heartiest applause.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616)

AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, *living in banishment.*
FREDERICK, *his Brother, Usurper of his dominions.*
AMIENS, JAQUES } *Lords attending on the banished Duke.*
LE BEAU, *a Courtier.*
CHARLES, *a Wrestler.*
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO } *Sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.*
ADAM, DENNIS } *Servants to Oliver.*
TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a Vicar.*
CORIN, SILVIUS } *Shepherds.*
WILLIAM, *a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey.*
A person presenting HYMEN.
ROSALIND, *Daughter to the banished Duke.*
CELIA, *Daughter to Frederick.*
PHEBE, *a Shepherdess.*
AUDREY, *a Country Wench.*
Lords, Pages, Foresters, and Attendants.

SCENE.—*First, near Oliver's House; afterwards, in the Usurper's Court, and in the Forest of Arden.*

ACT I

SCENE I.

An Orchard, near OLIVER'S *House.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

ORL. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou sayest, charged my brother on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it. 29

ADAM. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

ORL. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

OLI. Now, sir! what make you here?

ORL. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing. 36

OLI. What mar you then, sir?

ORL. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

OLI. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be nought awhile. 42

ORL. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

OLI. Know you where you are, sir?

ORL. O! sir, very well: here, in your orchard. 49

OLI. Know you before whom, sir?

ORL. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

OLI. What, boy! 61

ORL. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

OLI. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORL. I am no villain; I am the youngest

son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

ADAM. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

OLI. Let me go, I say.

ORL. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentlemanlike qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

OLI. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

ORL. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

OLI. Get you with him, you old dog.

ADAM. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

Exeunt ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

OLI. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

DEN. Calls your worship?

OLI. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

DEN. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

OLI. Call him in. *Exit* DENNIS. 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

CHA. Good morrow to your worship.

OLI. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

CHA. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

OLI. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

CHA. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

OLI. Where will the old duke live?

CHA. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

OLI. What! you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

CHA. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

OLI. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And

thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder. 182

CHA. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more; and so, God keep your worship! *Exit.* 187

OLI. Farewell, good Charles. Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. *Exit.* 200

SCENE II

A Lawn before the DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

CEL. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

ROS. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure. 8

CEL. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee. 16

ROS. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

CEL. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry. 27

ROS. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

CEL. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayest in honour come off again. 35

ROS. What shall be our sport then?

CEL. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally. 39

ROS. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

CEL. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly. 47

ROS. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature. 51

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

CEL. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

ROS. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit. 59

CEL. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you? 66

TOUCH. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

CEL. Were you made the messenger?

TOUCH. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

ROS. Where learned you that oath, fool?

TOUCH. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

CEL. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

ROS. Ay, marry: now unmuzzle your wisdom.

TOUCH. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

CEL. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

TOUCH. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

CEL. Prithee, who is 't that thou meanest?

TOUCH. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

CEL. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him; you 'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

TOUCH. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

CEL. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

ROS. With his mouth full of news.

CEL. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

ROS. Then shall we be news-crammed.

CEL. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

LE BEAU. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

CEL. Sport! Of what colour?

LE BEAU. What colour, madam! How shall I answer you?

ROS. As wit and fortune will.

TOUCH. Or as the Destinies decree.

CEL. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

TOUCH. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

ROS. Thou losest thy old smell.

LE BEAU. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

ROS. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

LE BEAU. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

CEL. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

LE BEAU. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

CEL. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

LE BEAU. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

ROS. With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

LE BEAU. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

ROS. Alas!

TOUCH. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

LE BEAU. Why, this that I speak of.

TOUCH. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

CEL. Or I, I promise thee.

ROS. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

LE BEAU. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

CEL. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, *Lords*, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and Attendants.*

DUKE F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

ROS. Is yonder the man?

LE BEAU. Even he, madam.

CEL. Alas! he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

DUKE F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

ROS. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

DUKE F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

CEL. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

DUKE F. Do so: I'll not be by.

DUKE *goes apart.*

LE BEAU. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

ORL. I attend them with all respect and duty.

ROS. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

ORL. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

CEL. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

ROS. Do, young sir: your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

ORL. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

ROS. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

CEL. And mine, to eke out hers.

ROS. Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceived in you!

CEL. Your heart's desires be with you!

CHA. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

ORL. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

DUKE F. You shall try but one fall.

CHA. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

ORL. You mean to mock me after: you should not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

ROS. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

CEL. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

CHARLES *and* ORLANDO *wrestle.*

ROS. O excellent young man!

CEL. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

CHARLES *is thrown. Shout.*

DUKE F. No more, no more.

ORL. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

DUKE F. How dost thou, Charles?

LE BEAU. He cannot speak, my lord.

DUKE F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

ORL. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

DUKE F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK, *Train, and* LE BEAU.

CEL. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

ORL. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.
ROS. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.
CEL. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.
ROS. Gentleman,
Giving him a chain from her neck.
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?
CEL. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.
ORL. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.
ROS. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.
CEL. Will you go, coz?
ROS. Have with you. Fare you well.
Exeunt ROSALIND *and* CELIA.
ORL. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

LE BEAU. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous: what he is indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.
ORL. I thank you, sir; and pray you tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling?
LE BEAU. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners:
But yet indeed the smaller is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.
ORL. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well. *Exit* LE BEAU.
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother.
But heavenly Rosalind! *Exit.*

SCENE III

A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

CEL. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! Not a word?
ROS. Not one to throw at a dog.
CEL. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.
ROS. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.
CEL. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father:
O! how full of briers is this working-day world.

Cel. They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burrs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry 'hem' and have him.

Cel. Come, come; wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O! they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O! a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let him love him for that; and do you love him, because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, *with Lords.*

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,
As I do trust I am not, then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake;
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay:
It was your pleasure and your own remorse.
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

Exeunt Duke Frederick *and Lords.*

CEL. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.
ROS. I have more cause.
CEL. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?
ROS. That he hath not.
CEL. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
ROS. Why, whither shall we go?
CEL. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.
ROS. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
CEL. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.
ROS. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtal-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and,—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
CEL. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
ROS. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?
CEL. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
ROS. But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
CEL. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. *Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I

The Forest of Arden.

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, *and other Lords, like Foresters.*

DUKE S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it.
AMI. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.
DUKE S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,

Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.
FIRST LORD. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
DUKE S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
FIRST LORD. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament
As worldings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much': then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'"Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company': anon, a careless herd
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'T is just the fashion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

DUKE S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
SECOND LORD. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.
DUKE S. Show me the place.
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.
SECOND LORD. I'll bring you to him straight. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II

A Room in the Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, *Lords, and Attendants.*

DUKE F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.
FIRST LORD. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.
SECOND LORD. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.
DUKE F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.
Exeunt.

SCENE III

Before OLIVER'S *House.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

ORL. Who's there?
ADAM. What! my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory

Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

ORL. Why, what's the matter?

ADAM. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORL. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

ADAM. No matter whither, so you come not here.

ORL. What! wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

ADAM. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

ORL. O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

ADAM. Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV

The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND *in boy's clothes,* CELIA *dressed like a shepherdess, and* TOUCHSTONE.

ROS. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits.

TOUCH. I care not for my spirits if my legs were not weary.

ROS. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena!

CEL. I pray you, bear with me: I cannot go no further.

TOUCH. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

ROS. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

TOUCH. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I: when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

ROS. Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

COR. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SIL. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

COR. I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now.

SIL. No, Corin; being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
As sure I think did never man love so,
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

COR. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SIL. O! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd. O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! *Exit.*

ROS. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

TOUCH. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, said with weeping tears, 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

ROS. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

TOUCH. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

ROS. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

TOUCH. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

CEL. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

TOUCH. Holla, you clown!

ROS. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

COR. Who calls?

TOUCH. Your betters, sir.

COR. Else are they very wretched.

ROS. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

COR. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

ROS. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

COR. Fair sir, I pity her,
And, wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

ROS. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

COR. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.
ROS. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
CEL. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
COR. Assuredly the thing is to be sold.
Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.
Exeunt.

SCENE V

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and others.*

AMI.
Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

JAQ. More, more! I prithee, more.
AMI. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.
JAQ. I thank it. More! I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs. More! I prithee, more.
AMI. My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.
JAQ. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza. Call you 'em stanzas?
AMI. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.
JAQ. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?
AMI. More at your request than to please myself.
JAQ. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.
AMI. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.
JAQ. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble; come.
ALL.
Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

JAQ. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.
AMI. And I'll sing it.
JAQ. Thus it goes:
If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

AMI. What's that *ducdame?*
JAQ. 'T is a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.
AMI. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. *Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

ADAM. Dear master, I can go no further: O! I die for food. Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.
ORL. Why, how now Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable, hold death awhile at the arm's end, I will here be with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if

thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam.

Exeunt.

SCENE VII

Another Part of the Forest.

A table set out. Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, *Lords, and others.*

DUKE S. I think he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where find him like a man.

FIRST LORD. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

DUKE S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

FIRST LORD. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Enter JAQUES.

DUKE S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily.

JAQ. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
Good morrow, fool,' quoth I: 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'T is but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

DUKE S. What fool is this?

JAQ. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O! that I were a fool.
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

DUKE S. Thou shalt have one.

JAQ. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

DUKE S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou would'st do.

JAQ. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

DUKE S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,

Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.
JAQ. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders!
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function
That says his bravery is not of my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

ORL. Forbear, and eat no more.
JAQ. Why, I have eat none yet.
ORL. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.
JAQ. Of what kind should this cock come of?
DUKE S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
ORL. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility; yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.
JAQ. An you will not be answered with reason,
I must die.
DUKE S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.
ORL. I almost die for food; and let me have it.
DUKE S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
ORL. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.
DUKE S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.
ORL. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.
DUKE S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.
ORL. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort! *Exit.*
DUKE S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
JAQ. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and woman merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO *with* ADAM.

DUKE S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.
ORL. I thank you most for him.
ADAM. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
DUKE S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

AMI. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

DUKE S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
That lov'd your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.
Exeunt.

ACT III

SCENE I

A Room in the Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, *and Attendants.*

DUKE F. Not see him since! Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, whereso'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him, dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.
OLI. O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.
DUKE F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature

Make an extent upon his house and lands.
Do this expediently and turn him going.
Exeunt.

SCENE II

The Forest of Arden.

Enter ORLANDO, *with a paper.*

ORL. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando: carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.
Exit.

Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

COR. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

TOUCH. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

COR. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

TOUCH. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

COR. No, truly

TOUCH. Then thou art damned.

COR. Nay, I hope.

TOUCH. Truly, thou art damned like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

COR. For not being at court? Your reason.

TOUCH. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

COR. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.

TOUCH. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

COR. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

TOUCH. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

COR. Besides, our hands are hard.

TOUCH. Your lips will feel them the sooner: shallow again. A more sounder instance; come.

COR. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

TOUCH. Most shallow man! Thou wormsmeat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

COR. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

TOUCH. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

COR. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

TOUCH. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together,

and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds: I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

COR. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, *reading a paper.*

ROS.

From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

TOUCH. I'll rime you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

ROS. Out, fool!

TOUCH. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

ROS. Peace! you dull fool: I found them on a tree.

TOUCH. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

ROS. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

TOUCH. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

ROS. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Enter CELIA, *reading a paper.*

Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

ROS. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, 'Have patience, good people!'

CEL. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little: go with him, sirrah.

TOUCH. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

Exeunt CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

CEL. Didst thou hear these verses?

ROS. O! yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

CEL. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

ROS. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

CEL. But didst thou hear without wondering, how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

ROS. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here

what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

CEL. Trow you who hath done this?

ROS. Is it a man?

CEL. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

ROS. I prithee, who?

CEL. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

ROS. Nay, but who is it?

CEL. Is it possible?

ROS. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

CEL. O! wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful! and after that, out of all whooping!

ROS. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it, quickly, and speak apace. I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

CEL. So you may put a man in your belly.

ROS. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

CEL. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

ROS. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

CEL. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

ROS. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

CEL. I' faith, coz, 't is he.

ROS. Orlando?

CEL. Orlando.

ROS. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

CEL. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 't is a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

ROS. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

CEL. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

ROS. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

CEL. Give me audience, good madam.

ROS. Proceed.

CEL. There lay he, stretched along like a wounded knight.

ROS. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

CEL. Cry 'holla!' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

ROS. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

CEL. I would sing my song without a burthen: thou bringest me out of tune.

ROS. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

CEL. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

ROS. 'T is he: slink by, and note him.

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

JAQ. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

ORL. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

JAQ. God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.

ORL. I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAQ. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

ORL. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

JAQ. Rosalind is your love's name?

ORL. Yes, just.

JAQ. I do not like her name.
ORL. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.
JAQ. What stature is she of?
ORL. Just as high as my heart.
JAQ. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?
ORL. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.
JAQ. You have a nimble wit: I think 't was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.
ORL. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.
JAQ. The worse fault you have is to be in love.
ORL. 'T is a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.
JAQ. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.
ORL. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.
JAQ. There I shall see mine own figure.
ORL. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.
JAQ. I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love.
ORL. I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

Exit JAQUES.

ROS. I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?
ORL. Very well: what would you?
ROS. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?
ORL. You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.
ROS. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.
ORL. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?
ROS. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.
ORL. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?
ROS. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.
ORL. Who ambles Time withal?
ROS. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.
ORL. Who doth he gallop withal?
ROS. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.
ORL. Who stays it still withal?
ROS. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.
ORL. Where dwell you, pretty youth?
ROS. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.
ORL. Are you native of this place?
ROS. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.
ORL. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.
ROS. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.
ORL. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?
ROS. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it.
ORL. I prithee, recount some of them.
ROS. No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying

the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

ORL. I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

ROS. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

ORL. What were his marks?

ROS. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not: but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

ORL. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROS. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

ORL. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

ROS. But are you so much in love as your rimes speak?

ORL. Neither rime nor reason can express how much.

ROS. Love is merely a madness, and I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORL. Did you ever cure any so?

ROS. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part, cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness, which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

ORL. I would not be cured, youth.

ROS. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

ORL. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

ROS. Go with me to it and I'll show it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

ORL. With all my heart, good youth.

ROS. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? *Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *behind.*

TOUCH. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

AUD. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

TOUCH. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

JAQ. [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

TOUCH. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

AUD. I do not know what 'poetical' is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

TOUCH. No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

AUD. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

TOUCH. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

AUD. Would you not have me honest?

TOUCH. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

JAQ. [*Aside.*] A material fool.

AUD. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

TOUCH. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

AUD. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

TOUCH. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

JAQ. [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

AUD. Well, the gods give us joy!

TOUCH. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods': right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 't is none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

SIR OLI. Is there none here to give the woman?

TOUCH. I will not take her on gift of any man.

SIR OLI. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

JAQ. [*Coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

TOUCH. Good even, good Master What ye-call 't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ield you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

JAQ. Will you be married, motley?

TOUCH. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

JAQ. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber, warp, warp.

TOUCH. [*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

JAQ. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

TOUCH. Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,
O sweet Oliver!
O brave Oliver!
Leave me not behind thee: but,—
Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

Exeunt JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, *and* AUDREY.

SIR OLI. 'T is no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. *Exit.*

SCENE IV

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

ROS. Never talk to me: I will weep.
CEL. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.
ROS. But have I not cause to weep?
CEL. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.
ROS. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.
CEL. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.
ROS. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.
CEL. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.
ROS. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.
CEL. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.
ROS. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?
CEL. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.
ROS. Do you think so?
CEL. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.
ROS. Not true in love?
CEL. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.
ROS. You have heard him swear downright he was.
CEL. 'Was' is not 'is': besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.
ROS. I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?
CEL. O! that's a brave man. He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

COR. Mistress and master, you have oft inquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.
CEL. Well, and what of him?
COR. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.
ROS. O! come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

Exeunt.

SCENE V

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

SIL. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *behind.*

PHE. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'T is pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;

Or, if thou canst not, O! for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

SIL. O dear Phebe,
If ever, as that ever may be near,
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

PHE. But till that time
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

ROS. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too.
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'T is not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 't is such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'T is not her glass, but you, that fatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.

PHE. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

ROS. He's fallen in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

PHE. For no ill will I bear you.

ROS. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'T is at the tuft of olives here hard by,
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN.

PHE. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might:
'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?'

SIL. Sweet Phebe,—

PHE. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

SIL. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

PHE. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

SIL. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

PHE. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

SIL. I would have you.

PHE. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too;
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.
SIL. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.
PHE. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?
SIL. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.
PHE. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.
'T is but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 't is well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 't was just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me.
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?
SIL. Phebe, with all my heart.
PHE. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I

The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

JAQ. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

ROS. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

JAQ. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

ROS. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

JAQ. Why, 't is good to be sad and say nothing.

ROS. Why then, 't is good to be a post.

JAQ. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

ROS. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

JAQ. Yes, I have gained my experience.

ROS. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter ORLANDO.

ORL. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

JAQ. Nay then, God be wi' you, and you talk in blank verse. *Exit.*

ROS. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

ORL. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

ROS. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

ORL. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROS. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

ORL. Of a snail?

ROS. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

ORL. What's that?

ROS. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

ORL. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

ROS. And I am your Rosalind.

CEL. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

ROS. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

ORL. I would kiss before I spoke.

ROS. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

ORL. How if the kiss be denied?

ROS. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

ORL. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

ROS. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

ORL. What, of my suit?

ROS. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

ORL. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

ROS. Well, in her person I say I will not have you.

ORL. Then in mine own person I die.

ROS. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer-night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp was drowned; and the foolish coroners of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORL. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

ROS. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

ORL. Then love me, Rosalind.

ROS. Yes, faith, will I; Fridays and Saturdays and all.

ORL. And wilt thou have me?

ROS. Ay, and twenty such.

ORL. What sayest thou?

ROS. Are you not good?

ORL. I hope so.

ROS. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

ORL. Pray thee, marry us.

CEL. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando,'—

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind? 146

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us. 150

Ros. Then you must say, 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions. 158

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day. 163

Ros. Say 'a day,' without the 'ever.' No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep. 177

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O! but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney. 186

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, 'Wit, whither wilt?'

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed. 191

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O! that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool. 200

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas! dear love. I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again. 206

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 't is but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour? 212

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise. 224

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu. *Exit* Orlando. 229

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest. 234

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal. 239

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No; that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come. 249

Cel. And I'll sleep. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter JAQUES, *Lords, and Foresters.*

JAQ. Which is he that killed the deer?
FIRST LORD. Sir, it was I.
JAQ. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?
FORESTER. Yes, sir.
JAQ. Sing it: 't is no matter how it be in tune so it make noise enough.
FOR.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home.

The rest shall bear this burthen.

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

Exeunt.

SCENE III

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

ROS. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!
CEL. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

SIL. My errand is to you, fair youth.
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.
ROS. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer: bear this, bear all.
She says I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.
SIL. No, I protest, I know not the contents: Phebe did write it.
ROS. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone colour'd hand: I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 't was her hands;
She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.
SIL. Sure, it is hers.
ROS. Why, 't is a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?
SIL. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.
ROS. She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes.

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus?
SIL. Call you this railing?
ROS.

Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If this scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine
Alack! in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect.
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!

He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

SIL. Call you this chiding?
CEL. Alas, poor shepherd!
ROS. Do you pity him? no; he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word, for here comes more company. *Exit* SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER.

OLI. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheepcote fenc'd about with olive-trees?
CEL. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.
OLI. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years: 'The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe forester: the woman low,
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?
CEL. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.
OLI. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?
ROS. I am: what must we understand by this?
OLI. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.
CEL. I pray you, tell it.
OLI. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo! what befell; he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 't is
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
CEL. O! I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.
OLI. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
ROS. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?
OLI. Twice did he turn his back and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.
CEL. Are you his brother?
ROS. Was it you he rescu'd?

CEL. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
OLI. 'T was I; but 't is not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
ROS. But, for the bloody napkin?
OLI. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place:—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself; and here, upon his arm,
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise; and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.
ROSALIND *swoons*.
CEL. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!
OLI. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
CEL. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!
OLI. Look, he recovers.
ROS. I would I were at home.
CEL. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?
OLI. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man! You lack a man's heart.
ROS. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah! a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!
OLI. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.
ROS. Counterfeit, I assure you.
OLI. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.
ROS. So I do; but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.
CEL. Come; you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.
OLI. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.
ROS. I shall devise something. But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go? *Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I

The Forest of Arden.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

TOUCH. We shall find a time, Audrey: patience, gentle Audrey.
AUD. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.
TOUCH. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.
AUD. Ay, I know who 't is: he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

TOUCH. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.
WILL. Good even, Audrey.
AUD. God ye good even, William.
WILL. And good even to you, sir.
TOUCH. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?
WILL. Five-and-twenty, sir.
TOUCH. A ripe age. Is thy name William?
WILL. William, sir.
TOUCH. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?
WILL. Ay, sir, I thank God.
TOUCH. 'Thank God!' a good answer. Art rich?
WILL. Faith, sir, so so.
TOUCH. 'So so,' is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

WILL. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

TOUCH. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

WILL. I do, sir.

TOUCH. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

WILL. No, sir.

TOUCH. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

WILL. Which he, sir?

TOUCH. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon—which is in the vulgar, leave—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is, woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life unto death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

AUD. Do, good William.

WILL. God rest you merry, sir. *Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

COR. Our master and mistress seeks you: come, away, away!

TOUCH. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

ORL. Is 't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing, you should love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

OLI. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

ORL. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

ROS. God save you, brother.

OLI. And you, fair sister. *Exit*

ROS. O! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

ORL. It is my arm.

ROS. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

ORL. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

ROS. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

ORL. Ay! and greater wonders than that.

ROS. O! I know where you are. Nay, 't is true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame': for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together: clubs cannot part them.

ORL. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes. By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will. Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd:
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't is to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience:
All purity, all trial, all obeisance;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, 'Why blame you me to love you?'

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this: 't is like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To* Silvius.] I will help you, if I can. [*To* Phebe.] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To* Phebe.] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow. [*To* Orlando.] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To* Silvius.] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To* Orlando.] As you love Rosalind, meet; [*To* Silvius.] As you love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

Exeunt.

SCENE III

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here comes two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

TOUCH. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

SECOND PAGE. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

FIRST PAGE. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

SECOND PAGE. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

TOUCH. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

FIRST PAGE. You are deceived, sir: we kept time; we lost not our time.

TOUCH. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter DUKE *Senior*, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

DUKE S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

ORL. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

ROS. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd.
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

DUKE S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

ROS. And you say you will have her, when I bring her?

ORL. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

ROS. You say you'll marry me, if I be willing?

PHE. That will I, should I die the hour after.

ROS. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

PHE. So is the bargain.

ROS. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

SIL. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROS. I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter;
Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd;
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

Exeunt ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

DUKE S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

ORL. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

JAQ. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

TOUCH. Salutation and greeting to you all!

JAQ. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

TOUCH. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

JAQ. And how was that ta'en up?

TOUCH. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

JAQ. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

DUKE S. I like him very well.

TOUCH. God 'ield you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own: a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

DUKE S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

TOUCH. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

JAQ. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

TOUCH. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the 'retort courteous.' If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: this is called the 'quip modest.' If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the 'reply churlish.' If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the 'reproof valiant.' If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the 'countercheck quarrelsome': and so to the 'lie circumstantial,' and the 'lie direct.'

JAQ. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

TOUCH. I durst go no further than the 'lie circumstantial,' nor he durst not give me the 'lie direct'; and so we measured swords and parted.

JAQ. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

TOUCH. O sir, we quarrel in print; by the book, as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the 'retort courteous'; the second, the 'quip modest'; the third, the 'reply churlish'; the fourth, the 'reproof valiant'; the fifth, the 'countercheck quarrelsome'; the sixth, the 'lie with circumstance'; the seventh, the 'lie direct.' All these you may avoid but the 'lie direct'; and you may avoid that too, with an 'if.' I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an 'if,' and 'if you said so, then I said so'; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your 'if' is the only peacemaker; much virtue in 'if.'

JAQ. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

DUKE S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, *leading* ROSALIND *in woman's clothes, and* CELIA.

Still Music.

HYM.
Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen, from heaven brought her;
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

ROS. [*To* DUKE S.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To* ORLANDO.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

DUKE S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

ORL. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.
PHE. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!
ROS. [*To* DUKE S.] I'll have no father, if you be not he:
[*To* ORLANDO.] I'll have no husband, if you be not he:
[*To* PHEBE.] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

HYM.

Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'T is I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part:
You and you are heart in heart:
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'T is Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured.
Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

DUKE S. O my dear niece! welcome thou art to me:
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.
PHE. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

JAQ. DE. B. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.
DUKE S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot;
And after, every of this happy number
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.
JAQ. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?
JAQ. DE B. He hath.
JAQ. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
[*To* DUKE S.] You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it:
[*To* ORLANDO.] You to a love that your true faith doth merit:
[*To* OLIVER.] You to your land, and love, and great allies:
[*To* SILVIUS.] You to a long and well-deserved bed:
[*To* TOUCHSTONE.] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.
DUKE S. Stay, Jaques, stay.
JAQ. To see no pastime, I: what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.
Exit.

DUKE S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.
A dance.
Exeunt.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by ROSALIND

It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 't is true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women! for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men! for the love you bear to women, as I perceive by your simpering none of you hates them, that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not; and I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

MOLIÈRE (1622–1673)

THE MISANTHROPE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALCESTE, *in love with Célimène.*
PHILINTE, *his friend.*
ORONTE, *in love with Célimène.*
CÉLIMÈNE, *beloved by Alceste.*
ÉLIANTE, *her cousin.*
ARSINOÉ, *Célimène's friend.*
ACASTE, CLITANDRE } *marquises.*
BASQUE, *servant to Célimène.*
DUBOIS, *servant to Alceste.*
An Officer of the Maréchaussée.
SCENE.—*At Paris, in Célimène's House.*

ACT I

Enter PHILINTE *and* ALCESTE.

PHILINTE. What is the matter? What ails you?

ALCESTE [*seated*]. Leave me, I pray.

PHILINTE. But, once more, tell me what strange whim . . .

ALCESTE. Leave me, I tell you; get out of my sight.

PHILINTE. But you might at least listen to people without growing angry.

ALCESTE. I choose to grow angry, and I do not choose to listen.

PHILINTE. I do not understand you in these abrupt moods; although we are friends, I am the first . . .

ALCESTE [*rising quickly*]. I, your friend? Lay not that flattering unction to your soul. I have until now professed to be so; but after what I have just seen of you, I tell you candidly that I am such no longer; I have no wish to occupy a place in a corrupt heart.

PHILINTE. I am then very much to be blamed from your point of view, Alceste?

ALCESTE. To be blamed? You ought to die from very shame; there is no excuse for such behaviour, and every man of honour must be disgusted at it. I see you almost stifle a man with attentions, show him the most ardent affection, and overwhelm him with protestations, offers, and vows of friendship. Your ebullitions of tenderness know no bounds; and when I ask you who that man is, you can scarcely tell me his name; your feelings for him, the moment you have turned your back, suddenly cool; you speak of him most indifferently to me. Zounds! I call it unworthy, base, and infamous, so far to lower one's self as to act contrary to one's own feelings; if, by some mischance, I had done such a thing, I should hang myself at once out of sheer vexation.

PHILINTE. I do not see that it is a hanging matter at all; and I beg of you not to think it amiss if I ask you to show me some mercy, for I shall not hang myself, if it be all the same to you.

ALCESTE. That is a sorry joke.

PHILINTE. Then seriously, what would you have people do?

ALCESTE. I would have people be sincere, and like men of honour, speak no word that comes not from the heart.

PHILINTE. When a man comes and embraces you warmly, you must pay him back in his own coin, respond as best you can to his show of feeling, and return offer for offer, vow for vow.

ALCESTE. Not so. I cannot bear so base a method, which your fashionable people generally affect; there is nothing I detest so much as the contortions of these great time-and-lip servers, these affable dispensers of meaningless embraces, these obliging utterers of empty words who view every one in civilities, and treat the man of worth and the fop alike. What good does it do if a man heaps endearments on you, vows that he is your friend, that he believes in you, is full of zeal for you, esteems and loves you, and lauds you to the skies, when he rushes to do the same to the first rapscallion he meets? No, no; no heart with the least self-respect cares for esteem so prostituted; he will hardly relish it, even when openly expressed, when he finds that he shares it with the whole universe. Preference must be based on esteem, and to esteem every one is to esteem no one. Since you abandon yourself to the vices of the times, zounds! you are not the man for me. I decline this over-complaisant kindness, which uses no discrimination. I like to be distinguished; and, to cut the matter short, the friend of all mankind is no friend of mine.

PHILINTE. But when we are of the world, we must conform to the outward civilities which custom demands.

ALCESTE. I deny it. We ought to punish pitilessly that shameful pretence of friendly intercourse. I like a man to be a man, and to show on all occasions the bottom of his heart in his discourse. Let that be the thing to speak, and never let our feelings be hidden beneath vain compliments.

PHILINTE. There are many cases in which plain speaking would become ridiculous, and could hardly be tolerated. With all due allowance for your unbending honesty, it is as well to conceal the feelings sometimes. Would it be right or decent to tell thousands of people what we think of them? And when we meet with some one whom we hate or who displeases us, must we tell him so openly?

ALCESTE. Yes.

PHILINTE. What! Would you tell old Emilia that it ill becomes her to set up for a beauty at her age, and that the paint she uses disgusts everyone?

ALCESTE. Undoubtedly.

PHILINTE. Or Dorilas that he is a bore, and that there is no one at court who is not sick of hearing him boast of his courage and the lustre of his house?

ALCESTE. Decidedly so.

PHILINTE. You are jesting.

ALCESTE. I am not jesting at all, and I would not spare any one in that respect. It offends my eyes too much. Whether at Court or in town, I behold nothing but what provokes my spleen. I become quite melancholy and deeply grieved to see men behave to each other as they do. Everywhere I find nothing but base flattery, injustice, self-interest, deceit, roguery. I cannot bear it any longer; I am furious; and my intention is to break with all mankind.

PHILINTE. This philosophical spleen is somewhat too savage. I cannot but laugh to see you in these gloomy fits, and fancy that I perceive in us two, brought up together, the two brothers described in *The School for Husbands*, who . . .

ALCESTE. Good Heavens! Drop your insipid comparisons.

PHILINTE. Nay, seriously, leave off these vagaries. The world will not alter for all your meddling. And as plain speaking has such charms for you, I shall tell you frankly that this complaint of yours is as good as a play, wherever you go, and that all those invectives against the manners of the age make you a laughing stock to many people.

ALCESTE. So much the better! Zounds! So much the better! That is just what I want. It is a very good sign, and I rejoice at it. All men are so odious to me that I should be sorry to appear rational in their eyes.

PHILINTE. But do you wish harm to all mankind?

ALCESTE. Yes; I have conceived a terrible hatred for them.

PHILINTE. Shall all poor mortals, without exception, be included in this aversion? There are some, even in the age in which we live . . .

ALCESTE. No, they are all alike; and I hate all men: some, because they are wicked and mischievous; others because they lend themselves to the wicked, and have not that healthy contempt with which vice ought to inspire all virtuous minds. You can see how unjustly and excessively complacent people are to that bare-faced scoundrel with whom I am at law. You may plainly perceive the traitor through his mask; he is well known everywhere in his true colours; his rolling eyes and his honeyed tones impose only on those who do not know him. People are aware that this low-bred fellow, who deserves to be pilloried, has, by the dirtiest jobs, made his way in the world; and that the splendid position he has acquired makes merit repine and virtue blush. Yet whatever dishonourable epithets may be launched against him everywhere, nobody defends his wretched honour. Call him a rogue, an infamous wretch, a confounded scoundrel if you like, all the world will say "yea," and no one contradicts you. But for all that, his bowing and scraping are welcome everywhere; he is received, smiled upon, and wriggles himself into all kinds of society; and, if any appointment is to be secured by intriguing, he will carry the day over a man of the greatest worth. Zounds! these are mortal stabs to me, to see vice parleyed with; and sometimes I feel suddenly inclined to fly into a wilderness far from the approach of men.

PHILINTE. Great Heaven! Let us torment ourselves a little less about the vices of our age, and be a little more lenient to human nature. Let us not scrutinize it with the utmost severity, but look with some indulgence at its failings. In society, we need virtue to be more pliable. If we are too wise, we may be equally to blame. Good sense avoids all extremes, and requires us to be soberly rational. This unbending and virtuous stiffness of ancient times shocks too much the ordinary customs of our own; it requires too great perfection from us mortals; we must yield to the times without being too stubborn; it is the height of folly to busy ourselves in correcting the world. I, as well as you, notice a hundred things every day which might be better managed, differently enacted; but whatever I may discover at any moment, people do not see me in a rage like you. I take men quietly just as they are; I accustom my mind to bear with what they do; and I believe that at Court, as well as in the city, my phlegm is as philosophical as your bile.

ALCESTE. But this phlegm, good sir, you who reason so well, could it not be disturbed by anything? And if perchance a friend should betray you, if he forms a subtle plot to get hold of what is yours, if people should try to spread evil reports about you; would you tamely submit to all this without flying into a rage?

PHILINTE. Ay, I look upon all these faults of which you complain as vices inseparably connected with human nature; in short, my mind is no more shocked at seeing a man a rogue, unjust, or selfish, than at seeing vultures eager for prey, mischievous apes, or fury-lashed wolves.

ALCESTE. What! I should see myself deceived, torn to pieces, robbed, without being . . . Zounds! I shall say no more about it; all this reasoning is beside the point!

PHILINTE. Upon my word, you would do well to keep silence. Rail a little less at your opponent, and attend a little more to your suit.

ALCESTE. That I shall not do; that is settled long ago.

PHILINTE. But whom then do you expect to solicit for you?

ALCESTE. Whom? Reason, my just right, equity.

PHILINTE. Shall you not pay a visit to any of the judges?

ALCESTE. No. Is my cause unjust or dubious?

PHILINTE. I am agreed on that; but you know what harm intrigues do, and . . .

ALCESTE. No. I am resolved not to stir a step. I am either right or wrong.

PHILINTE. Do not trust to that.

ALCESTE. I shall not budge an inch.

PHILINTE. Your opponent is powerful, and by his underhand work, may induce . . .

ALCESTE. It does not matter.

PHILINTE. You will make a mistake.

ALCESTE. Be it so. I wish to see the end of it.

PHILINTE. But . . .

ALCESTE. I shall have the satisfaction of losing my suit.

PHILINTE. But after all . . .

ALCESTE. I shall see by this trial whether men have sufficient impudence, are wicked, villainous, and perverse enough to do me this injustice in the face of the whole world.

PHILINTE. What a strange fellow!

ALCESTE. I could wish, were it to cost me ever so much, that, for the fun of the thing, I lost my case.

PHILINTE. But people will really laugh at you, Alceste, if they hear you go on in this fashion.

ALCESTE. So much the worse for those who will.

PHILINTE. But this rectitude, which you exact so carefully in every case, this absolute integrity in which you intrench yourself, do you perceive it in the lady you love? As for me, I am astonished that, appearing to be at war with the whole human race, you yet, notwithstanding everything that can render it odious to you, have found aught to charm your eyes. And what surprises me still more, is the strange choice your heart has made. The sincere Éliante has a liking for you, the prude Arsinoé looks with favour upon you, yet your heart does not respond to their passion; whilst you wear the chains of Célimène, who sports with you, and whose coquettish humour and malicious wit seems to accord so well with the manner of the times. How comes it that, hating these things as mortally as you do, you endure so much of them in that lady? Are they no longer faults in so sweet a charmer? Do not you perceive them, or if you do, do you excuse them?

ALCESTE. Not so. The love I feel for this young widow does not make me blind to her faults, and, notwithstanding the great passion with which she has inspired me, I am the first to see, as well as to condemn, them. But for all this, do what I will, I confess my weakness, she has the art of pleasing me. In vain I see her faults; I may even blame them; in spite of all, she makes me love her. Her charms conquer everything, and, no doubt, my sincere love will purify her heart from the vices of our times.

PHILINTE. If you accomplish this, it will be no small task. Do you believe yourself beloved by her?

ALCESTE. Yes, certainly! I should not love her at all, did I not think so.

PHILINTE. But if her love for you is so apparent, how comes it that your rivals cause you so much uneasiness?

ALCESTE. It is because a heart, deeply smitten, claims all to itself; I come here only with the intention of telling her what, on this subject, my feelings dictate.

PHILINTE. Had I but to choose, her cousin Éliante would have all my love. Her heart, which values yours, is stable and sincere; and this more compatible choice would have suited you better.

ALCESTE. It is true; my good sense tells me so every day; but good sense does not always rule love.

PHILINTE. Well, I fear much for your affections; and the hope which you cherish may perhaps . . .

Enter ORONTE.

ORONTE [*to* ALCESTE]. I have been informed yonder that Éliante and Célimène have gone out to make some purchases. But as I heard that you were here, I came to tell you, most sincerely, that I have conceived the greatest regard for you, and that, for a long time, this regard has inspired me with the most ardent wish to be reckoned among your friends. Yes; I like to do homage to merit; and I am most anxious that a bond of friendship should unite us. I suppose that a zealous friend, and of my standing, is not altogether to be rejected. [*All this time* ALCESTE *has been musing, and seems not to be aware that* ORONTE *is addressing him. He looks up only when* ORONTE *says to him*]—It is to you, if you please, that this speech is addressed.

ALCESTE. To me, sir?

ORONTE. To you. Is it in any way offensive to you?

ALCESTE. Not in the least. But my surprise is very great; and I did not expect that honour.

ORONTE. The regard in which I hold you ought not to astonish you, and you can claim it from the whole world.

ALCESTE. Sir . . .

ORONTE. Our whole kingdom contains nothing above the dazzling merit which people discover in you.

ALCESTE. Sir . . .

ORONTE. Yes; for my part, I prefer you to the most important in it.

ALCESTE. Sir . . .

ORONTE. May Heaven strike me dead, if I lie! And, to convince you, on this very spot, of my feelings, allow me, sir, to embrace you with all my heart, and to solicit a place in your friendship. Your hand, if you please. Will you promise me your friendship?

ALCESTE. Sir . . .

ORONTE. What! You refuse me?

ALCESTE. Sir, you do me too much honour; but friendship is a sacred thing, and to lavish it on every occasion is surely to profane it. Judgment and choice should preside at such a compact; we ought to know more of each other before engaging ourselves; and it may happen that our dispositions are such that we may both of us repent of our bargain.

ORONTE. Upon my word, that is wisely said; and I esteem you all the more for it. Let us therefore leave it to time to form such a pleasing bond; but, meanwhile I am entirely at your disposal. If you have any business at Court, every one knows how well I stand with the King; I have his private ear; and, upon my word, he treats me in everything with the utmost intimacy. In short, I am yours in every emergency; and, as you are a man of brilliant parts, and to inaugurate our charming amity, I come to read you a sonnet which I made a little while ago, and to find out whether it be good enough for publicity.

ALCESTE. I am not fit, sir, to decide such a matter. You will therefore excuse me.

ORONTE. Why so?

ALCESTE. I have the failing of being a little more sincere in those things than is necessary.

ORONTE. The very thing I ask; and I should have reason to complain, if, in laying myself open to you that you might give me your frank opinion, you should deceive me, and disguise anything from me.

ALCESTE. If that be the case, sir, I am perfectly willing.

ORONTE. *Sonnet* . . . It is a sonnet . . . *Hope* . . . It is to a lady who flattered my passion with some hope. *Hope* . . . They are not long, pompous verses, but mild, tender, and melting little lines [*At every one of these interruptions he looks at* ALCESTE.]

ALCESTE. We shall see.

ORONTE. *Hope* . . . I do not know whether the style will strike you as sufficiently clear and easy, and whether you will approve of my choice of words.

ALCESTE. We shall soon see, sir.

ORONTE. Besides, you must know that I was only a quarter of an hour in composing it.

ALCESTE. Let us hear, sir; the time signifies nothing.

ORONTE [*reads*].

> Hope, it is true, oft gives relief,
> Rocks for a while our tedious pain,
> But what a poor advantage, Phillis,
> When nought remains, and all is gone!

PHILINTE. I am already charmed with this little bit.

ALCESTE [*softly to* PHILINTE]. What! Do you mean to tell me that you like this stuff?

ORONTE.

> You once showed some complaisance,
> But less would have sufficed,
> You should not take that trouble
> To give me nought but hope.

PHILINTE. In what pretty terms these thoughts are put!

ALCESTE. How now! You vile flatterer, you praise this rubbish!

ORONTE.

> If I must wait eternally,
> My passion, driven to extremes,
> Will fly to death.
> Your tender cares cannot prevent this,
> Fair Phillis, aye we're in despair,
> When we must hope for ever.

PHILINTE. The conclusion is pretty, amorous, admirable.

ALCESTE [*softly, and aside to* PHILINTE]. A plague on the conclusion! I wish you had concluded to break your nose, you poisoner to the devil!

PHILINTE. I never heard verses more skilfully turned.

ALCESTE [*softly, and aside*]. Zounds! . . .

ORONTE [*to* PHILINTE]. You flatter me; and you are under the impression perhaps . . .

PHILINTE. No, I am not flattering at all.

ALCESTE [*softly, and aside*]. What else are you doing, you wretch?

ORONTE [*to* ALCESTE]. But for you, you know our agreement. Speak to me, I pray, in all sincerity.

ALCESTE. These matters, sir, are always more or less delicate, and every one is fond of being praised for his wit. But I was saying one day to a certain person, who shall be nameless, when he showed me some of his verses, that a gentleman ought at all times to exercise a great control over that itch for writing which sometimes attacks him, and should keep a tight rein over the strong propensity which he has to display such amusements; and that, in the frequent anxiety to show his productions, he is frequently exposed to act a very foolish part.

ORONTE. Do you wish to convey to me by this that I am wrong in desiring . . .

ALCESTE. I do not say that exactly. But I told him that writing without warmth becomes a bore; that there needs no other weakness to disgrace a man; that, even if people, on the other hand, had many good qualities, we view them from their worst sides.

ORONTE. Do you find anything to object to in my sonnet?

ALCESTE. I do not say that. But, to keep him from writing, I set before his eyes how, in our days, that desire had spoiled a great many very worthy people.

ORONTE. Do I write badly? Am I like them in any way?

ALCESTE. I do not say that. But, in short, I said to him, "What pressing need is there for you to rhyme, and what the deuce drives you into print? If we can pardon the sending into the world of a badly-written book, it will only be in those unfortunate men who write for their livelihood. Believe me, resist your temptations, keep these effusions from the public, and do not, how much you may be asked, forfeit the reputation which you enjoy at Court of being a man of sense and a gentleman and take, from the hands of a greedy printer, the reputation of a ridiculous and wretched author." That is what I tried to make him understand.

ORONTE. This is all well and good, and I seem to understand you. But I should like to know what there is in my sonnet to . . .

ALCESTE. Candidly, you had better put it in your closet. You have been following bad models, and your expressions are not at all natural. Pray what is—*Rocks for a while our tedious pain?* And what, *When nought remains, and all is gone?* What, *You should not take that trouble to give me nought but hope?* And what, *Phillis, aye we're in despair when we must hope for ever?* This figurative style, that people are so vain of, is beside all good taste and truth; it is only a play upon words, sheer affectation, and it is not thus that nature speaks. The wretched taste of the age is what I dislike in this. Our forefathers, unpolished as they were, had a much better one; and I value all that is admired now-a-days far less than an old song which I am going to repeat to you:

> Had our great monarch granted me
> His Paris large and fair;
> And I straightway must quit for aye
> The love of my true dear;
> Then would I say, King Hal, I pray,
> Take back your Paris fair,
> I love much mo my dear, I trow,
> I love much mo my dear.

This versification is not rich, and the style is antiquated; but do you not see that it is far better than all those trumpery trifles against which good sense revolts, and that in this, passion speaks from the heart?

> Had our great monarch granted me
> His Paris large and fair;
> And I straightway must quit for aye
> The love of my true dear;
> Then would I say, King Hal, I pray,
> Take back your Paris fair,
> I love much mo my dear, I trow,
> I love much mo my dear.

This is what a really loving heart would say. [*To* PHILINTE, *who is laughing.*] Yes, master wag, in spite of all your wit, I care more for this than for all the florid pomp and the tinsel which everybody is admiring now-a-days.

ORONTE. And I, I maintain that my verses are very good.

ALCESTE. Doubtless you have your reasons for thinking them so; but you will allow me to have mine, which, with your permission, will remain independent.

ORONTE. It is enough for me that others prize them.

ALCESTE. That is because they know how to dissemble, which I do not.

ORONTE. Do you really believe that you have such a great share of wit?

ALCESTE. If I praised your verses, I should have more.

ORONTE. I shall do very well without your approbation.

ALCESTE. You will have to do without it, if it be all the same.

ORONTE. I should like much to see you compose some on the same subject, just to have a sample of your style.

ALCESTE. I might, perchance, make some as bad; but I should take good care not to show them to any one.

ORONTE. You are mighty positive; and this great sufficiency . . .

ALCESTE. Pray, seek some one else to flatter you, and not me.

ORONTE. But, my little sir, drop this haughty tone.

ALCESTE. In truth, my big sir, I shall do as I like.

PHILINTE [*coming between them*]. Stop, gentlemen! That is carrying the matter too far. Cease, I pray.

ORONTE. Ah! I am wrong, I confess; and I leave the field to you. I am your servant, sir, most heartily.

ALCESTE. And I, sir, am your most humble servant.

Exit ORONTE.

PHILINTE. Well! you see. By being too sincere, you have got a nice affair on your hands. I saw that Oronte, in order to be flattered . . .

ALCESTE. Do not talk to me.

PHILINTE. But . . .

ALCESTE. No more society for me.

PHILINTE. Is it too much . . .

ALCESTE. Leave me alone.

PHILINTE. If I . . .

ALCESTE. Not another word.

PHILINTE. But what . . .

ALCESTE. I will hear no more.

PHILINTE. But . . .

ALCESTE. Again?

PHILINTE. People insult . . .

ALCESTE. Ah! Zounds! this is too much. Do not dog my steps.

PHILINTE. You are making fun of me; I shall not leave you.

ACT II

Enter ALCESTE *and* CÉLIMÈNE.

ALCESTE. Will you have me speak candidly to you, madam? Well, then, I am very much dissatisfied with your behaviour. I am very angry when I think of it; and I perceive that we shall have to break with each other. Yes; I should only deceive you were I to speak otherwise. Sooner or later a rupture is unavoidable; and if I were to promise the contrary a thousand times, I should not be able to bear this any longer.

CÉLIMÈNE. Oh, I see! It is to quarrel with me, that you wished to conduct me home?

ALCESTE. I do not quarrel. But your disposition, madam, is too ready to give any first comer an entrance into your heart. Too many admirers beset you; and my temper cannot put up with that.

CÉLIMÈNE. Am I to blame for having too many admirers? Can I prevent people from thinking me amiable? And am I to take a stick to drive them away, when they endeavour by tender means to visit me?

ALCESTE. No, madam, there is no need for a stick, but only a heart less yielding and less melting at their love-tales. I am aware that your good looks accompany you, go where you will; but your reception retains those whom your eyes attract; and that gentleness, accorded to those who surrender their arms, finishes on their hearts the sway which your charms began. The too agreeable expectation which you offer them increases their assiduities towards you; and your complacency, a little less extended, would drive away the great crowd of so many admirers. But, tell me, at least, madam, by what good fortune Clitandre has the happiness of pleasing you so mightily? Upon what basis of merit and sublime virtue do you ground the honour of your regard for him? Is it by the long nail on his little finger that he has acquired the esteem which you display for him? Are you, like all the

rest of the fashionable world, fascinated by the dazzling merit of his fair wig? Do his great rolls make you love him? Do his many ribbons charm you? Is it by the attraction of his great German breeches that he has conquered your heart, whilst at the same time he pretended to be your slave? Or have his manner of smiling, and his falsetto voice, found out the secret of moving your feelings?

CÉLIMÈNE. How unjustly you take umbrage at him! Do not you know why I countenance him; and that he has promised to interest all his friends in my lawsuit?

ALCESTE. Lose your lawsuit, madam, with patience, and do not countenance a rival whom I detest.

CÉLIMÈNE. But you are growing jealous of the whole world.

ALCESTE. It is because the whole world is so kindly received by you.

CÉLIMÈNE. That is the very thing to calm your frightened mind, because my good will is diffused over all: you would have more reason to be offended if you saw me entirely occupied with one.

ALCESTE. But as for me, whom you accuse of too much jealousy, what have I more than any of them, madam, pray?

CÉLIMÈNE. The happiness of knowing that you are beloved.

ALCESTE. And what grounds has my love-sick heart for believing it?

CÉLIMÈNE. I think that, as I have taken the trouble to tell you so, such an avowal ought to satisfy you.

ALCESTE. But who will assure me that you may not, at the same time, say as much to everybody else perhaps?

CÉLIMÈNE. Certainly, for a lover, this is a pretty amorous speech, and you make me out a very nice lady. Well! To remove such a suspicion, I retract this moment everything I have said; and no one but yourself shall for the future impose upon you. Will that satisfy you?

ALCESTE. Zounds! Why do I love you so! Ah! If ever I get heart-whole out of your hands, I shall bless Heaven for that rare good fortune. I make no secret of it; I do all that is possible to tear this unfortunate attachment from my heart; but hitherto my greatest efforts have been of no avail; and it is for my sins that I love you thus.

CÉLIMÈNE. It is very true that your affection for me is unequalled.

ALCESTE. As for that, I can challenge the whole world. My love for you cannot be conceived; and never, madam, has any man loved as I do.

CÉLIMÈNE. Your method, however, is entirely new, for you love people only to quarrel with them; it is in peevish expression alone that your feelings vent themselves; no one ever saw such a grumbling swain.

ALCESTE. But it lies with you alone to dissipate this ill-humour. For mercy's sake, let us make an end of all these bickerings, deal openly with each other, and try to put a stop . . .

Enter BASQUE:

CÉLIMÈNE. What is the matter?

BASQUE. Acaste is below.

CÉLIMÈNE. Very well! Bid him come up.

Exit BASQUE.

ALCESTE. What! Can one never have a little private conversation with you? You are always ready to receive company; and you cannot, for a single instant, make up your mind to be "not at home."

CÉLIMÈNE. Do you wish me to quarrel with Acaste?

ALCESTE. You have such regard for people, which I by no means like.

CÉLIMÈNE. He is a man never to forgive me, if he knew that his presence could annoy me.

ALCESTE. And what is that to you, to inconvenience yourself so . . .

CÉLIMÈNE. But, good Heaven! The amity of such as he is of importance; they are a kind of people who, I do not know how, have acquired the right to be heard at Court. They take their part in every conversation; they can do you no good, but they may do you harm; and, whatever support one may find elsewhere, it will never do to be on bad terms with these very noisy gentry.

ALCESTE. In short, whatever people may say or do, you always find reasons to bear with every one; and your very careful judgment . . .

Enter BASQUE.

BASQUE. Clitandre is here too, madam.

ALCESTE. Exactly so. [*Wishes to go.*]

CÉLIMÈNE. Where are you running to?

ALCESTE. I am going.

CÉLIMÈNE. Stay.

ALCESTE. For what?

CÉLIMÈNE. Stay.

ALCESTE. I cannot.

CÉLIMÈNE. I wish it.

ALCESTE. I will not. These conversations only weary me; and it is too bad of you to wish me to endure them.

CÉLIMÈNE. I wish it, I wish it.

ALCESTE. No, it is impossible.

CÉLIMÈNE. Very well, then; go, begone; you can do as you like.

Enter ÉLIANTE, PHILINTE, ACASTE, *and* CLITANDRE.

ÉLIANTE [*to* CÉLIMÈNE]. Here are the two marquises coming up with us. Has anyone told you?

CÉLIMÈNE. Yes. [*To* BASQUE.] Place chairs for everyone. [BASQUE *places chairs, and goes out.*] [*To* ALCESTE.] You are not gone?

ALCESTE. No; but I am determined, madam, to have you make up your mind either for them or for me.

CÉLIMÈNE. Hold your tongue.

ALCESTE. This very day you shall explain yourself.

CÉLIMÈNE. You are losing your senses.

ALCESTE. Not at all. You shall declare yourself.

CÉLIMÈNE. Indeed!

ALCESTE. You must take your stand.

CÉLIMÈNE. You are jesting, I believe.

ALCESTE. Not so. But you must choose. I have been too patient.

CLITANDRE. Egad! I have just come from the Louvre, where Cléonte, at the levee, made himself very ridiculous. Has he not some friend who could charitably enlighten him upon his manners?

CÉLIMÈNE. Truth to say, he compromises himself very much in society; everywhere he carries himself with an air that is noticed at first sight, and when after a short absence you meet him again, he is still more absurd than ever.

ACASTE. Egad! Talk of absurd people, just now, one of the most tedious ones was annoying me. That reasoner, Damon, kept me, if you please, for a full hour in the broiling sun, away from from my Sedan chair.

CÉLIMÈNE. He is a strange talker, and one who always finds the means of telling you nothing with a great flow of words. There is no sense at all in his tittle-tattle, and all that we hear is but noise.

ÉLIANTE [*to* PHILINTE]. This beginning is not bad; and the conversation takes a sufficiently agreeable turn against our neighbours.

CLITANDRE. Timante, too, madam, is another original.

CÉLIMÈNE. He is a complete mystery from top to toe, who throws upon you, in passing, a bewildered glance, and who, without having anything to do, is always busy. Whatever he utters is accompanied with grimaces; he quite oppresses people by his ceremonies. To interrupt a conversation, he has always a secret to whisper to you, and that secret turns out to be nothing. Of the merest molehill he makes a mountain, and whispers everything in your ear, even to a "good-day."

ACASTE. And Geralde, madam?

CÉLIMÈNE. That tiresome story-teller! He never comes down from his nobleman's pedestal; he continually mixes with the best society, and never quotes any one of minor rank than a Duke, Prince, or Princess. Rank is his hobby, and his conversation is of nothing but horses, carriages, and dogs. He *thee's* and *thou's* persons of the highest standing, and the word Sir is quite obsolete with him.

CLITANDRE. It is said that he is on the best of terms with Bélise.

CÉLIMÈNE. Poor silly woman, and the dreariest company! When she comes to visit me, I suffer martyrdom; one has to rack one's brain perpetually to find out what to say to her; and the impossibility of her expressing her thoughts allows the conversation to drop every minute. In vain you try to overcome her stupid silence by the assistance of the most commonplace topics; even the fine weather, the rain, the heat and the cold are subjects, which, with her, are soon exhausted. Yet for all that, her calls, unbearable enough, are prolonged to an insufferable length; and you may consult the clock, or yawn twenty times, but she stirs no more than a log of wood.

ACASTE. What think you of Adraste?

CÉLIMÈNE. Oh! What excessive pride!

He is a man positively puffed out with conceit. His self-importance is never satisfied with the Court, against which he inveighs daily; and whenever an office, a place, or a living is bestowed on another, he is sure to think himself unjustly treated.

CLITANDRE. But young Cléon, whom the most respectable people go to see, what say you of him?

CÉLIMÈNE. That it is to his cook he owes his distinction, and to his table that people pay visits.

ÉLIANTE. He takes pains to provide the most dainty dishes.

CÉLIMÈNE. True; but I should be very glad if he would not dish up himself. His foolish person is a very bad dish, which, to my thinking, spoils every entertainment he gives.

PHILINTE. His uncle Damis is very much esteemed; what say you to him, madam?

CÉLIMÈNE. He is one of my friends.

PHILINTE. I think him a perfect gentleman, and sensible enough.

CÉLIMÈNE. True; but he pretends to too much wit, which annoys me. He is always upon stilts, and, in all his conversations, one sees him labouring to say smart things. Since he took it into his head to be clever, he is so difficult to please that nothing suits his taste. He must needs find mistakes in everything that one writes, and thinks that to bestow praise does not become a wit, that to find fault shows learning, that only fools admire and laugh, and that, by not approving of anything in the works of our time, he is superior to all other people. Even in conversations he finds something to cavil at, the subjects are too trivial for his condescension; and, with arms crossed on his breast, he looks down from the height of his intellect with pity on what everyone says.

ACASTE. Drat it! His very picture.

CLITANDRE [*to* CÉLIMÈNE]. You have an admirable knack of portraying people to the life.

ALCESTE. Capital, go on, my fine courtly friends. You spare no one, and everyone will have his turn. Nevertheless, let but any one of those persons appear, and we shall see you rush to meet him, offer him your hand, and, with a flattering kiss, give weight to your protestations of being his servant.

CLITANDRE. Why this to us? If what is said offends you, the reproach must be addressed to this lady.

ALCESTE. No, gadzooks! It concerns you; for your assenting smiles draw from her wit all these slanderous remarks. Her satirical vein is incessantly recruited by the culpable incense of your flattery; and her mind would find fewer charms in raillery, if she discovered that no one applauded her. Thus it is that to flatterers we ought everywhere to impute the vices which are sown among mankind.

PHILINTE. But why do you take so great an interest in those people, for you would condemn the very things that are blamed in them?

CÉLIMÈNE. And is not this gentleman bound to contradict? Would you have him subscribe to the general opinion; and must he not everywhere display the spirit of contradiction with which Heaven has endowed him? Other people's sentiments can never please him. He always supports a contrary idea, and he would think himself too much of the common herd, were he observed to be of any one's opinion but his own. The honour of gainsaying has so many charms for him that he very often takes up the cudgels against himself; he combats his own sentiments as soon as he hears them from other folks' lips.

ALCESTE. In short, madam, the laughers are on your side; and you may launch your satire against me.

PHILINTE. But it is very true, too, that you always take up arms against everything that is said; and, that your avowed spleen cannot bear people to be praised or blamed.

ALCESTE. 'Sdeath! spleen against mankind is always seasonable, because they are never in the right, and I see that, in all their dealings, they either praise impertinently, or censure rashly.

CÉLIMÈNE. But . . .

ALCESTE. No, madam, no, though I were to die for it, you have pastimes which I cannot tolerate; and people are very wrong to nourish in your heart this great attachment to the very faults which they blame in you.

CLITANDRE. As for myself, I do not know; but I openly acknowledge that hitherto I have thought this lady faultless.

ACASTE. I see that she is endowed with charms and attractions; but the faults which she has have not struck me.

ALCESTE. So much the more have they struck me; and far from appearing blind, she knows that I take care to reproach her with them. The more we love any one, the less we ought to flatter her. True love shows itself by overlooking nothing; and, were I a lady, I should banish all those mean-spirited lovers who submit to all my sentiments and whose mild complacencies every moment offer up incense to my vagaries.

CÉLIMÈNE. In short, if hearts were ruled by you, we ought, to love well, to relinquish all tenderness and make it the highest aim of perfect attachment to rail heartily at the persons we love.

ÉLIANTE. Love, generally speaking, is little apt to put up with these decrees, and lovers are always observed to extol their choice. Their passion never sees aught to blame in it, and in the beloved all things become loveable. They think their faults perfections, and invent sweet terms to call them by. The pale one vies with the jessamine in fairness; another, dark enough to frighten people, becomes an adorable brunette; the lean one has a good shape and is lithe; the stout one has a portly and majestic bearing; the slattern, who has few charms, passes under the name of a careless beauty; the giantess seems a very goddess in their sight; the dwarf is an epitome of all the wonders of Heaven; the proud one has a soul worthy of a diadem; the artful brims with wit; the silly one is very good-natured; the chatterbox is good-tempered; and the silent one modest and reticent. Thus a passionate swain loves even the very faults of her of whom he is enamoured.

ALCESTE. And I maintain that . . .

CÉLIMÈNE. Let us drop the subject, and take a turn or two in the gallery. What! Are you going, gentlemen?

CLITANDRE *and* ACASTE. No, no, madam.

ALCESTE. The fear of their departure troubles you very much. Go when you like, gentlemen; but I tell you beforehand that I shall not leave until you leave.

ACASTE. Unless it inconveniences this lady, I have nothing to call me elsewhere the whole day.

CLITANDRE. I, provided I am present when the King retires, have no other matter to call me away.

CÉLIMÈNE [*to* ALCESTE]. You only joke, I fancy.

ALCESTE. Not at all. We shall soon see whether it is me of whom you wish to get rid.

Enter BASQUE.

BASQUE [*to* ALCESTE]. There is a man down stairs, sir, who wishes to speak to you on business which cannot be postponed.

ALCESTE. Tell him that I have no such urgent business.

BASQUE. He wears a jacket with large plaited skirts embroidered with gold.

CÉLIMÈNE [*to* ALCESTE]. Go and see who it is, or else let him come in. *Exit* BASQUE.

Enter a Guard of the Maréchaussée.

ALCESTE [*going to meet the guard*]. What may be your pleasure? Come in, sir.

GUARD. I would have a few words privately with you, sir.

ALCESTE. You may speak aloud, sir, so as to let me know.

GUARD. The Marshals of France, whose commands I bear, hereby summon you to appear before them immediately, sir.

ALCESTE. Who? Me, sir?

GUARD. You, sir!

ALCESTE. And for what?

PHILINTE [*to* ALCESTE]. It is this ridiculous affair between you and Oronte.

CÉLIMÈNE [*to* PHILINTE]. What do you mean?

PHILINTE. Oronte and he have been insulting each other just now about some trifling verses which he did not like; and the Marshals wish to nip the affair in the bud.

ALCESTE. Well, I shall never basely submit.

PHILINTE. But you must obey the summons: come, get ready.

ALCESTE. How will they settle this between us? Will the edict of these gentlemen oblige me to approve of the verses which are the cause of our quarrel? I will not retract what I have said; I think them abominable.

PHILINTE. But with a little milder tone...

ALCESTE. I will not abate one jot; the verses are execrable.

PHILINTE. You ought to show a more accommodating spirit. Come along.

ALCESTE. I shall go, but nothing shall induce me to retract.

PHILINTE. Go and show yourself.

ALCESTE. Unless an express order from the King himself commands me to approve of the verses which cause all this trouble, I shall ever maintain, egad, that they are bad, and that a fellow deserves hanging for making them. [*To* CLITANDRE *and* ACASTE *who are laughing.*] Hang it! gentlemen, I did not think I was so amusing.

CÉLIMÈNE. Go quickly whither you are wanted.

ALCESTE. I am going, madam, but shall come back here to finish our discussion.

ACT III

Enter CLITANDRE *and* ACASTE.

CLITANDRE. My dear marquis, you appear mightily pleased with yourself; everything amuses you, and nothing discomposes you. But really and truly, think you, without flattering yourself, that you have good reasons for appearing so joyful?

ACASTE. Egad, I do not find, on looking at myself, any matter to be sorrowful about. I am wealthy, I am young, and am descended from a family which, with some appearance of truth, may be called noble; and I think that, by the rank which my lineage confers upon me, there are very few offices to which I might not aspire. As for courage, which we ought especially to value, it is well known—this without vanity—that I do not lack it; and people have seen me carry on an affair of honour in a manner sufficiently vigorous and brisk. As for wit, I have some, no doubt; and as for good taste, I judge and reason upon everything without study; at "first nights," of which I am very fond, I take my place as a critic upon the stage, to give my opinion as a judge, to applaud, and to point out the best passages by repeated bravoes; I carry myself well, and am good-looking, have particularly fine teeth and a good figure. I believe, without flattering myself, that, as for dressing in good taste, very few will dispute the palm with me. I find myself treated with every possible consideration, very much beloved by the fair sex; and I stand very well with the King. With all that, I think, dear marquis, that one might be satisfied with oneself anywhere.

CLITANDRE. True. But, finding so many easy conquests elsewhere, why come you here to utter fruitless sighs?

ACASTE. I? Zounds! I have neither the wish nor the disposition to put up with the indifference of any woman. I leave it to awkward and ordinary people to burn constantly for cruel fair maidens, to languish at their feet, and to bear with their severities, to invoke the aid of sighs and tears, and to endeavour, by long and persistent assiduities, to obtain what is denied to their little merit. Men of my stamp, marquis, are not made to love on trust and be at all the expenses themselves. Be the merit of the fair ever so great, I think, thank Heaven, that we have our value as well as they; that it is not reasonable to enthrall a heart like mine without its costing them anything; and that, to weigh everything in a just scale, the advances should be, at least, reciprocal.

CLITANDRE. Then you think that you are right enough here, marquis?

ACASTE. I have some reason, marquis, to think so.

CLITANDRE. Believe me, divest yourself of this great mistake: you flatter yourself, dear friend, and are altogether self-deceived.

ACASTE. It is true. I flatter myself, and am, in fact, altogether, self-deceived.

CLITANDRE. But what causes you to judge your happiness to be complete?

ACASTE. I flatter myself.

CLITANDRE. Upon what do you ground your belief?

ACASTE. I am altogether self-deceived.

CLITANDRE. Have you any sure proofs?

ACASTE. I am mistaken, I tell you.

CLITANDRE. Has Célimène made you any secret avowal of her inclinations?

ACASTE. No, I am very badly treated by her.

CLITANDRE. Answer me, I pray.

ACASTE. I meet with nothing but rebuffs.

CLITANDRE. A truce to your raillery; and tell me what hope she has held out to you.

ACASTE. I am the rejected, and you are the lucky one. She has a great aversion to me, and one of these days I shall have to hang myself.

CLITANDRE. Nonsense. Shall we two, marquis, to adjust our love affairs, make a compact together? Whenever one of us shall be able to show a certain proof of hav-

ing the greater share in Célimène's heart, the other shall leave the field free to the supposed conqueror, and by that means rid him of an obstinate rival.

ACASTE. Egad! You please me with these words, and I agree to that from the bottom of my heart. But hush.

Enter CÉLIMÈNE.

CÉLIMÈNE. What! here still?

CLITANDRE. Love, madam, detains us.

CÉLIMÈNE. I hear a carriage below. Do you know whose it is?

CLITANDRE. No.

Enter BASQUE.

BASQUE. Arsinoé, madam, is coming up to see you.

CÉLIMÈNE. What does the woman want with me?

BASQUE. Éliante is down stairs talking to her.

CÉLIMÈNE. What is she thinking about, and what brings her here?

ACASTE. She has everywhere the reputation of being a consummate prude, and her fervent zeal . . . *Exit* BASQUE.

CÉLIMÈNE. Psha, downright humbug. In her inmost soul she is as worldly as any; and her every nerve is strained to hook some one, without being successful, however. She can only look with envious eyes on the accepted lovers of others; and in her wretched condition, forsaken by all, she is forever railing against the blindness of the age. She endeavours to hide the dreadful isolation of her home under a false cloak of prudishness; and to save the credit of her feeble charms, she brands as criminal the power which they lack. Yet a swain would not come at all amiss to the lady; and she has even a tender hankering after Alceste. Every attention that he pays me she looks upon as a theft committed by me and as an insult to her attractions; and her jealous spite, which she can hardly hide, breaks out against me at every opportunity, and in an underhand manner. In short, I never saw anything so stupid. She is impertinent to the last degree . . .

Enter BASQUE, *showing in* ARSINOÉ.

CÉLIMÈNE. Ah! what happy chance brings you here, madam? I was really growing uneasy about you. *Exit* BASQUE.

ARSINOÉ. I have come to give you some advice as a matter of duty.

CÉLIMÈNE. How very glad I am to see you!

Exeunt CLITANDRE *and* ACASTE, *laughing.*

ARSINOÉ. They could not have left at a more convenient time.

CÉLIMÈNE. Shall we sit down?

ARSINOÉ. It is not necessary. Friendship, madam, must especially show itself in matters which may be of consequence to us; and as there are none of greater importance than honour and decorum, I come to prove to you, by an advice which closely touches your reputation, the friendship which I feel for you. Yesterday I was with some people of rare virtue, where the conversation turned upon you; and there, your conduct, which is causing some stir, was unfortunately, madam, far from being commended. That crowd of people, whose visits you permit, your gallantry and the noise it makes, were criticised rather more freely and more severely than I could have wished. You can easily imagine whose part I took. I did all I could to defend you. I exonerated you, and vouched for the purity of your heart, and the honesty of your intentions. But you know there are things in life, which one cannot well defend, although one may have the greatest wish to do so; and I was at last obliged to confess that the way in which you lived did you some harm; that, in the eyes of the world, it had a doubtful look; that there was no story so ill-natured as not to be everywhere told about it; and that, if you liked, your behaviour might give less cause for censure. Not that I believe that decency is in any way outraged. Heaven forbid that I should harbour such a thought! But the world is very ready to give credit to the faintest shadow of a crime, and it is not enough to live blameless one's self. Madam, I believe you to be too sensible not to take in good part this useful counsel, and not to ascribe it only to the inner promptings of an affection that feels an interest in your welfare.

CÉLIMÈNE. Madam, I have a great many thanks to return you. Such counsel lays me under an obligation; and, far from taking it amiss, I intend this very moment to repay the favour by giving you an advice which also touches your reputation closely; and as

I see you prove yourself my friend by acquainting me with the stories that are current of me, I shall follow so nice an example by informing you what is said of you. In a house the other day, where I paid a visit, I met some people of exemplary merit, who, while talking of the proper duties of a well spent life, turned the topic of the conversation upon you, madam. There your prudishness and your too fervent zeal were not at all cited as a good example. This affectation of a grave demeanour, your eternal conversations on wisdom and honour, your mincings and mouthings at the slightest shadows of indecency, which an innocent though ambiguous word may convey, that lofty esteem in which you hold yourself, and those pitying glances which you cast upon all, your frequent lectures and your acrid censures on things which are pure and harmless; all this, if I may speak frankly to you, madam, was blamed unanimously. What is the good, said they, of this modest mien and this prudent exterior, which is belied by all the rest? She says her prayers with the utmost exactness; but she beats her servants and pays them no wages. She displays great fervour in every place of devotion; but she paints and wishes to appear handsome. She covers the nudities in her pictures; but loves the reality. As for me, I undertook your defence against everyone, and positively assured them that it was nothing but scandal; but the general opinion went against me, as they came to the conclusion that you would do well to concern yourself less about the actions of others, and take a little more pains with your own; that one ought to look a long time at one's self before thinking of condemning other people; that when we wish to correct others, we ought to add the weight of a blameless life; and that even then, it would be better to leave it to those whom Heaven has ordained for the task. Madam, I also believe you to be too sensible not to take in good part this useful counsel, and not to ascribe it only to the inner promptings of an affection that feels an interest in your welfare.

ARSINOÉ. To whatever we may be exposed when we reprove, I did not expect this retort, madam, and, by its very sting, I see how my sincere advice has hurt your feelings.

CÉLIMÈNE. On the contrary, madam; and, if we were reasonable, these mutual counsels would become customary. If honestly made use of, they would to a great extent destroy the excellent opinion people have of themselves. It depends entirely on you whether we shall continue this trustworthy practice with equal zeal, and whether we shall take great care to tell each other, between ourselves, what we hear, you of me, I of you.

ARSINOÉ. Ah! Madam, I can hear nothing said of you. It is in me that people find so much to reprove.

CÉLIMÈNE. Madam, it is easy, I believe, to blame or praise everything; and everyone may be right, according to his age and taste. There is a time for gallantry, there is one, also, for prudishness. One may out of policy take to it, when youthful attractions have faded away. It sometimes serves to hide vexatious ravages of time. I do not say that I shall not follow your example, one of these days. Those things come with old age; but twenty, as everyone well knows, is not an age to play the prude.

ARSINOÉ. You certainly pride yourself upon a very small advantage, and you boast terribly of your age. Whatever difference there may be between your years and mine, there is no occasion to make such a tremendous fuss about it; and I am at a loss to know, madam, why you should become so angry, and what makes you goad me in this manner.

CÉLIMÈNE. And I, madam, am at an equal loss to know why one hears you inveigh so bitterly against me everywhere. Must I always suffer for your vexations? Can I help it if people refuse to pay you any attentions? If men will fall in love with me, and will persist in offering me each day those attentions of which your heart would wish to see me deprived, I cannot alter it, and it is not my fault. I leave you the field free, and do not prevent you from having charms to attract people.

ARSINOÉ. Alas! And do you think that I would trouble myself about this crowd of lovers of which you are so vain, and that it is not very easy to judge at what price they may be attracted now-a-days? Do you wish to make it be believed, that, judging by what is going on, your merit alone attracts

this crowd; that their affection for you is strictly honest, and that it is for nothing but your virtue that they all pay you their court? People are not blinded by those empty pretences; the world is not duped in that way; and I see many ladies who are capable of inspiring a tender feeling, yet who do not succeed in attracting a crowd of beaux: from that fact we may draw our conclusion that those conquests are not altogether made without some great advances; that no one cares to sigh for us, for our handsome looks only; and that the attentions bestowed on us are generally dearly bought. Do not, therefore, pull yourself up with vain-glory about the trifling advantages of a poor victory; and moderate slightly the pride on your good looks, instead of looking down upon people on account of them. If I were at all envious about your conquests, I dare say that I might manage like other people; be under no restraint, and thus show plainly that one may have lovers when one wishes for them.

CÉLIMÈNE. Do have some then, madam, and let us see you try it; endeavour to please by this extraordinary secret; and without . . .

ARSINOÉ. Let us break off this conversation, madam, it might excite too much both your temper and mine; and I would have already taken my leave, had I not been obliged to wait for my carriage.

CÉLIMÈNE. Please stay as long as you like, and do not hurry yourself on that account, madam. But instead of wearying you any longer with my presence, I am going to give you some more pleasant company. This gentleman, who comes very opportunely, will better supply my place in entertaining you.

Enter ALCESTE.

CÉLIMÈNE. Alceste, I have to write a few lines which I cannot well delay. Please to stay with this lady; she will all the more easily excuse my rudeness.

Exit CÉLIMÈNE.

ARSINOÉ. You see, I am left here to entertain you, until my coach comes round. She could have devised no more charming treat for me than such a conversation. Indeed, people of exceptional merit attract the esteem and love of every one; and yours has undoubtedly some secret charm which makes me feel interested in all your doings. I could wish that the Court with a real regard to your merits would do more justice to your deserts. You have reason to complain; and it vexes me to see that day by day nothing is done for you.

ALCESTE. For me, madam? And by what right could I pretend to anything? What service have I rendered to the State? Pray, what have I done, so brilliant in itself, to complain of the Court doing nothing for me?

ARSINOÉ. Not everyone whom the State delights to honour has rendered signal services; there must be an opportunity as well as the power; and the abilities which you allow us to perceive ought . . .

ALCESTE. For Heaven's sake, let us have no more of my abilities, I pray. What would you have the Court do? It would have enough to do, and have its hands full, to discover the merits of people.

ARSINOÉ. Sterling merit discovers itself. A great deal is made of yours in certain places; and let me tell you that, not later than yesterday, you were highly spoken of in two distinguished circles, by people of very great standing.

ALCESTE. As for that, madam, everyone is praised now-a-days, and very little discrimination is shown in our times. Everything is equally endowed with great merit, so that it is no longer an honour to be lauded. Praises abound, they throw them at one's head; and even my valet is put in the gazette.

ARSINOÉ. As for me, I could wish that, to bring yourself into greater notice, some place at Court might tempt you. If you will only give me a hint that you seriously think about it, a great many engines might be set in motion to serve you; and I know some people whom I could employ for you and who would manage the matter smoothly enough.

ALCESTE. And what should I do when I got there, madam? My disposition rather prompts me to keep away from it. Heaven, when ushering me into the world, did not give me a mind suited for the atmosphere of a Court. I have not the qualifications necessary for success, nor for making my fortune there. To be open and candid is my chief talent; I possess not the art of deceiving people in conversation; and he who has the gift of concealing his thoughts, ought not to stay

long in those places. When not at Court, one has not, doubtless, that standing, and the advantage of those honourable titles which it bestows now-a-days; but, on the other hand, one has not the vexation of playing the silly fool. One has not to bear a thousand galling rebuffs; one is not, as it were, forced to praise the verses of Mister so-and-so, to laud Madam such and such, and to put up with the whims of some ingenious marquis.

ARSINOÉ. Since you wish it, let us drop the subject of the Court: but I cannot help grieving for your amours; and, to tell you my opinions candidly on that head, I could heartily wish your affections better bestowed. You certainly deserve a much happier fate, for she who has fascinated you is unworthy of you.

ALCESTE. But in saying so, madam, remember, I pray, that this lady is your friend.

ARSINOÉ. True. But really my conscience revolts at the thought of suffering any longer the wrong that is done to you. The position in which I see you afflicts my very soul, and I caution you that your affections are betrayed.

ALCESTE. This is certainly showing me a deal of good feeling, madam, and such information is very welcome to a lover.

ARSINOÉ. Yes, for all Célimène is my friend, I do not hesitate to call her unworthy of possessing the heart of a man of honour; and hers only pretends to respond to yours.

ALCESTE. That is very possible, madam, one cannot look into the heart: but your charitable feelings might well have refrained from awakening such a suspicion as mine.

ARSINOÉ. Nothing is easier than to say no more about it, if you do not wish to be undeceived.

ALCESTE. Just so. But whatever may be openly said on this subject is not half so annoying as hints throw out; and I for one would prefer to be plainly told that only which could be clearly proved.

ARSINOÉ. Very well! That is sufficient; I can fully enlighten you upon the subject. I will have you believe nothing but what your own eyes see. Only have the kindness to escort me as far as my house and I will give you undeniable proof of the faithlessness of your fair one's heart; if, after that, you can find charms in anyone else, we will perhaps find you some consolation.

ACT IV

Enter ÉLIANTE *and* PHILINTE.

PHILINTE. No, never have I seen so obstinate a mind, nor a reconciliation more difficult to effect. In vain was Alceste tried on all sides; he would still maintain his opinion: and never, I believe, has a more curious dispute engaged the attention of those gentlemen. "No, gentlemen," exclaimed he, "I will not retract, and I shall agree with you on every point, except on this one. At what is Oronte offended? And with what does he reproach me? Does it reflect upon his honour that he cannot write well? What is my opinion to him, which he has altogether wrongly construed? One may be a perfect gentleman, and write bad verses; those things have nothing to do with honour. I take him to be a gallant man in every way; a man of standing, of merit, and courage, anything you like, but he is a wretched author. I shall praise, if you wish, his mode of living, his lavishness, his skill in riding, in fencing, in dancing; but as to praising his verses, I am his humble servant; and if one has not the gift of composing better, one ought to leave off rhyming altogether, unless condemned to it on forfeit of one's life." In short, all the modification they could with difficulty obtain from him, was to say, in what he thought a much gentler tone, "I am sorry, sir, to be so difficult to please; and out of regard to you, I could wish, with all my heart, to have found your sonnet a little better." And they compelled them to settle this dispute quickly with an embrace.

ÉLIANTE. He is very eccentric in his doings; but I must confess that I think a great deal of him; and the candour upon which he prides himself has something noble and heroic in it. It is a rare virtue now-a-days, and I, for one, should not be sorry to meet with it everywhere.

PHILINTE. As for me, the more I see of him, the more I am amazed at that passion to which his whole heart is given up. I cannot conceive how, with a disposition like his, he has taken it into his head to love at all; and still less can I understand how your

cousin happens to be the person to whom his feelings are inclined.

ÉLIANTE. That shows that love is not always produced by compatibility of temper; and in this case, all the pretty theories of gentle sympathies are belied.

PHILINTE. But do you think him beloved in return, to judge from what we see?

ÉLIANTE. That is a point not easily decided. How can we judge whether it be true she loves? Her own heart is not so very sure of what it feels. It sometimes loves, without being quite aware of it, and at other times thinks it does, without the least grounds.

PHILINTE. I think that our friend will have more trouble with this cousin of yours than he imagines; and to tell you the truth, if he were of my mind, he would bestow his affections elsewhere; and by a better choice, we should see him, madam, profit by the kind feelings which your heart evinces for him.

ÉLIANTE. As for me, I do not mince matters, and I think that in such cases we ought to act with sincerity. I do not run counter to his tender feelings; on the contrary, I feel interested in them; and, if it depended only on me, I would unite him to the object of his love. But if, as it may happen in love affairs, his affections should receive a check, and if Célimène should respond to the love of any one else, I could easily be prevailed upon to listen to his addresses, and I should have no repugnance whatever to them on account of their rebuff elsewhere.

PHILINTE. Nor do I, from my side, oppose myself, madam, to the tender feelings which you entertain for him; and he himself, if he wished, could inform you what I have taken care to say to him on that score. But if, by the union of those two, you should be prevented from accepting his attentions, all mine would endeavour to gain that great favour which your kind feelings offer to him. I should be only too happy, madam, to have them transferred to me, if his heart could not respond to yours.

ÉLIANTE. You are in the humour to jest, Philinte.

PHILINTE. Not so, madam, I am speaking my inmost feelings. I only wait the opportune moment to offer myself openly and am wishing most anxiously to hurry its advent.

Enter ALCESTE.

ALCESTE. Ah, madam! Obtain me justice for an offence which triumphs over all my constancy.

ÉLIANTE. What ails you? What disturbs you?

ALCESTE. This much ails me, that it is death to me to think of it; and the upheaving of all creation would less overwhelm me than this accident. It is all over with me . . . My love . . . I cannot speak.

ÉLIANTE. Just endeavour to be composed.

ALCESTE. Oh, just Heaven; can the odious vices of the basest minds be joined to such beauty?

ÉLIANTE. But, once more, what can have . . .

ALCESTE. Alas! All is ruined! I am! I am betrayed! I am stricken to death. Célimène . . . would you credit it! Célimène deceives me and is faithless.

ÉLIANTE. Have you just grounds for believing so?

PHILINTE. Perhaps it is a suspicion, rashly conceived; and your jealous temper often harbours fancies . . .

ALCESTE. Ah! 'Sdeath, please to mind your own business, sir. [*To* ÉLIANTE.] Her treachery is but too certain, for I have in my pocket a letter in her own handwriting. Yes, madam, a letter, intended for Oronte, has placed before my eyes my disgrace and her shame; Oronte, whose addresses I believed she avoided, and whom, of all my rivals, I feared the least.

PHILINTE. A letter may deceive by appearance, and is sometimes not so culpable as may be thought.

ALCESTE. Once more, sir, leave me alone, if you please, and trouble yourself only about your own concerns.

ÉLIANTE. You should moderate your passion; and the insult . . .

ALCESTE. You must be left to do that, madam; it is to you that my heart has recourse to-day to free itself from this goading pain. Avenge me on an ungrateful and perfidious relative who basely deceives such constant tenderness. Avenge me for an act that ought to fill you with horror.

ÉLIANTE. I avenge you? How?

ALCESTE. By accepting my heart. Take it, madam, instead of the false one; it is in this way that I can avenge myself upon her; and I shall punish her by the sincere attachment, and the profound love, the respectful cares, the eager devotions, the ceaseless attentions which this heart will henceforth offer up at your shrine.

ÉLIANTE. I certainly sympathize with you in your sufferings and do not despise your proffered heart; but the wrong done may not be so great as you think, and you might wish to forego this desire for revenge. When the injury proceeds from a beloved object, we form many designs which we never execute; we may find as powerful a reason as we like to break off the connection, the guilty charmer is soon again innocent; all the harm we wish her quickly vanishes, and we know what a lover's anger means.

ALCESTE. No, no, madam, no. The offence is too cruel; there will be no relenting, and I have done with her. Nothing shall change the resolution I have taken, and I should hate myself for ever loving her again. Here she comes. My anger increases at her approach. I shall taunt her with her black guilt, completely put her to the blush, and, after that, bring you a heart wholly freed from her deceitful attractions.

Exeunt ÉLIANTE *and* PHILINTE.

Enter CÉLIMÈNE.

ALCESTE [*aside*]. Grant, Heaven, that I may control my temper.

CÉLIMÈNE [*aside*]. Ah! [*To* ALCESTE.] What is all this trouble I see you in, and what means those long-drawn sighs, and those black looks which you cast at me?

ALCESTE. That all the wickedness of which a heart is capable is not to be compared to your perfidy; that neither fate, hell, nor Heaven in its wrath, ever produced anything so wicked as you are.

CÉLIMÈNE. These are certainly pretty compliments, which I admire very much.

ALCESTE. Do not jest. This is no time for laughing. Blush rather, you have cause to do so; and I have undeniable proofs of your treachery. This is what the agitations of my mind prognosticated; it was not without cause that my love took alarm; by these frequent suspicions, which were hateful to you, I was trying to discover the misfortune which my eyes have beheld; and in spite of all your care and your skill in dissembling, my star foretold me what I had to fear. But do not imagine that I will bear unavenged this slight of being insulted. I know that we have no command over our inclinations, that love will everywhere spring up spontaneously, that there is no entering a heart by force, and that every soul is free to name its conqueror: I should thus have no reason to complain if you had spoken to me without dissembling, and rejected my advances from the very beginning; my heart would then have been justified in blaming fortune alone. But to see my love encouraged by a deceitful avowal on your part is an action so treacherous and perfidious that it cannot meet with too great a punishment and I can allow my resentment to do anything. Yes, yes; after such an outrage, fear everything; I am no longer myself, I am mad with rage. My senses, struck by the deadly blow with which you kill me, are no longer governed by reason; I give way to the outbursts of a just wrath and am no longer responsible for what I may do.

CÉLIMÈNE. Whence comes, I pray, such a passion? Speak! Have you lost your senses?

ALCESTE. Yes, yes, I lost them when, to my misfortune, I beheld you, and thus took the poison which kills me, and when I thought to meet with some sincerity in those treacherous charms that bewitched me.

CÉLIMÈNE. Of what treachery have you to complain?

ALCESTE. Ah! How double-faced she is! How well she knows how to dissemble! But I am fully prepared with the means of driving her to extremities. Cast your eyes here and recognize your writing. This picked-up note is sufficient to confound you, and such proof cannot easily be refuted.

CÉLIMÈNE. And this is the cause of your perturbation of spirits?

ALCESTE. You do not blush on beholding this writing!

CÉLIMÈNE. And why should I blush?

ALCESTE. What! You add boldness to craft! Will you disown this note because it bears no name?

CÉLIMÈNE. Why should I disown it, since I wrote it.

ALCESTE. And you can look at it without becoming confused at the crime of which its style accuses you!

CÉLIMÈNE. You are, in truth, a very eccentric man.

ALCESTE. What! you thus out-brave this convincing proof! And the contents so full of tenderness for Oronte, need have nothing in them to outrage me, or to shame you?

CÉLIMÈNE. Oronte! Who told you that this letter is for him?

ALCESTE. The people who put it into my hands this day. But I will even suppose that it is for some one else. Has my heart any less cause to complain of yours? Will you, in fact, be less guilty toward me?

CÉLIMÈNE. But if it is a woman to whom this letter is addressed, how can it hurt you, or what is there culpable in it?

ALCESTE. Hem! The prevarication is ingenious, and the excuse excellent. I must own that I did not expect this turn; and nothing but that was wanting to convince me. Do you dare to have recourse to such palpable tricks? Do you think people entirely destitute of commone sense? Come, let us see a little by what subterfuge, with what air, you will support so palpable a falsehood; and how you can apply to a woman every word of this note which evinces so much tenderness! Reconcile, if you can, to hide your deceit, what I am about to read. . . .

CÉLIMÈNE. It does not suit me to do so. I think it ridiculous that you should take so much upon yourself, and tell me to my face what you have the daring to say to me!

ALCESTE. No, no, without flying into a rage, take a little trouble to explain these terms.

CÉLIMÈNE. No, I shall do nothing of the kind, and it matters very little to me what you think upon the subject.

ALCESTE. I pray you, show me, and I shall be satisfied, if this letter can be explained as meant for a woman.

CÉLIMÈNE. Not at all. It is for Oronte; and I will have you believe it. I accept all his attentions gladly; I admire what he says, I like him, and I shall agree to whatever you please. Do as you like, and act as you think proper; let nothing hinder you and do not harass me any longer.

ALCESTE [*aside*]. Heavens! can anything more cruel be conceived, and was ever heart treated like mine? What! I am justly angry with her, I come to complain, and I am quarreled with instead! My grief and my suspicions are excited to the utmost, I am allowed to believe everything, she boasts of everything; and yet, my heart is still sufficiently mean not to be able to break the bonds that hold it fast, and not to arm itself with a generous contempt for the ungrateful object of which it is too much enamoured. [*To* CÉLIMÈNE]. Perfidious woman, you know well how to take advantage of my great weakness, and to employ for your own purpose that excessive, astonishing, and fatal love which your treacherous looks have inspired! Defend yourself at least from this crime that overwhelms me, and stop pretending to be guilty. Show me, if you can, that this letter is innocent; my affection will even consent to assist you. At any rate, endeavour to appear faithful, and I shall strive to believe you such.

CÉLIMÈNE. Bah, you are mad with your jealous frenzies and do not deserve the love which I have for you. I should much like to know what could compel me to stoop for you to the baseness of dissembling; and why, if my heart were disposed towards another, I should not say so candidly. What! Does the kind assurance of my sentiments toward you not defend me sufficiently against all your suspicions? Ought they to possess any weight at all with such a guarantee? Is it not insulting me even to listen to them? And since it is with the utmost difficulty that we can resolve to confess our love, since the strict honour of our sex, hostile to our passion, strongly opposes such a confession, ought a lover who sees such an obstacle overcome for his sake, doubt with impunity our avowal? And is he not greatly to blame in not assuring himself of the truth of that which is never said but after a severe struggle with himself? Begone! Such suspicions deserve my anger, and you are not worthy of being cared for. I am silly, and am vexed at my own simplicity in still preserving the least kindness for you. I ought to place my affections elsewhere, and give you a just cause for complaint.

ALCESTE. Ah! You traitress! Mine is a strange infatuation for you; those tender

expressions are, no doubt, meant only to deceive me. But it matters little, I must submit to my fate; my very soul is wrapt up in you; I will see to the bitter end how your heart will act towards me, and whether it will be black enough to deceive me.

CÉLIMÈNE. No, you do not love me as you ought to love.

ALCESTE. Indeed! Nothing is to be compared to my exceeding love; and, in its eagerness to show itself to the whole world, it goes even so far as to form wishes against you. Yes, I could wish that no one thought you handsome, that you were reduced to a miserable existence; that Heaven, at your birth, had bestowed upon you nothing; that you had no rank, no nobility, no wealth, so that I might openly proffer my heart, and thus make amends to you for the injustice of such a lot; and that, this very day, I might have the joy and the glory of seeing you owe everything to my love.

CÉLIMÈNE. This is wishing me well in a strange way! Heaven grant that you may never have occasion . . . But here comes Monsieur Dubois curiously decked out.

Enter DUBOIS.

ALCESTE. What means this strange attire, and that frightened look? What ails you?

DUBOIS. Sir . . .

ALCESTE. Well?

DUBOIS. The most mysterious event.

ALCESTE. What is it?

DUBOIS. Our affairs are turning out badly, sir.

ALCESTE. What?

DUBOIS. Shall I speak out?

ALCESTE. Yes, do, and quickly.

DUBOIS. Is there no one there?

ALCESTE. Curse your trifling! Will you speak?

DUBOIS. Sir, we must beat a retreat.

ALCESTE. What do you mean?

DUBOIS. We must steal away from this quietly.

ALCESTE. And why?

DUBOIS. I tell you that we must leave this place.

ALCESTE. The reason?

DUBOIS. You must go, sir, without staying to take leave.

ALCESTE. But what is the meaning of this strain?

DUBOIS. The meaning is, sir, that you must make yourself scarce.

ALCESTE. I shall knock you on the head to a certainty, booby, if you do not explain yourself more clearly.

DUBOIS. A fellow, sir, with a black dress, and as black a look, got as far as the kitchen to leave a paper with us, scribbled over in such a fashion that old Nick himself could not have read it. It is about your law-suit, I make no doubt; but the very devil, I believe, could not make head nor tail of it.

ALCESTE. Well, what then? What has the paper to do with the going away of which you speak, you scoundrel?

DUBOIS. I must tell you, sir, that, about an hour afterwards, a gentleman who often calls, came to ask for you quite eagerly, and not finding you at home, quietly told me, knowing how attached I am to you, to let you know . . . Stop a moment; what the deuce is his name?

ALCESTE. Never mind his name, you scoundrel, and tell me what he told you.

DUBOIS. He is one of your friends, in short, that is sufficient. He told me that for your very life you must get away from this, and that you are threatened with arrest.

ALCESTE. But how! Has he not specified anything?

DUBOIS. No. He asked me for ink and paper, and has sent you a line from which you can, I think, fathom the mystery!

ALCESTE. Hand it over then.

CÉLIMÈNE. What can all this mean?

ALCESTE. I do not know; but I am anxious to be informed. Have you almost done, devil take you?

DUBOIS [*after having fumbled for some time for the note*]. After all, sir, I have left it on your table.

ALCESTE. I do not know what keeps me from . . .

CÉLIMÈNE. Do not put yourself in a passion, but go and unravel this perplexing business.

ALCESTE. It seems that fate, whatever I may do, has sworn to prevent my having a conversation with you. But, to get the better of her, allow me to see you again, madam, before the end of the day.

Act V

Enter Alceste *and* Philinte.

Alceste. I tell you, my mind is made up about it.

Philinte. But, whatever this blow may be, does it compel you . . .

Alceste. You may talk and argue till doomsday if you like, nothing can avert me from what I have said. The age we live in is too perverse, and I am determined to withdraw altogether from intercourse with the world. What! When honour, probity, decency, and the laws are all against my adversary; when the equity of my claim is everywhere cried up; when my mind is at rest as to the justice of my cause, I meanwhile see myself betrayed by its issue! What! I have got justice on my side, and I lose my case! A wretch, whose scandalous history is well known, comes off triumphant by the blackest falsehood! All good faith yields to his treachery! He finds the means of being in the right, whilst cutting my throat! The weight of his dissimulation, so full of cunning, overthrows the right and turns the scales of justice! He obtains even a decree of court to crown his villainy. And, not content with the wrong he is doing me, there is abroad in society an abominable book, of which the very reading is to be condemned, a book that deserves the utmost severity, and of which the scoundrel has the impudence to proclaim me the author. Upon this, Oronte is observed to mutter, and tries wickedly to support the imposture! He, who holds an honourable position at Court, to whom I have done nothing except having been sincere and candid, who came to ask me in spite of myself of my opinion of some of his verses; and because I treat him honestly, and will not betray either him or truth, he assists in overwhelming me with a trumped-up crime. Behold him now my greatest enemy! And I shall never obtain his sincere forgiveness, because I did not think that his sonnet was good! 'Sdeath! to think that mankind is made thus! The thirst for fame induces them to do such things! This is the good faith, the virtuous zeal, the justice and the honour to be found amongst them! Let us begone; it is too much to endure the vexations they are devising; let us get out of this wood, this cut-throat hole; and since men behave towards each other like real wolves, wretches, you shall never see me again as long as I live.

Philinte. I think you are acting somewhat hastily; and the harm done is not so great as you would make it out. Whatever your adversary dares to impute to you has not had the effect of causing you to be arrested. We see his false reports defeating themselves, and this action is likely to hurt him much more than you.

Alceste. Him? he does not mind the scandal of such tricks as these. He has a license to be an arrant knave; and this event, far from damaging his position, will obtain him a still better standing to-morrow.

Philinte. In short, it is certain that little notice has been taken of the report which his malice spread against you; from that side you have already nothing to fear; and as for your law-suit, of which you certainly have reason to complain, it is easy for you to bring the trial on afresh, and against this decision . . .

Alceste. No, I shall leave it as it is. Whatever cruel wrong this verdict may inflict, I shall take particular care not to have it set aside. We see too plainly how right is maltreated in it, and I wish to go down to posterity as a signal proof, as a notorious testimony of the wickedness of the men of our age. It may indeed cost me twenty thousand francs, but at the cost of twenty thousand francs I shall have the right of railing against the iniquity of human nature, and of nourishing an undying hatred of it.

Philinte. But after all . . .

Alceste. But after all, your pains are thrown away. What can you, sir, say upon this head? Would you have the assurance to wish, to my face, to excuse the villainy of all that is happening?

Philinte. No, I agree with you in all that you say. Everything goes by intrigue, and by pure influence. It is only trickery which carries the day in our time, and men ought to act differently. But is their want of equity a reason for wishing to withdraw from their society? All human failings give us, in life, the means of exercising our philosophy. It is the best employment for virtue; and if probity reigned everywhere, if all hearts were candid, just, and tractable, most of our virtues would be useless to us, inasmuch

as their functions are to bear, without annoyance, the injustice of others in our good cause; and just in the same way as a heart full of virtue . . .

ALCESTE. I know that you are a most fluent speaker, sir; that you always abound in fine arguments; but you are wasting your time, and all your fine speeches. Reason tells me to retire for my own good. I cannot command my tongue sufficiently; I cannot answer for what I might say, and should very probably get myself into a hundred scrapes. Allow me, without any more words, to wait for Célimène. She must consent to the plan that brings me here. I shall see whether her heart has any love for me; and this very hour will prove it to me.

PHILINTE. Let us go upstairs to Éliante and wait her coming.

ALCESTE. No, my mind is too harassed. You go and see her, and leave me in this little dark corner with my black care.

PHILINTE. That is strange company to leave you in; I will induce Éliante to come down.

Exit.

Enter CÉLIMÈNE *and* ORONTE.

ORONTE. Yes, madam, it remains for you to consider whether, by ties so dear, you will make me wholly yours; I must be absolutely certain of your affection: a lover dislikes to be held in suspense upon such a subject. If the ardour of my affection has been able to move your feelings, you ought not to hesitate to let me see it; and the proof, after all, which I ask of you is not to allow Alceste to wait upon you any longer; to sacrifice him to my love, and, in short, to banish him from your house this very day.

CÉLIMÈNE. But why are you so incensed against him; you, whom I have so often heard speak of his merits?

ORONTE. There is no need, madam, of these explanations; the question is, what are your feelings? Please to choose between the one or the other; my resolution depends entirely upon yours.

ALCESTE [*coming out of his corner*]. Yes, this gentleman is right, madam, you must make a choice; and his request agrees perfectly with mine. I am equally eager, and the same anxiety brings me here. My love requires a sure proof. Things cannot go on any longer in this way, and the moment has arrived for explaining your feelings.

ORONTE. I have no wish, sir, in any way to disturb, by an untimely affection, your good fortune.

ALCESTE. And I have no wish, sir, jealous or not jealous, to share aught in her heart with you.

ORONTE. If she prefers your affection to mine . . .

ALCESTE. If she has the slightest inclination towards you . . .

ORONTE. I swear henceforth not to pretend to it again.

ALCESTE. I peremptorily swear never to see her again.

ORONTE. Madam, it remains with you now to speak openly.

ALCESTE. Madam, you can explain yourself fearlessly.

ORONTE. You have simply to tell us where your feelings are engaged.

ALCESTE. You may simply finish the matter, by choosing between us two.

ORONTE. What! You seem to be at a loss to make such a choice.

ALCESTE. What! Your heart still wavers and appears uncertain!

CÉLIMÈNE. Good Heavens, how out of place is this persistence, and how very unreasonable you both show yourselves! It is not that I do not know whom to prefer, nor is it my heart that wavers. It is not at all in doubt between you two; and nothing could be more quickly accomplished than the choice of my affections. But to tell the truth, I feel too confused to pronounce such an avowal before you: I think that disobliging words ought not to be spoken in people's presence; that a heart can give sufficient proof of its attachment without going so far as to break with everyone; and gentler intimations suffice to inform a lover of the ill success of his suit.

ORONTE. No, no, I do not fear a frank avowal; for my part I consent to it.

ALCESTE. And I demand it; it is just its very publicity that I claim, and I do not wish you to spare my feelings in the least. Your great study has always been to keep friends with everyone; but no more trifling, no more uncertainty. You must explain yourself clearly, or I shall take your refusal as a verdict; I shall know, for my part, how to inter-

pret your silence, and shall consider it as a confirmation of the worst.

ORONTE. I owe you many thanks, sir, for this wrath, and I say in every respect as you do.

CÉLIMÈNE. How you weary me with such a whim! Is there any justice in what you ask? And have I not told you what motive prevents me? I will be judged by Éliante, who is just coming.

Enter ÉLIANTE *and* PHILINTE.

CÉLIMÈNE. Good cousin, I am being persecuted here by people who have concerted to do so. They both demand, with the same warmth, that I should declare whom my heart has chosen, and that, by a decision which I must give before their very faces, I should forbid one of them to tease me any more with his attentions. Say, has ever such a thing been done?

ÉLIANTE. Pray, do not consult me upon such a matter. You may perhaps address yourself to a wrong person, for I am decidedly for people who speak their minds.

ORONTE. Madam, it is useless for you to decline.

ALCESTE. All your evasions here will be badly supported.

ORONTE. You must speak, you must, and no longer waver.

ALCESTE. You need do no more than remain silent.

ORONTE. I desire but one word to end our discussions.

ALCESTE. To me your silence will convey as much as speech.

Enter ARSINOÉ, ACASTE, *and* CLITANDRE.

ACASTE [*to* CÉLIMÈNE]. We have both come, by your leave, madam, to clear up a certain little matter with you.

CLITANDRE [*to* ORONTE *and* ALCESTE]. Your presence happens fortunately, gentlemen; for this affair concerns you also.

ARSINOÉ [*to* CÉLIMÈNE]. No doubt you are surprised at seeing me here, madam; but these gentlemen are the cause of my intrusion. They both came to see me, and complained of a proceeding which I could not have credited. I have too high an opinion of your kindness of heart ever to believe you capable of such a crime; my eyes even have refused to give credence to their strongest proofs, and in my friendship, forgetting trivial disagreements, I have been induced to accompany them here, to hear you refute this slander.

ACASTE. Yes, madam, let us see, with composure, how you will manage to bear this out. This letter has been written by you, to Clitandre.

CLITANDRE. And this tender epistle you have addressed to Acaste.

ACASTE [*to* ORONTE *and* ALCESTE]. This writing is not altogether unknown to you, gentlemen, and I have no doubt that her kindness has before now made you familiar with her hand. But this is well worth the trouble of reading.

You are a strange man to condemn my liveliness of spirits, and to reproach me that I am never so merry as when I am not with you. Nothing could be more unjust; and if you do not come very soon to ask my pardon for this offence, I shall never forgive you as long as I live. Our great hulking booby of a Viscount . . .

He ought to have been here.

Our great hulking booby of a Viscount, with whom you begin your complaints, is a man who would not at all suit me; and ever since I watched him for full three-quarters of an hour spitting in a well to make circles in the water, I never could have a good opinion of him. As for the little Marquis . . .

that is I, ladies and gentlemen, be it said without the slightest vanity, . . .

as for the little Marquis, who held my hand yesterday for a long while, I think that there is nothing so diminutive as his whole person, and his sole merit consists in his cloak and sword. As to the man with the green shoulder knot . . .

[*To* ALCESTE.] It is your turn now, sir.

As to the man with the green shoulder knot, he amuses me sometimes with his bluntness and his splenetic behaviour; but there are hundreds of times when I think him the greatest bore in the world. Respecting the man with the big waistcoat . . .

[*To* ORONTE.] This is your share.

Respecting the man with the big waistcoat, who has thought fit to set up as a wit, and wishes to be an author in spite of everyone, I cannot even take the trouble to listen to what he says; and his prose bores me just as much as his poetry. Take it for granted that I do not always enjoy myself so much as you think; and that I wish for you, more than I care to say, amongst all the entertainments to which I am dragged; and that the presence of those we love is an excellent relish to our pleasures.

CLITANDRE. Now for me.

Your Clitandre, whom you mention to me, and who has always such a quantity of soft expressions at his command, is the last man for whom I could feel any affection. He must be crazed in persuading himself that I love him; and you are so too in believing that I do not love you. You had better change your fancies for his, and come and see me as often as you can, to help me in bearing the annoyance of being pestered by him.

This shows the model of a lovely character, madam; and I need not tell you what to call it. It is enough. We shall, both of us, show this admirable sketch of your heart everywhere and to everybody.

Exit.

ACASTE. I might also say something, and the subject is tempting; but I deem you beneath my anger; and I will show you that little marquises can find worthier hearts than yours to console themselves with.

Exit.

ORONTE. What! Am I to be pulled to pieces in this fashion, after all that you have written to me? And does your heart, with all its semblance of love, plight its faith to all mankind by turns! Bah, I have been too great a dupe, but I shall be so no longer. You have done me a service in showing yourself in your true colours. I am the richer by a heart which you thus restore to me, and I find my revenge in your loss. [*To* ALCESTE.] Sir, I shall no longer be an obstacle to your flame, and you may settle matters with this lady as soon as you please.

Exit.

ARSINOÉ [*to* CÉLIMÈNE]. This is certainly one of the basest actions which I have ever seen; I can no longer be silent, and I feel quite upset. Has any one ever seen the like of it? I do not concern myself much in the affairs of other people, but this gentleman [*pointing to* ALCESTE], who has staked the whole of his happiness on you, an honourable and deserving man like this, who worshipped you to madness, ought he to have been . . .

ALCESTE. Leave me, I pray you, madam, to manage my own affairs; and do not trouble yourself unnecessarily. In vain do I see you espouse my quarrel. I am unable to repay you for this great zeal; and if ever I intended to avenge myself by choosing some one else, it would not be you whom I should select.

ARSINOÉ. And do you imagine, sir, that I ever harboured such a thought, and that I am so very anxious to secure you? You must be very vain, indeed, to flatter yourself with such an idea. Célimène's leavings are a commodity of which no one needs be so very much enamoured. Pray, undeceive yourself, and do not carry matters with so high a hand. People like me are not for such as you. You will do much better to remain dangling after her skirts, and I long to see so beautiful a match. *Exit.*

ALCESTE [*to* CÉLIMÈNE]. Well! I have held my tongue, notwithstanding all I have seen, and I have let everyone have his say before me. Have I controlled myself long enough? And will you now allow me . . .

CÉLIMÈNE. Yes, you may say what you like; you are justified when you complain, and you may reproach me with anything you please. I confess that I am in the wrong; and overwhelmed by confusion, I do not seek by any idle excuse to palliate my fault. The anger of the others I have despised; but I admit my guilt toward you. No doubt your resentment is just; I know how culpable I must appear to you, that everything speaks of my treachery to you, and that, in short, you have cause to hate me. Do so, I consent to it.

ALCESTE. But can I do so, you traitress? Can I thus get the better of all my tenderness for you? And although I wish to hate you with all my soul, shall I find a heart quite ready to obey me. [*To* ÉLIANTE *and* PHILINTE.] You see what an unworthy passion can do, and I call you both as witnesses of my infatuation. Nor, truth to say, is this all, and you will see me carry it out to the bitter end, to show you that it is wrong to call us wise. [*To* CÉLIMÈNE.] Yes, perfidious creature, I am willing to forget your crimes. I can find, in my own heart, an excuse for all your doings and hide them under the name of a weakness into which the vices of the age betrayed your youth, provided your heart will second the design which I have formed of avoiding all human creatures, and that you are determined to follow me without delay into the solitude in which I have made a vow to pass my days. It is by this only, that, in everyone's opinion, you can repair the harm done by your letters, and that, after the scandal which

every noble heart must abhor, it may still be possible for me to love you.

CÉLIMÈNE. What! I renounce the world before I grow old, and bury myself in your wilderness!

ALCESTE. If your affection responds to mine, what need the rest of the world signify to you? Am I not sufficient for you?

CÉLIMÈNE. Solitude is frightful to a widow of twenty. I do not feel my mind sufficiently grand and strong to resolve to adopt such a plan. If the gift of my hand can satisfy your wishes, I might be induced to tie such bonds; and marriage . . .

ALCESTE. No. My heart loathes you now, and this refusal alone effects more than all the rest. As you are not disposed, in those sweet ties, to find all in all in me, as I would find all in all in you, begone; I refuse your offer, and this much-felt outrage frees me for ever from your unworthy toils.

Exit CÉLIMÈNE.

ALCESTE [*to* ÉLIANTE]. Madam, your beauty is adorned by a hundred virtues; and I never saw anything in you but what was sincere. For a long while I thought very highly of you; but allow me to esteem you thus for ever, and suffer my heart in its various troubles not to offer itself for the honour of your acceptance. I feel too unworthy, and begin to perceive that Heaven did not intend me for the marriage bond; that the homage of only the remainder of a heart unworthy of you would be below your merit, and that in short . . .

ÉLIANTE. You may pursue this thought. I am not at all embarrassed with my hand; and here is your friend, who, without giving me much trouble, might possibly accept it if I asked him.

PHILINTE. Ah! Madam, I ask for nothing better than that honour, and I could sacrifice my life and soul for it.

ALCESTE. May you, to taste true contentment, preserve for ever these feelings towards each other! Deceived on all sides, overwhelmed with injustice, I will fly from an abyss where vice is triumphant, and seek out some small secluded nook on earth, where one may enjoy the freedom of being an honest man.

PHILINTE. Come, madam, let us leave nothing untried to deter him from the design on which his heart is set.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

(1751–1816)

THE RIVALS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

As originally Acted at Covent Garden Theatre in 1775

MEN

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE	SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE	FAG
FAULKLAND	DAVID
ACRES	THOMAS, *a Coachman*

WOMEN

MRS. MALAPROP	JULIA
LYDIA LANGUISH	LUCY

Maid, Boy, Servants, etc.

SCENE.—*Bath.*

TIME OF ACTION.—*Five hours. Contemporary.*

ACT I

SCENE I

A street in Bath.

Coachman crosses the stage; enter FAG, *looking after him.*

FAG. What! Thomas! sure 'tis he?—What! Thomas! Thomas!

COACHMAN. Hey!—Odds life! Mr. Fag!—give us your hand, my old fellow-servant.

FAG. Excuse my glove, Thomas.—I'm devilish glad to see you, my lad. Why, my prince of charioteers, you look as hearty!—but who the deuce thought of seeing you in Bath!

COACHMAN. Sure, Master, Madam Julia, Harry, Mrs. Kate, and the postilion be all come.

FAG. Indeed!

COACHMAN. Aye, Master thought another fit of the gout was coming to make him a visit; so he'd a mind to gi't the slip, and whip! we were all off at an hour's warning.

FAG. Aye, aye, hasty in everything or it would not be Sir Anthony Absolute!

COACHMAN. But tell us, Mr. Fag, how does young Master? Odd! Sir Anthony will stare to see the captain here!

FAG. I do not serve Captain Absolute now.

COACHMAN. Why, sure!

FAG. At present I am employed by Ensign Beverley.

COACHMAN. I doubt, Mr. Fag, you ha'n't changed for the better.

FAG. I have not changed, Thomas.

COACHMAN. No! Why, didn't you say you had left young Master?

FAG. No.—Well, honest Thomas, I must puzzle you no farther:—briefly then—Captain Absolute and Ensign Beverley are one and the same person.

COACHMAN. The devil they are!

FAG. So it is indeed, Thomas; and the *ensign* half of my Master being on guard at present—the *captain* has nothing to do with me.

COACHMAN. So, so!—What, this is some freak, I warrant!—Do tell us, Mr. Fag, the meaning o't—you know I ha' trusted you.

FAG. You'll be secret, Thomas?

COACHMAN. As a coach-horse.

FAG. Why, then, the cause of all this is—Love,—Love, Thomas, who (as you may get read to you) has been a masquerade ever since the days of Jupiter.

COACHMAN. Aye, aye;—I guessed there was a lady in the case.—But pray, why does your Master pass only for ensign?—now if he had shammed general indeed—

FAG. Ah! Thomas, there lies the mystery o' the matter. Hark'ee, Thomas, my Master is in love with a lady of a very singular taste: a lady who likes him better as a half-pay ensign than if she knew he was son and heir to Sir Anthony Absolute, a baronet with three thousand a year.

COACHMAN. That is an odd taste indeed!—But has she got the stuff, Mr. Fag? Is she rich, hey?

FAG. Rich!—Why, I believe she owns half the stocks! Z—ds! Thomas, she could pay the national debt as easy as I could my washerwoman! She has a lapdog that eats out of gold,—she feeds her parrot with small pearls,—and all her thread-papers are made of bank-notes!

COACHMAN. Bravo! faith!—Odd! I warrant she has a set of thousands at least;—but does she draw kindly with the captain?

FAG. As fond as pigeons.

COACHMAN. May one hear her name?

FAG. Miss Lydia Languish.—But there is an old tough aunt in the way—though, by-the-by, she has never seen my Master—for he got acquainted with Miss while on a visit in Gloucestershire.

COACHMAN. Well—I wish they were once harnessed together in matrimony.—But pray, Mr. Fag, what kind of a place is this Bath?—I ha' heard a deal of it—here's a mort o' merry-making, hey?

FAG. Pretty well, Thomas, pretty well—'tis a good lounge. Though at present we are, like other great assemblies, divided into parties—High-roomians and Low-roomians; however, for my part, I have resolved to stand neuter, and so I told Bob Brush at our last committee.

COACHMAN. But what do the folks do here?

FAG. Oh! there are little amusements enough; in the morning we go to the pump-room (though neither my Master nor I drink the waters); after breakfast we saunter on the parades or play a game at billiards; at night we dance. But d—n the place, I'm tired of it; their regular hours stupefy me—not a fiddle nor a card after eleven!—However, Mr. Faulkland's gentlemen and I keep it up a little in private parties. I'll introduce you there, Thomas—you'll like him much.

COACHMAN. Sure I know Mr. Du-Peigne—you know his Master is to marry Madam Julia.

FAG. I had forgot.—But, Thomas, you must polish a little—indeed you must.—Here now—this wig! What the devil do you do with a *wig*, Thomas?—None of the London whips of any degree of ton wear wigs now.

COACHMAN. More's the pity! more's the pity, I say.—Odds life! when I heard how the lawyers and doctors had took to their own hair, I thought how 'twould go next.—Odd rabbit it! when the fashion had got foot on the Bar, I guessed 'twould mount to the

Box!—but 'tis all out of character, believe me, Mr. Fag; and look'ee, I'll never gi' up mine—the lawyers and doctors may do as they will.

FAG. Well, Thomas, we'll not quarrel about that.

COACHMAN. Why, bless you, the gentlemen of they professions ben't all of a mind—for in our village now tho'ff Jack Gauge, the exciseman, has ta'en to his carrots, there's little Dick the farrier swears he'll never forsake his bob, tho' all the college should appear with their own heads!

FAG. Indeed! well said, Dick!—But hold—mark! mark! Thomas.

COACHMAN. Zooks! 'tis the captain.—Is that the lady with him?

FAG. No! no! that is Madam Lucy, my Master's mistress's maid. They lodge at that house—but I must after him to tell him the news.

COACHMAN. Odd! he's giving her money! —Well, Mr. Fag—

FAG. Good-bye, Thomas. I have an appointment in Gydes' Porch this evening at eight; meet me there, and we'll make a little party. *Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II

A dressing-room in MRS. MALAPROP'S *lodgings.*

LYDIA *sitting on a sofa, with a book in her hand.* LUCY, *as just returned from a message.*

LUCY. Indeed, ma'am, I transferred half the town in search of it! I don't believe there's a circulating library in Bath I ha'n't been at.

LYDIA. And could not you get *The Reward of Constancy?*

LUCY. No, indeed, ma'am.

LYDIA. Nor *The Fatal Connection?*

LUCY. No, indeed, ma'am.

LYDIA. Nor *The Mistakes of the Heart?*

LUCY. Ma'am, as ill luck would have it, Mr. Bull said Miss Sukey Saunter had just fetched it away.

LYDIA. Heigh-ho! Did you inquire for *The Delicate Distress?*

LUCY. Or, *The Memoirs of Lady Woodford?* Yes, indeed, ma'am. I asked everywhere for it; and I might have brought it from Mr. Frederick's, but Lady Slattern Lounger, who had just sent it home, had so soiled and dog's-eared it, it wa'n't fit for a Christian to read.

LYDIA. Heigh-ho! Yes, I always know when Lady Slattern has been before me. She has a most observing thumb and I believe cherishes her nails for the convenience of making marginal notes.—Well, child, what *have* you brought me?

LUCY. Oh! here, ma'am.—[*Taking books from under her cloak, and from her pockets*] This is *The Gordian Knot,*—and this *Peregrine Pickle.* Here are *The Tears of Sensibility* and *Humphrey Clinker.* This is *The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality, written by herself,* and here the second volume of *The Sentimental Journey.*

LYDIA. Heigh-ho!—What are those books by the glass?

LUCY. The great one is only *The Whole Duty of Man,* where I press a few blonds, ma'am.

LYDIA. Very well—give me the *sal volatile.*

LUCY. Is it in a blue cover, ma'am?

LYDIA. My smelling-bottle, you simpleton!

LUCY. Oh, the drops!—here, ma'am.

LYDIA. No note, Lucy?

LUCY. No, indeed, ma'am—but I have seen a certain person—

LYDIA. What, my Beverley!—Well, Lucy?

LUCY. O ma'am, he looks so desponding and melancholic!

LYDIA. Hold! Lucy — here's someone coming—quick! see who it is. *Exit* LUCY. —Surely I heard my cousin Julia's voice.

Re-enter LUCY.

LUCY. Lud! ma'am, here is Miss Melville.

LYDIA. Is it possible!—

Enter JULIA.

My dearest Julia, how delighted am I! —[*Embrace*] How unexpected was this happiness!

JULIA. True, Lydia—and our pleasure is the greater.—But what has been the matter? —you were denied to me at first!

LYDIA. Ah, Julia, I have a thousand things to tell you!—But first inform me what

has conjured you to Bath—is Sir Anthony here?

JULIA. He is—we are arrived within this hour—and I suppose he will be here to wait on Mrs. Malaprop as soon as he is dressed.

LYDIA. Then before we are interrupted, let me impart to you some of my distress! I know your gentle nature will sympathize with me, tho' your prudence may condemn me! My letters have informed you of my whole connection with Beverley, but I have lost him, Julia! My aunt has discovered our intercourse by a note she intercepted and has confined me ever since! Yet, would you believe it? she has fallen absolutely in love with a tall Irish baronet she met one night since we have been here, at Lady Macshuffle's rout.

JULIA. You jest, Lydia!

LYDIA. No, upon my word.—She absolutely carries on a kind of correspondence with him, under a feigned name though, till she chooses to be known to him;—but it is a *Delia* or a *Celia*, I assure you.

JULIA. Then, surely, she is now more indulgent to her niece.

LYDIA. Quite the contrary. Since she has discovered her own frailty, she is become more suspicious of mine.—Then I must inform you of another plague! That odious Acres is to be in Bath to-day; so that I protest I shall be teased out of all spirits!

JULIA. Come, come, Lydia, hope the best—Sir Anthony shall use his interest with Mrs. Malaprop.

LYDIA. But you have not heard the worst. Unfortunately I had quarrelled with my poor Beverley just before my aunt made the discovery, and I have not seen him since to make it up.

JULIA. What was his offence?

LYDIA. Nothing at all!—But, I don't know how it was, as often as we had been together, we had never had a quarrel! And somehow I was afraid he would never give me an opportunity.—So, last Thursday, I wrote a letter to myself, to inform myself that Beverley was at that time paying his addresses to another woman.—I signed it *your Friend unknown*, showed it to Beverley, charged him with his falsehood, put myself in a violent passion, and vowed I'd never see him more.

JULIA. And you let him depart so, and have not seen him since?

LYDIA. 'Twas the next day my aunt found the matter out. I intended only to have teased him three days and a half, and now I've lost him forever.

JULIA. If he is as deserving and sincere as you have represented him to me, he will never give you up so. Yet consider, Lydia, you tell me he is but an ensign, and you have thirty thousand pounds!

LYDIA. But you know I lose most of my fortune if I marry without my aunt's consent till of age, and that is what I have determined to do ever since I knew the penalty. Nor could I love the man who would wish to wait a day for the alternative.

JULIA. Nay, this is caprice!

LYDIA. What, does Julia tax me with caprice?—I thought her lover Faulkland had inured her to it.

JULIA. I do not love even *his* faults.

LYDIA. But apropos—you have sent to him, I suppose?

JULIA. Not yet, upon my word—nor has he the least idea of my being in Bath.—Sir Anthony's resolution was so sudden I could not inform him of it.

LYDIA. Well, Julia, you are your own mistress (though under the protection of Sir Anthony); yet have you, for this long year, been the slave to the caprice, the whim, the jealousy of this ungrateful Faulkland, who will ever delay assuming the right of a husband while you suffer him to be equally imperious as a lover.

JULIA. Nay, you are wrong entirely. We were contracted before my father's death.—*That*, and some consequent embarrassments, have delayed what I know to be my Faulkland's most ardent wish.—He is too generous to trifle on such a point—and for his character, you wrong him there, too.—No, Lydia, he is too proud, too noble to be jealous; if he is captious, 'tis without dissembling; if fretful, without rudeness.—Unused to the foppery of love, he is negligent of the little duties expected from a lover—but being unhackneyed in the passion, his love is ardent and sincere; and as it engrosses his whole soul, he expects every thought and emotion of his mistress to move in unison with his.—Yet, though his pride calls for this full return—his humility makes him undervalue those qualities in him which should entitle him to it; and not feeling why he should be loved

to the degree he wishes, he still suspects that he is not loved enough.—This temper, I must own, has cost me many unhappy hours, but I have learned to think myself his debtor for those imperfections which arise from the ardor of his love.

LYDIA. Well, I cannot blame you for defending him.—But tell me candidly, Julia, had he never saved your life, do you think you should have been attached to him as you are?—Believe me, the rude blast that overset your boat was a prosperous gale of love to him.

JULIA. Gratitude may have strengthened my attachment to Mr. Faulkland, but I loved him before he had preserved me; yet surely that alone were an obligation sufficient.

LYDIA. Obligation!—why, a water spaniel would have done as much!—Well, I should never think of giving my heart to a man because he could swim!

JULIA. Come, Lydia, you are too inconsiderate.

LYDIA. Nay, I do but jest.—What's here?

Enter LUCY *in a hurry.*

LUCY. O ma'am, here is Sir Anthony Absolute just come home with your aunt.

LYDIA. They'll not come here.—Lucy, do you watch. *Exit* LUCY.

JULIA. Yet I must go.—Sir Anthony does not know I am here, and if we meet, he'll detain me to show me the town. I'll take another opportunity of paying my respects to Mrs. Malaprop, when she shall treat me as long as she chooses with her select words so ingeniously *misapplied*, without being *mispronounced*.

Re-enter LUCY.

LUCY. O lud! ma'am, they are both coming upstairs.

LYDIA. Well, I'll not detain you, coz.—Adieu, my dear Julia; I'm sure you are in haste to send to Faulkland.—There—through my room you'll find another staircase.

JULIA. Adieu! [*Embrace*]. *Exit* JULIA.

LYDIA. Here, my dear Lucy, hide these books. Quick, quick!—Fling *Peregrine Pickle* under the toilet—throw *Roderick Random* into the closet—put *The Innocent Adultery* into *The Whole Duty of Man*—thrust *Lord Aimsworth* under the sofa—cram *Ovid* behind the bolster—there—put *The Man of Feeling* into your pocket—so, so—now lay *Mrs. Chapone* in sight, and leave Fordyce's *Sermons* open on the table.

LUCY. Oh, burn it, ma'am! the hairdresser has torn away as far as *Proper Pride*.

LYDIA. Never mind—open at *Sobriety*.—Fling me Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*.—Now for 'em! *Exit* LUCY.

Enter MRS. MALAPROP, *and* SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

MRS. MALAPROP. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

LYDIA. Madam, I thought you once—

MRS. MALAPROP. You thought, miss!—I don't know any business you have to think at all—thought does not become a young woman; the point we would request of you is that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

LYDIA. Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

MRS. MALAPROP. But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to *forget* if a person chooses to set about it.—I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

SIR ANTHONY. Why, sure she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not!—aye, this comes of her reading!

LYDIA. What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

MRS. MALAPROP. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it.—But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid?—Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

LYDIA. Madam, I tell you plainly that had I no preference for anyone else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

MRS. MALAPROP. What business have you, miss, with *preference* and *aversion?* They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little

aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a black-a-moor—and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed!—But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

LYDIA. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

MRS. MALAPROP. Take yourself to your room.—You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humors.

LYDIA. Willingly, ma'am — I cannot change for the worse. *Exit* LYDIA.

MRS. MALAPROP. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

SIR ANTHONY. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am,—all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by heavens! I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

MRS. MALAPROP. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

SIR ANTHONY. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes with marbled covers!—From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

MRS. MALAPROP. Those are vile places, indeed!

SIR ANTHONY. Madam, a circulating library in a town is, as an evergreen tree, of diabolical knowledge!—It blossoms through the year!—And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

MRS. MALAPROP. Well, but Sir Anthony, your wife, Lady Absolute, was fond of books.

SIR ANTHONY. Aye—and injury sufficient they were to her, madam—but were I to choose another helpmate, the extent of her erudition should consist in her knowing her simple letters, without their mischievous combinations;—and the summit of her science be—her ability to count as far as twenty.—The first, Mrs. Malaprop, would enable her to work *A. A.* upon my linen;—and the latter would be quite sufficient to prevent her giving me a shirt No. 1, and a stock No. 2.

MRS. MALAPROP. Fie, fie, Sir Anthony! you surely speak laconically!

SIR ANTHONY. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know?

MRS. MALAPROP. Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman. For instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or Algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments.—But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries;—but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying.—This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

SIR ANTHONY. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you, though I must confess that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question.—But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate—you say you have no objection to my proposal?

MRS. MALAPROP. None, I assure you.—I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

SIR ANTHONY. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly.—He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

MRS. MALAPROP. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

SIR ANTHONY. Objection!—let him object if he dare!—No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple—in their younger days, 'twas "Jack do this";—if he demurred, I knocked him down—and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

MRS. MALAPROP. Aye, and the properest way, o' my conscience!—nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity.—Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations;—and I hope you will represent *her* to the Captain as an object not altogether illegible.

SIR ANTHONY. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently.—Well, I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl.—Take my advice—keep a tight hand; if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about. *Exit* SIR ANTHONY.

MRS. MALAPROP. Well, at any rate I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition.—She has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger—sure, Lucy can't have betrayed me!—No, the girl is such a simpleton I should have made her confess it.—[*Calls*] Lucy!—Lucy!—Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have trusted her.

Enter LUCY.

LUCY. Did you call, ma'am?

MRS. MALAPROP. Yes, girl.—Did you see Sir Lucius while you was out?

LUCY. No, indeed, ma'am, not a glimpse of him.

MRS. MALAPROP. You are sure, Lucy, that you never mentioned—

LUCY. O Gemini! I'd sooner cut my tongue out.

MRS. MALAPROP. Well, don't let your simplicity be imposed on.

LUCY. No, ma'am.

MRS. MALAPROP. So! come to me presently, and I'll give you another letter to Sir Lucius;—but mind, Lucy—if ever you betray what you are entrusted with—(unless it be other people's secrets to me) you forfeit my malevolence forever:—and your being a simpleton shall be no excuse for your locality. *Exit* MRS. MALAPROP.

LUCY. Ha! ha! ha!—So, my dear *simplicity*, let me give you a little respite.—[*Altering her manner*] Let girls in my station be as fond as they please of appearing expert and knowing in their trusts;—commend me to a mask of *silliness*, and a pair of sharp eyes for my own interest under it!—Let me see to what account I have turned my *simplicity* lately.—[*Looks at a paper*] For "abetting Miss Lydia Languish in a design of running away with an ensign!—in money, sundry times, twelve pound twelve; gowns, five; hats, ruffles, caps, etc., etc., numberless!—From the said ensign, within this last month, six guineas and a half."—About a quarter's pay!—Item, "from Mrs. Malaprop, for betraying the young people to her"—when I found matters were likely to be discovered—"two guineas, and a black paduasoy."—Item, "from Mr. Acres, for carrying divers letters"—which I never delivered—"two guineas and a pair of buckles."—Item, "from Sir Lucius O'Trigger, three crowns, two gold pocket-pieces, and a silver snuff-box!"—Well done, *simplicity*!—Yet I was forced to make my Hibernian believe that he was corresponding, not with the *Aunt*, but with the *Niece;* for though not over rich, I found he had too much pride and delicacy to sacrifice the feelings of a gentleman to the necessities of his fortune. *Exit.*

ACT II

SCENE I

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE'S *lodgings.*

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE *and* FAG.

FAG. Sir, while I was there, Sir Anthony came in. I told him you had sent me to inquire after his health, and to know if he was at leisure to see you.

ABSOLUTE. And what did he say on hearing I was at Bath?

FAG. Sir, in my life I never saw an elderly gentleman more astonished! He started back two or three paces, rapped out a dozen interjectoral oaths, and asked what the devil had brought you here!

ABSOLUTE. Well, sir, and what did you say?

FAG. Oh, I lied, sir—I forget the precise lie; but you may depend on 't, he got no truth from me. Yet, with submission, for fear of blunders in future, I should be glad to fix what *has* brought us to Bath, in order that we may lie a little consistently. Sir Anthony's servants were curious, sir, very curious indeed.

ABSOLUTE. You have said nothing to them—?

FAG. Oh, not a word, sir,—not a word! Mr. Thomas, indeed, the coachman (whom I take to be the discreetest of whips)—

ABSOLUTE. 'Sdeath!—you rascal! you have not trusted him!

FAG. Oh, *no*, sir—no—no—not a syllable, upon my veracity!—He was, indeed, a little inquisitive; but I was sly, sir—devilish sly! "My Master" (said I), "honest Thomas" (you know, sir, one says *honest* to one's inferiors), "is come to Bath to *recruit*." —Yes, sir, I said to *recruit*—and whether for men, money, or constitution, you know, sir, is nothing to him, nor anyone else.

ABSOLUTE. Well, *recruit* will do—let it be so.

FAG. Oh, sir, recruit will do surprisingly —indeed, to give the thing an air, I told Thomas that your honor had already enlisted five disbanded chairmen, seven minority waiters, and thirteen billiard-markers.

ABSOLUTE. You blockhead, never say more than is necessary.

FAG. I beg pardon, sir—I beg pardon.— But, with submission, a lie is nothing unless one supports it. Sir, whenever I draw on my invention for a good current lie, I always forge *indorsements* as well as the bill.

ABSOLUTE. Well, take care you don't hurt your credit by offering too much security.— Is Mr. Faulkland returned?

FAG. He is above, sir, changing his dress.

ABSOLUTE. Can you tell whether he has been informed of Sir Anthony's and Miss Melville's arrival?

FAG. I fancy not, sir; he has seen no one since he came in but his gentleman who was with him at Bristol.—I think, sir, I hear Mr. Faulkland coming down—

ABSOLUTE. Go, tell him I am here.

FAG. Yes, sir.—[*Going*] I beg pardon, sir, but should Sir Anthony call, you will do me the favor to remember that we are *recruiting*, if you please.

ABSOLUTE. Well, well.

FAG. And, in tenderness to my character, if your honour could bring in the chairmen and waiters, I shall esteem it as an obligation; for though I never scruple a lie to serve my master, yet it *hurts* one's conscience to be found out. *Exit.*

ABSOLUTE. Now for my whimsical friend —if he does not know that his mistress is here, I'll tease him a little before I tell him—

Enter FAULKLAND.

—Faulkland, you're welcome to Bath again; you are punctual in your return.

FAULKLAND. Yes; I had nothing to detain me when I had finished the business I went on. Well, what news since I left you? How stand matters between you and Lydia?

ABSOLUTE. Faith, much as they were. I have not seen her since our quarrel; however, I expect to be recalled every hour.

FAULKLAND. Why don't you persuade her to go off with you at once?

ABSOLUTE. What, and lose two-thirds of her fortune? You forget that, my friend.— No, no, I could have brought her to that long ago.

FAULKLAND. Nay, then, you trifle too long—if you are sure of *her*, propose to the aunt *in your own character*, and write to Sir Anthony for his consent.

ABSOLUTE. Softly, softly; for though I am convinced my little Lydia would elope with me as Ensign Beverley, yet am I by no means certain that she would take me with the impediment of our friends' consent, a regular humdrum wedding, and a reversion of a good fortune on my side. No, no; I must prepare her gradually for the discovery and make myself necessary to her before I risk it.—Well, but Faulkland, you'll dine with us to-day at the hotel?

FAULKLAND. Indeed, I cannot; I am not in spirits to be of such a party.

ABSOLUTE. By heavens! I shall forswear your company. You are the most teasing, captious, incorrigible lover!—Do love like a man!

FAULKLAND. I own I am unfit for company.

ABSOLUTE. Am not *I* a lover; aye, and a romantic one too? Yet do I carry everywhere with me such a confounded farrago of

doubts, fears, hopes, wishes, and all the flimsy furniture of a country miss's brain!

FAULKLAND. Ah! Jack, your heart and soul are not, like mine, fixed immutably on one only object.—You throw for a large stake, but losing—you could stake, and throw again;—but I have set my sum of happiness on this cast, and not to succeed were to be stripped of all.

ABSOLUTE. But, for Heaven's sake! what grounds for apprehension can your whimsical brain conjure up at present? Has Julia missed writing this last post? or was her last too tender, or too cool; or too grave, or too gay; or—

FAULKLAND. Nay, nay, Jack.

ABSOLUTE. Why, her love—her honor—her prudence, you cannot doubt.

FAULKLAND. O! upon my soul, I never have;—but what grounds for apprehension, did you say? Heavens! are there not a thousand! I fear for her spirits—her health—her life.—My absence may fret her; her anxiety for my return, her fears for me, may oppress her gentle temper. And for her health—does not every hour bring me cause to be alarmed? If it rains, some shower may even then have chilled her delicate frame!—If the wind be keen, some rude blast may have affected her! The heat of noon, the dews of the evening, may endanger the life of her for whom only I value mine. O Jack! when delicate and feeling souls are separated, there is not a feature in the sky, not a movement of the elements, not an aspiration of the breeze, but hints some cause for a lover's apprehension!

ABSOLUTE. Aye, but we may choose whether we will take the hint or no.—Well then, Faulkland, if you were convinced that Julia was well and in spirits, you would be entirely content.

FAULKLAND. I should be happy beyond measure—I'm anxious only for that.

ABSOLUTE. Then to cure your anxiety at once—Miss Melville is in perfect health, and is at this moment in Bath.

FAULKLAND. Nay, Jack—don't trifle with me.

ABSOLUTE. She is arrived here with my father within this hour.

FAULKLAND. Can you be serious?

ABSOLUTE. I thought you knew Sir Anthony better than to be surprised at a sudden whim of this kind.—Seriously, then, it is as I tell you—upon my honor.

FAULKLAND. My dear friend!—[*Calls*] Hollo, Du-Peigne! my hat!—My dear Jack—*now nothing on earth can give me a moment's uneasiness.*

Enter FAG.

FAG. Sir, Mr. Acres just arrived is below.

ABSOLUTE. Stay, Faulkland; this Acres lives within a mile of Sir Anthony, and he shall tell you how your mistress has been ever since you left her.—Fag, show the gentleman up. *Exit* FAG.

FAULKLAND. What, is he much acquainted in the family?

ABSOLUTE. Oh, very intimate. I insist on your not going; besides, his character will divert you.

FAULKLAND. Well, I should like to ask him a few questions.

ABSOLUTE. He is likewise a rival of mine—that is of my *other self's*, for he does not think his friend Captain Absolute ever saw the lady in question;—and it is ridiculous enough to hear him complain to me of *one Beverley*, a concealed skulking rival, who—

FAULKLAND. Hush!—He's here.

Enter ACRES.

ACRES. Hah! my dear friend, noble captain, and honest Jack, how do'st thou? just arrived, faith, as you see.—Sir, your humble servant. Warm work on the roads, Jack!—Odds whips and wheels! I've travelled like a comet, with a tail of dust all the way as long as the Mall.

ABSOLUTE. Ah! Bob, you are indeed an eccentric planet, but we know your attraction hither.—Give me leave to introduce Mr. Faulkland to you; Mr. Faulkland, Mr. Acres.

ACRES. Sir, I am most heartily glad to see you: sir, I solicit your connections.—Hey, Jack—what, this is Mr. Faulkland, who—

ABSOLUTE. Aye, Bob, Miss Melville's Mr. Faulkland.

ACRES. Odd so! she and your father can be but just arrived before me—I suppose you have seen them.—Ah! Mr. Faulkland, you are indeed a happy man.

FAULKLAND. I have not seen Miss Melville yet, sir.—I hope she enjoyed full health and spirits in Devonshire?

ACRES. Never knew her better in my life,

sir,—never better. Odds blushes and blooms! she has been as healthy as the German Spa.

FAULKLAND. Indeed!—I did hear that she had been a little indisposed.

ACRES. False, false, sir—only said to vex you; quite the reverse, I assure you.

FAULKLAND. There, Jack, you see she has the advantage of me; I had almost fretted myself ill.

ABSOLUTE. Now are you angry with your mistress for not having been sick?

FAULKLAND. No, no, you misunderstand me;—yet surely a little trifling indisposition is not an unnatural consequence of absence from those we love.—Nor confess—isn't there something unkind in this violent, robust, unfeeling health?

ABSOLUTE. Oh, it was very unkind of her to be well in your absence, to be sure!

ACRES. Good apartments, Jack.

FAULKLAND. Well, sir, but you were saying that Miss Melville has been so *exceedingly* well—what then, she has been merry and gay I suppose?—Always in spirits—hey?

ACRES. Merry? Odds crickets! she has been the belle and spirit of the company wherever she has been—so lively and entertaining! so full of wit and humor!

FAULKLAND. There, Jack, there.—Oh, by my soul! there is an innate levity in woman that nothing can overcome.—What! happy and I away!

ABSOLUTE. Have done. How foolish this is! just now you were only apprehensive for your mistress' *spirits*.

FAULKLAND. Why, Jack, have I been the joy and spirit of the company?

ABSOLUTE. No, indeed, you have not.

FAULKLAND. Have I been lively and entertaining?

ABSOLUTE. Oh! upon my word, I acquit you.

FAULKLAND. Have I been full of wit and humor?

ABSOLUTE. No, faith, to do you justice, you have been confounded stupid, indeed.

ACRES. What's the matter with the gentleman?

ABSOLUTE. He is only expressing his great satisfaction at hearing that Julia has been so well and happy—that's all—hey, Faulkland?

FAULKLAND. Oh! I am rejoiced to hear it—yes, yes, she has a *happy* disposition!

ACRES. That she has, indeed—then she is so accomplished—so sweet a voice—so expert at her harpsichord—such a mistress of flat and sharp, squallante, rumblante, and quiverante!—There was this time month—Odds minnums and crotchets! how she did chirrup at Mrs. Piano's concert!

FAULKLAND. There again, what say you to this? you see she has been all mirth and song—not a thought of me!

ABSOLUTE. Pho! man, is not music the food of love?

FAULKLAND. Well, well, it may be so.—Pray, Mr. ——, what's his d—d name?—Do you remember what songs Miss Melville sung?

ACRES. Not I, indeed.

ABSOLUTE. Stay, now, they were some pretty melancholy, purling-stream airs, I warrant. Perhaps you may recollect;—did she sing, *When absent from my Soul's Delight?*

ACRES. No, that wa'n't it.

ABSOLUTE. Or *Go, gentle Gales?* [*Sings*] "Go, gentle gales!"

ACRES. O no! nothing like it. Odds slips! now I recollect one of them—[*Sings*] "My heart's my own, my will is free."

FAULKLAND. Fool! fool that I am to fix all my happiness upon such a trifler! 'Sdeath! to make herself the pipe and ballad-monger of a circle! to soothe her light heart with catches and glees!—What can you say to this, sir?

ABSOLUTE. Why, that I should be glad to hear my mistress had been so merry, sir.

FAULKLAND. Nay, nay, nay—I'm not sorry that she has been happy—no, no, I am glad of that—I would not have had her sad or sick;—yet surely a sympathetic heart would have shown itself even in the choice of a song—she might have been temperately healthy and somehow, plaintively gay.—But she has been dancing too, I doubt not!

ACRES. What does the gentleman say about dancing?

ABSOLUTE. He says the lady we speak of dances as well as she sings.

ACRES. Aye, truly, does she!—There was at our last race ball—

FAULKLAND. Hell and the devil!—There! —there—I told you so! I told you so! Oh!

she thrives in my absence!—Dancing! But her whole feelings have been in opposition with mine!—I have been anxious, silent, pensive, sedentary—my days have been hours of care, my nights of watchfulness.—She has been all health! spirit! laugh! song! dance!—Oh! d—n'd, d—n'd levity!

ABSOLUTE. For Heaven's sake, Faulkland, don't expose yourself so!—Suppose she has danced, what then?—does not the ceremony of society often oblige—

FAULKLAND. Well, well, I'll contain myself—perhaps, as you say—for form's sake. —What, Mr. Acres, you were praising Miss Melville's manner of dancing a *minuet*—hey?

ACRES. Oh, I dare insure her for that—but what I was going to speak of was her *country-dancing*. Odds swimmings! she has such an air with her!

FAULKLAND. Now, disappointment on her!—Defend this, Absolute; why don't you defend this?—Country-dances! jigs and reels —am I to blame now? A minuet I could have forgiven—I should not have minded that—I say, I should not have regarded a minuet—but *country-dances!*—Z—ds! had she made one in a *cotillion*—I believe I could have forgiven even that.—But to be monkey-led for a night!—to run the gauntlet thro' a string of amorous, palming puppies!—to show paces like a managed filly!—O Jack, there never can be but *one* man in the world whom a truly modest and delicate woman ought to pair with in a *country-dance;* and, even then, the rest of the couples should be her great-uncles and aunts!

ABSOLUTE. Aye, to be sure!—grandfathers and grandmothers!

FAULKLAND. If there be but one vicious mind in the set, 'twill spread like a contagion—the action of their pulse beats to the lascivious movement of the jig—their quivering, warm-breathed sighs impregnate the very air—the atmosphere becomes electrical to love, and each amorous spark darts thro' every link of the chain!—I must leave you —I own I am somewhat flurried—and that confounded booby has perceived it. [*Going*]

ABSOLUTE. Aye, aye, you are in a hurry to throw yourself at Julia's feet.

FAULKLAND. [*Going*] I'm not in a humor to be trifled with—I shall see her only to upbraid her.

ABSOLUTE. Nay, but stay, Faulkland, and thank Mr. Acres for his good news.

FAULKLAND. D—n his news! *Exit.*

ABSOLUTE. Ha! ha! ha! poor Faulkland five minutes since, "nothing on earth could give him a moment's uneasiness!"

ACRES. The gentleman wa'n't angry at my praising his mistress, was he?

ABSOLUTE. A little jealous, I believe, Bob.

ACRES. You don't say so? Ha! ha! jealous of me—that's a good joke.

ABSOLUTE. There's nothing strange in that, Bob; let me tell you, that sprightly grace and insinuating manner of yours will do some mischief among the girls here.

ACRES. Ah! you joke—ha! ha! mischief? —ha! ha! But you know I am not my own property; my dear Lydia has forestalled me. She could never abide me in the country, because I used to dress so badly—but odds frogs and tambours! I shan't take matters so here, now ancient Madam has no voice in it—I'll make my old clothes know who's master. I shall straightway cashier the hunting-frock—and render my leather breeches incapable. My hair has been in training some time.

ABSOLUTE. Indeed!

ACRES. Aye—and tho'ff the side curls are a little restive, my hind-part takes to it very kindly.

ABSOLUTE. Oh, you'll polish, I doubt not.

ACRES. Absolutely I propose so—then if I can find out this Ensign Beverley, odds triggers and flints! I'll make him know the difference o't.

ABSOLUTE. Spoke like a man! But pray, Bob, I observe you have got an odd kind of a new method of swearing—

ACRES. Ha! ha! you've taken notice of it —'tis genteel, isn't it?—I didn't invent it myself though; but a commander in our militia—a great scholar, I assure you—says that there is no meaning in the common oaths, and that nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable; because, he says, the ancients would never stick to an oath or two, but would say, "By Jove!" or "By Bacchus!" or "By Mars!" or "By Venus!" or "By Pallas," according to the sentiment —so that to swear with propriety, says my little Major, the 'oath should be an echo to the sense'; and this we call the "oath refer-

ential," or "sentimental swearing"—ha! ha! ha! 'tis genteel, isn't it?

ABSOLUTE. Very genteel, and very new, indeed—and I dare say will supplant all other figures of imprecation.

ACRES. Aye, aye, the best terms will grow obsolete.—D—ns have had their day.

Enter FAG.

FAG. Sir, there is a gentleman below desires to see you.—Shall I show him into the parlor?

ABSOLUTE. Aye—you may.

ACRES. Well, I must be gone—

ABSOLUTE. Stay; who is it, Fag?

FAG. Your father, sir.

ABSOLUTE. You puppy, why didn't you show him up directly?

Exit FAG.

ACRES. You have business with Sir Anthony.—I expect a message from Mrs. Malaprop at my lodgings. I have sent also to my dear friend, Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Adieu, Jack! we must meet at night. Odds bottles and glasses! you shall give me a dozen bumpers to little Lydia.

ABSOLUTE. That I will with all my heart.

Exit ACRES.

Now for a parental lecture! I hope he has heard nothing of the business that has brought me here—I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my soul!

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

ABSOLUTE. Sir, I am delighted to see you here and looking so well! your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

SIR ANTHONY. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack.—What, you are recruiting here, hey?

ABSOLUTE. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

SIR ANTHONY. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, tho' I did not expect it, for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business.—Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

ABSOLUTE. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty, and I pray frequently that you may continue so.

SIR ANTHONY. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well, then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission and what I have hitherto allowed you is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

ABSOLUTE. Sir, you are very good.

SIR ANTHONY. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world.—I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

ABSOLUTE. Sir, your kindness overpowers me—such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

SIR ANTHONY. I am glad you are so sensible of my attention—and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

ABSOLUTE. Let my future life, sir, speak my gratitude; I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence.—Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

SIR ANTHONY. Oh, that shall be as your wife chooses.

ABSOLUTE. My wife, sir!

SIR ANTHONY. Aye, aye, settle that between you—settle that between you.

ABSOLUTE. A *wife*, sir, did you say?

SIR ANTHONY. Aye, a wife.—Why, did not I mention her before?

ABSOLUTE. Not a word of it, sir.

SIR ANTHONY. Odd so!—I mus'n't forget *her* tho'.—Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage—the fortune is saddled with a wife; but I suppose that makes no difference.

ABSOLUTE. Sir! sir!—you amaze me!

SIR ANTHONY. Why, what the d—l's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

ABSOLUTE. I was, sir—you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

SIR ANTHONY. Why—what difference does that make? Odds life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

ABSOLUTE. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase.—Pray, sir, who is the lady?

SIR ANTHONY. What's that to you, sir?—Come, give me your promise to love and to marry her directly.

ABSOLUTE. Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

SIR ANTHONY. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you *to object* to a lady you know nothing of.

ABSOLUTE. Then, sir, I must tell you plainly that my inclinations are fixed on another.

SIR ANTHONY. They are, are they? Well that's lucky—because you will have more merit in your obedience to me.

ABSOLUTE. Sir, my heart is engaged to an angel.

SIR ANTHONY. Then pray, let it send an excuse. It is very sorry—but *business* prevents its waiting on her.

ABSOLUTE. But my vows are pledged to her.

SIR ANTHONY. Let her foreclose, Jack—let her foreclose; they are not worth redeeming. Besides, you have the angel's vows in exchange, I suppose; so there can be no loss there.

ABSOLUTE. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you once for all that in this point I cannot obey you.

SIR ANTHONY. Hark'ee, Jack.—I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool—quite cool; but take care—you know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted;—no one more easily led—when I have my own way; —but don't put me in a frenzy.

ABSOLUTE. Sir, I must repeat—in this I cannot obey you.

SIR ANTHONY. Now d—n me! if ever I call you *Jack* again while I live!

ABSOLUTE. Nay, sir, but hear me.

SIR ANTHONY. Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word! not one word! So give me your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean, you dog!—if you don't, by—

ABSOLUTE. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness? to—

SIR ANTHONY. Z—ds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the Crescent; her one eye shall roll like the Bull's in Cox's Museum, she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this, sirrah! —yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

ABSOLUTE. This is reason and moderation, indeed!

SIR ANTHONY. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

ABSOLUTE. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humor for mirth in my life.

SIR ANTHONY. 'Tis false, sir! I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you will grin when I am gone, sirrah!

ABSOLUTE. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

SIR ANTHONY. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please!—It won't do with me, I promise you.

ABSOLUTE. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

SIR ANTHONY. 'Tis a confounded lie!—I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog! but it won't do.

ABSOLUTE. Nay, sir, upon my word.

SIR ANTHONY. So you will fly out! Can't you be cool, like me? What the devil good can *passion* do?—*passion* is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate!—There, you sneer again! don't provoke me!—but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you dog! you play upon the weakness of my disposition!—Yet take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last!—But mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why—confound you! I may in time forgive you.—If not, z—ds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest.—I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! and d—n me, if ever I call you Jack again! *Exit* SIR ANTHONY.

ABSOLUTE, *solus*.

ABSOLUTE. Mild, gentle, considerate father—I kiss your hands!—What a tender method of giving his opinion in these matters Sir Anthony has! I dare not trust him with the truth.—I wonder what old, wealthy hag it is that he wants to bestow on me!—Yet

he married himself for love, and was in his youth a bold intriguer and a gay companion!

Enter FAG.

FAG. Assuredly, sir, our father is wrath to a degree; he comes down stairs eight or ten steps at a time—muttering, growling, and thumping the bannisters all the way. I and the cook's dog stand bowing at the door—rap! he gives me a stroke on the head with his cane, bids me carry that to my master, then kicking the poor Turnspit into the area, d—ns us all, for a puppy triumvirate!—Upon my credit, sir, were I in your place and found my father such very bad company, I should certainly drop his acquaintance.

ABSOLUTE. Cease your impertinence, sir, at present.—Did you come in for nothing more?—Stand out of the way!

Pushes him aside, and exit.

FAG, *solus.*

FAG. Soh! Sir Anthony trims my master; he is afraid to reply to his father—then vents his spleen on poor Fag!—When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another who happens to come in the way, is the vilest injustice! Ah! it shows the worst temper—the basest—

Enter Errand-Boy.

BOY. Mr. Fag! Mr. Fag! your master calls you.

FAG. Well, you little dirty puppy, you need not bawl so!—The meanest disposition! the—

BOY. Quick, quick, Mr. Fag!

FAG. *Quick! quick!* you impudent jackanapes! Am I to be commanded by you too? you little, impertinent, insolent, kitchen-bred— *Exit, kicking and beating him.*

SCENE II

The North Parade.

Enter LUCY.

LUCY. So—I shall have another rival to add to my mistress's list—Captain Absolute. However, I shall not enter his name till my purse has received notice in form. Poor Acres is dismissed!—Well, I have done him a last friendly office, in letting him know that Beverley was here before him.—Sir Lucius is generally more punctual when he expects to hear from his "dear Dalia," as he calls her; I wonder he's not here!—I have a little scruple of conscience from this deceit, tho' I should not be paid so well if my hero knew that Delia was near fifty, and her own mistress.—I could not have thought he would have been so nice, when there's a golden egg in the case, as to care whether he has it from a pullet or an old hen.

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

SIR LUCIUS. Hah! my little ambassadress!—upon my conscience, I have been looking for you; I have been on the South Parade this half hour.

LUCY. [*Speaking simply*] O gemini! and I have been waiting for your worship here on the North.

SIR LUCIUS. Faith!—maybe that was the reason we did not meet; and it is very comical too, how you could go out and I not see you—for I was only taking a nap at the Parade Coffee-house, and I chose the *window* on purpose that I might not miss you.

LUCY. My stars! Now I'd wager a sixpence I went by while you were asleep.

SIR LUCIUS. Sure enough it must have been so—and I never dreamt it was so late, till I waked. Well, but my little girl, have you got nothing for me?

LUCY. Yes, but I have; I've got a letter for you in my pocket.

SIR LUCIUS. Oh, faith! I guessed you weren't come empty-handed.—Well—let me see what the dear creature says.

LUCY. There, Sir Lucius.

Gives him a letter.

SIR LUCIUS. [*Reads*] "Sir—there is often a sudden incentive impulse in love, that has a greater induction than years of domestic combination; such was the commotion I felt at the first superfluous view of Sir Lucius O'Trigger."—Very pretty, upon my word.—"As my motive is interested, you may be assured my love shall never be miscellaneous." Very well.

"Female punctuation forbids me to say more; yet let me add that it will give me joy infallible to find Sir Lucius worthy the last criterion of my affections. Yours, while meretricious.—Delia." Upon my conscience! Lucy, your lady is a great mistress of language.—Faith, she's quite the queen of the dictionary!—for the devil a word dares

refuse coming at her call—though one would think it was quite out of hearing.

LUCY. Aye, sir, a lady of her experience—

SIR LUCIUS. Experience! what, at seventeen?

LUCY. Oh, true, sir—but then she reads so—my stars! how she will read off-hand!

SIR LUCIUS. Faith, she must be very deep read to write this way—tho' she is rather an arbitrary writer too; for here are a great many poor words pressed into the service of this note that would get their habeas corpus from any court in christendom.—However, when affection guides the pen, Lucy, he must be a brute who finds fault with the style.

LUCY. Ah! Sir Lucius, if you were to hear how she talks of you!

SIR LUCIUS. Oh, tell her I'll make her the best husband in the world, and Lady O'Trigger into the bargain!—But we must get the old gentlewoman's consent—and do everything fairly.

LUCY. Nay, Sir Lucius, I thought you wa'n't rich enough to be so nice.

SIR LUCIUS. Upon my word, young woman, you have hit it!—I am so poor that I can't afford to do a dirty action.—If I did not want money, I'd steal your mistress and her fortune with a great deal of pleasure.—However, my pretty girl, [*Gives her money*] here's a little something to buy you a ribband; and meet me in the evening and I'll give you an answer to this. So, hussy, [*Kisses her*] take a kiss beforehand to put you in mind.

LUCY. O lud! Sir Lucius—I never seed such a gemman! My lady won't like you if you're so impudent.

SIR LUCIUS. Faith, she will, Lucy!—That same—pho! what's the name of it?—modesty—is a quality in a lover more praised by the women than liked; so, if your mistress asks you whether Sir Lucius ever gave you a kiss, tell her *fifty*—my dear.

LUCY. What, would you have me tell her a lie?

SIR LUCIUS. [*Approaches her*] Ah, then, you baggage! I'll make it a truth presently.

LUCY. For shame now; here is someone coming.

SIR LUCIUS. Oh, faith, I'll quiet your conscience!

Sees FAG.—*Exit, humming a tune.*

Enter FAG.

FAG. So, so, ma'am! I humbly beg pardon.

LUCY. O lud! now, Mr. Fag, you flurry one so.

FAG. Come, come, Lucy, here's no one by—so a little less simplicity, with a grain of two more sincerity, if you please.—You play false with us, madam.—I saw you give the baronet a letter.—My master shall know this—and if he don't call him out, I will.

LUCY. Ha! ha! ha! you gentlemen's gentlemen are so hasty.—That letter was from Mrs. Malaprop, simpleton.—She is taken with Sir Lucius's address.

FAG. What tastes some people have!—Why, I suppose I have walked by her window an hundred times.—But what says our young lady? any message to my master?

LUCY. Sad news, Mr. Fag.—A worse rival than Acres! Sir Anthony Absolute has proposed his son.

FAG. What, Captain Absolute?

LUCY. Even so—I overheard it all.

FAG. Ha! ha! ha! very good, faith! Good-bye, Lucy, I must away with this news.

LUCY. Well—you may laugh—but it is true, I assure you.—[*Going*] But—Mr. Fag—tell your master not to be cast down by this.

FAG. Oh, he'll be so disconsolate!

LUCY. And charge him not to think of quarrelling with young Absolute.

FAG. Never fear!—never fear!

LUCY. Be sure—bid him keep up his spirits.

FAG. We will—we will.

Exeunt severally.

ACT III

SCENE I

The North Parade.

Enter ABSOLUTE.

ABSOLUTE. 'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed.—Whimsical enough, faith! My father wants to *force* me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with!—He must not know of my connection with her yet a while.—He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters, and Lydia shall

not yet lose her hopes of an elopement.—However, I'll read my recantation instantly.—My conversion is something sudden, indeed, but I can assure him it is very *sincere*. So, so!—here he comes. He looks plaguy gruff. *Steps aside.*

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

SIR ANTHONY. No, I'll die sooner than forgive him—*Die*, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him.—At our last meeting his impudence had almost put me out of temper—an obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy!—Who can he take after? This is my return for getting him before all his brothers and sisters!—for putting him at twelve years old into a marching regiment and allowing him fifty pounds a year, beside his pay, ever since!—But I have done with him; he's anybody's son, for me.—I never will see him more, never—never—never—never!

ABSOLUTE. [*Approaching*] Now for a penitential face.

SIR ANTHONY. Fellow, get out of my way!

ABSOLUTE. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

SIR ANTHONY. I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

ABSOLUTE. A sincere penitent.—I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error and to submit entirely to your will.

SIR ANTHONY. What's that?

ABSOLUTE. I have been revolving and reflecting and considering on your past goodness and kindness and condescension to me.

SIR ANTHONY. Well, sir?

ABSOLUTE. I have been likewise weighing and balancing what you were pleased to mention concerning duty and obedience and authority.

SIR ANTHONY. Well, puppy?

ABSOLUTE. Why then, sir, the result of my reflections is—a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction.

SIR ANTHONY. Why, now you talk sense—absolute sense. I never heard anything more sensible in my life.—Confound you; you shall be *Jack* again!

ABSOLUTE. I am happy in the appellation.

SIR ANTHONY. Why, then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you—who the lady really is. Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented my telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare!—What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

ABSOLUTE. Languish! What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

SIR ANTHONY. Worcestershire? No. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop and her niece, Miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment?

ABSOLUTE. Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have heard the names before. Yet, stay—I think I do recollect something.—*Languish! Languish!* She squints, don't she?—a little, red-haired girl?

SIR ANTHONY. Squints?—A red-haired girl!—Z—ds! no.

ABSOLUTE. Then I must have forgot; it can't be the same person.

SIR ANTHONY. Jack! Jack! what think you of blooming, love-breathing seventeen?

ABSOLUTE. As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent.—If I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

SIR ANTHONY. Nay, but Jack, such eyes—such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks—her cheeks, Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes! Then, Jack, her lips!—O Jack, lips smiling at their own discretion; and if not smiling, more sweetly pouting, more lovely in sullenness.

ABSOLUTE. That's she, indeed.—Well done, old gentleman.

SIR ANTHONY. Then, Jack, her neck!—O Jack! Jack!

ABSOLUTE. And which is to be mine, sir—the niece or the aunt?

SIR ANTHONY. Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you! When I was of your age, such a description would have made me fly like a rocket! The *aunt*, indeed! Odds life! when I ran away with your mother, I would not have touched anything old or ugly to gain an empire.

ABSOLUTE. Not to please your father, sir?

SIR ANTHONY. To please my father! z—ds! not to please—Oh, my father—odd so!—yes—yes; if my father, indeed, had desired—that's quite another matter. Tho'

he wa'n't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

ABSOLUTE. I dare say not, sir.

SIR ANTHONY. But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful?

ABSOLUTE. Sir, I repeat it; if I please you in this affair, 'tis all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome; but, sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind—now, without being very nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back: and tho' *one* eye may be very agreeable, yet as the prejudice has always run in favor of *two*, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

SIR ANTHONY. What a phlegmatic sot it is! Why, sirrah, you're an anchorite!—a vile, insensible stock. You a soldier?—you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on!—Odds life! I've a great mind to marry the girl myself!

ABSOLUTE. I am entirely at your disposal, sir. If you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the *aunt;* or, if you should change your mind, and take the old lady—'tis the same to me—I'll marry the *niece.*

SIR ANTHONY. Upon my word, Jack, thou'rt either a very great hypocrite, or—but come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie—I'm sure it must!—Come, now—d—n your demure face!—come, confess, Jack—you have been lying, ha'n't you! You have been lying, hey?—I'll never forgive you if you ha'n't.—So now; own, my dear Jack, you have been playing the hypocrite—hey? I'll never forgive you if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

ABSOLUTE. I'm sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

SIR ANTHONY. Hang your respect and duty! But come along with me; I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly.

ABSOLUTE. Where does she lodge, sir?

SIR ANTHONY. What a dull question! Only on the Grove here.

ABSOLUTE. Oh! then I can call on her in my way to the coffee-house.

SIR ANTHONY. In your way to the coffee-house! You'll set your heart down in your way to the coffee-house, hey? Ah! you leaden-nerved, wooden-hearted dolt! But come along, you shall see her directly; her eyes shall be the Promethean torch to you—come along! I'll never forgive you if you don't come back stark mad with rapture and impatience—if you don't, egad, I'll marry the girl myself! *Exeunt.*

SCENE II

JULIA'S *dressing-room.*

FAULKLAND, *solus.*

FAULKLAND. They told me Julia would return directly; wonder she is not yet come! —How mean does this captious, unsatisfied temper of mine appear to my cooler judgment! Yet I know not that I indulge it in any other point; but on this one subject, and to this one object, whom I think I love beyond my life, I am ever ungenerously fretful and madly capricious! I am conscious of it—yet I cannot correct myself! What tender, honest joy sparkled in her eyes when we met! How delicate was the warmth of her expressions!—I was ashamed to appear less happy—though I had come resolved to wear a face of coolness and upbraiding. Sir Anthony's presence prevented my proposed expostulations; yet I must be satisfied that she has not been so *very* happy in my absence. She is coming! Yes, I know the nimbleness of her tread when she thinks her impatient Faulkland counts the moments of her stay.

Enter JULIA.

JULIA. I had not hoped to see you again so soon.

FAULKLAND. Could I, Julia, be contented with my first welcome—restrained as we were by the presence of a third person?

JULIA. O Faulkland, when your kindness can make me thus happy, let me not think that I discovered more coolness in your first salutation than my long-hoarded joy could have presaged.

FAULKLAND. 'Twas but your fancy, Julia I *was* rejoiced to see you—to see you in such health. Sure I had no cause for coldness!

JULIA. Nay then, I see you have taken

something ill. You must not conceal from me what it is.

FAULKLAND. Well, then—shall I own to you—but you will despise me, Julia—nay, I despise myself for it.—Yet I *will* own that my joy at hearing of your health and arrival here, by your neighbor Acres, was somewhat damped by his dwelling much on the high spirits you had enjoyed in Devonshire—on your mirth—your singing—dancing, and I know not what! For such is my temper, Julia, that I should regard every mirthful moment in your absence as a treason to constancy. The mutual tear that steals down the cheek of parting lovers is a compact that no smile shall live there till they meet again.

JULIA. Must I never cease to tax my Faulkland with this teasing, minute caprice? Can the idle reports of a silly boor weigh in your breast against my tried affection?

FAULKLAND. They have no weight with me, Julia—No, no! I am happy if you have been so—yet only say that you did not sing with *mirth*—say that you *thought* of Faulkland in the dance.

JULIA. I never can be happy in your absence.—If I wear a countenance of content, it is to show that my mind holds no doubt of my Faulkland's truth. If I seemed sad, it were to make malice triumph and say that I had fixed my heart on one who left me to lament his roving and my own credulity.—Believe me, Faulkland, I mean not to upbraid you when I say that I have often dressed sorrow in smiles, lest my friends should guess whose unkindness had caused my tears.

FAULKLAND. You were ever all goodness to me. Oh, I am a brute when I but admit a doubt of your true constancy!

JULIA. If ever, without such cause from you as I will not suppose possible, you find my affections veering but a point, may I become a proverbial scoff for levity and base ingratitude.

FAULKLAND. Ah! Julia, that *last* word is grating to me. I would I had no title to your *gratitude!* Search your heart, Julia; perhaps what you have mistaken for love, is but the warm effusion of a too thankful heart.

JULIA. For what quality must I love you?

FAULKLAND. For no quality! To regard me for any quality of mind or understanding, were only to *esteem* me. And for person—I have often wished myself deformed, to be convinced that I owed no obligation *there* for any part of your affection.

JULIA. Where Nature has bestowed a show of nice attention in the features of a man, he should laugh at it, as misplaced. I have seen men who in *this* vain article perhaps might rank above you, but my heart has never asked my eyes if it were so or not.

FAULKLAND. Now this is not well from *you*, Julia—I despise person in a man; yet if you loved me as I wish, though I were an Ethiop, you'd think none so fair.

JULIA. I see you are determined to be unkind! The *contract* which my poor father bound us in gives you more than a lover's privilege.

FAULKLAND. Again, Julia, you raise ideas that feed and justify my doubts. I would not have been more free—no, I am proud of my restraint. Yet—yet—perhaps your high respect alone for this solemn compact has fettered your inclinations, which else had made worthier choice. How shall I be sure, had you remained unbound in thought and promise, that I should still have been the object of your persevering love?

JULIA. Then, try me now. Let us be free as strangers as to what is past; *my* heart will not feel more liberty!

FAULKLAND. There now! So hasty, Julia? so anxious to be free? If your love for me were fixed and ardent, you would not lose your hold, even tho' I wished it!

JULIA. Oh, you torture me to the heart! I cannot bear it.

FAULKLAND. I do not mean to distress you. If I loved you less, I should never give you an uneasy moment.—But hear me! All my fretful doubts arise from this—Women are not used to weigh and separate the motives of their affections. The cold dictates of prudence, gratitude, or filial duty may sometimes be mistaken for the pleadings of the heart. I would not boast—yet let me say that I have neither age, person, or character, to found dislike on; my fortune, such as few ladies could be charged with *indiscretion* in the match. O Julia! when *Love* receives such countenance from *Prudence*, nice minds will be suspicious of its *birth.*

JULIA. I know not whither your insinu-

ations would tend; as they seem pressing to insult me, I will spare you the regret of having done so.—I have given you no cause for this! *Exit in tears.*

FAULKLAND. In tears! Stay, Julia—stay but for a moment!—The door is fastened!—Julia!—my soul—but for one moment!—I hear her sobbing!—'Sdeath! what a brute am I to use her thus! Yet stay! Aye—she is coming now;—how little resolution there is in woman!—how a few soft words can turn them!—No, faith,—she is *not* coming either!—Why, Julia—my love—say but that you forgive me—come but to tell me that.—Now this is being *too* resentful. Stay! she *is* coming too—I thought she would—no *steadiness* in anything! her going away must have been a mere trick then—she sha'n't see that I was hurt by it.—I'll affect indifference—[*Hums a tune; then listens*] No, z—ds! she's *not* coming!—nor don't intend it, I suppose.—This is not *steadiness*, but *obstinacy*!—Yet I deserve it. What, after so long an absence to quarrel with her tenderness?—'twas barbarous and unmanly!—I should be ashamed to see her now.—I'll wait till her just resentment is abated—and when I distress her so again, may I lose her forever! and be linked instead to some antique virago, whose gnawing passions and long-hoarded spleen shall make me curse my folly half the day and all the night. *Exit.*

SCENE III

MRS. MALAPROP'S *lodgings.*

MRS. MALAPROP *and* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

MRS. MALAPROP. Your being Sir Anthony's son, captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation, but from the ingenuity of your appearance I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

ABSOLUTE. Permit me to say, madam, that as I never yet have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Languish, my principal inducement in this affair at present is the honor of being allied to Mrs. Malaprop, of whose intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and unaffected learning, no tongue is silent.

MRS. MALAPROP. Sir, you do me infinite honor! I beg, captain, you'll be seated.—[*He obeys*] Ah! few gentlemen, nowadays, know how to value the ineffectual qualities in a woman!—few think how a little knowledge becomes a gentlewoman. Men have no sense now but for the worthless flower—beauty!

ABSOLUTE. It is but too true, indeed, ma'am; yet I fear our ladies should share the blame—they think our admiration of *beauty* so great, that *knowledge* in *them* would be superfluous. Thus, like garden-trees, they seldom show fruits till time has robbed them of the more specious blossom.—Few, like Mrs. Malaprop and the orange-tree, are rich in both at once!

MRS. MALAPROP. Sir, you overpower me with good-breeding.—He is the very pine-apple of politeness!—You are not ignorant, captain, that this giddy girl has somehow contrived to fix her affections on a beggarly, strolling, eavesdropping ensign, whom none of us have seen and nobody knows anything of?

ABSOLUTE. Oh, I have heard the silly affair before.—I'm not at all prejudiced against her on *that* account.

MRS. MALAPROP. You are very good and very considerate, captain. I am sure I have done everything in my power since I exploded the affair; long ago I laid my positive conjunction on her, never to think on the fellow again.—I have since laid Sir Anthony's preposition before her; but, I am sorry to say, she seems resolved to decline every particle that I enjoin her.

ABSOLUTE. It must be very distressing, indeed, ma'am.

MRS. MALAPROP. It gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree!—I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him, but behold! this very day I have interceded another letter from the fellow! I believe I have it in my pocket.

ABSOLUTE. [*Aside*] The devil! my last note.

MRS. MALAPROP. Aye, here it is.

ABSOLUTE. [*Aside*] Aye, my note indeed!—Oh, the little traitress Lucy!

MRS. MALAPROP. There, perhaps you may know the writing. [*Gives him the letter*].

ABSOLUTE. I think I have seen the hand before—yes, I *certainly must* have seen this hand before—

MRS. MALAPROP. Nay, but read it, captain.

ABSOLUTE. [*Reads*] "My soul's idol, my adored Lydia!"—Very tender, indeed!

MRS. MALAPROP. Tender! aye, and profane too, o' my conscience.

ABSOLUTE. "I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so as my new rival"—

MRS. MALAPROP. That's *you*, sir.

ABSOLUTE. "Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman, and a man of honor."—Well, that's handsome enough.

MRS. MALAPROP. Oh, the fellow has some design in writing so.

ABSOLUTE. That he had, I'll answer for him, ma'am.

MRS. MALAPROP. But go on, sir—you'll see presently.

ABSOLUTE. "As for the old weather-beaten she-dragon who guards you"—Who can he mean by that?

MRS. MALAPROP. *Me*, sir!—*me!*—he means *me* there—what do you think now?—but go on a little further.

ABSOLUTE. Impudent scoundrel!—"it shall go hard but I will elude her vigilance, as I am told that the same ridiculous vanity which makes her dress up her coarse features and deck her dull chat with hard words which she don't understand"—

MRS. MALAPROP. There, sir! an attack upon my language! what do you think of that?—an aspersion upon my parts of speech! Was ever such a brute! save if I reprehend anything in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue and a nice derangement of epitaphs!

ABSOLUTE. He deserves to be hanged and quartered! let me see—"same ridiculous vanity"—

MRS. MALAPROP. You need not read it again, sir.

ABSOLUTE. I beg pardon, ma'am—"does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration"—an impudent coxcomb!—"so that I have a scheme to see you shortly with the old harridan's consent, and even to make her a go-between in our interviews."—Was ever such assurance!

MRS. MALAPROP. Did you ever hear anything like it?—he'll elude my vigilance, will he?—Yes, yes! ha! ha! he's very likely to enter these floors;—we'll try who can plot best!

ABSOLUTE. Ha! ha! ha! a conceited puppy; ha! ha! ha!—Well, but Mrs. Malaprop, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little time—let her even plot an elopement with him; then do you connive at her escape—while *I*, just in the nick, will have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead.

MRS. MALAPROP. I am delighted with the scheme; never was anything better perpetrated!

ABSOLUTE. But, pray, could not I see the lady for a few minutes now?—I should like to try her temper a little.

MRS. MALAPROP. Why, I don't know—I doubt she is not prepared for a first visit of this kind. There is a decorum in these matters.

ABSOLUTE. O Lord! she won't mind *me*—only tell her Beverley—

MRS. MALAPROP. Sir!

ABSOLUTE. [*Aside*] Gently, good tongue.

MRS. MALAPROP. What did you say of Beverley?

ABSOLUTE. Oh, I was going to propose that you should tell her, by way of jest, that it was Beverley who was below! she'd come down fast enough then—ha! ha! ha!

MRS. MALAPROP. 'Twould be a trick she well deserves; besides, you know the fellow tells her he'll get my consent to see her—ha! ha! Let him if he can, I say again: [*Calling*] Lydia, come down here!—He'll make me a "go-between in their interviews"!—ha! ha! ha!—Come down, I say, Lydia!—I don't wonder at your laughing, ha! ha! ha!—his impudence is truly ridiculous.

ABSOLUTE. 'Tis very ridiculous, upon my soul, ma'am, ha! ha! ha!

MRS. MALAPROP. The little hussy won't hear. Well, I'll go and tell her at once who it is—she shall know that Captain Absolute is come to wait on her. And I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

ABSOLUTE. As you please, ma'am.

MRS. MALAPROP. For the present, captain, your servant. Ah! you've not done laughing yet, I see—"elude my vigilance"; yes, yes; ha! ha! ha! *Exit.*

ABSOLUTE. Ha! ha! ha! one would think now that I might throw off all disguise at once and seize my prize with security; but

such is Lydia's caprice that to undeceive were probably to lose her. I'll see whether she knows me.

Walks aside, and seems engaged in looking at the pictures.

Enter LYDIA.

LYDIA. What a scene am I now to go thro'! surely nothing can be more dreadful than to be obliged to listen to the loathsome addresses of a stranger to one's heart. I have heard of girls, persecuted as I am, who have appealed in behalf of their favored lover to the generosity of his rival; suppose I were to try it.—There stands the hated rival—an officer too!—but oh, how unlike my Beverley! I wonder he don't begin—truly he seems a very negligent wooer!—Quite at his ease, upon my word!—I'll speak first.—Mr. Absolute.

ABSOLUTE. [*Turns round*] Madam.

LYDIA. O heav'ns!—Beverley!

ABSOLUTE. Hush!—hush, my life! softly! be not surprised!

LYDIA. I am so astonished! and so terrified! and so overjoyed!—for heav'n's sake! how came you here?

ABSOLUTE. Briefly, I have deceived your aunt—I was informed that my new rival was to visit here this evening, and contriving to have him kept away have passed myself on *her* for Captain Absolute.

LYDIA. Oh, charming! And she really takes you for young Absolute?

ABSOLUTE. Oh, she's convinced of it.

LYDIA. Ha! ha! ha! I can't forbear laughing to think how her sagacity is overreached!

ABSOLUTE. But we trifle with our precious moments—such another opportunity may not occur; then let me conjure my kind, my condescending angel, to fix the time when I may rescue her from undeserved persecution and with a licensed warmth plead for my reward.

LYDIA. Will you then, Beverley, consent to forfeit that portion of my paltry wealth—that burden on the wings of love?

ABSOLUTE. Oh, come to me, rich only thus—in loveliness! Bring no portion to me but thy love—'twill be generous in you, Lydia,—for well you know it is the only dower your poor Beverley can repay.

LYDIA. [*Aside*] How persuasive are his words!—how charming will poverty be with him!

ABSOLUTE. Ah! my soul, what a life will we then live! Love shall be our idol and support! we will worship him with a monastic strictness, abjuring all worldly toys, to center every thought and action there.—Proud of calamity, we will enjoy the wreck of wealth, while the surrounding gloom of adversity shall make the flame of our pure love show doubly bright. By heav'ns! I would fling all goods of fortune from me with a prodigal hand, to enjoy the scene where I might clasp my Lydia to my bosom and say, The world affords no smile to me—but here—[*Embracing her*].—[*Aside*] If she holds out now, the devil is in it!

LYDIA. [*Aside*] Now could I fly with him to the Antipodes! but my persecution is not yet come to a crisis.

Re-enter MRS. MALAPROP, *listening.*

MRS. MALAPROP. [*Aside*] I am impatient to know how the little hussy deports herself.

ABSOLUTE. So pensive, Lydia!—is then your warmth abated?

MRS. MALAPROP. [*Aside*] *Warmth abated!*—so!—she has been in a passion, I suppose.

LYDIA. No—nor ever can while I have life.

MRS. MALAPROP. [*Aside*] An ill-tempered little devil! She'll be *in a passion all her life*—will she?

LYDIA. Think not the idle threats of my ridiculous aunt can ever have any weight with me.

MRS. MALAPROP. [*Aside*] Very dutiful, upon my word!

LYDIA. Let her choice be Captain Absolute, but Beverley is mine.

MRS. MALAPROP. [*Aside*] I am astonished at her assurance!—*to his face—this to his face!*

ABSOLUTE. [*Kneeling*] Thus then let me enforce my suit.

MRS. MALAPROP. [*Aside*] Aye, poor young man!—down on his knees, entreating for pity! I can contain no longer.—Why, hussy! hussy!—I have overheard you.

ABSOLUTE. [*Aside*] Oh, confound her vigilance!

MRS. MALAPROP. Captain Absolute,—I

know not how to apologize for her shocking rudeness.

ABSOLUTE. [*Aside*] So! all's safe, I find.—I have hopes, madam, that time will bring the young lady—

MRS. MALAPROP. Oh, there's nothing to be hoped for from her! she's as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of Nile.

LYDIA. Nay, madam, what do you charge me with now?

MRS. MALAPROP. Why, thou unblushing rebel—didn't you tell this gentleman to his face that you loved another better?—didn't you say you never would be his?

LYDIA. No, madam—I did not.

MRS. MALAPROP. Good heav'ns! what assurance!—Lydia, Lydia, you ought to know that lying don't become a young woman!—Didn't you boast that Beverley, that stroller Beverley, possessed your heart?—Tell me that, I say.

LYDIA. 'Tis true, ma'am, and none but Beverley—

MRS. MALPROP. Hold, hold, Assurance!—you shall not be so rude.

ABSOLUTE. Nay, pray, Mrs. Malaprop, don't stop the young lady's speech; she's very welcome to talk thus—it does not hurt *me* in the least, I assure you.

MRS. MALAPROP. You are *too* good, captain—*too* amiably patient—but come with me, miss.—Let us see you again soon, captain—remember what we have fixed.

ABSOLUTE. I shall, ma'am.

MRS. MALAPROP. Come, take a graceful leave of the gentleman.

LYDIA. May every blessing wait on my Beverley, my loved Bev—

MRS. MALAPROP. Hussy! I'll choke the word in your throat!—come along—come along.

Exeunt severally, CAPTIAN ABSOLUTE *kissing his hand to* LYDIA, MRS. MALAPROP *stopping her from speaking.*

SCENE IV

ACRES' *lodgings.*

Enter ACRES *and* DAVID, ACRES *as just dressed.*

ACRES. Indeed, David—do you think I become it so?

DAVID. You are quite another creature, believe me, master, by the mass! an' we've any luck, we shall see the Devon monkey-rony in all the print-shops in Bath!

ACRES. Dress *does* make a difference, David.

DAVID. 'Tis all in all, I think.—Difference! why, an' you were to go now to Clod Hall, I am certain the old lady wouldn't know you. Master Butler wouldn't believe his own eyes, and Mrs. Pickle would cry, "Lard presarve me!" our dairy-maid would come giggling to the door, and I warrant Dolly Tester, your honor's favorite, would blush like my waistcoat.—Oons! I'll hold a gallon, there an't a dog in the house but would bark, and I question whether Phillis would wag a hair of her tail!

ACRES. Aye, David, there's nothing like *polishing.*

DAVID. So I says of your honor's boots; but the boy never heeds me!

ACRES. But, David, has Mr. De-la-Grace been here? I must rub up my balancing and chasing and boring.

DAVID. I'll call again, sir.

ACRES. Do—and see if there are any letters for me at the post-office.

DAVID. I will.—By the mass, I can't help looking at your head!—if I hadn't been by at the cooking, I wish I may die if I should have known the dish again myself. *Exit.*

ACRES. [*Comes forward, practising a dancing-step*] Sink, slide—coupee.—Confound the first inventors of cotillions! say I—they are as bad as algebra to us country gentlemen.—I can walk a minuet easy enough when I'm forced!—and I have been accounted a good stick in a country-dance.—Odds jigs and tabors! I never valued your cross-over two couple—figure in—right and left—and I'd foot it with e'er a captain in the county!—but these outlandish heathen allemandes and cotillions are quite beyond me!—I shall never prosper at 'em, that's sure; mine are true-born English legs—they don't understand their curst French lingo!—their *pas* this, and *pas* that, and *pas* t'other!—d—n me! my feet don't like to be called paws! no, 'tis certain I have most antigallican toes!

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Here is Sir Lucius O'Trigger to wait on you, sir.

ACRES. Show him in.

Enter SIR LUCIUS.

SIR LUCIUS. Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

ACRES. My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

SIR LUCIUS. Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

ACRES. Faith! I have followed Cupid's jack-a-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last.—In short, I have been very illused, Sir Lucius.—I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as on a very illused gentleman.

SIR LUCIUS. Pray, what is the case?—I ask no names.

ACRES. Mark me, Sir Lucius, I falls as deep as need be in love with a young lady—her friends take my part—I follow her to Bath—send word of my arrival, and receive answer that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of.—This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill-used.

SIR LUCIUS. Very ill, upon my conscience.—Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

ACRES. Why, there's the matter; she has another lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath.—Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

SIR LUCIUS. A rival in the case, is there?—and you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

ACRES. *Unfairly?*—to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

SIR LUCIUS. Then, sure you know what is to be done!

ACRES. Not I, upon my soul!

SIR LUCIUS. We wear no swords here, but you understand me.

ACRES. What! fight him?

SIR LUCIUS. Aye, to be sure; what can I mean else?

ACRES. But he has given me no provocation.

SIR LUCIUS. Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world.—Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another than to fall in love with the same woman? Oh, by my soul! it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

ACRES. Breach of *friendship!* aye, aye; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

SIR LUCIUS. That's no argument at all—he has the less right then to take such a liberty.

ACRES. 'Gad, that's true—I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius!—I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valor in him and not know it! But couldn't I contrive to have a little right of my side?

SIR LUCIUS. What the d—l signifies *right*, when your *honour* is concerned? Do you think Achilles, or my little Alexander the Great, ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broadswords and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

ACRES. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart! I believe courage must be catching!—I certainly do feel a kind of valor rising, as it were—a kind of courage, as I may say.—Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

SIR LUCIUS. Ah, my little friend, if we had Blunderbuss Hall here, I could show you a range of ancestry in the O'Trigger line that would furnish the New Room—every one of whom had killed his man!—For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipt through my fingers, I thank God our honor and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.

ACRES. O Sir Lucius! I have had ancestors too!—every man of 'em colonel or captain in the militia!—Odds balls and barrels! say no more—I'm braced for it—my nerves are become catgut! my sinews wire! and my heart pinchbeck! The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast:—Z—ds! as the man in the play says, "I could do such deeds!"

SIR LUCIUS. Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case—these things should always be done civilly.

ACRES. I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius—I must be in a rage.—Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper.—[*Sits down to write*] I would the ink were red!—Indite, I say, indite!—How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good *bold hand*, however.

SIR LUCIUS. Pray compose yourself.

ACRES. Come—now shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a "damme."

SIR LUCIUS. Pho! pho! do the thing *decently*, and like a Christian. Begin now—"Sir"—

ACRES. That's too civil by half.

SIR LUCIUS. "To prevent the confusion that might arise."

ACRES. Well—

SIR LUCIUS. "From our both addressing the same lady,"

ACRES. Aye, there's the reason—"same lady"—Well?

SIR LUCIUS. "I shall expect the honor of your company."

ACRES. Z—ds! I'm not asking him to dinner.

SIR LUCIUS. Pray, be easy.

ACRES. Well then, "honor of your company."

SIR LUCIUS. "To settle our pretensions."

ACRES. Well.

SIR LUCIUS. Let me see—aye, King's-Mead-Fields will do—"in King's-Mead-Fields."

ACRES. So; that's done. Well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest—a hand and dagger—shall be the seal.

SIR LUCIUS. You see now this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

ACRES. Aye, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

SIR LUCIUS. Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time.—Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening if you can; then let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

ACRES. Very true.

SIR LUCIUS. So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening.—I would do myself the honor to carry your message; but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here who put a jest on me lately at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman to call him out.

ACRES. By my valor, I should like to see you fight first! Odds life! I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.

SIR LUCIUS. I shall be very proud of instructing you.—Well for the present—but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner.—Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished as your sword.

Exeunt severally.

ACT IV

SCENE I

ACRES' lodgings.

ACRES *and* DAVID.

DAVID. Then, by the mass, sir! I would do no such thing—ne'er a Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the kingdom should make me fight when I wa'n't so minded. Oons! what will the old lady say when she hears o't?

ACRES. Ah! David, if you had heard Sir Lucius!—Odds sparks and flames! he would have roused your valor.

DAVID. Not he, indeed. I hates such bloodthirsty cormorants. Look'ee, master; if you'd wanted a bout at boxing, quarter-staff, or short-staff, I should never be the man to bid you cry off; but for your curst sharps and snaps, I never knew any good come of 'em.

ACRES. But my *honor*, David—my *honor!* I must be very careful of my honor.

DAVID. Aye, by the mass! and I would be very careful of it; and I think in return my *honor* couldn't do less than to be very careful of *me*.

ACRES. Odds blades, David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honor!

DAVID. I say then, it would be but civil in *honor* never to risk the loss of the *gentleman*.—Look'ee, master, this *Honor* seems to me to be a marvellous false friend—aye, truly, a very courtier-like servant. Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank God, no one can say of me); well, my honor makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance.—So we fight. (Pleasant enough that!) Boh!—I kill him—(the more's my luck!). Now, pray who gets the profit of it?—why, my *honor*. But put the case that he kills me!—by the mass! I go to the worms and my honor whips over to my enemy.

ACRES. No, David—in that case, odds crowns and laurels! your honor follows you to the grave.

DAVID. Now, that's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

ACRES. Z—ds! David, you're a coward! —It doesn't become my valor to listen to you.—What, shall I disgrace my ancestors? —Think of that, David—think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

DAVID. Under favor, the surest way of not disgracing them is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look'ee now, master; to go to them in such haste—with an ounce of lead in your brains—I should think might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks, but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

ACRES. But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, *very* great danger, hey?—Odds life, people often fight without any mischief done!

DAVID. By the mass, I think 'tis ten to one against you!—Oons! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his d—n'd double-barrelled swords, and cut-and-thrust pistols! Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think o't—Those be such desperate, bloody-minded weapons! Well, I never could abide 'em!—from a child I never could fancy 'em!—I suppose there an't so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol!

ACRES. Z—ds! I *won't* be afraid! Odds fire and fury! you shan't make me afraid.—Here is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend Jack Absolute to carry it for me.

DAVID. Aye, i' the name of mischief, let *him* be the messenger.—For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to't for the best horse in your stable. By the mass! it don't look like another letter! It is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter! and I warrant smells of gunpowder like a soldier's pouch!—Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off!

ACRES. Out, you poltroon! you ha'n't the valor of a grasshopper.

DAVID. Well, I say no more—'twill be sad news, to be sure, at Clod Hall!—but I ha' done. How Phillis will howl when she hears of it!—Aye, poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her master's going after! And I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honor, field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born.

Whimpering.

ACRES. It won't do, David—I am determined to fight—so get along, you coward, while I'm in the mind.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT. Captain Absolute, sir.

ACRES. Oh! show him up. *Exit Servant.*

DAVID. Well, Heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

ACRES. What's that!—Don't provoke me, David!

DAVID. Good-bye, master.

Whimpering.

ACRES. Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven! *Exit* DAVID.

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

ABSOLUTE. What's the matter, Bob?

ACRES. A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead! If I hadn't the valor of St. George and the dragon to boot—

ABSOLUTE. But what did you want with me, Bob?

ACRES. Oh!—there—

Gives him the challenge.

ABSOLUTE. "To Ensign Beverley."—[*Aside*] So—what's going on now?—[*Aloud*] Well, what's this?

ACRES. A challenge!

ABSOLUTE. Indeed! Why, you won't fight him, will you, Bob?

ACRES. Egad, but I will, Jack. Sir Lucius has wrought me to it. He has left me full of rage—and I'll fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted.

ABSOLUTE. But what have I to do with this?

ACRES. Why, as I think you know something of this fellow, I want you to find him out for me and give him this mortal *defiance*.

ABSOLUTE. Well, give it to me, and trust me he gets it.

ACRES. Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

ABSOLUTE. Not in the least—I beg you won't mention it. No trouble in the world, I assure you.

ACRES. You are very kind.—What it is to have a friend! You couldn't be my second, could you, Jack?

ABSOLUTE. Why no, Bob—not in *this* affair—it would not be quite so proper.

ACRES. Well, then, I must fix on my

friend Sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack?

ABSOLUTE. Whenever he meets you, believe me.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT. Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the captain.

ABSOLUTE. I'll come instantly.—[*Going*] Well, my little hero, success attend you.

ACRES. Stay—stay, Jack.—If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him I am a devil of a fellow—will you, Jack?

ABSOLUTE. To be sure I shall. I'll say you are a determined dog—hey, Bob?

ACRES. Aye, do, do—and if that frightens him, egad, perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a week; will you, Jack?

ABSOLUTE. I will, I will; I'll say you are called in the country "Fighting Bob."

ACRES. Right—right—'tis all to prevent mischief; for I don't want to take his life if I clear my honor.

ABSOLUTE. No!—that's very kind of you.

ACRES. Why, you don't wish me to kill him—do you, Jack?

ABSOLUTE. No, upon my soul, I do not. [*Going*] But "a devil of a fellow," hey?

ACRES. True, true;—but stay—stay Jack! You may add, that you never saw me in such a rage before—a most devouring rage!

ABSOLUTE. I will, I will.

ACRES. Remember, Jack—a determined dog!

ABSOLUTE. Aye, aye—"Fighting Bob!"

Exeunt severally.

SCENE II

MRS. MALAPROP'S *lodgings.*

MRS. MALAPROP *and* LYDIA.

MRS. MALAPROP. Why, thou perverse one!—tell me what you can object to him! Isn't he a handsome man?—tell me that. A genteel man? a pretty figure of a man?

LYDIA. [*Aside*] She little thinks whom she is praising!—So is Beverley, ma'am.

MRS. MALAPROP. No caparisons, miss, if you please. Caparisons don't become a young woman. No! Captain Absolute is indeed a fine gentleman!

LYDIA. [*Aside*] Aye, the Captain Absolute *you* have seen.

MRS. MALAPROP. Then he's *so* well bred —*so* full of alacrity and adulation!—and has so *much* to say for himself—in such good language, too! His physiognomy so grammatical! Then, his presence is so noble! I protest, when I saw him, I thought of what Hamlet says in the play:—"Hesperian curls —the front of *Job* himself!—An eye, like March, to threaten at command!—A station, like Harry Mercury, new—" Something about kissing—on a hill—however, the similitude struck me directly.

LYDIA. [*Aside*] How enraged she'll be presently when she discovers her mistake!

Enter Servant.

SERVANT. Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute are below, ma'am.

MRS. MALAPROP. Show them up here.—*Exit Servant.* Now, Lydia, I insist on your behaving as becomes a young woman. Show your good breeding, at least, though you have forgot your duty.

LYDIA. Madam, I have told you my resolution; I shall not only give him no encouragement, but I won't even speak to or look at him.

Flings herself into a chair, with her face from the door.

Enter SIR ANTHONY *and* ABSOLUTE.

SIR ANTHONY. Here we are, Mrs. Malaprop—come to mitigate the frowns of unrelenting beauty,—and difficulty enough I had to bring this fellow.—I don't know what's the matter, but if I hadn't held him by force, he'd have given me the slip.

MRS. MALAPROP. You have infinite trouble, Sir Anthony, in the affair. I am ashamed for the cause! [*Aside to her*] Lydia, Lydia! rise, I beseech you!—pay your respects!

SIR ANTHONY. I hope, madam, that Miss Languish has reflected on the worth of this gentleman and the regard due to her aunt's choice and *my* alliance.—[*Aside to him*] Now, Jack, speak to her!

ABSOLUTE. [*Aside*] What the d—l shall I do! [*Apart*] You see, sir, she won't even look at me whilst you are here. I knew she

wouldn't! I told you so. Let me entreat you, sir, to leave us together!

ABSOLUTE *seems to expostulate with his father.*

LYDIA. [*Aside*] I wonder I ha'n't heard my aunt exclaim yet! sure, she can't have looked at him!—Perhaps their regimentals are alike and she is something blind.

SIR ANTHONY. I say, sir, I won't stir a foot yet!

MRS. MALAPROP. I am sorry to say, Sir Anthony, that my affluence over my niece is very small.—[*Aside to her*] Turn round, Lydia; I blush for you!

SIR ANTHONY. May I not flatter myself that Miss Languish will assign what cause of dislike she can have to my son?—[*Aside to him*] Why don't you begin, Jack?—Speak, you puppy—speak!

MRS. MALAPROP. It is impossible, Sir Anthony, she can have any. She will not *say* she has.—[*Aside to her*] Answer, hussy! why don't you answer?

SIR ANTHONY. Then, madam, I trust that a childish and hasty predilection will be no bar to Jack's happiness.—[*Aside to him*] Z—ds! sirrah! why don't you speak?

LYDIA. [*Aside*] I think my lover seems as little inclined to conversation as myself.—How strangely blind my aunt is!

ABSOLUTE. Hem! hem! madam—hem!—[ABSOLUTE *attempts to speak, then returns to* SIR ANTHONY] Faith! sir, I am so confounded!—and—so—so—confused!—I told you I should be so, sir—I knew it.—The—the—tremor of my passion entirely takes away my presence of mind.

SIR ANTHONY. But it don't take away your voice, fool, does it?—Go up, and speak to her directly!

ABSOLUTE *makes signs to* MRS. MALAPROP *to leave them together.*

MRS. MALAPROP. Sir Anthony, shall we leave them together?—[*Aside to her*] Ah! you stubborn little vixen!

SIR ANTHONY. Not yet, ma'am, not yet!—[*Aside to him*] What the d—l are you at? unlock your jaws, sirrah, or—

ABSOLUTE *draws near* LYDIA.

ABSOLUTE. [*Aside*] Now Heav'n send she may be too sullen to look round!—I must disguise my voice.—[*Speaks in a low, hoarse tone*] Will not Miss Languish lend an ear to the mild accents of true love? Will not—

SIR ANTHONY. [*Apart*] What the d—l ails the fellow? why don't you speak out?—not stand croaking like a frog in a quinsy!

ABSOLUTE. The—the—excess of my awe, and my—my—modesty quite choke me!

SIR ANTHONY. Ah! your *modesty* again!—I'll tell you what, Jack, if you don't speak out directly, and glibly too, I shall be in such a rage!—Mrs. Malaprop, I wish the lady would favor us with something more than a side-front.

MRS. MALAPROP *seems to chide* LYDIA.

ABSOLUTE. So!—all will out, I see!—[*Goes up to* LYDIA, *speaks softly*] Be not surprised, my Lydia; suppress all surprise at present.

LYDIA. [*Aside*] Heav'ns! 'tis Beverley's voice! Sure he can't have imposed on Sir Anthony too!—[*Looks round by degrees, then starts up*] Is this possible!—my Beverley!—how can this be?—my Beverley?

ABSOLUTE. [*Aside*] Ah! 'tis all over.

SIR ANTHONY. Beverley!—the devil—Beverley!—What can the girl mean?—This is my son, Jack Absolute.

MRS. MALAPROP. For shame, hussy! for shame! your head runs so on that fellow that you have him always in your eyes! Beg Captain Absolute's pardon directly.

LYDIA. I see no Captain Absolute, but my loved Beverley!

SIR ANTHONY. Z—ds! the girl's mad!—her brain's turned by reading.

MRS. MALAPROP. O' my conscience, I believe so!—What do you mean by Beverley, hussy? You saw Captain Absolute before to-day; there he is—your husband that shall be.

LYDIA. With all my soul, ma'am—when I refuse my Beverley—

SIR ANTHONY. Oh! she's as mad as Bedlam!—or has this fellow been playing us a rogue's trick?—Come here, sirrah; who the d—l are you?

ABSOLUTE. Faith, sir, I am not quite clear myself; but I'll endeavor to recollect.

SIR ANTHONY. Are you my son or not?—answer for your mother, you dog, if you won't for me.

MRS. MALAPROP. Aye, sir, who are you?—O mercy! I begin to suspect!—

ABSOLUTE. [*Aside*] Ye Powers of impudence, befriend me!—Sir Anthony, most

assuredly I am your wife's son; and that I sincerely believe myself to be *yours* also, I hope my duty has always shown.—Mrs. Malaprop, I am your most respectful admirer and shall be proud to add *affectionate nephew.*—I need not tell my Lydia that she sees her faithful Beverley who, knowing the singular generosity of her temper, assumed that name and a station which has proved a test of the most disinterested love, which he now hopes to enjoy in a more elevated character.

LYDIA. [*Sullenly*] So—there will be no elopement after all!

SIR ANTHONY. Upon my soul, Jack, thou art a very impudent fellow! To do you justice, I think I never saw a piece of more consummate assurance!

ABSOLUTE. Oh, you flatter me, sir—you compliment—'tis my *modesty*, you know, sir—my *modesty* that has stood in my way.

SIR ANTHONY. Well, I am glad you are not the dull, insensible varlet you pretended to be, however!—I'm glad you have made a fool of your father, you dog—I am. So this was your *penitence*, your *duty* and *obedience!*—I thought it was d—n'd sudden!—"You never heard their names before," not you!—"What Languishes of Worcestershire," hey?—"if you could please me in the affair, 'twas all you desired!"—Ah! you dissembling villain!—What! [*Pointing to* LYDIA] "She squints, don't she?—a little red-haired girl!"—hey?—Why, you hypocritical young rascal!—I wonder you a'n't ashamed to hold up your head!

ABSOLUTE. 'Tis with difficulty, sir.—I *am* confused—very much confused, as you must perceive.

MRS. MALAPROP. O lud! Sir Anthony!—a new light breaks in upon me!—hey!—how! what! Captain, did *you* write the letters then?—What—I am to thank *you* for the elegant compilation of "an old weather-beaten she-dragon"—hey?—O mercy!—was it *you* that reflected on my parts of speech?

ABSOLUTE. Dear sir! my modesty will be overpowered at last if you don't assist me.—I shall certainly not be able to stand it!

SIR ANTHONY. Come, come, Mrs. Malaprop, we must forget and forgive;—odds life! matters have taken so clever a turn all of a sudden that I could find in my heart to be so good-humored! and so gallant!—hey, Mrs. Malaprop?

MRS. MALAPROP. Well, Sir Anthony, since *you* desire it, we will not anticipate the past;—so mind, young people—our retrospection will now be all to the future.

SIR ANTHONY. Come, we must leave them together; Mrs. Malaprop, they long to fly into each other's arms, I warrant!—Jack, isn't the *cheek* as I said, hey?—and the eye, you dog?—and the lip—hey? Come, Mrs. Malaprop, we'll not disturb their tenderness—theirs is the time of life for happiness!—[*Sings*] "Youth's the season made for joy"—hey!—Odds life! I'm in such spirits,—I don't know what I couldn't do!—Permit me, ma'am—[*Gives his hand to* MRS. MALAPROP. *Sings*] Tol-de-rol—'gad, I should like a little fooling myself—Tol-de-rol! de-rol.

Exit singing, and handing MRS. MALAPROP.

LYDIA *sits sullenly in her chair.*

ABSOLUTE. [*Aside*] So much thought bodes me no good.—So grave, Lydia?

LYDIA. Sir!

ABSOLUTE. [*Aside*] So!—egad! I thought as much!—that d—n'd monosyllable has froze me!—What, Lydia, now that we are as happy in our *friends' consent*, as in our *mutual vows*—

LYDIA. [*Peevishly*] *Friends' consent indeed!*

ABSOLUTE. Come, come, we must lay aside some of our romance—a little *wealth* and *comfort* may be endured, after all. And for your fortune, the lawyers shall make such settlements as—

LYDIA. *Lawyers!* I *hate* lawyers!

ABSOLUTE. Nay then, we will not wait for their lingering forms, but instantly procure the licence, and—

LYDIA. The *licence!*—I *hate* licence!

ABSOLUTE. O my love! *be* not so unkind!—[*Kneeling*] Thus let me intreat—

LYDIA. Pshaw!—what signifies kneeling when you know I *must* have you?

ABSOLUTE. [*Rising*] Nay, madam, there shall be no constraint upon your inclinations, I promise you.—If I have lost your *heart*—I resign the rest.—[*Aside*] 'Gad, I must try what a little *spirit* will do.

LYDIA. [*Rising*] Then, sir, let me tell you, the interest you had there was acquired by a mean, unmanly imposition, and deserves the punishment of fraud.—What, you have

been treating *me* like a *child!*—humoring my romance! and laughing, I suppose, at your success!

ABSOLUTE. You wrong me, Lydia, you wrong me—only hear—

LYDIA. So, while *I* fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flattered myself that I should outwit and incense them *all*—[*Walking about in heat*] behold! my hopes are to be crushed at once, by my aunt's consent and approbation—and *I* am *myself* the only dupe at last!—

ABSOLUTE. Nay, but hear me—

LYDIA. No, sir, you could not think that such paltry artifices could please me when the mask was thrown off! But I suppose since your tricks have made you secure of my *fortune*, you are little solicitous about my *affections*.—But here, sir, here is the picture—Beverley's picture! [*Taking a miniature from her bosom*] which I have worn night and day, in spite of threats and entreaties!—There, sir; [*Flings it to him*] and be assured I throw the original from my heart as easily!

ABSOLUTE. Nay, nay, ma'am, we will not differ as to that.—Here [*Taking out a picture*], *here* is Miss Lydia Languish.—What a difference!—aye, *there* is the heav'nly, assenting smile that first gave soul and spirit to my hopes!—those are the lips which sealed a vow, as yet scarce dry in Cupid's calendar! and *there* the *half* resentful blush, that *would* have checked the ardor of my thanks!—Well, all that's past—all over indeed!—There, madam—in *beauty*, that copy is not equal to you, but in my mind its merit over the original, in being still the same, is such—that—I cannot find in my heart to *part with it.* [*Puts it up again*].

LYDIA. [*Softening*] 'Tis *your own* doing, sir—I, I, I suppose you are perfectly satisfied.

ABSOLUTE. Oh, most certainly—sure, now this is much better than being in love!—ha! ha! ha!—there's some spirit in *this!*—What signifies breaking some scores of solemn promises—half an hundred vows, under one's hand, with the marks of a dozen or two angels to witness—all that's of no consequence, you know. To be sure, people will say, "That miss didn't know her own mind"—but never mind that.—Or, perhaps, they may be ill-natured enough to hint that the gentleman grew tired of the lady and forsook her—but don't let that fret you.

LYDIA. There is no bearing his insolence.

Bursts into tears.

Enter MRS. MALAPROP *and* SIR ANTHONY.

MRS. MALAPROP. [*Entering*] Come, we must interrupt your billing and cooing a while.

LYDIA. [*Sobbing*] *This* is *worse* than your treachery and deceit, you base ingrate!

SIR ANTHONY. What the devil's the matter now?—Z—ds! Mrs. Malaprop, this is the *oddest billing* and *cooing* I ever heard!—but what the deuce is the meaning of it?—I am quite astonished!

ABSOLUTE. Ask the lady, sir.

MRS. MALAPROP. O mercy!—I'm quite analyzed for my part!—Why, Lydia, what is the reason of this?

LYDIA. Ask the *gentleman*, ma'am.

SIR ANTHONY. Z—ds! I shall be in a frenzy!—Why, Jack, you scoundrel, you are not come out to be any one else, are you?

MRS. MALAPROP. Aye, sir—there's no more *trick*, is there?—you are not like Cerberus—*three* gentlemen at once, are you?

ABSOLUTE. You'll not let me speak.—I say the *lady* can account for *this* much better than I can.

LYDIA. Ma'am, you once commanded me never to think of Beverley again. *There* is the man—I now obey you; for from this moment I renounce him forever

Exit LYDIA.

MRS. MALAPROP. O mercy! and miracles! what a turn here is—Why sure, captain, you haven't behaved disrespectfully to my niece?

SIR ANTHONY. Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—now I see it. Ha! ha! ha!—now I see it—you have been too lively, Jack.

ABSOLUTE. Nay, sir, upon my word—

SIR ANTHONY. Come, no lying, Jack—I'm sure *'twas* so.

MRS. MALAPROP. O lud! Sir Anthony!—O fie, captain!

ABSOLUTE. Upon my soul, ma'am—

SIR ANTHONY. Come, no excuse, Jack; why, your father, you rogue, was so before you!—the blood of the Absolutes was always impatient.—Ha! ha! ha! poor little Lydia! why, you've frightened her, you dog, you have.

ABSOLUTE. By all that's good, sir—

SIR ANTHONY. Z—ds! say no more, I tell you. Mrs. Malaprop shall make your peace. You must make his peace, Mrs. Malaprop; you must tell her 'tis Jack's way—tell her 'tis all our ways—it runs in the blood of our family! Come, get on, Jack. Ha! ha! ha! —Mrs. Malaprop—a young villain!

Pushing him out.

MRS. MALAPROP. O! Sir Anthony!—O fie, captain! *Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III

The North Parade.

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

SIR LUCIUS. I wonder where this Captain Absolute hides himself! Upon my conscience, these officers are always in one's way in love affairs!—I remember I might have married Lady Dorothy Carmine if it had not been for a little rogue of a major, who ran away with her before she could get a sight of me! And I wonder too what it is the ladies can see in them to be so fond of them—unless it be a touch of the old serpent in 'em, that makes the little creatures be caught, like vipers, with a bit of red cloth. Hah! isn't this the captain coming?—faith it is!—There is a probability of succeeding about that fellow, that is mighty provoking! Who the devil is he talking to? *Steps aside.*

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

ABSOLUTE. To what fine purpose I have been plotting! a noble reward for all my schemes, upon my soul!—a little gipsy!—I did not think her romance could have made her so d—ned absurd either. 'Sdeath, I never was in a worse humor in my life!—I could cut my own throat or any other person's with the greatest pleasure in the world!

SIR LUCIUS. [*Aside*] Oh, faith! I'm in the luck of it. I never could have found him in a sweeter temper for my purpose—to be sure, I'm just come in the nick! Now to enter into conversation with him, and so quarrel genteelly. [SIR LUCIUS *goes up to* ABSOLUTE]—With regard to that matter, captain, I must beg leave to differ in opinion with you.

ABSOLUTE. Upon my word, then, you must be a very subtle disputant—because, sir, I happened just then to be giving no opinion at all.

SIR LUCIUS. That's no reason. For give me leave to tell you, a man may *think* an untruth as well as *speak* one.

ABSOLUTE. Very true, sir, but if a man never utters his thoughts, I should think they *might* stand a chance of escaping controversy.

SIR LUCIUS. Then, sir, you differ in opinion with me, which amounts to the same thing.

ABSOLUTE. Hark'ee, Sir Lucius: if I had not before known you to be a gentleman, upon my soul, I should not have discovered it at this interview; for what you can drive at, unless you mean to quarrel with me, I cannot conceive!

SIR LUCIUS. I humbly thank you, sir, for the quickness of your apprehension—[*Bowing*] You have named the very thing I would be at.

ABSOLUTE. Very well, sir; I shall certainly not balk your inclinations.—But I should be glad you would please to explain your motives.

SIR LUCIUS. Pray, sir, be easy—the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands—we should only spoil it by trying to explain it.—However, your memory is very short, or you could not have forgot an affront you passed on me within this week. So no more, but name your time and place.

ABSOLUTE. Well, sir, since you are so bent on it, the sooner the better; let it be this evening—here, by the Spring Gardens.—We shall scarcely be interrupted.

SIR LUCIUS. Faith! that same interruption in affairs of this nature shows very great ill-breeding. I don't know what's the reason, but in England, if a thing of this kind gets wind, people make such a pother that a gentleman can never fight in peace and quietness. However, if it's the same to you, captain, I should take it as a particular kindness if you'd let us meet in King's-Mead-Fields, as a little business will call me there about six o'clock and I may dispatch both matters at once.

ABSOLUTE. 'Tis the same to me exactly. A little after six, then, we will discuss this matter more seriously.

SIR LUCIUS. If you please, sir; there will be very pretty small-sword light, tho' it won't do for a long shot. So that matter's settled and my mind's at ease! *Exit.*

Enter FAULKLAND *meeting* ABSOLUTE.

ABSOLUTE. Well met—I was going to look for you. O Faulkland! all the demons of spite and disappointment have conspired against me! I'm so vexed that if I had not the prospect of a resource in being knocked o' the head by and by, I should scarce have spirits to tell you the cause.

FAULKLAND. What can you mean?—Has Lydia changed her mind?—I should have thought her duty and inclination would now have pointed to the same object.

ABSOLUTE. Aye, just as the eyes do of a person who squints. When her *love-eye* was fixed on *me*, t'other—her eye of *duty*—was finely obliqued. But when duty bid her point *that* the same way, off t'other turned on a swivel and secured its retreat with a frown!

FAULKLAND. But what's the resource you—

ABSOLUTE. Oh, to wind up the whole, a good-natured Irishman here has—[*Mimicking* SIR LUCIUS] begged leave to have the pleasure of cutting my throat—and I mean to indulge him—that's all.

FAULKLAND. Prithee, be serious!

ABSOLUTE. 'Tis fact, upon my soul! Sir Lucius O'Trigger—you know him by sight—for some affront, which I am sure I never intended, has obliged me to meet him this evening at six o'clock. 'Tis on that account I wished to see you—you must go with me.

FAULKLAND. Nay, there must be some mistake, sure.—Sir Lucius shall explain himself—and I dare say matters may be accommodated. But this evening did you say? I wish it had been any other time.

ABSOLUTE. Why? there will be light enough; there will (as Sir Lucius says) "be very pretty small-sword light, tho' it won't do for a long shot." Confound his long shots!

FAULKLAND. But I am myself a good deal ruffled by a difference I have had with Julia—my vile, tormenting temper has made me treat her so cruelly that I shall not be myself till we are reconciled.

ABSOLUTE. By heav'ns, Faulkland, you don't deserve her!

Enter Servant, gives FAULKLAND *a letter.*

FAULKLAND. Oh, Jack! this is from Julia! I dread to open it—I fear it may be to take a last leave—perhaps to bid me return her letters—and restore—Oh, how I suffer for my folly!

ABSOLUTE. Here, let me see.—[*Takes the letter and opens it.*] Aye, a final sentence, indeed!—'tis all over with you, faith!

FAULKLAND. Nay, Jack, don't keep me in suspense!

ABSOLUTE. Hear then—"As I am convinced that my dear Faulkland's own reflections have already upbraided him for his last unkindness to me, I will not add a word on the subject. I wish to speak with you as soon as possible. Yours ever and truly, Julia." There's stubbornness and resentment for you!—[*Gives him the letter.*] Why, man, you don't seem one whit happier at this!

FAULKLAND. Oh, yes, I am; but—but—

ABSOLUTE. Confound your *buts*.—You never hear anything that would make another man bless himself, but you immediately d—n it with a *but*.

FAULKLAND. Now, Jack, as you are my friend, own honestly; don't you think there is something forward—something indelicate in this haste to forgive? Women should never sue for reconciliation; *that* should *always* come from us. *They* should retain their coldness till *wooed* to kindness; and their *pardon*, like their love, should "not unsought be won."

ABSOLUTE. I have not patience to listen to you—thou'rt incorrigible! so say no more on the subject. I must go to settle a few matters. Let me see you before six—remember—at my lodgings.—A poor industrious devil like me, who have toiled and drudged and plotted to gain my ends, and am at last disappointed by other people's folly—may in pity be allowed to swear and grumble a little;—but a captious sceptic in love—a slave to fretfulness and whim—who has no difficulties but of *his own* creating—is a subject more fit for ridicule than compassion! *Exit* ABSOLUTE.

FAULKLAND. I feel his reproaches!—yet I would not change this too exquisite nicety for the gross content with which *he* tramples on the thorns of love.—His engaging me in this duel has started an idea in my head which I will instantly pursue.—I'll use it as the touchstone of Julia's sincerity and disinterestedness. If her love prove pure and

sterling ore, my name will rest on it with honor! and once I've stamped it there, I lay aside my doubts forever. But if the dross of selfishness, the alloy of pride predominate, 'twill be best to leave her as a toy for some less cautious fool to sigh for!

Exit FAULKLAND.

ACT V

SCENE I

JULIA'S *dressing-room.*

JULIA, *sola.*

JULIA. How this message has alarmed me! What dreadful accident can he mean? why such charge to be alone?—O Faulkland!—how many unhappy moments!—how many tears, have you cost me!

Enter FAULKLAND, *muffled up in a riding-coat.*

JULIA. What means this?—why this caution, Faulkland?

FAULKLAND. Alas! Julia, I am come to take a long farewell.

JULIA. Heav'ns! what do you mean?

FAULKLAND. You see before you a wretch whose life is forfeited. Nay, start not!—the infirmity of my temper has drawn all this misery on me.—I left you fretful and passionate—an untoward accident drew me into a quarrel—the event is, that I must fly this kingdom instantly. O Julia, had I been so fortunate as to have called you mine entirely before this mischance had fallen on me, I should not so deeply dread my banishment!—But no more of that—your heart and promise were given to one happy in friends, character, and station! They are not bound to wait upon a solitary, guilty exile.

JULIA. My soul is oppressed with sorrow at the *nature* of your misfortune. Had these adverse circumstances arisen from a less fatal cause, I should have felt strong comfort in the thought that I could *now* chase from your bosom every doubt of the warm sincerity of my love.—My heart has long known no other guardian—I now entrust my person to your honor—we will fly together. When safe from pursuit, my father's will may be fulfilled—and I receive a legal claim to be the partner of your sorrows and tenderest comforter. Then on the bosom of your wedded Julia, you may lull your keen regret to slumbering, while virtuous love, with a cherub's hand, shall smoothe the brow of upbraiding thought, and pluck the thorn from compunction.

FAULKLAND. O Julia, I am bankrupt in gratitude! but the time is so pressing, it calls on you for so hasty a resolution.—Would you not wish some hours to weigh the advantages you forego, and what little compensation poor Faulkland can make you beside his solitary love?

JULIA. I ask not a moment. No, Faulkland, I have loved you for yourself; and if I now, more than ever, prize the solemn engagement which so long has pledged us to each other, it is because it leaves no room for hard aspersions on my fame and puts the seal of duty to an act of love.—But let us not linger!—Perhaps this delay—

FAULKLAND. 'Twill be better I should not venture out again till dark.—Yet am I grieved to think what numberless distresses will press heavy on your gentle disposition!

JULIA. Perhaps your fortune may be forfeited by this unhappy act.—I know not whether 'tis so, but sure that alone can never make us unhappy. The little I have will be sufficient to *support* us; and *exile* never should be splendid.

FAULKLAND. Aye, but in such an abject state of life, my wounded pride perhaps may increase the natural fretfulness of my temper till I become a rude, morose companion, beyond your patience to endure. Perhaps the recollection of a deed my conscience cannot justify, may haunt me in such gloomy and unsocial fits that I shall hate the tenderness that would relieve me, break from your arms, and quarrel with your fondness!

JULIA. If your thoughts should assume so unhappy a bent, you will the more want some mild and affectionate spirit to watch over and console you—one who, by bearing *your* infirmities with gentleness and resignation, may teach you so to bear the evils of your fortune.

FAULKLAND. O Julia, I have proved you to the quick! and with this useless device I throw away all my doubts. How shall I plead to be forgiven this last unworthy effect of my restless, unsatisfied disposition?

JULIA. Has no such disaster happened as you related?

FAULKLAND. I am ashamed to own that it was all pretended; yet in pity, Julia, do not kill me with resenting a fault which never can be repeated; but sealing, this once, my pardon, let me to-morrow, in the face of Heaven, receive my future guide and monitress and expiate my past folly by years of tender adoration.

JULIA. Hold, Faulkland!—that you are free from a crime which I before feared to name, Heaven knows how sincerely I rejoice! —These are tears of thankfulness for that! But that your cruel doubts should have urged you to an imposition that has wrung my heart, gives me now a pang more keen than I can express.

FAULKLAND. By heav'ns, Julia—

JULIA. Yet hear me.—My father loved you, Faulkland! and you preserved the life that tender parent gave me; in his presence I pledged my hand—*joyfully* pledged it—where before I had given my heart. When, soon after, I lost that parent, it seemed to me that Providence had, in Faulkland, shown me whither to transfer, without a pause, my grateful duty as well as my affection; hence I have been content to bear from you what pride and delicacy would have forbid me from another. I will not upbraid you by repeating how you have trifled with my sincerity—

FAULKLAND. I confess it all! yet hear—

JULIA. After such a year of trial, I might have flattered myself that I should not have been insulted with a new probation of my sincerity as cruel as unnecessary—a trick of such a nature, as to show me plainly that when I thought you loved me best, you even then regarded me as a mean dissembler—an artful, prudent hypocrite.

FAULKLAND. Never! never!

JULIA. I now see it is not in your nature to be content or confident in love. With this conviction, I never will be yours. While I had hopes that my persevering attention and unreproaching kindness might in time reform your temper, I should have been happy to have gained a dearer influence over you; but I will not furnish you with a licensed power to keep alive an incorrigible fault, at the expense of one who never would contend with you.

FAULKLAND. Nay, but Julia—by my soul and honor, if after this—

JULIA. But one word more.—As my faith has once been given to you, I never will barter it with another.—I shall pray for your happiness with the truest sincerity, and the dearest blessing I can ask of Heaven to send you will be to charm you from that unhappy temper which alone has prevented the performance of our solemn engagement.—All I request of *you* is, that you will yourself reflect upon this infirmity, and when you number up the many true delights it has deprived you of, let it not be your *least* regret, that it lost you the love of one who would have followed you in beggary through the world! *Exit.*

FAULKLAND. She's gone — forever! — There was an awful resolution in her manner that riveted me to my place.—O fool!—dolt—barbarian! Cursed as I am with more imperfections than my fellow-wretches, kind Fortune sent a heaven-gifted cherub to my aid, and, like a ruffian, I have driven her from my side!—I must now haste to my appointment. Well my mind is tuned for such a scene. I shall wish only to become a principal in it, and reverse the tale my cursed folly put me upon forging here.—O Love —tormenter—fiend!—whose influence, like the moon's, acting on men of dull souls, makes idiots of them, but meeting subtler spirits, betrays their course, and urges sensibility to madness! *Exit.*

Enter Maid and LYDIA.

MAID. My mistress, ma'am, I know, was here just now—perhaps she is only in the next room. *Exit Maid.*

LYDIA. Heigh ho! Though he has used me so, this fellow runs strangely in my head. I believe one lecture from my grave cousin will make me recall him.

Enter JULIA.

LYDIA. O Julia, I have come to you with such an appetite for consolation.—Lud! child, what's the matter with you? You have been crying!—I'll be hanged, if that Faulkland has not been tormenting you.

JULIA. You mistake the cause of my uneasiness. Something *has* flurried me a little —nothing that you can guess at.—[*Aside*] I would not accuse Faulkland to a sister!

LYDIA. Ah! whatever vexations you may

have, I can assure you mine surpass them. You know who Beverley proves to be?

JULIA. I will now own to you, Lydia, that Mr. Faulkland had before informed me of the whole affair. Had young Absolute been the person you took him for, I should not have accepted your confidence on the subject without a serious endeavor to counteract your caprice.

LYDIA. So! then I see I have been deceived by every one! But I don't care—I'll never have him.

JULIA. Nay, Lydia—

LYDIA. Why, is it not provoking, when I thought we were coming to the prettiest distress imaginable, to find myself made a mere Smithfield bargain of at last? There had I projected one of the most sentimental elopements—so becoming a disguise—so amiable a ladder of ropes!—conscious moon—four horses—Scotch parson—with such surprise to Mrs. Malaprop—and such paragraphs in the newspapers!—Oh, I shall die with disappointment!

JULIA. I don't wonder at it!

LYDIA. Now—sad reverse!—what have I to expect but, after a deal of flimsy preparation with a bishop's license and my aunt's blessing, to go simpering up to the altar; or perhaps be cried three times in a country-church, and have an unmannerly, fat clerk ask the consent of every butcher in the parish to join John Absolute and Lydia Languish, spinster! Oh, that I should live to hear myself called spinster!

JULIA. Melancholy, indeed!

LYDIA. How mortifying, to remember the dear delicious shifts I used to be put to, to gain half a minute's conversation with this fellow!—How often have I stole forth, in the coldest night in January, and found him in the garden, stuck like a dripping statue! There would he kneel to me in the snow, and sneeze and cough so pathetically—he shivering with cold, and I with apprehension! And while the freezing blast numbed our joints, how warmly would he press me to pity his flame, and glow with mutual ardor!—Ah, Julia, that was something like being in love.

JULIA. If I were in spirits, Lydia, I should chide you only by laughing heartily at you; but it suits more the situation of my mind at present earnestly to entreat you not to let a man who loves you with sincerity suffer that unhappiness from your *caprice*, which I know too well caprice can inflict.

LYDIA. O lud! what has brought my aunt here?

Enter MRS. MALAPROP, FAG, *and* DAVID.

MRS. MALAPROP. So! so! here's fine work!—here's fine suicide, paracide, and salivation going on in the fields! and Sir Anthony not to be found to prevent the antistrophe!

JULIA. For Heaven's sake, madam, what's the meaning of this?

MRS. MALAPROP. That gentleman can tell you—'twas he enveloped the affair to me.

LYDIA. [*To* FAG] Do, sir, will you inform us?

FAG. Ma'am, I should hold myself very deficient in every requisite that forms the man of breeding if I delayed a moment to give all the information in my power to a lady so deeply interested in the affair as you are.

LYDIA. But quick!—quick, sir!

FAG. True, ma'am, as you say, one should be quick in divulging matters of this nature; for should we be tedious, perhaps while we are flourishing on the subject two or three lives may be lost!

LYDIA. O patience!—do, ma'am, for Heaven's sake! tell us what is the matter.

MRS. MALAPROP. Why, murder's the matter! slaughter's the matter! killing's the matter!—but he can tell you the perpendiculars.

LYDIA. Then, prithee, sir, be brief.

FAG. Why, then, ma'am, as to murder—I cannot take upon me to say; and as to slaughter or man-slaughter, that will be as the jury finds it.

LYDIA. But who, sir—who are engaged in this?

FAG. Faith, ma'am, one is a young gentleman whom I should be very sorry anything was to happen to—a very pretty behaved gentleman! We have lived much together, and always on terms.

LYDIA. But who is this?—who? who? who?

FAG. My master, ma'am—my master—I speak of my master.

LYDIA. Heavens! What, Captain Absolute.

MRS. MALAPROP. Oh, to be sure, you are frightened now!

JULIA. But who are with him, sir?

FAG. As to the rest, ma'am, his gentleman can inform you better than I.

JULIA. [*To* DAVID] Do speak, friend.

DAVID. Look'ee, my lady—by the mass! there's mischief going on. Folks don't use to meet for amusement with firearms, firelocks, fire-engines, fire-screens, fire-office, and the devil knows what other crackers beside!—This, my lady, I say, has an angry savor.

JULIA. But who is there beside Captain Absolute, friend?

DAVID. My poor master—under favor for mentioning him first. You know me, my lady—I am David—and my master of course is, or *was*, Squire Acres.—Then comes Squire Faulkland.

JULIA. Do, ma'am, let us instantly endeavor to prevent mischief.

MRS. MALAPROP. O fie! it would be very inelegant in us; we should only participate things.

DAVID. Ah! do, Mrs. Aunt, save a few lives—they are desperately given, believe me.—Above all, there is that bloodthirsty Philistine, Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

MRS. MALAPROP. Sir Lucius O'Trigger? O mercy! have they drawn poor little dear Sir Lucius into the scrape?—Why, how you stand, girl! you have no more feeling than one of the Derbyshire putrifactions!

LYDIA. What are we to do, madam?

MRS. MALAPROP. Why, fly with the utmost felicity, to be sure, to prevent mischief! —Here, friend, you can show us the place?

FAG. If you please, ma'am, I will conduct you.—David, do you look for Sir Anthony.

Exit DAVID.

MRS. MALAPROP. Come, girls! this gentleman will exhort us.—Come, sir, you're our envoy—lead the way, and we'll precede.

FAG. Not a step before the ladies, for the world!

MRS. MALAPROP. You're sure you know the spot?

FAG. I think I can find it, ma'am; and one good thing is, we shall hear the report of the pistols as we draw near, so we can't well miss them;—never fear, ma'am, never fear.

Exeunt, he talking.

SCENE II

South Parade.

Enter ABSOLUTE, *putting his sword under his great-coat.*

ABSOLUTE. A sword seen in the streets of Bath would raise as great an alarm as a mad-dog.—How provoking this is in Faulkland! —never punctual! I shall be obliged to go without him at last.—Oh, the devil! here's Sir Anthony! How shall I escape him? *Muffles up his face, and takes a circle to go off.*

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

SIR ANTHONY. How one may be deceived at a little distance! Only that I see he don't know me, I could have sworn that was Jack! —Hey! 'Gad's life! it is.—Why, Jack, you dog!—what are you afraid of? Hey—sure I'm right.—Why Jack, Jack Absolute!

Goes up to him.

ABSOLUTE. Really, sir, you have the advantage of me. I don't remember ever to have had the honor—my name is Saunderson, at your service.

SIR ANTHONY. Sir, I beg your pardon—I took you—hey!—why, z—ds! it is—Stay —[*Looks up to his face*] So, so—your humble servant, Mr. Saunderson! Why, you scoundrel, what tricks are you after now?

ABSOLUTE. Oh, a joke, sir, a joke! I came here on purpose to look for you, sir.

SIR ANTHONY. You did! well, I am glad you were so lucky. But what are you muffled up so for?—what's this for?—hey?

ABSOLUTE. 'Tis cool, sir, isn't it?—rather chilly somehow.—But I shall be late—I have a particular engagement.

SIR ANTHONY. Stay!—Why, I thought you were looking for me!—Pray, Jack, where is't you are going?

ABSOLUTE. Going, sir?

SIR ANTHONY. Aye, where are you going?

ABSOLUTE. Where am I going?

SIR ANTHONY. You unmannerly puppy!

ABSOLUTE. I was going, sir, to—to—to—to Lydia—sir, to Lydia—to make matters up if I could—and I was looking for you, sir, to—to—

SIR ANTHONY. To go with you, I suppose—Well, come along.

ABSOLUTE. Oh! z—ds! no, sir, not for the world!—I wished to meet with you, sir,—to—

to—to—You find it cool, I'm sure, sir—you'd better not stay out.

SIR ANTHONY. Cool!—not at all.—Well, Jack—and what will you say to Lydia?

ABSOLUTE. Oh, sir, beg her pardon, humor her—promise and vow; but I detain you, sir,—consider the cold air on your gout.

SIR ANTHONY. Oh, not at all!—not at all! I'm in no hurry.—Ah! Jack, you youngsters, when once you are wounded here.—[*Putting his hand to* ABSOLUTE'S *breast*] Hey! what the deuce have you got here?

ABSOLUTE. Nothing, sir—nothing.

SIR ANTHONY. What's this?—here's something d—d hard.

ABSOLUTE. Oh, trinkets, sir! trinkets!—a bauble for Lydia.

SIR ANTHONY. Nay, let me see your taste.—[*Pulls his coat open; the sword falls*] Trinkets! a bauble for Lydia!—z—ds! sirrah, you are not going to cut her throat, are you?

ABSOLUTE. Ha! ha! ha!—I thought it would divert you, sir, tho' I didn't mean to tell you till afterwards.

SIR ANTHONY. You didn't?—Yes, this is a very diverting trinket, truly!

ABSOLUTE. Sir, I'll explain to you.—You know, sir, Lydia is romantic—dev'lish romantic, and very absurd of course. Now, sir, I intend, if she refuses to forgive me, to unsheath this sword, and swear I'll fall upon its point, and expire at her feet!

SIR ANTHONY. Fall upon fiddlestick's end!—why, I suppose it is the very thing that would please her.—Get along, you fool!

ABSOLUTE. Well, sir, you shall hear of my success—you shall hear.—"O Lydia!—forgive me, or this pointed steel"—says I.

SIR ANTHONY. "O booby! stab away and welcome"—says she.—Get along! and d—n your trinkets! *Exit* ABSOLUTE.

Enter DAVID, *running.*

DAVID. Stop him! stop him! Murder! Thief! Fire!—Stop, fire! Stop, fire!—O Sir Anthony—call! call! bid 'em stop! Murder! Fire!

SIR ANTHONY. Fire! Murder!—Where?

DAVID. Oons! he's out of sight, and I'm out of breath for my part. O Sir Anthony, why didn't you stop him? why didn't you stop him?

SIR ANTHONY. Z—ds! the fellow's mad!—Stop whom? stop Jack?

DAVID. Aye, the captain, sir!—there's murder and slaughter—

SIR ANTHONY. Murder!

DAVID. Aye, please you, Sir Anthony, there's all kinds of murder, all sorts of slaughter to be seen in the fields; there's fighting going on, sir—bloody sword-and-gun fighting.

SIR ANTHONY. Who are going to fight, dunce?

DAVID. Everybody that I know of, Sir Anthony—everybody is going to fight; my poor master, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, your son, the captain—

SIR ANTHONY. Oh, the dog! I see his tricks.—Do you know the place?

DAVID. King's-Mead-Fields.

SIR ANTHONY. You know the way?

DAVID. Not an inch; but I'll call the mayor — aldermen — constables — churchwardens—and beadles; we can't be too many to part them.

SIR ANTHONY. Come along—give me your shoulder! we'll get assistance as we go—the lying villain!—Well, I shall be in such a frenzy!—So—this was the history of his d—d trinkets! I'll bauble him!

Exeunt.

SCENE III

King's-Mead-Fields.

Enter SIR LUCIUS *and* ACRES, *with pistols.*

ACRES. By my valor! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims!—I say it is a good distance.

SIR LUCIUS. Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me.—Stay now—I'll show you.—[*Measures paces along the stage*] There now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

ACRES. Z—ds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

SIR LUCIUS. Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

ACRES. No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty, or eight and thirty yards—

SIR LUCIUS. Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

ACRES. Odds bullets, no!—by my valor! there is no merit in killing him so near. Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot!—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

SIR LUCIUS. Well—the gentleman's friend and I must settle that.—But tell me now, Mr. Acres; in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

ACRES. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius, but I don't understand—

SIR LUCIUS. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

ACRES. A quietus!

SIR LUCIUS. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey? I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

ACRES. Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

SIR LUCIUS. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

ACRES. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

SIR LUCIUS. Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

ACRES. Odds files!—I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius—there. [*Puts himself in an attitude*] A side-front, hey? Odd! I'll make myself small enough; I'll stand edgeways.

SIR LUCIUS. Now—you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim—

Levelling at him.

ACRES. Z—ds! Sir Lucius—are you sure it is not cocked?

SIR LUCIUS. Never fear.

ACRES. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

SIR LUCIUS. Pho! be easy.—Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance—for if it misses a vital part of your right side—'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

ACRES. A vital part! Oh, my poor vitals!

SIR LUCIUS. But, there—fix yourself so—[*Placing him*] Let him see the broad-side of your full front—there!—now a ball or two may pass clear through your body, and never do any harm at all.

ACRES. Clear through me!—a ball or two clear through me!

SIR LUCIUS. Aye—may they—and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

ACRES. Look'ee! Sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valor! I will stand edge-ways.

SIR LUCIUS. [*Looking at his watch*] Sure they don't mean to disappoint us—Hah?—no, faith—I think I see them coming.

ACRES. Hey!—what!—coming?—

SIR LUCIUS. Aye.—Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

ACRES. There are two of them, indeed!—Well, let them come—hey, Sir Lucius?—we—we—we—we—won't run.

SIR LUCIUS. Run!

ACRES. No—I say—we *won't* run, by my valor!

SIR LUCIUS. What the devil's the matter with you?

ACRES. Nothing — nothing — my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

SIR LUCIUS. O fie!—consider your honor.

ACRES. Aye—true—my honor. Do, Sir Lucius, hedge in a word or two every now and then about my honor.

SIR LUCIUS. [*Looking*] Well, here they're coming.

ACRES. Sir Lucius—if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid.—If my valor should leave me!—Valor will come and go.

SIR LUCIUS. Then pray keep it fast while you have it.

ACRES. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes—my valor is certainly going!—it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

SIR LUCIUS. Your honor—your honor!—Here they are.

ACRES. O mercy!—now—that I were safe at Clod-Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter FAULKLAND *and* ABSOLUTE.

SIR LUCIUS. Gentlemen, your most obedient.—Hah!—what—Captain Absolute?—

So, I suppose, sir, you are come here, just like myself—to do a kind office, first for your friend—then to proceed to business on your own account.

ACRES. What, Jack!—my dear Jack!—my dear friend!

ABSOLUTE. Hark'ee, Bob, Beverley's at hand.

SIR LUCIUS. Well, Mr. Acres—I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly.—So, Mr. Beverley, [*To* FAULKLAND] if you'll choose your weapons, the captain and I will measure the ground.

FAULKLAND. *My* weapons, sir!

ACRES. Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends.

SIR LUCIUS. What, sir, did you not come here to fight Mr. Acres?

FAULKLAND. Not I, upon my word, sir.

SIR LUCIUS. Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game, you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting out.

ABSOLUTE. O pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

FAULKLAND. Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter—

ACRES. No, no, Mr. Faulkland; I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian.—Look'ee, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

SIR LUCIUS. Observe me, Mr. Acres.—I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody, and you came here to fight him. Now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him, I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

ACRES. Z—ds,—Sir Lucius—I tell you, 'tis one Beverley I've challenged—a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face! If *he* were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly!

ABSOLUTE. Hold, Bob—let me set you right; there is no such man as Beverley in the case.—The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

SIR LUCIUS. Well, this is lucky.—Now you have an opportunity—

ACRES. What, quarrel with my dear friend, Jack Absolute?—not if he were fifty Beverleys! Z—ds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me be so unnatural.

SIR LUCIUS. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valor has *oozed* away with a vengeance!

ACRES. Not in the least! Odds backs and abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart—and if you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I'll get you a "snug lying" in the "Abbey *here*"; or "pickle" you, and send you over to Blunderbuss Hall, or any of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

SIR LUCIUS. Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.

ACRES. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a *coward;* coward was the word, by my valor!

SIR LUCIUS. Well, sir?

ACRES. Look'ee, Sir Lucius; 'tisn't that I mind the word coward—*coward* may be said in joke. But if you had called me a *poltroon*, odds daggers and balls—

SIR LUCIUS. Well, sir?

ACRES.—I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

SIR LUCIUS. Pho! you are beneath my notice.

ABSOLUTE. Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres.—He is a most "determined dog"—called in the country "Fighting Bob."—He generally "kills a man a week"—don't you, Bob?

ACRES. Aye—at home!

SIR LUCIUS. Well, then, captain, 'tis we must begin; so come out, my little counsellor—[*Draws his sword*] and ask the gentleman whether he will resign the lady without forcing you to proceed against him.

ABSOLUTE. Come on then, sir [*Draws*]; since you won't let it be an amicable suit, here's *my reply*.

Enter Sir ANTHONY, DAVID, *and the Women.*

DAVID. Knock 'em all down, sweet Sir Anthony; knock down my master in particular, and bind his hands over to their good behavior.

SIR ANTHONY. Put up, Jack, put up, or I shall be in a frenzy.—How came you in a duel, sir?

ABSOLUTE. Faith, sir, that gentleman can tell you better than I; 'twas he called on me, and you know, sir, I serve his Majesty.

SIR ANTHONY. Here's a pretty fellow; I catch him going to cut a man's throat, and he tells me he serves his Majesty!—Z—ds sirrah, then how durst you draw the King's sword against one of his subjects?

ABSOLUTE. Sir! I tell you, that gentleman called me out without explaining his reasons.

SIR ANTHONY. 'Gad!—Sir, how came you to call my son out without explaining your reasons!

SIR LUCIUS. Your son, sir, insulted me in a manner which my honor could not brook.

SIR ANTHONY. Z—ds! Jack, how durst you insult the gentleman in a manner which his honor could not brook?

MRS. MALAPROP. Come, come, let's have no honor before ladies.—Captain Absolute, come here; how could you intimidate us so?—Here's Lydia has been terrified to death for you.

ABSOLUTE. For fear I should be killed or escape, ma'am?

MRS. MALAPROP. Nay, no delusions to the past—Lydia is convinced; speak, child.

SIR LUCIUS. With your leave, ma'am, I must put in a word here. I believe I could interpret the young lady's silence—Now mark—

LYDIA. What is it you mean, sir?

SIR LUCIUS. Come, come, Delia, we must be serious now—this is no time for trifling.

LYDIA. 'Tis true, sir; and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand and solicit the return of his affections.

ABSOLUTE. Oh, my little angel, say you so?—Sir Lucius, I perceive there must be some mistake here; with regard to the affront which you affirm I have given you—I can only say that it could not have been intentional. And as you must be convinced that I should not fear to support a real injury—you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency. I ask your pardon. But for this lady, while honored with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever.

SIR ANTHONY. Well said, Jack, and I'll stand by you, my boy.

ACRES. Mind, I give up all my claim—I make no pretensions to anything in the world; and if I can't get a wife without fighting for her, by my valor! I'll live a bachelor.

SIR LUCIUS. Captain, give me your hand—an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation; and as for the lady, if she chooses to deny her own handwriting here—

Takes out letters.

MRS. MALAPROP. Oh, he will dissolve my mystery!—Sir Lucius, perhaps there's some mistake; perhaps I can illuminate—

SIR LUCIUS. Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere where you have no business.—Miss Languish, are you my Delia, or not?

LYDIA. Indeed, Sir Lucius, I am not.

LYDIA *and* ABSOLUTE *walk aside.*

MRS. MALAPROP. Sir Lucius O'Trigger—ungrateful as you are, I own the soft impeachment—pardon my blushes, I am Delia.

SIR LUCIUS. You Delia—pho! pho! be easy.

MRS. MALAPROP. Why, thou barbarous Vandyke—those letters are mine. When you are more sensible of my benignity, perhaps I may be brought to encourage your addresses.

SIR LUCIUS. Mrs. Malaprop, I am extremely sensible of your condescension, and whether you or Lucy have put this trick on me, I am equally beholden to you. And to show you I'm not ungrateful, Captain Absolute, since you have taken that lady from me, I'll give you my Delia into the bargain.

ABSOLUTE. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but here's our friend, fighting Bob, unprovided for.

SIR LUCIUS. Hah! little Valor!—here, will you make your fortune?

ACRES. Odds wrinkles! no!—But give us your hand, Sir Lucius, forget and forgive; but if ever I give you a chance of *pickling* me again, say Bob Acres is a dunce, that's all.

SIR ANTHONY. Come, Mrs. Malaprop, don't be cast down—you are in your bloom yet.

MRS. MALAPROP. O Sir Anthony—men are all barbarians.

All retire but JULIA *and* FAULKLAND.

JULIA. [*Aside*] He seems dejected and unhappy—not sullen; there was some foundation, however, for the tale he told me. O woman! how true should be your judgment, when your resolution is so weak!

FAULKLAND. Julia!—How can I sue for what I so little deserve? I dare not presume—yet Hope is the child of Penitence.

JULIA. Oh! Faulkland, you have not

been more faulty in your unkind treatment of me than I am now in wanting inclination to resent it. As my heart honestly bids me place my weakness to the account of love, I should be ungenerous not to admit the same plea for yours.

FAULKLAND. Now I shall be blest indeed!

SIR ANTHONY *comes forward.*

SIR ANTHONY. What's going on here?—So you have been quarrelling too, I warrant. Come, Julia, I never interfered before, but let me have a hand in the matter at last.—All the faults I have ever seen in my friend Faulkland seemed to proceed from what he calls the *delicacy* and *warmth* of his affection for you.—There, marry him directly, Julia; you'll find he'll mend surprisingly!

The rest come forward.

SIR LUCIUS. Come, now, I hope there is no dissatisfied person but what is content; for as I have been disappointed myself, it will be very hard if I have not the satisfaction of seeing other people succeed better.

ACRES. You are right, Sir Lucius.—So, Jack, I wish you joy.—Mr. Faulkland the same.—Ladies, come now; to show you I'm neither vexed nor angry, odds tabors and pipes! I'll order the fiddles in half an hour to the New Rooms—and I insist on your all meeting me there.

SIR ANTHONY. 'Gad! sir, I like your spirit; and at night we single lads will drink a health to the young couples and a husband to Mrs. Malaprop.

FAULKLAND. Our partners are stolen from us, Jack—I hope to be congratulated by each other—yours for having checked in time the errors of an ill-directed imagination, which might have betrayed an innocent heart; and mine, for having, by her gentleness and candor, reformed the unhappy temper of one who by it made wretched whom he loved most and tortured the heart he ought to have adored.

ABSOLUTE. Well, Jack, we have both tasted the bitters, as well as the sweets of love—with this difference only, that *you* always prepared the bitter cup for yourself, while I—

LYDIA. Was always obliged to *me* for it—hey, Mr. Modesty?—But come, no more of that—our happiness is now as unalloyed as general.

JULIA. Then let us study to preserve it so, and while Hope pictures to us a flattering scene of future bliss, let us deny its pencil those colors which are too bright to be lasting.—When hearts deserving happiness would unite their fortunes, Virtue would crown them with an unfading garland of modest, hurtless flowers; but ill-judging Passion will force the gaudier rose into the wreath, whose thorn offends them when its leaves are dropped!

Exeunt Omnes.

OSCAR WILDE (1856–1900)

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JOHN WORTHING, J.P. — LANE, *Manservant*
ALGERNON MONCRIEFF — LADY BRACKNELL
REV. CANON CHASUBLE, D.D. — HON. GWENDOLEN FAIRFAX
MERRIMAN, *Butler* — CECILY CARDEW
MISS PRISM, *Governess*

THE SCENES OF THE PLAY

ACT I.—*Algernon Moncrieff's Flat in Half-Moon Street, W.*
ACT II.—*The Garden at the Manor House, Woolton*
ACT III.—*Drawing-Room of the Manor House, Woolton*

TIME.—*The Present* PLACE.—*London*

ACT I

SCENE.—*Morning-room in* ALGERNON'S *flat in Half-Moon Street. The room is luxuriously and artistically furnished. The sound of a piano is heard in the adjoining room.*

[LANE *is arranging afternoon tea on the table, and after the music has ceased,* ALGERNON *enters.*]

ALGERNON. Did you hear what I was playing, Lane?

LANE. I didn't think it polite to listen, sir.

ALGERNON. I'm sorry for that, for your sake. I don't play accurately—anyone can play accurately—but I play with wonderful

expression. As far as the piano is concerned, sentiment is my forte. I keep science for Life.

LANE. Yes, sir.

ALGERNON. And, speaking of the science of Life, have you got the cucumber sandwiches cut for Lady Bracknell?

LANE. Yes, sir. [*Hands them on a salver.*]

ALGERNON [*inspects them, takes two, and sits down on the sofa*]. Oh! . . . by the way, Lane, I see from your book that on Thursday night, when Lord Shoreman and Mr. Worthing were dining with me, eight bottles of champagne are entered as having been consumed.

LANE. Yes, sir; eight bottles and a pint.

ALGERNON. Why is it that at a bachelor's establishment the servants invariably drink the champagne? I ask merely for information.

LANE. I attribute it to the superior quality of the wine, sir. I have often observed that in married households the champagne is rarely of a first-rate brand.

ALGERNON. Good Heavens! Is marriage so demoralizing as that?

LANE. I believe it *is* a very pleasant state, sir. I have had very little experience of it myself up to the present. I have only been married once. That was in consequence of a misunderstanding between myself and a young woman.

ALGERNON [*languidly*]. I don't know that I am much interested in your family life, Lane.

LANE. No, sir; it is not a very interesting subject. I never think of it myself.

ALGERNON. Very natural, I am sure. That will do, Lane, thank you.

LANE. Thank you, sir. [LANE *goes out.*]

ALGERNON. Lane's views on marriage seem somewhat lax. Really, if the lower orders don't set us a good example, what on earth is the use of them? They seem, as a class, to have absolutely no sense of moral responsibility.

Enter LANE.

LANE. Mr. Ernest Worthing.

Enter JACK. LANE *goes out.*

ALGERNON. How are you, my dear Ernest? What brings you up to town?

JACK. Oh, pleasure, pleasure! What else should bring one anywhere? Eating as usual, I see, Algy!

ALGERNON [*stiffly*]. I believe it is customary in good society to take some slight refreshment at five o'clock. Where have you been since last Thursday?

JACK [*sitting down on the sofa*]. In the country.

ALGERNON. What on earth do you do there?

JACK [*pulling off his gloves*]. When one is in town one amuses oneself. When one is in the country one amuses other people. It is excessively boring.

ALGERNON. And who are the people you amuse?

JACK [*airily*]. Oh, neighbours, neighbours.

ALGERNON. Got nice neighbours in your part of Shropshire?

JACK. Perfectly horrid! Never speak to one of them.

ALGERNON. How immensely you must amuse them! [*Goes over and takes sandwich.*] By the way, Shropshire is your county, is it not?

JACK. Eh? Shropshire? Yes, of course. Hallo! Why all these cups? Why cucumber sandwiches? Why such reckless extravagance in one so young? Who is coming to tea?

ALGERNON. Oh! merely Aunt Augusta and Gwendolen.

JACK. How perfectly delightful!

ALGERNON. Yes, that is all very well; but I am afraid Aunt Augusta won't quite approve of your being here.

JACK. May I ask why?

ALGERNON. My dear fellow, the way you flirt with Gwendolen is perfectly disgraceful. It is almost as bad as the way Gwendolen flirts with you.

JACK. I am in love with Gwendolen. I have come up to town expressly to propose to her.

ALGERNON. I thought you had come up for pleasure? . . . I call that business.

JACK. How utterly unromantic you are!

ALGERNON. I really don't see anything romantic in proposing. It is very romantic to be in love. But there is nothing romantic about a definite proposal. Why, one may be accepted. One usually is, I believe. Then the excitement is all over. The very essence

of romance is uncertainty. If ever I get married, I'll certainly try to forget the fact.

JACK. I have no doubt about that, dear Algy. The Divorce Court was specially invented for people whose memories are so curiously constituted.

ALGERNON. Oh! there is no use speculating on that subject. Divorces are made in Heaven——[*Jack puts out his hand to take a sandwich.* ALGERNON *at once interferes.*] Please don't touch the cucumber sandwiches. They are ordered specially for Aunt Augusta. [*Takes one and eats it.*]

JACK. Well, you have been eating them all the time.

ALGERNON. That is quite a different matter. She is my aunt. [*Takes plate from below.*] Have some bread and butter. The bread and butter is for Gwendolen. Gwendolen is devoted to bread and butter.

JACK [*advancing to table and helping himself*]. And very good bread and butter it is, too.

ALGERNON. Well, my dear fellow, you need not eat as if you were going to eat it all. You behave as if you were married to her already. You are not married to her already, and I don't think you ever will be.

JACK. Why on earth do you say that?

ALGERNON. Well, in the first place girls never marry the men they flirt with. Girls don't think it right.

JACK. Oh, that is nonsense!

ALGERNON. It isn't. It is a great truth. It accounts for the extraordinary number of bachelors that one sees all over the place. In the second place, I don't give my consent.

JACK. Your consent!

ALGERNON. My dear fellow, Gwendolen is my first cousin. And before I allow you to marry her, you will have to clear up the whole question of Cecily. [*Rings bell.*]

JACK. Cecily! What on earth do you mean? What do you mean, Algy, by Cecily? I don't know anyone of the name of Cecily.

Enter LANE.

ALGERNON. Bring me that cigarette case Mr. Worthing left in the smoking-room the last time he dined here.

LANE. Yes, sir. [LANE *goes out.*]

JACK. Do you mean to say you have had my cigarette case all this time? I wish to goodness you had let me know. I have been writing frantic letters to Scotland Yard about it. I was very nearly offering a large reward.

ALGERNON. Well, I wish you would offer one. I happen to be more than usually hard up.

JACK. There is no good offering a large reward now that the thing is found.

Enter LANE *with the cigarette case on a salver.* ALGERNON *takes it at once.* LANE *goes out.*

ALGERNON. I think that is rather mean of you, Ernest, I must say. [*Opens case and examines it.*] However, it makes no matter, for, now that I look at the inscription, I find that the thing isn't yours after all.

JACK. Of course it's mine. [*Moving to him.*] You have seen me with it a hundred times, and you have no right whatsoever to read what is written inside. It is a very ungentlemanly thing to read a private cigarette case.

ALGERNON. Oh! it is absurd to have a hard-and-fast rule about what one should read and what one shouldn't. More than half of modern culture depends on what one shouldn't read.

JACK. I am quite aware of the fact, and I don't propose to discuss modern culture. It isn't the sort of thing one should talk of in private. I simply want my cigarette case back.

ALGERNON. Yes; but this isn't your cigarette case. This cigarette case is a present from someone of the name of Cecily, and you said you didn't know anyone of that name.

JACK. Well, if you want to know, Cecily happens to be my aunt.

ALGERNON. Your aunt!

JACK. Yes. Charming old lady she is, too. Lives at Tunbridge Wells. Just give it back to me, Algy.

ALGERNON [*retreating to back of sofa*]. But why does she call herself little Cecily if she is your aunt and lives at Tunbridge Wells? [*Reading.*] "From little Cecily with her fondest love."

JACK [*moving to sofa and kneeling upon it*]. My dear fellow, what on earth is there in that? Some aunts are tall, some aunts are not tall. That is a matter that surely an aunt may be allowed to decide for herself

You seem to think that every aunt should be exactly like your aunt! That is absurd! For Heaven's sake give me back my cigarette case. [*Follows* ERNEST *round the room.*]

ALGERNON. Yes. But why does your aunt call you her uncle? "From little Cecily, with her fondest love to her dear Uncle Jack." There is no objection, I admit, to an aunt being a small aunt, but why an aunt, no matter what her size may be, should call her own nephew her uncle, I can't quite make out. Besides, your name isn't Jack at all; it is Ernest.

JACK. It isn't Ernest; it's Jack.

ALGERNON. You have always told me it was Ernest. I have introduced you to everyone as Ernest. You answer to the name of Ernest. You look as if your name was Ernest. You are the most earnest looking person I ever saw in my life. It is perfectly absurd your saying that your name isn't Ernest. It's on your cards. Here is one of them. [*Taking it from case.*] "Mr. Ernest Worthing, B 4, The Albany." I'll keep this as a proof your name is Ernest if ever you attempt to deny it to me, or to Gwendolen, or to anyone else. [*Puts the card in his pocket.*]

JACK. Well, my name is Ernest in town and Jack in the country, and the cigarette case was given to me in the country.

ALGERNON. Yes, but that does not account for the fact that your small Aunt Cecily, who lives at Tunbridge Wells, calls you her dear uncle. Come, old boy, you had much better have the thing out at once.

JACK. My dear Algy, you talk exactly as if you were a dentist. It is very vulgar to talk like a dentist when one isn't a dentist. It produces a false impression.

ALGERNON. Well, that is exactly what dentists always do. Now, go on! Tell me the whole thing. I may mention that I have always suspected you of being a confirmed and secret Bunburyist; and I am quite sure of it now.

JACK. Bunburyist? What on earth do you mean by a Bunburyist?

ALGERNON. I'll reveal to you the meaning of that incomparable expression as soon as you are kind enough to inform me why you are Ernest in town and Jack in the country.

JACK. Well, produce my cigarette case first.

ALGERNON. Here it is. [*Hands cigarette case.*] Now produce your explanation, and pray make it improbable. [*Sits on sofa.*]

JACK. My dear fellow, there is nothing improbable about my explanation at all. In fact it's perfectly ordinary. Old Mr. Thomas Cardew, who adopted me when I was a little boy, made me in his will guardian to his grand-daughter, Miss Cecily Cardew. Cecily, who addresses me as her uncle from motives of respect that you could not possibly appreciate, lives at my place in the country under the charge of her admirable governess, Miss Prism.

ALGERNON. Where is that place in the country, by the way?

JACK. That is nothing to you, dear boy. You are not going to be invited. . . . I may tell you candidly that the place is not in Shropshire.

ALGERNON. I suspected that, my dear fellow! I have Bunburyed all over Shropshire on two separate occasions. Now, go on. Why are you Ernest in town and Jack in the country?

JACK. My dear Algy, I don't know whether you will be able to understand my real motives. You are hardly serious enough. When one is placed in the position of guardian, one has to adopt a very high moral tone on all subjects. It's one's duty to do so. And as a high moral tone can hardly be said to conduce very much to either one's health or one's happiness, in order to get up to town I have always pretended to have a younger brother of the name of Ernest, who lives in the Albany, and gets into the most dreadful scrapes. That, my dear Algy, is the whole truth pure and simple.

ALGERNON. The truth is rarely pure and never simple. Modern life would be very tedious if it were either, and modern literature a complete impossibility!

JACK. That wouldn't be at all a bad thing.

ALGERNON. Literary criticism is not your forte, my dear fellow. Don't try it. You should leave that to people who haven't been at a University. They do it so well in the daily papers. What you really are is a Bunburyist. I was quite right in saying you were a Bunburyist. You are one of the most advanced Bunburyists I know.

JACK. What on earth do you mean?

ALGERNON. You have invented a very useful younger brother called Ernest, in order that you may be able to come up to town as often as you like. I have invented an invaluable permanent invalid called Bunbury, in order that I may be able to go down into the country whenever I choose. Bunbury is perfectly invaluable. If it wasn't for Bunbury's extraordinary bad health, for instance, I wouldn't be able to dine with you at Willis's to-night, for I have been really engaged to Aunt Augusta for more than a week.

JACK. I haven't asked you to dine with me anywhere to-night.

ALGERNON. I know. You are absolutely careless about sending out invitations. It is very foolish of you. Nothing annoys people so much as not receiving invitations.

JACK. You had much better dine with your Aunt Augusta.

ALGERNON. I haven't the smallest intention of doing anything of the kind. To begin with, I dined there on Monday, and once a week is quite enough to dine with one's own relatives. In the second place, whenever I do dine there I am always treated as a member of the family, and sent down with either no woman at all, or two. In the third place, I know perfectly well whom she will place me next to, to-night. She will place me next Mary Farquhar, who always flirts with her own husband across the dinner-table. That is not very pleasant. Indeed, it is not even decent . . . and that sort of thing is enormously on the increase. The amount of women in London who flirt with their own husbands is perfectly scandalous. It looks so bad. It is simply washing one's clean linen in public. Besides, now that I know you to be a confirmed Bunburyist I naturally want to talk to you about Bunburying. I want to tell you the rules.

JACK. I'm not a Bunburyist at all. If Gwendolen accepts me, I am going to kill my brother, indeed I think I'll kill him in any case. Cecily is a little too much interested in him. It is rather a bore. So I am going to get rid of Ernest. And I strongly advise you to do the same with Mr. . . . with your invalid friend who has the absurd name.

ALGERNON. Nothing will induce me to part with Bunbury, and if you ever get married, which seems to me extremely problematic, you will be very glad to know Bunbury. A man who marries without knowing Bunbury has a very tedious time of it.

JACK. That is nonsense. If I marry a charming girl like Gwendolen, and she is the only girl I ever saw in my life that I would marry, I certainly won't want to know Bunbury.

ALGERNON. Then your wife will. You don't seem to realize, that in married life three is company and two is none.

JACK [*sententiously*]. That, my dear young friend, is the theory that the corrupt French Drama has been propounding for the last fifty years.

ALGERNON. Yes; and that the happy English home has proved in half the time.

JACK. For heaven's sake, don't try to be cynical. It's perfectly easy to be cynical.

ALGERNON. My dear fellow, it isn't easy to be anything now-a-days. There's such a lot of beastly competition about. [*The sound of an electric bell is heard.*] Ah! that must be Aunt Augusta. Only relatives, or creditors, ever ring in that Wagnerian manner. Now, if I get her out of the way for ten minutes, so that you can have an opportunity for proposing to Gwendolen, may I dine with you to-night at Willis's?

JACK. I suppose so, if you want to.

ALGERNON. Yes, but you must be serious about it. I hate people who are not serious about meals. It is so shallow of them.

Enter LANE.

LANE. Lady Bracknell and Miss Fairfax.

[ALGERNON *goes forward to meet them. Enter* LADY BRACKNELL *and* GWENDOLEN.]

LADY BRACKNELL. Good afternoon, dear Algernon, I hope you are behaving very well.

ALGERNON. I'm feeling very well, Aunt Augusta.

LADY BRACKNELL. That's not quite the same thing. In fact the two things rarely go together. [*Sees* JACK *and bows to him with icy coldness.*]

ALGERNON [*to* GWENDOLEN]. Dear me, you are smart!

GWENDOLEN. I am always smart! Aren't I, Mr. Worthing?

JACK. You're quite perfect, Miss Fairfax.

GWENDOLEN. Oh! I hope I am not that. It would leave no room for developments, and I intend to develop in *many directions*. [GWENDOLEN *and* JACK *sit down together in the corner*.]

LADY BRACKNELL. I'm sorry if we are a little late, Algernon, but I was obliged to call on dear Lady Harbury. I hadn't been there since her poor husband's death. I never saw a woman so altered; she looks quite twenty years younger. And now I'll have a cup of tea, and one of those nice cucumber sandwiches you promised me.

ALGERNON. Certainly, Aunt Augusta. [*Goes over to tea-table*.]

LADY BRACKNELL. Won't you come and sit here, Gwendolen?

GWENDOLEN. Thanks, mamma, I'm quite comfortable where I am.

ALGERNON [*picking up empty plate in horror*.] Good heavens! Lane! Why are there no cucumber sandwiches? I ordered them specially.

LANE [*gravely*]. There were no cucumbers in the market this morning, sir. I went down twice.

ALGERNON. No cucumbers!

LANE. No, sir. Not even for ready money.

ALGERNON. That will do, Lane, thank you.

LANE. Thank you, sir. [*Goes out*.]

ALGERNON. I am greatly distressed, Aunt Augusta, about there being no cucumbers, not even for ready money.

LADY BRACKNELL. It really makes no matter, Algernon. I had some crumpets with Lady Harbury, who seems to me to be living entirely for pleasure now.

ALGERNON. I hear her hair has turned quite gold from grief.

LADY BRACKNELL. It certainly has changed its colour. From what cause I, of course, cannot say. [ALGERNON *crosses and hands tea*.] Thank you. I've quite a treat for you to-night, Algernon. I am going to send you down with Mary Farquhar. She is such a nice woman, and so attentive to her husband. It's delightful to watch them.

ALGERNON. I am afraid, Aunt Augusta, I shall have to give up the pleasure of dining with you to-night after all.

LADY BRACKNELL [*frowning*]. I hope not, Algernon. It would put my table completely out. Your uncle would have to dine upstairs. Fortunately he is accustomed to that.

ALGERNON. It is a great bore, and, I need hardly say, a terrible disappointment to me, but the fact is I have just had a telegram to say that my poor friend Bunbury is very ill again. [*Exchanges glances with* JACK.] They seem to think I should be with him.

LADY BRACKNELL. It is very strange. This Mr. Bunbury seems to suffer from curiously bad health.

ALGERNON. Yes; poor Bunbury is a dreadful invalid.

LADY BRACKNELL. Well, I must say, Algernon, that I think it is high time that Mr. Bunbury made up his mind whether he was going to live or to die. This shilly-shallying with the question is absurd. Nor do I in any way approve of the modern sympathy with invalids. I consider it morbid. Illness of any kind is hardly a thing to be encouraged in others. Health is the primary duty of life. I am always telling that to your poor uncle, but he never seems to take much notice . . . as far as any improvement in his ailments goes. I should be much obliged if you would ask Mr. Bunbury, from me, to be kind enough not to have a relapse on Saturday, for I rely on you to arrange my music for me. It is my last reception and one wants something that will encourage conversation, particularly at the end of the season when everyone has practically said whatever they had to say, which, in most cases, was probably not much.

ALGERNON. I'll speak to Bunbury, Aunt Augusta, if he is still conscious, and I think I can promise you he'll be all right by Saturday. You see, if one plays good music, people don't listen, and if one plays bad music people don't talk. But I'll run over the programme I've drawn out, if you will kindly come into the next room for a moment.

LADY BRACKNELL. Thank you, Algernon. It is very thoughtful of you. [*Rising, and following* ALGERNON.] I'm sure the programme will be delightful, after a few expurgations. French songs I cannot possi-

bly allow. People always seem to think that they are improper, and either look shocked, which is vulgar, or laugh, which is worse. But German sounds a thoroughly respectable language, and indeed, I believe is so. Gwendolen, you will accompany me.

GWENDOLEN. Certainly, mamma. [LADY BRACKNELL *and* ALGERNON *go into the music-room,* GWENDOLEN *remains behind.*]

JACK. Charming day it has been, Miss Fairfax.

GWENDOLEN. Pray don't talk to me about the weather, Mr. Worthing. Whenever people talk to me about the weather, I always feel quite certain that they mean something else. And that makes me so nervous.

JACK. I do mean something else.

GWENDOLEN. I thought so. In fact, I am never wrong.

JACK. And I would like to be allowed to take advantage of Lady Bracknell's temporary absence . . .

GWENDOLEN. I would certainly advise you to do so. Mamma has a way of coming back suddenly into a room that I have often had to speak to her about.

JACK [*nervously*]. Miss Fairfax, ever since I met you I have admired you more than any girl . . . I have ever met since . . . I met you.

GWENDOLEN. Yes, I am quite aware of the fact. And I often wish that in public, at any rate, you had been more demonstrative. For me you have always had an irresistible fascination. Even before I met you I was far from indifferent to you. [JACK *looks at her in amazement.*] We live, as I hope you know, Mr. Worthing, in an age of ideals. The fact is constantly mentioned in the more expensive monthly magazines, and has reached the provincial pulpits, I am told: and my ideal has always been to love some one of the name of Ernest. There is something in that name that inspires absolute confidence. The moment Algernon first mentioned to me that he had a friend called Ernest, I knew I was destined to love you.

JACK. You really love me, Gwendolen?

GWENDOLEN. Passionately!

JACK. Darling! You don't know how happy you've made me.

GWENDOLEN. My own Ernest!

JACK. But you don't really mean to say that you couldn't love me if my name wasn't Ernest?

GWENDOLEN. But your name is Ernest.

JACK. Yes, I know it is. But supposing it was something else? Do you mean to say you couldn't love me then?

GWENDOLEN [*glibly*]. Ah! that is clearly a metaphysical speculation, and like most metaphysical speculations has very little reference at all to the actual facts of real life, as we know them.

JACK. Personally, darling, to speak quite candidly, I don't much care about the name of Ernest . . . I don't think that name suits me at all.

GWENDOLEN. It suits you perfectly. It is a divine name. It has a music of its own It produces vibrations.

JACK. Well really, Gwendolen, I must say that I think there are lots of other much nicer names. I think Jack, for instance, a charming name.

GWENDOLEN. Jack? . . . No, there is very little music in the name Jack, if any at all, indeed. It does not thrill. It produces absolutely no vibrations. . . . I have known several Jacks, and they all, without exception, were more than usually plain. Besides, Jack is a notorious domesticity for John! And I pity any woman who is married to a man called John. She would probably never be allowed to know the entrancing pleasure of a single moment's solitude. The only really safe name is Ernest.

JACK. Gwendolen, I must get christened at once—I mean we must get married at once. There is no time to be lost.

GWENDOLEN. Married, Mr. Worthing?

JACK [*astounded*]. Well . . . surely. You know that I love you, and you led me to believe, Miss Fairfax, that you were not absolutely indifferent to me.

GWENDOLEN. I adore you. But you haven't proposed to me yet. Nothing has been said at all about marriage. The subject has not even been touched on.

JACK. Well . . . may I propose to you now?

GWENDOLEN. I think it would be an admirable opportunity. And to spare you any possible disappointment, Mr. Worthing, I think it only fair to tell you quite frankly beforehand that I am fully determined to accept you.

JACK. Gwendolen!

GWENDOLEN. Yes, Mr. Worthing, what have you got to say to me?

JACK. You know what I have got to say to you.

GWENDOLEN. Yes, but you don't say it.

JACK. Gwendolen, will you marry me? [*Goes on his knees.*]

GWENDOLEN. Of course I will, darling. How long you have been about it! I am afraid you have had very little experience in how to propose.

JACK. My own one, I have never loved anyone in the world but you.

GWENDOLEN. Yes, but men often propose for practice. I know my brother Gerald does. All my girl-friends tell me so. What wonderfully blue eyes you have, Ernest! They are quite, quite blue. I hope you will always look at me just like that, especially when there are other people present.

Enter LADY BRACKNELL.

LADY BRACKNELL. Mr. Worthing! Rise, sir, from this semi-recumbent posture. It is most indecorous.

GWENDOLEN. Mamma! [*He tries to rise; she restrains him.*] I must beg you to retire. This is no place for you. Besides, Mr. Worthing has not quite finished yet.

LADY BRACKNELL. Finished what, may I ask?

GWENDOLEN. I am engaged to Mr. Worthing, mamma. [*They rise together.*]

LADY BRACKNELL. Pardon me, you are not engaged to anyone. When you do become engaged to some one, I, or you father, should his health permit him, will inform you of the fact. An engagement should come on a young girl as a surprise, pleasant or unpleasant, as the case may be. It is hardly a matter that she could be allowed to arrange for herself. . . . And now I have a few questions to put to you, Mr. Worthing. While I am making these inquiries, you, Gwendolen, will wait for me below in the carriage.

GWENDOLEN [*reproachfully*]. Mamma!

LADY BRACKNELL. In the carriage, Gwendolen! [GWENDOLEN *goes to the door. She and* JACK *blow kisses to each other behind* LADY BRACKNELL'S *back.* LADY BRACKNELL *looks vaguely about as if she could not understand what the noise was. Finally turns round.*] Gwendolen, the carriage!

GWENDOLEN. Yes, mamma. [*Goes out, looking back at* JACK.]

LADY BRACKNELL [*sitting down*]. You can take a seat, Mr. Worthing. [*Looks in her pocket for note-book and pencil.*]

JACK. Thank you, Lady Bracknell, I prefer standing.

LADY BRACKNELL [*pencil and note-book in hand*]. I feel bound to tell you that you are not down on my list of eligible young men, although I have the same list as the dear Duchess of Bolton has. We work together, in fact. However, I am quite ready to enter your name, should your answers be what a really affectionate mother requires. Do you smoke?

JACK. Well, yes, I must admit I smoke.

LADY BRACKNELL. I am glad to hear it. A man should always have an occupation of some kind. There are far too many idle men in London as it is. How old are you?

JACK. Twenty-nine.

LADY BRACKNELL. A very good age to be married at. I have always been of opinion that a man who desires to get married should know either everything or nothing. Which do you know?

JACK [*after some hesitation*]. I know nothing, Lady Bracknell.

LADY BRACKNELL. I am pleased to hear it. I do not approve of anything that tampers with natural ignorance. Ignorance is like a delicate exotic fruit; touch it and the bloom is gone. The whole theory of modern education is radically unsound. Fortunately in England, at any rate, education produces no effect whatsoever. If it did, it would prove a serious danger to the upper classes, and probably lead to acts of violence in Grosvenor Square. What is your income?

JACK. Between seven and eight thousand a year.

LADY BRACKNELL [*makes a note in her book*]. In land, or in investments?

JACK. In investments, chiefly.

LADY BRACKNELL. That is satisfactory. What between the duties expected of one during one's life-time, and the duties exacted from one after one's death, land has ceased to be either a profit or a pleasure. It gives one position, and prevents one from keeping

it up. That's all that can be said about land.

JACK. I have a country house with some land, of course, attached to it, about fifteen hundred acres, I believe; but I don't depend on that for my real income. In fact, as far as I can make out, the poachers are the only people who make anything out of it.

LADY BRACKNELL. A country house! How many bedrooms? Well, that point can be cleared up afterwards. You have a town house, I hope? A girl with a simple, unspoiled nature, like Gwendolen, could hardly be expected to reside in the country.

JACK. Well, I own a house in Belgrave Square, but it is let by the year to Lady Bloxham. Of course, I can get it back whenever I like, at six months' notice.

LADY BRACKNELL. Lady Bloxham? I don't know her.

JACK. Oh, she goes about very little. She is a lady considerably advanced in years.

LADY BRACKNELL. Ah, now-a-days that is no guarantee of respectability of character. What number in Belgrave Square?

JACK. 149.

LADY BRACKNELL [*shaking her head*]. The unfashionable side. I thought there was something. However, that could easily be altered.

JACK. Do you mean the fashion, or the side?

LADY BRACKNELL [*sternly*]. Both, if necessary, I presume. What are your politics?

JACK. Well, I am afraid I really have none. I am a Liberal Unionist.

LADY BRACKNELL. Oh, they count as Tories. They dine with us. Or come in the evening, at any rate. Now to minor affairs. Are your parents living?

JACK. I have lost both my parents.

LADY BRACKNELL. Both? . . . That seems like carelessness. Who was your father? He was evidently a man of some wealth. Was he born in what the Radical papers call the purple of commerce, or did he rise from the ranks of the aristocracy?

JACK. I am afraid I really don't know. The fact is, Lady Bracknell, I said I had lost my parents. It would be nearer the truth to say that my parents seem to have lost me . . . I don't actually know who I am by birth. I was . . . well, I was found.

LADY BRACKNELL. Found!

JACK. The late Mr. Thomas Cardew, an old gentleman of a very charitable and kindly disposition, found me, and gave me the name of Worthing, because he happened to have a first-class ticket for Worthing in his pocket at the time. Worthing is a place in Sussex. It is a seaside resort.

LADY BRACKNELL. Where did the charitable gentleman who had a first-class ticket for this seaside resort find you?

JACK [*gravely*]. In a hand-bag.

LADY BRACKNELL. A hand-bag?

JACK [*very seriously*]. Yes, Lady Bracknell. I was in a hand-bag—a somewhat large, black leather hand-bag, with handles to it—an ordinary hand-bag in fact.

LADY BRACKNELL. In what locality did this Mr. James, or Thomas, Cardew come across this ordinary hand-bag?

JACK. In the cloak-room at Victoria Station. It was given to him in mistake for his own.

LADY BRACKNELL. The cloak-room at Victoria Station?

JACK. Yes. The Brighton line.

LADY BRACKNELL. The line is immaterial. Mr. Worthing, I confess I feel somewhat bewildered by what you have just told me. To be born, or at any rate bred, in a hand-bag, whether it had handles or not, seems to me to display a contempt for the ordinary decencies of family life that remind one of the worst excesses of the French Revolution. And I presume you know what that unfortunate movement led to? As for the particular locality in which the hand-bag was found, a cloak-room at a railway station might serve to conceal a social indiscretion—has probably, indeed, been used for that purpose before now—but it could hardly be regarded as an assured basis for a recognized position in good society.

JACK. May I ask you then what you would advise me to do? I need hardly say I would do anything in the world to ensure Gwendolen's happiness.

LADY BRACKNELL. I would strongly advise you, Mr. Worthing, to try and acquire some relations as soon as possible, and to make a definite effort to produce at any rate one parent, of either sex, before the season is quite over.

JACK. Well, I don't see how I could possibly manage to do that. I can produce

the hand-bag at any moment. It is in my dressing-room at home. I really think that should satisfy you, Lady Bracknell.

LADY BRACKNELL. Me, sir! What has it to do with me? You can hardly imagine that I and Lord Bracknell would dream of allowing our only daughter—a girl brought up with the utmost care—to marry into a cloakroom, and form an alliance with a parcel? Good morning, Mr. Worthing! [LADY BRACKNELL *sweeps out in majestic indignation.*]

JACK. Good morning! [ALGERNON, *from the other room, strikes up the Wedding March.* JACK *looks perfectly furious, and goes to the door.*] For goodness' sake, don't play that ghastly tune, Algy! How idiotic you are! [*The music stops, and* ALGERNON *enters cheerily.*]

ALGERNON. Didn't it go off all right, old boy? You don't mean to say Gwendolen refused you? I know it is a way she has. She is always refusing people. I think it is most ill-natured of her.

JACK. Oh, Gwendolen is as right as a trivet. As far as she is concerned, we are engaged. Her mother is perfectly unbearable. Never met such a Gorgon . . . I don't really know what a Gorgon is like, but I am quite sure that Lady Bracknell is one. In any case, she is a monster, without being a myth, which is rather unfair. . . . I beg your pardon, Algy, I suppose I shouldn't talk about your own aunt in that way before you.

ALGERNON. My dear boy, I love hearing my relations abused. It is the only thing that makes me put up with them at all. Relations are simply a tedious pack of people, who haven't got the remotest knowledge of how to live, nor the smallest instinct about when to die.

JACK. Oh, that is nonsense!

ALGERNON. It isn't!

JACK. Well, I won't argue about the matter. You always want to argue about things.

ALGERNON. That is exactly what things were originally made for.

JACK. Upon my word, if I thought that, I'd shoot myself . . . [*A pause.*] You don't think there is any chance of Gwendolen becoming like her mother in about a hundred and fifty years, do you, Algy?

ALGERNON. All women become like their mothers. That is their tragedy. No man does. That's his.

JACK. Is that clever?

ALGERNON. It is perfectly phrased! and quite as true as any observation in civilized life should be.

JACK. I am sick to death of cleverness. Everybody is clever now-a-days. You can't go anywhere without meeting clever people. The thing has become an absolute public nuisance. I wish to goodness we had a few fools left.

ALGERNON. We have.

JACK. I should extremely like to meet them. What do they talk about?

ALGERNON. The fools? Oh! about the clever people, of course.

JACK. What fools!

ALGERNON. By the way, did you tell Gwendolen the truth about your being Ernest in town, and Jack in the country?

JACK [*in a very patronising manner*]. My dear fellow, the truth isn't quite the sort of thing one tells to a nice, sweet, refined girl. What extraordinary ideas you have about the way to behave to a woman!

ALGERNON. The only way to behave to a woman is to make love to her, if she is pretty, and to someone else if she is plain.

JACK. Oh, that is nonsense.

ALGERNON. What about your brother? What about the profligate Ernest?

JACK. Oh, before the end of the week I shall have got rid of him. I'll say he died in Paris of apoplexy. Lots of people die of apoplexy, quite suddenly, don't they?

ALGERNON. Yes, but it's hereditary, my dear fellow. It's a sort of thing that runs in families. You had much better say a severe chill.

JACK. You are sure a severe chill isn't hereditary, or anything of that kind?

ALGERNON. Of course it isn't!

JACK. Very well, then. My poor brother Ernest is carried off suddenly in Paris, by a severe chill. That gets rid of him.

ALGERNON. But I thought you said that . . . Miss Cardew was a little too much interested in your poor brother Ernest? Won't she feel his loss a good deal?

JACK. Oh, that is all right. Cecily is not a silly, romantic girl, I am glad to say. She has got a capital appetite, goes for long

walks, and pays no attention at all to her lessons.

ALGERNON. I would rather like to see Cecily.

JACK. I will take very good care you never do. She is excessively pretty, and she is only just eighteen.

ALGERNON. Have you told Gwendolen yet that you have an excessively pretty ward who is only just eighteen?

JACK. Oh! one doesn't blurt these things out to people. Cecily and Gwendolen are perfectly certain to be extremely great friends. I'll bet you anything you like that half an hour after they have met, they will be calling each other sister.

ALGERNON. Women only do that when they have called each other a lot of other things first. Now, my dear boy, if we want to get a good table at Willis's, we really must go and dress. Do you know it is nearly seven?

JACK [*irritably*]. Oh! it always is nearly seven.

ALGERNON. Well, I'm hungry.

JACK. I never knew you when you weren't.

ALGERNON. What shall we do after dinner? Go to a theatre?

JACK. Oh, no! I loathe listening.

ALGERNON. Well, let us go to the Club?

JACK. Oh, no! I hate talking.

ALGERNON. Well, we might trot round to the Empire at ten?

JACK. Oh, no! I can't bear looking at things. It is so silly.

ALGERNON. Well, what shall we do?

JACK. Nothing!

ALGERNON. It is awfully hard work doing nothing. However, I don't mind hard work where there is no definite object of any kind.

Enter LANE.

LANE. Miss Fairfax.

Enter GWENDOLEN. LANE *goes out.*

ALGERNON. Gwendolen, upon my word.

GWENDOLEN. Algy, kindly turn your back. I have something very particular to say to Mr. Worthing.

ALGERNON. Really, Gwendolen, I don't think I can allow this at all.

GWENDOLEN. Algy, you always adopt a strictly immoral attitude towards life. You are not quite old enough to do that. [ALGERNON *retires to the fireplace.*]

JACK. My own darling!

GWENDOLEN. Ernest, we may never be married. From the expression on mamma's face I fear we never shall. Few parents now-a-days pay any regard to what their children say to them. The old-fashioned respect for the young is fast dying out. Whatever influence I ever had over mamma, I lost at the age of three. But although she may prevent us from becoming man and wife, and I may marry someone else, and marry often, nothing that she can possibly do can alter my eternal devotion to you.

JACK. Dear Gwendolen.

GWENDOLEN. The story of your romantic origin, as related to me by mamma, with unpleasing comments, has naturally stirred the deeper fibres of my nature. Your Christian name has an irresistible fascination. The simplicity of your character makes you exquisitely incomprehensible to me. Your town address at the Albany I have. What is your address in the country?

JACK. The Manor House, Woolton, Hertfordshire.

ALGERNON, *who has been carefully listening, smiles to himself, and writes the address on his shirt-cuff. Then picks up the Railway Guide.*

GWENDOLEN. There is a good postal service, I suppose? It may be necessary to do something desperate. That, of course, will require serious consideration. I will communicate with you daily.

JACK. My own one!

GWENDOLEN. How long do you remain in town?

JACK. Till Monday.

GWENDOLEN. Good! Algy, you may turn round now.

ALGERNON. Thanks, I've turned round already.

GWENDOLEN. You may also ring the bell.

JACK. You will let me see you to your carriage, my own darling?

GWENDOLEN. Certainly.

JACK [*to* LANE, *who now enters*]. I will see Miss Fairfax out.

LANE. Yes, sir. [JACK *and* GWENDOLEN *go off.* LANE *presents several letters on a salver to* ALGERNON. *It is to be surmised that*

they are bills, as ALGERNON, *after looking at the envelopes, tears them up.*]

ALGERNON. A glass of sherry, Lane.

LANE. Yes, sir.

ALGERNON. To-morrow, Lane, I'm going Bunburying.

LANE. Yes, sir.

ALGERNON. I shall probably not be back till Monday. You can put up my dress clothes, my smoking jacket, and all the Bunbury suits . . .

LANE. Yes, sir. [*Handing sherry.*]

ALGERNON. I hope to-morrow will be a fine day, Lane.

LANE. It never is, sir.

ALGERNON. Lane, you're a perfect pessimist.

LANE. I do my best to give satisfaction, sir.

Enter JACK. LANE *goes off.*

JACK. There's a sensible, intellectual girl! the only girl I ever cared for in my life. [ALGERNON *is laughing immoderately.*] What on earth are you so amused at?

ALGERNON. Oh, I'm a little anxious about poor Bunbury, that's all.

JACK. If you don't take care, your friend Bunbury will get you into a serious scrape some day.

ALGERNON. I love scrapes. They are the only things that are never serious.

JACK. Oh, that's nonsense, Algy. You never talk anything but nonsense.

ALGERNON. Nobody ever does. [JACK *looks indignantly at him, and leaves the room.* ALGERNON *lights a cigarette, reads his shirt-cuff and smiles.*]

ACT II

SCENE.—*Garden at the Manor House. A flight of gray stone steps leads up to the house. The garden, an old-fashioned one, full of roses. Time of year, July. Basket chairs, and a table covered with books, are set under a large yew tree.*

MISS PRISM *discovered seated at the table.* CECILY *is at the back, watering flowers.*

MISS PRISM [*calling*]. Cecily, Cecily! Surely such a utilitarian occupation as the watering of flowers is rather Moulton's duty than yours? Especially at a moment when intellectual pleasures await you. Your German grammar is on the table. Pray open it at page fifteen. We will repeat yesterday's lesson.

CECILY [*coming over very slowly*]. But I don't like German. It isn't at all a becoming language. I know perfectly well that I look quite plain after my German lesson.

MISS PRISM. Child, you know how anxious your guardian is that you should improve yourself in every way. He laid particular stress on your German, as he was leaving for town yesterday. Indeed, he always lays stress on your German when he is leaving for town.

CECILY. Dear Uncle Jack is so very serious! Sometimes he is so serious that I think he cannot be quite well.

MISS PRISM [*drawing herself up*]. Your guardian enjoys the best of health, and his gravity of demeanour is especially to be commended in one so comparatively young as he is. I know no one who has a higher sense of duty and responsibility.

CECILY. I suppose that is why he often looks a little bored when we three are together.

MISS PRISM. Cecily! I am surprised at you. Mr. Worthing has many troubles in his life. Idle merriment and triviality would be out of place in his conversation. You must remember his constant anxiety about that unfortunate young man, his brother.

CECILY. I wish Uncle Jack would allow that unfortunate young man, his brother, to come down here sometimes. We might have a good influence over him, Miss Prism. I am sure you certainly would. You know German, and geology, and things of that kind influence a man very much. [CECILY *begins to write in her diary.*]

MISS PRISM [*shaking her head*]. I do not think that even I could produce any effect on a character that, according to his own brother's admission, is irretrievably weak and vacillating. Indeed, I am not sure that I would desire to reclaim him. I am not in favour of this modern mania for turning bad people into good people at a moment's notice. As a man sows, so let him reap. You must put away your diary, Cecily. I really don't see why you should keep a diary at all.

CECILY. I keep a diary in order to enter the wonderful secrets of my life. If I didn't write them down, I should probably forget all about them.

MISS PRISM. Memory, my dear Cecily, is the diary that we all carry about with us.

CECILY. Yes, but it usually chronicles the things that have never happened, and couldn't possibly have happened. I believe that Memory is responsible for nearly all the three-volume novels that Mudie sends us.

MISS PRISM. Do not speak slightingly of the three-volume novel, Cecily. I wrote one myself in earlier days.

CECILY. Did you really, Miss Prism? How wonderfully clever you are! I hope it did not end happily? I don't like novels that end happily. They depress me so much.

MISS PRISM. The good ended happily, and the bad unhappily. That is what Fiction means.

CECILY. I suppose so. But it seems very unfair. And was your novel ever published?

MISS PRISM. Alas! no. The manuscript unfortunately was abandoned. I use the word in the sense of lost or mislaid. To your work, child, these speculations are profitless.

CECILY [*smiling*]. But I see dear Dr. Chasuble coming up through the garden.

MISS PRISM [*rising and advancing*]. Dr. Chasuble! This is indeed a pleasure.

Enter CANON CHASUBLE.

CHASUBLE. And how are we this morning? Miss Prism, you are, I trust, well?

CECILY. Miss Prism has just been complaining of a slight headache. I think it would do her so much good to have a short stroll with you in the park, Dr. Chasuble.

MISS PRISM. Cecily, I have not mentioned anything about a headache.

CECILY. No, dear Miss Prism, I know that, but I felt instinctively that you had a headache. Indeed I was thinking about that, and not about my German lesson, when the Rector came in.

CHASUBLE. I hope, Cecily, you are not inattentive.

CECILY. Oh, I am afraid I am.

CHASUBLE. That is strange. Were I fortunate enough to be Miss Prism's pupil, I would hang upon her lips. [MISS PRISM *glares*.] I spoke metaphorically.—My metaphor was drawn from bees. Ahem! Mr. Worthing, I suppose, has not returned from town yet?

MISS PRISM. We do not expect him till Monday afternoon.

CHASUBLE. Ah yes, he usually likes to spend his Sunday in London. He is not one of those whose sole aim is enjoyment, as, by all accounts, that unfortunate young man, his brother, seems to be. But I must not disturb Egeria and her pupil any longer.

MISS PRISM. Egeria? My name is Lætitia, Doctor.

CHASUBLE [*bowing*]. A classical allusion merely, drawn from the Pagan authors. I shall see you both no doubt at Evensong.

MISS PRISM. I think, dear Doctor, I will have a stroll with you. I find I have a headache after all, and a walk might do it good.

CHASUBLE. With pleasure, Miss Prism, with pleasure. We might go as far as the schools and back.

MISS PRISM. That would be delightful. Cecily, you will read your Political Economy in my absence. The chapter on the Fall of the Rupee you may omit. It is somewhat too sensational. Even these metallic problems have their melodramatic side.

[*Goes down the garden with* DR. CHASUBLE.]

CECILY [*picks up books and throws them back on table*]. Horrid Political Economy! Horrid Geography! Horrid, horrid German!

Enter MERRIMAN *with a card on a salver.*

MERRIMAN. Mr. Ernest Worthing has just driven over from the station. He has brought his luggage with him.

CECILY [*takes the card and reads it*]. "Mr. Ernest Worthing, B 4, The Albany, W." Uncle Jack's brother! Did you tell him Mr. Worthing was in town?

MERRIMAN. Yes, Miss. He seemed very much disappointed. I mentioned that you and Miss Prism were in the garden. He said he was anxious to speak to you privately for a moment.

CECILY. Ask Mr. Ernest Worthing to come here. I suppose you had better talk to the housekeeper about a room for him.

MERRIMAN. Yes, Miss.

MERRIMAN *goes off.*

CECILY. I have never met any really

wicked person before. I feel rather frightened. I am so afraid he will look just like everyone else.

Enter ALGERNON, *very gay and debonair.*

He does!

ALGERNON [*raising his hat*]. You are my little cousin Cecily, I'm sure.

CECILY. You are under some strange mistake. I am not little. In fact, I am more than usually tall for my age. [ALGERNON *is rather taken aback.*] But I am your cousin Cecily. You, I see from your card, are Uncle Jack's brother, my cousin Ernest, my wicked cousin Ernest.

ALGERNON. Oh! I am not really wicked at all, cousin Cecily. You mustn't think that I am wicked.

CECILY. If you are not, then you have certainly been deceiving us all in a very inexcusable manner. I hope you have not been leading a double life, pretending to be wicked and being really good all the time. That would be hypocrisy.

ALGERNON [*looks at her in amazement*]. Oh! of course I have been rather reckless.

CECILY. I am glad to hear it.

ALGERNON. In fact, now you mention the subject, I have been very bad in my own small way.

CECILY. I don't think you should be so proud of that, though I am sure it must have been very pleasant.

ALGERNON. It is much pleasanter being here with you.

CECILY. I can't understand how you are here at all. Uncle Jack won't be back till Monday afternoon.

ALGERNON. That is a great disappointment. I am obliged to go up by the first train on Monday morning. I have a business appointment that I am anxious . . . to miss.

CECILY. Couldn't you miss it anywhere but in London?

ALGERNON. No; the appointment is in London.

CECILY. Well, I know, of course, how important it is not to keep a business engagement, if one wants to retain any sense of the beauty of life, but still I think you had better wait till Uncle Jack arrives. I know he wants to speak to you about your emigrating.

ALGERNON. About my what?

CECILY. Your emigrating. He has gone up to buy your outfit.

ALGERNON. I certainly wouldn't let Jack buy my outfit. He has no taste in neckties at all.

CECILY. I don't think you will require neckties. Uncle Jack is sending you to Australia.

ALGERNON. Australia! I'd sooner die.

CECILY. Well, he said at dinner on Wednesday night, that you would have to choose between this world, the next world, and Australia.

ALGERNON. Oh, well! The accounts I have received of Australia and the next world, are not particularly encouraging. This world is good enough for me, cousin Cecily.

CECILY. Yes, but are you good enough for it?

ALGERNON. I'm afraid I'm not that. That is why I want you to reform me. You might make that your mission, if you don't mind, cousin Cecily.

CECILY. I'm afraid I've not time, this afternoon.

ALGERNON. Well, would you mind my reforming myself this afternoon?

CECILY. That is rather Quixotic of you. But I think you should try.

ALGERNON. I will. I feel better already.

CECILY. You are looking a little worse.

ALGERNON. That is because I am hungry.

CECILY. How thoughtless of me. I should have remembered that when one is going to lead an entirely new life, one requires regular and wholesome meals. Won't you come in?

ALGERNON. Thank you. Might I have a button-hole first? I never have any appetite unless I have a button-hole first.

CECILY. A Maréchal Niel? [*Picks up scissors.*]

ALGERNON. No, I'd sooner have a pink rose.

CECILY. Why? [*Cuts a flower.*]

ALGERNON. Because you are like a pink rose, cousin Cecily.

CECILY. I don't think it can be right for you to talk to me like that. Miss Prism never says such things to me.

ALGERNON. Then Miss Prism is a short-sighted old lady. [CECILY *puts the rose in his*

button-hole.] You are the prettiest girl I ever saw.

CECILY. Miss Prism says that all good looks are a snare.

ALGERNON. They are a snare that every sensible man would like to be caught in.

CECILY. Oh! I don't think I would care to catch a sensible man. I shouldn't know what to talk to him about.

They pass into the house. MISS PRISM *and* DR. CHASUBLE *return.*

MISS PRISM. You are too much alone, dear Dr. Chasuble. You should get married. A misanthrope I can understand—a womanthrope, never!

CHASUBLE [*with a scholar's shudder*]. Believe me, I do not deserve so neologistic a phrase. The precept as well as the practice of the Primitive Church was distinctly against matrimony.

MISS PRISM [*sententiously*]. That is obviously the reason why the Primitive Church has not lasted up to the present day. And you do not seem to realize, dear Doctor, that by persistently remaining single, a man converts himself into a permanent public temptation. Men should be careful; this very celibacy leads weaker vessels astray.

CHASUBLE. But is a man not equally attractive when married?

MISS PRISM. No married man is ever attractive except to his wife.

CHASUBLE. And often, I've been told, not even to her.

MISS PRISM. That depends on the intellectual sympathies of the woman. Maturity can always be depended on. Ripeness can be trusted. Young women are green. [DR. CHASUBLE *starts.*] I spoke horticulturally. My metaphor was drawn from fruits. But where is Cecily?

CHASUBLE. Perhaps she followed us to the schools.

Enter JACK *slowly from the back of the garden. He is dressed in the deepest mourning, with crape hatband and black gloves.*

MISS PRISM. Mr. Worthing!

CHASUBLE. Mr. Worthing?

MISS PRISM. This is indeed a surprise. We did not look for you till Monday afternoon.

JACK [*shakes* MISS PRISM'S *hand in a tragic manner*]. I have returned sooner than I expected. Dr. Chasuble, I hope you are well?

CHASUBLE. Dear Mr. Worthing, I trust this garb of woe does not betoken some terrible calamity?

JACK. My brother.

MISS PRISM. More shameful debts and extravagance?

CHASUBLE. Still leading his life of pleasure?

JACK [*shaking his head*]. Dead!

CHASUBLE. Your brother Ernest dead?

JACK. Quite dead.

MISS PRISM. What a lesson for him! I trust he will profit by it.

CHASUBLE. Mr. Worthing, I offer you my sincere condolence. You have at least the consolation of knowing that you were always the most generous and forgiving of brothers.

JACK. Poor Ernest! He had many faults, but it is a sad, sad blow.

CHASUBLE. Very sad indeed. Were you with him at the end?

JACK. No. He died abroad; in Paris, in fact. I had a telegram last night from the manager of the Grand Hotel.

CHASUBLE. Was the cause of death mentioned?

JACK. A severe chill, it seems.

MISS PRISM. As a man sows, so shall he reap.

CHASUBLE [*raising his hand*]. Charity, dear Miss Prism, charity! None of us are perfect. I myself am peculiarly susceptible to draughts. Will the interment take place here?

JACK. No. He seems to have expressed a desire to be buried in Paris.

CHASUBLE. In Paris! [*Shakes his head.*] I fear that hardly points to any very serious state of mind at the last. You would no doubt wish me to make some slight allusion to this tragic domestic affliction next Sunday. [JACK *presses his hand convulsively.*] My sermon on the meaning of the manna in the wilderness can be adapted to almost any occasion, joyful, or, as in the present case, distressing. [*All sigh.*] I have preached it at harvest celebrations, christenings, confirmations, on days of humiliation and festal days. The last time I delivered it, it was

in the Cathedral, as a charity sermon on behalf of the Society for the Prevention of Discontentment among the Upper Orders. The Bishop, who was present, was much struck by some of the analogies I drew.

JACK. Ah, that reminds me, you mentioned christenings I think, Dr. Chasuble? I suppose you know how to christen all right? [DR. CHASUBLE *looks astounded.*] I mean, of course, you are continually christening, aren't you?

MISS PRISM. It is, I regret to say, one of the Rector's most constant duties in this parish. I have often spoken to the poorer classes on the subject. But they don't seem to know what thrift is.

CHASUBLE. But is there any particular infant in whom you are interested, Mr. Worthing? Your brother was, I believe, unmarried, was he not?

JACK. Oh, yes.

MISS PRISM [*bitterly.*] People who live entirely for pleasure usually are.

JACK. But it is not for any child, dear Doctor. I am very fond of children. No! the fact is, I would like to be christened myself, this afternoon, if you have nothing better to do.

CHASUBLE. But surely, Mr. Worthing, you have been christened already?

JACK. I don't remember anything about it.

CHASUBLE. But have you any grave doubts in the subject?

JACK. I certainly intend to have. Of course, I don't know if the thing would bother you in any way, or if you think I am a little too old now.

CHASUBLE. Not at all. The sprinkling, and, indeed, the immersion of adults is a perfectly canonical practice.

JACK. Immersion!

CHASUBLE. You need have no apprehensions. Sprinkling is all that is necessary, or indeed I think advisable. Our weather is so changeable. At what hour would you wish the ceremony performed?

JACK. Oh, I might trot around about five if that would suit you.

CHASUBLE. Perfectly, perfectly! In fact I have two similar ceremonies to perform at that time. A case of twins that occurred recently in one of the outlying cottages on your own estate. Poor Jenkins the carter, a most hard-working man.

JACK. Oh! I don't see much fun in being christened along with other babies. It would be childish. Would half-past five do?

CHASUBLE. Admirably! Admirably! [*Takes out watch.*] And now, dear Mr. Worthing, I will not intrude any longer into a house of sorrow. I would merely beg you not to be too much bowed down by grief. What seem to us bitter trials at the moment are often blessings in disguise.

MISS PRISM. This seems to me a blessing of an extremely obvious kind.

Enter CECILY *from the house.*

CECILY. Uncle Jack! Oh, I am pleased to see you back. But what horrid clothes you have on! Do go and change them.

MISS PRISM. Cecily!

CHASUBLE My child! my child! [CECILY *goes towards* JACK; *he kisses her brow in a melancholy manner.*]

CECILY. What is the matter, Uncle Jack? Do look happy! You look as if you had a toothache and I have such a surprise for you. Who do you think is in the dining-room? Your brother!

JACK. Who?

CECILY. Your brother Ernest. He arrived about half an hour ago.

JACK. What nonsense! I haven't got a brother.

CECILY. Oh, don't say that. However badly he may have behaved to you in the past he is still your brother. You couldn't be so heartless as to disown him. I'll tell him to come out. And you will shake hands with him, won't you, Uncle Jack?

[*Runs back into the house.*]

CHASUBLE. These are very joyful tidings.

MISS PRISM. After we had all been resigned to his loss, his sudden return seems to me peculiarly distressing.

JACK. My brother is in the dining-room? I don't know what it all means. I think it is perfectly absurd.

Enter ALGERNON *and* CECILY *hand in hand. They come slowly up to* JACK.

JACK. Good heavens! [*Motions* ALGERNON *away.*]

ALGERNON. Brother John, I have come down from town to tell you that I am very

sorry for all the trouble I have given you, and that I intend to lead a better life in the future. [JACK *glares at him and does not take his hand.*]

CECILY. Uncle Jack, you are not going to refuse your own brother's hand?

JACK. Nothing will induce me to take his hand. I think his coming down here disgraceful. He knows perfectly well why.

CECILY. Uncle Jack, do be nice. There is some good in everyone. Ernest has just been telling me about his poor invalid friend, Mr. Bunbury, whom he goes to visit so often. And surely there must be much good in one who is kind to an invalid, and leaves the pleasures of London to sit by a bed of pain.

JACK. Oh, he has been talking about Bunbury, has he?

CECILY. Yes, he has told me all about poor Mr. Bunbury, and his terrible state of health.

JACK. Bunbury! Well, I won't have him talk to you about Bunbury or about anything else. It is enough to drive one perfectly frantic.

ALGERNON. Of course I admit that the faults were all on my side. But I must say that I think that Brother John's coldness to me is peculiarly painful. I expected a more enthusiastic welcome, especially considering it is the first time I have come here.

CECILY. Uncle Jack, if you don't shake hands with Ernest I will never forgive you.

JACK. Never forgive me?

CECILY. Never, never, never!

JACK. Well, this is the last time I shall ever do it. [*Shakes hands with* ALGERNON *and glares.*]

CHASUBLE. It's pleasant, is it not, to see so perfect a reconciliation? I think we might leave the two brothers together.

MISS PRISM. Cecily, you will come with us.

CECILY. Certainly, Miss Prism. My little task of reconciliation is over.

CHASUBLE. You have done a beautiful action to-day, dear child.

MISS PRISM. We must not be premature in our judgments.

CECILY. I feel very happy. [*They all go off.*]

JACK. You young scoundrel, Algy, you must get out of this place as soon as possible. I don't allow any Bunburying here.

Enter MERRIMAN.

MERRIMAN. I have put Mr. Ernest's things in the room next to yours, sir. I suppose that is all right?

JACK. What?

MERRIMAN. Mr. Ernest's luggage, sir. I have unpacked it and put it in the room next to your own.

JACK. His luggage?

MERRIMAN. Yes, sir. Three portmanteaus, a dressing-case, two hat-boxes, and a large luncheon-basket.

ALGERNON. I am afraid I can't stay more than a week this time.

JACK. Merriman, order the dog-cart at once. Mr. Ernest has been suddenly called back to town.

MERRIMAN. Yes, sir. [*Goes back into the house.*]

ALGERNON. What a fearful liar you are, Jack. I have not been called back to town at all.

JACK. Yes, you have.

ALGERNON. I haven't heard anyone calling me.

JACK. Your duty as a gentleman calls you back.

ALGERNON. My duty as a gentleman has never interfered with my pleasures in the smallest degree.

JACK. I can quite understand that.

ALGERNON. Well, Cecily is a darling.

JACK. You are not to talk of Miss Cardew like that. I don't like it.

ALGERNON. Well, I don't like your clothes. You look perfectly ridiculous in them. Why on earth don't you go up and change? It is perfectly childish to be in deep mourning for a man who is actually staying for a whole week with you in your house as a guest. I call it grotesque.

JACK. You are certainly not staying with me for a whole week as a guest or anything else. You have got to leave . . . by the four-five train.

ALGERNON. I certainly won't leave you so long as you are in mourning. It would be most unfriendly. If I were in mourning you would stay with me, I suppose. I should think it very unkind if you didn't.

JACK. Well, will you go if I change my clothes?

ALGERNON. Yes, if you are not too long.

I never saw anybody take so long to dress, and with such little result.

JACK. Well, at any rate, that is better than being always over-dressed as you are.

ALGERNON. If I am occasionally a little over-dressed, I make up for it by being always immensely over-educated.

JACK. Your vanity is ridiculous, your conduct an outrage, and your presence in my garden utterly absurd. However, you have got to catch the four-five, and I hope you will have a pleasant journey back to town. This Bunburying, as you call it, has not been a great success for you. [*Goes into the house.*]

ALGERNON. I think it has been a great success. I'm in love with Cecily, and that is everything. [*Enter* CECILY *at the back of the garden. She picks up the can and begins to water the flowers.*] But I must see her before I go, and make arrangements for another Bunbury. Ah, there she is.

CECILY. Oh, I merely came back to water the roses. I thought you were with Uncle Jack.

ALGERNON. He's gone to order the dog-cart for me.

CECILY. Oh, is he going to take you for a nice drive?

ALGERNON. He's going to send me away.

CECILY. Then have we got to part?

ALGERNON. I am afraid so. It's a very painful parting.

CECILY. It is always painful to part from people whom one has known for a very brief space of time. The absence of old friends one can endure with equanimity. But even a momentary separation from anyone to whom one has just been introduced is almost unbearable.

ALGERNON. Thank you.

Enter MERRIMAN.

MERRIMAN. The dog-cart is at the door, sir. [ALGERNON *looks appealingly at* CECILY.]

CECILY. It can wait, Merriman . . . for . . . five minutes.

MERRIMAN. Yes, miss.

Exit MERRIMAN.

ALGERNON. I hope, Cecily, I shall not offend you if I state quite frankly and openly that you seem to me to be in every way the visible personification of absolute perfection.

CECILY. I think your frankness does you great credit, Ernest. If you will allow me I will copy your remarks into my diary. [*Goes over to table and begins writing in diary.*]

ALGERNON. Do you really keep a diary? I'd give anything to look at it. May I?

CECILY. Oh, no. [*Puts her hand over it.*] You see, it is simply a very young girl's record of her own thoughts and impressions, and consequently meant for publication. When it appears in volume form I hope you will order a copy. But pray, Ernest, don't stop. I delight in taking down from dictation. I have reached "absolute perfection." You can go on. I am quite ready for more.

ALGERNON [*somewhat taken aback*]. Ahem! Ahem!

CECILY. Oh, don't cough, Ernest. When one is dictating one should speak fluently and not cough. Besides, I don't know how to spell a cough.

[*Writes as* ALGERNON *speaks.*]

ALGERNON [*speaking very rapidly*]. Cecily, ever since I first looked upon your wonderful and incomparable beauty, I have dared to love you wildly, passionately, devotedly, hopelessly.

CECILY. I don't think that you should tell me that you love me wildly, passionately, devotedly, hopelessly. Hopelessly doesn't seem to make much sense, does it?

ALGERNON. Cecily!

Enter MERRIMAN.

MERRIMAN. The dog-cart is waiting, sir.

ALGERNON. Tell it to come round next week, at the same hour.

MERRIMAN [*looks at* CECILY, *who makes no sign*]. Yes, sir. [MERRIMAN *retires.*]

CECILY. Uncle Jack would be very much annoyed if he knew you were staying on till next week, at the same hour.

ALGERNON. Oh, I don't care about Jack. I don't care for anybody in the whole world but you. I love you, Cecily. You will marry me, won't you?

CECILY. You silly you! Of course. Why, we have been engaged for the last three months.

ALGERNON. For the last three months?

CECILY. Yes, it will be exactly three months on Thursday.

ALGERNON. But how did we become engaged?

CECILY. Well, ever since dear Uncle

Jack first confessed to us that he had a younger brother who was very wicked and bad, you of course have formed the chief topic of conversation between myself and Miss Prism. And of course a man who is much talked about is always very attractive. One feels there must be something in him after all. I daresay it was foolish of me, but I fell in love with you, Ernest.

ALGERNON. Darling! And when was the engagement actually settled?

CECILY. On the 4th of February last. Worn out by your entire ignorance of my existence, I determined to end the matter one way or the other, and after a long struggle with myself I accepted you under this dear old tree here. The next day I bought this little ring in your name, and this is the little bangle with the true lovers' knot I promised you always to wear.

ALGERNON. Did I give you this? It's very pretty, isn't it?

CECILY. Yes, you've wonderfully good taste, Ernest. It's the excuse I've always given for your leading such a bad life. And this is the box in which I keep all your dear letters. [*Kneels at table, opens box, and produces letters tied up with blue ribbon.*]

ALGERNON. My letters! But my own sweet Cecily, I have never written you any letters.

CECILY. You need hardly remind me of that, Ernest. I remember only too well that I was forced to write your letters for you. I wrote always three times a week, and sometimes oftener.

ALGERNON. Oh, do let me read them, Cecily?

CECILY. Oh, I couldn't possibly. They would make you far too conceited. [*Replaces box.*] The three you wrote me after I had broken off the engagement are so beautiful, and so badly spelled, that even now I can hardly read them without crying a little.

ALGERNON. But was our engagement ever broken off?

CECILY. Of course it was. On the 22nd of last March. You can see the entry if you like. [*Shows diary.*] "To-day I broke off my engagement with Ernest. I feel it is better to do so. The weather still continues charming."

ALGERNON. But why on earth did you break it off? What had I done? I had done nothing at all. Cecily, I am very much hurt indeed to hear you broke it off. Particularly when the weather was so charming.

CECILY. It would hardly have been a really serious engagement, if it hadn't been broken off at least once. But I forgave you before the week was out.

ALGERNON [*crossing to her, and kneeling*]. What a perfect angel you are, Cecily.

CECILY. You dear romantic boy. [*He kisses her, she puts her fingers through his hair.*] I hope your hair curls naturally, does it?

ALGERNON. Yes, darling, with a little help from others.

CECILY. I am so glad.

ALGERNON. You'll never break off our engagement again, Cecily?

CECILY. I don't think I could break it off now that I have actually met you. Besides, of course, there is the question of your name.

ALGERNON. Yes, of course. [*Nervously.*]

CECILY. You must not laugh at me, darling, but it had always been a girlish dream of mine to love some one whose name was Ernest. [ALGERNON *rises*, CECILY *also.*] There is something in that name that seems to inspire absolute confidence. I pity any poor married woman whose husband is not called Ernest.

ALGERNON. But, my dear child, do you mean to say you could not love me if I had some other name?

CECILY. But what name?

ALGERNON. Oh, any name you like—Algernon, for instance. . . .

CECILY. But I don't like the name of Algernon.

ALGERNON. Well, my own dear, sweet, loving little darling, I really can't see why you should object to the name of Algernon. It is not at all a bad name. In fact, it is rather an aristocratic name. Half of the chaps who get into the Bankruptcy Court are called Algernon. But seriously, Cecily . . . [*Moving to her*] . . . if my name was Algy, couldn't you love me?

CECILY [*rising.*] I might respect you, Ernest, I might admire your character, but I fear that I should not be able to give you my undivided attention.

ALGERNON. Ahem! Cecily! [*Picking up hat.*] Your Rector here is, I suppose, thor-

oughly experienced in the practice of all the rites and ceremonials of the church?

CECILY. Oh, yes. Dr. Chasuble is a most learned man. He has never written a single book, so you can imagine how much he knows.

ALGERNON. I must see him at once on a most important christening—I mean on most important business.

CECILY. Oh!

ALGERNON. I sha'n't be away more than half an hour.

CECILY. Considering that we have been engaged since February the 14th, and that I only met you to-day for the first time, I think it is rather hard that you should leave me for so long a period as half an hour. Couldn't you make it twenty minutes?

ALGERNON. I'll be back in no time. [*Kisses her and rushes down the garden.*]

CECILY. What an impetuous boy he is. I like his hair so much. I must enter his proposal in my diary.

Enter MERRIMAN.

MERRIMAN. A Miss Fairfax has just called to see Mr. Worthing. On very important business, Miss Fairfax states.

CECILY. Isn't Mr. Worthing in his library?

MERRIMAN. Mr. Worthing went over in the direction of the Rectory some time ago.

CECILY. Pray ask the lady to come out here; Mr. Worthing is sure to be back soon. And you can bring tea.

MERRIMAN. Yes, miss. [*Goes out.*]

CECILY. Miss Fairfax! I suppose one of the many good elderly women who are associated with Uncle Jack in some of his philanthropic work in London. I don't quite like women who are interested in philanthropic work. I think it is so forward of them.

Enter MERRIMAN.

MERRIMAN. Miss Fairfax.

Enter GWENDOLEN.

Exit MERRIMAN.

CECILY [*advancing to meet her*]. Pray let me introduce myself to you. My name is Cecily Cardew.

GWENDOLEN. Cecily Cardew? [*Moving to her and shaking hands.*] What a very sweet name! Something tells me that we are going to be great friends. I like you already more than I can say. My first impressions of people are never wrong.

CECILY. How nice of you to like me so much after we have known each other such a comparatively short time. Pray sit down.

GWENDOLEN [*still standing up.*] I may call you Cecily, may I not?

CECILY. With pleasure!

GWENDOLEN. And you will always call me Gwendolen, won't you?

CECILY. If you wish.

GWENDOLEN. Then that is all quite settled, is it not?

CECILY. I hope so. [*A pause. They both sit down together.*]

GWENDOLEN. Perhaps this might be a favorable opportunity for my mentioning who I am. My father is Lord Bracknell. You have never heard of papa, I suppose?

CECILY. I don't think so.

GWENDOLEN. Outside the family circle, papa, I am glad to say, is entirely unknown. I think that is quite as it should be. The home seems to me to be the proper sphere for the man. And certainly once a man begins to neglect his domestic duties he becomes painfully effeminate, does he not? And I don't like that. It makes men so very attractive. Cecily, mamma, whose views on education are remarkably strict, has brought me up to be extremely short-sighted; it is part of her system; so do you mind my looking at you through my glasses?

CECILY. Oh, not at all, Gwendolen. I am very fond of being looked at.

GWENDOLEN [*after examining* CECILY *carefully through a lorgnette.*] You are here on a short visit, I suppose.

CECILY. Oh, no, I live here.

GWENDOLEN [*severely.*] Really? Your mother, no doubt, or some other female relative of advanced years, resides here also?

CECILY. Oh, no. I have no mother, nor, in fact, any relations.

GWENDOLEN. Indeed?

CECILY. My dear guardian, with the assistance of Miss Prism, has the arduous task of looking after me.

GWENDOLEN. Your guardian?

CECILY. Yes, I am Mr. Worthing's ward.

GWENDOLEN. Oh! It is strange he never mentioned to me that he had a ward. How secretive of him! He grows more interesting hourly. I am not sure, however, that the

news inspires me with feelings of unmixed delight. [*Rising and going to her.*] I am very fond of you, Cecily; I have liked you ever since I met you. But I am bound to state that now that I know that you are Mr. Worthing's ward, I cannot help expressing a wish you were—well, just a little older than you seem to be—and not quite so very alluring in appearance. In fact, if I may speak candidly——

CECILY. Pray do! I think that whenever one has anything unpleasant to say, one should always be quite candid.

GWENDOLEN. Well, to speak with perfect candour, Cecily, I wish that you were fully forty-two, and more than usually plain for your age. Ernest has a strong upright nature. He is the very soul of truth and honour. Disloyalty would be as impossible to him as deception. But even men of the noblest possible moral character are extremely susceptible to the influence of the physical charms of others. Modern, no less than Ancient History, supplies us with many most painful examples of what I refer to. If it were not so, indeed, History would be quite unreadable.

CECILY. I beg your pardon, Gwendolen, did you say Ernest?

GWENDOLEN. Yes.

CECILY. Oh, but it is not Mr. Ernest Worthing who is my guardian. It is his brother—his elder brother.

GWENDOLEN. [*Sitting down again.*] Ernest never mentioned to me that he had a brother.

CECILY. I am sorry to say they have not been on good terms for a long time.

GWENDOLEN. Ah! that accounts for it. And now that I think of it I have never heard any man mention his brother. The subject seems distasteful to most men. Cecily, you have lifted a load from my mind. I was growing almost anxious. It would have been terrible if any cloud had come across a friendship like ours, would it not? Of course you are quite, quite sure that it is not Mr. Ernest Worthing who is your guardian?

CECILY. Quite sure. [*A pause.*] In fact, I am going to be his.

GWENDOLEN [*enquiringly*]. I beg your pardon?

CECILY [*rather shy and confidingly*]. Dearest Gwendolen, there is no reason why I should make a secret of it to you. Our little county newspaper is sure to chronicle the fact next week. Mr. Ernest Worthing and I are engaged to be married.

GWENDOLEN [*quite politely, rising*]. My darling Cecily, I think there must be some slight error. Mr. Ernest Worthing is engaged to me. The announcement will appear in the *Morning Post* on Saturday at the latest.

CECILY [*very politely, rising*]. I am afraid you must be under some misconception. Ernest proposed to me exactly ten minutes ago. [*Shows diary.*]

GWENDOLEN [*examines diary through her lorgnette carefully*]. It is certainly very curious, for he asked me to be his wife yesterday afternoon at 5.30. If you would care to verify the incident, pray do so. [*Produces diary of her own.*] I never travel without my diary. One should always have something sensational to read in the train. I am so sorry, dear Cecily, if it is any disappointment to you, but I am afraid *I* have the prior claim.

CECILY. It would distress me more than I can tell you, dear Gwendolen, if it caused you any mental or physical anguish, but I feel bound to point out that since Ernest proposed to you he clearly has changed his mind.

GWENDOLEN [*meditatively*]. If the poor fellow has been entrapped into any foolish promise I shall consider it my duty to rescue him at once, and with a firm hand.

CECILY [*thoughtfully and sadly*]. Whatever unfortunate entanglement my dear boy may have got into, I will never reproach him with it after we are married.

GWENDOLEN. Do you allude to me, Miss Cardew, as an entanglement? You are presumptuous. On an occasion of this kind it becomes more than a moral duty to speak one's mind. It becomes a pleasure.

CECILY. Do you suggest, Miss Fairfax, that I entrapped Ernest into an engagement? How dare you? This is no time for wearing the shallow mask of manners. When I see a spade I call it a spade.

GWENDOLEN [*satirically*]. I am glad to say that I have never seen a spade. It is obvious that our social spheres have been widely different.

Enter MERRIMAN, *followed by the footman. He carries a salver, tablecloth, and plate-*

stand. CECILY *is about to retort. The presence of the servants exercises a restraining influence, under which both girls chafe.*

MERRIMAN. Shall I lay tea here as usual, miss?

CECILY [*sternly, in a calm voice*]. Yes, as usual. [MERRIMAN *begins to clear and lay cloth. A long pause.* CECILY *and* GWENDOLEN *glare at each other.*]

GWENDOLEN. Are there many interesting walks in the vicinity, Miss Cardew?

CECILY. Oh, yes, a great many. From the top of one of the hills quite close one can see five counties.

GWENDOLEN. Five counties! I don't think I should like that. I hate crowds.

CECILY [*sweetly*]. I suppose that is why you live in town? [GWENDOLEN *bites her lip, and beats her foot nervously with her parasol.*]

GWENDOLEN [*looking round*]. Quite a well-kept garden this is, Miss Cardew.

CECILY. So glad you like it, Miss Fairfax.

GWENDOLEN. I had no idea there were any flowers in the country.

CECILY. Oh, flowers are as common here, Miss Fairfax, as people are in London.

GWENDOLEN. Personally, I cannot understand how anybody manages to exist in the country, if anybody who is anybody does. The country always bores me to death.

CECILY. Ah! This is what the newspapers call agricultural depression, is it not? I believe the aristocracy are suffering very much from it just at present. It is almost an epidemic amongst them, I have been told. May I offer you some tea, Miss Fairfax?

GWENDOLEN [*with elaborate politeness*]. Thank you. [*Aside.*] Detestable girl! But I require tea!

CECILY [*sweetly*]. Sugar?

GWENDOLEN [*superciliously.*] No, thank you. Sugar is not fashionable any more. [CECILY *looks angrily at her, takes up the tongs and puts four lumps of sugar into the cup.*]

CECILY [*severely*]. Cake or bread and butter?

GWENDOLEN [*in a bored manner.*] Bread and butter, please. Cake is rarely seen at the best houses nowadays.

CECILY [*cuts a very large slice of cake, and puts it on the tray*]. Hand that to Miss Fairfax. [MERRIMAN *does so, and goes out with footman.* GWENDOLEN *drinks the tea and makes a grimace. Puts down cup at once, reaches out her hand to the bread and butter, looks at it, and finds it is cake. Rises in indignation.*]

GWENDOLEN. You have filled my tea with lumps of sugar, and though I asked most distinctly for bread and butter, you have given me cake. I am known for the gentleness of my disposition, and the extraordinary sweetness of my nature, but I warn you, Miss Cardew, you may go too far.

CECILY [*rising*]. To save my poor, innocent, trusting boy from the machinations of any other girl there are no lengths to which I would not go.

GWENDOLEN. From the moment I saw you I distrusted you. I felt that you were false and deceitful. I am never deceived in such matters. My first impressions of people are invariably right.

CECILY. It seems to me, Miss Fairfax that I am trespassing on your valuable time. No doubt you have many other calls of a similar character to make in the neighbourhood.

Enter JACK.

GWENDOLEN [*catching sight of him*]. Ernest! My own Ernest!

JACK. Gwendolen! Darling! [*Offers to kiss her.*]

GWENDOLEN [*drawing back*]. A moment! May I ask if you are engaged to be married to this young lady? [*Points to* CECILY.]

JACK [*laughing*]. To dear little Cecily! Of course not! What could have put such an idea into your pretty little head?

GWENDOLEN. Thank you. You may. [*Offers her cheek.*]

CECILY [*very sweetly*]. I knew there must be some misunderstanding, Miss Fairfax. The gentleman whose arm is at present around your waist is my dear guardian, Mr. John Worthing.

GWENDOLEN. I beg your pardon?

CECILY. This is Uncle Jack.

GWENDOLEN [*receding*]. Jack! Oh!

Enter ALGERNON.

CECILY. Here is Ernest.

ALGERNON [*goes straight over to* CECILY *without noticing anyone else*]. My own love! [*Offers to kiss her.*]

CECILY [*drawing back*]. A moment, Ernest! May I ask you—are you engaged to be married to this young lady?

ALGERNON [*looking round*]. To what young lady? Good heavens! Gwendolen!

CECILY. Yes, to good heavens, Gwendolen, I mean to Gwendolen.

ALGERNON [*laughing*]. Of course not! What could have put such an idea into your pretty little head?

CECILY. Thank you. [*Presents her cheek to be kissed.*] You may. [ALGERNON *kisses her.*]

GWENDOLEN. I felt there was some slight error, Miss Cardew. The gentleman who is now embracing you is my cousin, Mr. Algernon Moncrieff.

CECILY [*breaking away from* ALGERNON]. Algernon Moncrieff! Oh! [*The two girls move towards each other and put their arms round each other's waists as if for protection.*]

CECILY. Are you called Algernon?

ALGERNON. I cannot deny it.

CECILY. Oh!

GWENDOLEN. Is your name really John?

JACK [*standing rather proudly*]. I could deny it if I liked. I could deny anything if I liked. But my name certainly is John. It has been John for years.

CECILY [*to* GWENDOLEN]. A gross deception has been practised on both of us.

GWENDOLEN. My poor wounded Cecily!

CECILY. My sweet, wronged Gwendolen.

GWENDOLEN [*slowly and seriously*]. You will call me sister, will you not? [*They embrace.* JACK *and* ALGERNON *groan and walk up and down.*]

CECILY [*rather brightly*]. There is just one question I would like to be allowed to ask my guardian.

GWENDOLEN. An admirable idea! Mr. Worthing, there is just one question I would like to be permitted to put to you. Where is your brother Ernest? We are both engaged to be married to your brother Ernest, so it is a matter of some importance to us to know where your brother Ernest is at present.

JACK [*slowly and hesitatingly*]. Gwendolen—Cecily—it is very painful for me to be forced to speak the truth. It is the first time in my life that I have ever been reduced to such a painful position, and I am really quite inexperienced in doing anything of the kind. However I will tell you quite frankly that I have no brother Ernest. I have no brother at all. I never had a brother in my life, and I certainly have not the smallest intention of ever having one in the future.

CECILY [*surprised*]. No brother at all?

JACK [*cheerily*]. None!

GWENDOLEN [*severely*]. Had you never a brother of any kind?

JACK [*pleasantly*]. Never. Not even of any kind.

GWENDOLEN. I am afraid it is quite clear, Cecily, that neither of us is engaged to be married to anyone.

CECILY. It is not a very pleasant position for a young girl suddenly to find herself in. Is it?

GWENDOLEN. Let us go into the house. They will hardly venture to come after us there.

CECILY. No, men are so cowardly, aren't they? [*They retire into the house with scornful looks.*]

JACK. This ghastly state of things is what you call Bunburying, I suppose?

ALGERNON. Yes, and a perfectly wonderful Bunbury it is. The most wonderful Bunbury I have ever had in my life.

JACK. Well, you've no right whatsoever to Bunbury here.

ALGERNON. That is absurd. One has a right to Bunbury anywhere one chooses. Every serious Bunburyist knows that.

JACK. Serious Bunburyist! Good heavens!

ALGERNON. Well, one must be serious about something, if one wants to have any amusement in life. I happen to be serious about Bunburying. What on earth you are serious about I haven't got the remotest idea. About everything, I should fancy. You have such an absolutely trivial nature.

JACK. Well, the only small satisfaction I have in the whole of this wretched business is that your friend Bunbury is quite exploded. You won't be able to run down to the country quite so often as you used to do, dear Algy. And a very good thing, too.

ALGERNON. Your brother is a little off colour, isn't he, dear Jack? You won't be able to disappear to London quite so frequently as your wicked custom was. And not a bad thing, either.

JACK. As for your conduct towards Miss Cardew, I must say that your taking in a sweet, simple, innocent girl like that is quite

inexcusable. To say nothing of the fact that she is my ward.

ALGERNON. I can see no possible defence at all for your deceiving a brilliant, clever, thoroughly experienced young lady like Miss Fairfax. To say nothing of the fact that she is my cousin.

JACK. I wanted to be engaged to Gwendolen, that is all. I love her.

ALGERNON. Well, I simply wanted to be engaged to Cecily. I adore her.

JACK. There is certainly no chance of your marrying Miss Cardew.

ALGERNON. I don't think there is much likelihood, Jack, of you and Miss Fairfax being united.

JACK. Well, that is no business of yours.

ALGERNON. If it was my business, I wouldn't talk about it. [*Begins to eat muffins.*] It is very vulgar to talk about one's business. Only people like stock-brokers do that, and then merely at dinner parties.

JACK. How can you sit there, calmly eating muffins, when we are in this horrible trouble, I can't make out. You seem to me to be perfectly heartless.

ALGERNON. Well, I can't eat muffins in an agitated manner. The butter would probably get on my cuffs. One should always eat muffins quite calmly. It is the only way to eat them.

JACK. I say it's perfectly heartless your eating muffins at all, under the circumstances.

ALGERNON. When I am in trouble, eating is the only thing that consoles me. Indeed, when I am in really great trouble, as anyone who knows me intimately will tell you, I refuse everything except food and drink. At the present moment I am eating muffins because I am unhappy. Besides, I am particularly fond of muffins. [*Rising.*]

JACK [*rising*]. Well, that is no reason why you should eat them all in that greedy way. [*Takes muffins from* ALGERNON.]

ALGERNON. [*Offering tea-cake.*] I wish you would have tea-cake instead. I don't like tea-cake.

JACK. Good heavens! I suppose a man may eat his own muffins in his own garden.

ALGERNON. But you have just said it was perfectly heartless to eat muffins.

JACK. I said it was perfectly heartless of you, under the circumstances. That is a very different thing.

ALGERNON. That may be. But the muffins are the same. [*He seizes the muffin dish from* JACK.]

JACK. Algy, I wish to goodness you would go.

ALGERNON. You can't possibly ask me to go without having some dinner. It's absurd. I never go without my dinner. No one ever does, except vegetarians and people like that. Besides I have just made arrangements with Dr. Chasuble to be christened at a quarter to six under the name of Ernest.

JACK. My dear fellow, the sooner you give up that nonsense the better. I made arrangements this morning with Dr. Chasuble to be christened myself at 5.30, and I naturally will take the name of Ernest. Gwendolen would wish it. We can't both be christened Ernest. It's absurd. Besides, I have a perfect right to be christened if I like. There is no evidence at all that I ever have been christened by anybody. I should think it extremely probable I never was, and so does Dr. Chasuble. It is entirely different in your case. You have been christened already.

ALGERNON. Yes, but I have not been christened for years.

JACK. Yes, but you have been christened. That is the important thing.

ALGERNON. Quite so. So I know my constitution can stand it. If you are not quite sure about your ever having been christened, I must say I think it rather dangerous your venturing on it now. It might make you very unwell. You can hardly have forgotten that someone very closely connected with you was very nearly carried off this week in Paris by a severe chill.

JACK. Yes, but you said yourself that a severe chill was not hereditary.

ALGERNON. It usedn't to be, I know—but I daresay it is now. Science is always making wonderful improvements in things.

JACK [*picking up the muffin dish*]. Oh, that is nonsense; you are always talking nonsense.

ALGERNON. Jack, you are at the muffins again! I wish you wouldn't. There are only two left. [*Takes them.*] I told you I was particularly fond of muffins.

JACK. But I hate tea-cake.

ALGERNON. Why on earth then do you

allow tea-cake to be served up for your guests? What ideas you have of hospitality!

JACK. Algernon! I have already told you to go. I don't want you here. Why don't you go?

ALGERNON. I haven't quite finished my tea yet, and there is still one muffin left. [JACK *groans, and sinks into a chair.* ALGERNON *still continues eating.*]

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE.—*Morning-room at the Manor House.* GWENDOLEN *and* CECILY *are at the window, looking out into the garden.*

GWENDOLEN. The fact that they did not follow us at once into the house, as anyone else would have done, seems to me to show that they have some sense of shame left.

CECILY. They have been eating muffins. That looks like repentance.

GWENDOLEN [*after a pause*]. They don't seem to notice us at all. Couldn't you cough?

GWENDOLEN. They're looking at us. What effrontery!

CECILY. They're approaching. That's very forward of them.

GWENDOLEN. Let us preserve a dignified silence.

CECILY. Certainly. It's the only thing to do now.

Enter JACK, *followed by* ALGERNON. *They whistle some dreadful popular air from a British opera.*

GWENDOLEN. This dignified silence seems to produce an unpleasant effect.

CECILY. A most distasteful one.

GWENDOLEN. But we will not be the first to speak.

CECILY. Certainly not.

GWENDOLEN. Mr. Worthing, I have something very particular to ask you. Much depends on your reply.

CECILY. Gwendolen, your common sense is invaluable. Mr. Moncrieff, kindly answer me the following question. Why did you pretend to be my guardian's brother?

ALGERNON. In order that I might have an opportunity of meeting you.

CECILY [*to* GWENDOLEN]. That certainly seems a satisfactory explanation, does it not?

GWENDOLEN. Yes, dear, if you can believe him.

CECILY. I don't. But that does not affect the wonderful beauty of his answer.

GWENDOLEN. True. In matters of grave importance, style, not sincerity, is the vital thing. Mr. Worthing, what explanation can you offer to me for pretending to have a brother? Was it in order that you might have an opportunity of coming up to town to see me as often as possible?

JACK. Can you doubt it, Miss Fairfax?

GWENDOLEN. I have the gravest doubts upon the subject. But I intend to crush them. This is not the moment for German scepticism. [*Moving to* CECILY.] Their explanations appear to be quite satisfactory, especially Mr. Worthing's. That seems to me to have the stamp of truth upon it.

CECILY. I am more than content with what Mr. Moncrieff said. His voice alone inspires one with absolute credulity.

GWENDOLEN. Then you think we should forgive them?

CECILY. Yes. I mean no.

GWENDOLEN. True! I had forgotten. There are principles at stake that one cannot surrender. Which of us should tell them? The task is not a pleasant one.

CECILY. Could we not both speak at the same time?

GWENDOLEN. An excellent idea! I nearly always speak at the same time as other people. Will you take the time from me?

CECILY. Certainly. [GWENDOLEN *beats time with uplifted finger.*]

GWENDOLEN and CECILY [*speaking together*]. Your Christian names are still an insuperable barrier. That is all!

JACK AND ALGERNON [*speaking together*]. Our Christian names! Is that all? But we are going to be christened this afternoon.

GWENDOLEN [*to* JACK]. For my sake you are prepared to do this terrible thing?

JACK. I am.

CECILY [*to* ALGERNON]. To please me you are ready to face this fearful ordeal?

ALGERNON. I am!

GWENDOLEN. How absurd to talk of the equality of the sexes! Where questions of self-sacrifice are concerned, men are infinitely beyond us.

JACK. We are. [*Clasps hands with* ALGERNON.]

CECILY. They have moments of physical courage of which we women know absolutely nothing.

GWENDOLEN [*to* JACK]. Darling!

ALGERNON [*to* CECILY]. Darling! [*They fall into each other's arms.*]

Enter MERRIMAN. *When he enters he coughs loudly, seeing the situation.*

MERRIMAN. Ahem! Ahem! Lady Bracknell!

JACK. Good heavens!

Enter LADY BRACKNELL *The couples separate in alarm. Exit* MERRIMAN.

LADY BRACKNELL. Gwendolen! What does this mean?

GWENDOLEN. Merely that I am engaged to be married to Mr. Worthing, Mamma.

LADY BRACKNELL. Come here. Sit down. Sit down immediately. Hesitation of any kind is a sign of mental decay in the young, of physical weakness in the old. [*Turns to* JACK.] Apprised, sir, of my daughter's sudden flight by her trusty maid, whose confidence I purchased by means of a small coin, I followed her at once by a luggage train. Her unhappy father is, I am glad to say, under the impression that she is attending a more than usually lengthy lecture by the University Extension Scheme on the Influence of a Permanent Income on Thought. I do not propose to undeceive him. Indeed I have never undeceived him on any question. I would consider it wrong. But of course, you will clearly understand that all communication between yourself and my daughter must cease immediately from this moment. On this point, as indeed on all points, I am firm.

JACK. I am engaged to be married to Gwendolen, Lady Bracknell!

LADY BRACKNELL. You are nothing of the kind, sir. And now, as regards Algernon! . . . Algernon!

ALGERNON. Yes, Aunt Augusta.

LADY BRACKNELL. May I ask if it is in this house that your invalid friend Mr. Bunbury resides?

ALGERNON [*stammering*]. Oh, no! Bunbury doesn't live here. Bunbury is somewhere else at present. In fact, Bunbury is dead.

LADY BRACKNELL. Dead! When did Mr. Bunbury die? His death must have been extremely sudden.

ALGERNON [*airily*]. Oh, I killed Bunbury this afternoon. I mean poor Bunbury died this afternoon.

LADY BRACKNELL. What did he die of?

ALGERNON. Bunbury? Oh, he was quite exploded.

LADY BRACKNELL. Exploded! Was he the victim of a revolutionary outrage? I was not aware that Mr. Bunbury was interested in social legislation. If so, he is well punished for his morbidity.

ALGERNON. My dear Aunt Augusta, I mean he was found out! The doctors found out that Bunbury could not live, that is what I mean—so Bunbury died.

LADY BRACKNELL. He seems to have had great confidence in the opinion of his physicians. I am glad, however, that he made up his mind at the last to some definite course of action, and acted under proper medical advice. And now that we have finally got rid of this Mr. Bunbury, may I ask, Mr. Worthing, who is that young person whose hand my nephew Algernon is now holding in what seems to be a peculiarly unnecessary manner?

JACK. That lady is Miss Cecily Cardew, my ward. [LADY BRACKNELL *bows coldly to* CECILY.]

ALGERNON. I am engaged to be married to Cecily, Aunt Augusta.

LADY BRACKNELL. I beg your pardon?

CECILY. Mr. Moncrieff and I are engaged to be married, Lady Bracknell.

LADY BRACKNELL [*with a shiver, crossing to the sofa and sitting down.*] I do not know whether there is anything peculiarly exciting in the air of this particular part of Hertfordshire, but the number of engagements that go on seems to me considerably above the proper average that statistics have laid down for our guidance. I think some preliminary enquiry on my part would not be out of place. Mr. Worthing, is Miss Cardew at all connected with any of the larger railway stations in London? I merely desire information. Until yesterday I had no idea that there were any families or persons whose origin was a Terminus. [JACK *looks perfectly furious, but restrains himself.*]

JACK [*in a clear, cold voice*]. Miss Cardew is the grand-daughter of the late Mr. Thomas

Cardew of 149, Belgrave Square, S.W.; Gervase Park, Dorking, Surrey; and the Sporran, Fifeshire, N.B.

LADY BRACKNELL. That sounds not unsatisfactory. Three addresses always inspire confidence, even in tradesmen. But what proof have I of their authenticity?

JACK. I have carefully preserved the Court Guide of the period. They are open to your inspection, Lady Bracknell.

LADY BRACKNELL [*grimly*]. I have known strange errors in that publication.

JACK. Miss Cardew's family solicitors are Messrs. Markby, Markby, and Markby.

LADY BRACKNELL. Markby, Markby, and Markby? A firm of the very highest position in their profession. Indeed I am told that one of the Mr. Markbys is occasionally to be seen at dinner parties. So far I am satisfied.

JACK [*very irritably*]. How extremely kind of you, Lady Bracknell! I have also in my possession, you will be pleased to hear, certificates of Miss Cardew's birth, baptism, whooping cough, registration, vaccination, confirmation, and the measles; both the German and the English variety.

LADY BRACKNELL. Ah! A life crowded with incident, I see; though perhaps somewhat too exciting for a young girl. I am not myself in favour of premature experiences. [*Rises, looks at her watch.*] Gwendolen! the time approaches for our departure. We have not a moment to lose. As a matter of form, Mr. Worthing, I had better ask you if Miss Cardew has any little fortune?

JACK. Oh, about a hundred and thirty thousand pounds in the Funds. That is all. Good-bye, Lady Bracknell. So pleased to have seen you.

LADY BRACKNELL [*sitting down again*]. A moment, Mr. Worthing. A hundred and thirty thousand pounds! And in the Funds! Miss Cardew seems to me a most attractive young lady, now that I look at her. Few girls of the present day have any really solid qualities, any of the qualities that last, and improve with time. We live, I regret to say, in an age of surfaces. [*To* CECILY.] Come over here, dear. [CECILY *goes across.*] Pretty child! your dress is sadly simple, and your hair seems almost as Nature might have left it. But we can soon alter all that. A thoroughly experienced French maid produces a really marvellous result in a very brief space of time. I remember recommending one to young Lady Lancing, and after three months her own husband did not know her.

JACK [*aside*]. And after six months nobody knew her.

LADY BRACKNELL. [*Glares at* JACK *for a few moments. Then bends, with a practised smile, to* CECILY.] Kindly turn round, sweet child. [CECILY *turns completely round.*] No, the side view is what I want. [CECILY *presents her profile.*] Yes, quite as I expected. There are distinct social possibilities in your profile. The two weak points in our age are its want of principle and its want of profile. The chin a little higher, dear. Style largely depends on the way the chin is worn. They are worn very high, just at present. Algernon!

ALGERNON. Yes, Aunt Augusta!

LADY BRACKNELL. There are distinct social possibilities in Miss Cardew's profile.

ALGERNON. Cecily is the sweetest, dearest, prettiest girl in the whole world. And I don't care twopence about social possibilities.

LADY BRACKNELL. Never speak disrespectfully of society, Algernon. Only people who can't get into it do that. [*To* CECILY.] Dear child, of course you know that Algernon has nothing but his debts to depend upon. But I do not approve of mercenary marriages. When I married Lord Bracknell I had no fortune of any kind. But I never dreamed for a moment of allowing that to stand in my way. Well, I suppose I must give my consent.

ALGERNON. Thank you, Aunt Augusta.

LADY BRACKNELL. Cecily, you may kiss me!

CECILY [*kisses her*]. Thank you, Lady Bracknell.

LADY BRACKNELL. You may also address me as Aunt Augusta for the future.

CECILY. Thank you, Aunt Augusta.

LADY BRACKNELL. The marriage, I think, had better take place quite soon.

ALGERNON. Thank you, Aunt Augusta.

CECILY. Thank you, Aunt Augusta.

LADY BRACKNELL. To speak frankly, I am not in favour of long engagements. They give people the opportunity of finding out each other's character before marriage, which I think is never advisable.

JACK. I beg your pardon for interrupting you, Lady Bracknell, but this engagement is quite out of the question. I am Miss Cardew's guardian, and she cannot marry without my consent until she comes of age. That consent I absolutely decline to give.

LADY BRACKNELL. Upon what grounds, may I ask? Algernon is an extremely, I may almost say an ostentatiously, eligible young man. He has nothing, but he looks everything. What more can one desire?

JACK. It pains me very much to have to speak frankly to you, Lady Bracknell, about your nephew, but the fact is that I do not approve at all of his moral character. I suspect him of being untruthful. [ALGERNON *and* CECILY *look at him in indignant amazement.*]

LADY BRACKNELL. Untruthful! My nephew Algernon? Impossible! He is an Oxonian.

JACK. I fear there can be no possible doubt about the matter. This afternoon, during my temporary absence in London on an important question of romance, he obtained admission to my house by means of the false pretence of being my brother. Under an assumed name he drank, I've just been informed by my butler, an entire pint bottle of my Perrier-Jouet, Brut, '89; a wine I was specially reserving for myself. Continuing his disgraceful deception, he succeeded in the course of the afternoon in alienating the affections of my only ward. He subsequently stayed to tea, and devoured every single muffin. And what makes his conduct all the more heartless is, that he was perfectly well aware from the first that I have no brother, that I never had a brother, and that I don't intend to have a brother, not even of any kind. I distinctly told him so myself yesterday afternoon.

LADY BRACKNELL. Ahem! Mr. Worthing, after careful consideration I have decided entirely to overlook my nephew's conduct to you.

JACK. That is very generous of you, Lady Bracknell. My own decision, however, is unalterable. I decline to give my consent.

LADY BRACKNELL [*to* CECILY]. Come here, sweet child. [CECILY *goes over.*] How old are you, dear?

CECILY. Well, I am really only eighteen, but I always admit to twenty when I go to evening parties.

LADY BRACKNELL. You are perfectly right in making some slight alteration. Indeed, no woman should ever be quite accurate about her age. It looks so calculating. . . . [*In meditative manner.*] Eighteen, but admitting to twenty at evening parties. Well, it will not be very long before you are of age and free from the restraints of tutelage. So I don't think your guardian's consent is, after all, a matter of any importance.

JACK. Pray excuse me, Lady Bracknell, for interrupting you again, but it is only fair to tell you that according to the terms of her grandfather's will Miss Cardew does not come legally of age till she is thirty-five.

LADY BRACKNELL. That does not seem to me to be a grave objection. Thirty-five is a very attractive age. London society is full of women of the very highest birth who have, of their own free choice, remained thirty-five for years. Lady Dumbleton is an instance in point. To my own knowledge she has been thirty-five ever since she arrived at the age of forty, which was many years ago now. I see no reason why our dear Cecily should not be even still more attractive at the age you mention than she is at present. There will be a large accumulation of property.

CECILY. Algy, could you wait for me till I was thirty-five?

ALGERNON. Of course I could, Cecily. You know I could.

CECILY. Yes, I felt it instinctively, but I couldn't wait all that time. I hate waiting even five minutes for anybody. It always makes me rather cross. I am not punctual myself, I know, but I do like punctuality in others, and waiting, even to be married, is quite out of the question.

ALGERNON. Then what is to be done, Cecily?

CECILY. I don't know, Mr. Moncrieff.

LADY BRACKNELL. My dear Mr. Worthing, as Miss Cardew states positively that she cannot wait till she is thirty-five—a remark which I am bound to say seems to me to show a somewhat impatient nature—I would beg of you to reconsider your decision.

JACK. But my dear Lady Bracknell, the matter is entirely in your own hands. The moment you consent to my marriage with

Gwendolen, I will most gladly allow your nephew to form an alliance with my ward.

LADY BRACKNELL [*rising and drawing herself up*]. You must be quite aware that what you propose is out of the question.

JACK. Then a passionate celibacy is all that any of us can look forward to.

LADY BRACKNELL. That is not the destiny I propose for Gwendolen. Algernon, of course, can choose for himself. [*Pulls out her watch.*] Come, dear, [GWENDOLEN *rises*] we have already missed five, if not six, trains. To miss any more might expose us to comment on the platform.

Enter DR. CHASUBLE.

CHASUBLE. Everything is quite ready for the christenings.

LADY BRACKNELL. The christenings, sir! Is not that somewhat premature?

CHASUBLE [*looking rather puzzled, and pointing to* JACK *and* ALGERNON]. Both these gentlemen have expressed a desire for immediate baptism.

LADY BRACKNELL. At their age? The idea is grotesque and irreligious! Algernon, I forbid you to be baptised. I will not hear of such excesses. Lord Bracknell would be highly displeased if he learned that that was the way in which you wasted your time and money.

CHASUBLE. Am I to understand then that there are to be no christenings at all this afternoon?

JACK. I don't think that, as things are now, it would be of much practical value to either of us, Dr. Chasuble.

CHASUBLE. I am grieved to hear such sentiments from you, Mr. Worthing. They savour of the heretical views of the Anabaptists, views that I have completely refuted in four of my unpublished sermons. However, as your present mood seems to be one peculiarly secular, I will return to the church at once. Indeed, I have just been informed by the pew-opener that for the last hour and a half Miss Prism has been waiting for me in the vestry.

LADY BRACKNELL [*starting*]. Miss Prism! Did I hear you mention a Miss Prism?

CHASUBLE. Yes, Lady Bracknell. I am on my way to join her.

LADY BRACKNELL. Pray allow me to detain you for a moment. This matter may prove to be one of vital importance to Lord Bracknell and myself. Is this Miss Prism a female of repellent aspect, remotely connected with education?

CHASUBLE [*somewhat indignantly*]. She is the most cultivated of ladies, and the very picture of respectability.

LADY BRACKNELL. It is obviously the same person. May I ask what position she holds in your household?

CHASUBLE [*severely*]. I am a celibate, madam.

JACK [*interposing*]. Miss Prism, Lady Bracknell, has been for the last three years Miss Cardew's esteemed governess and valued companion.

LADY BRACKNELL. In spite of what I hear of her, I must see her at once. Let her be sent for.

CHASUBLE [*looking off*]. She approaches; she is nigh.

Enter MISS PRISM *hurriedly.*

MISS PRISM. I was told you expected me in the vestry, dear Canon. I have been waiting for you there for an hour and three-quarters. [*Catches sight* of LADY BRACKNELL *who has fixed her with a stony glare.* MISS PRISM *grows pale and quails. She looks anxiously round as if desirous to escape.*]

LADY BRACKNELL [*in a severe, judicial voice*]. Prism! [MISS PRISM *bows her head in shame.*] Come here, Prism! [MISS PRISM *approaches in a humble manner.*] Prism! Where is that baby? [*General consternation. The Canon starts back in horror.* ALGERNON *and* JACK *pretend to be anxious to shield* CECILY *and* GWENDOLEN *from hearing the details of a terrible public scandal.*] Twenty-eight years ago, Prism, you left Lord Bracknell's house, Number 104, Upper Grosvenor Street, in charge of a perambulator that contained a baby, of the male sex. You never returned. A few weeks later, through the elaborate investigations of the Metropolitan police, the perambulator was discovered at midnight, standing by itself in a remote corner of Bayswater. It contained the manuscript of a three-volume novel of more than usually revolting sentimentality. [MISS PRISM *starts in involuntary indignation.*] But the baby was not there! [*Everyone looks at* MISS PRISM.] Prism, where is that baby? [*A pause.*]

MISS PRISM. Lady Bracknell, I admit with shame that I do not know. I only wish I did. The plain facts of the case are these. On the morning of the day you mention, a day that is forever branded on my memory, I prepared as usual to take the baby out in its perambulator. I had also with me a somewhat old but capacious hand-bag in which I had intended to place the manuscript of a work of fiction that I had written during my few unoccupied hours. In a moment of mental abstraction, for which I never can forgive myself, I deposited the manuscript in the bassinette, and placed the baby in the hand-bag.

JACK [*who has been listening attentively*]. But where did you deposit the hand-bag?

MISS PRISM. Do not ask me, Mr. Worthing.

JACK. Miss Prism, this is a matter of no small importance to me. I insist on knowing where you deposited the hand-bag that contained that infant.

MISS PRISM. I left it in the cloak-room of one of the larger railway stations in London.

JACK. What railway station?

MISS PRISM [*quite crushed*]. Victoria. The Brighton line. [*Sinks into a chair.*]

JACK. I must retire to my room for a moment. Gwendolen, wait here for me.

GWENDOLEN. If you are not too long, I will wait here for you all my life.

[*Exit* JACK *in great excitement.*]

CHASUBLE. What do you think this means, Lady Bracknell?

LADY BRACKNELL. I dare not even suspect, Dr. Chasuble. I need hardly tell you that in families of high position strange coincidences are not supposed to occur. They are hardly considered the thing. [*Noises heard overhead as if someone was throwing trunks about. Everybody looks up.*]

CECILY. Uncle Jack seems strangely agitated.

CHASUBLE. Your guardian has a very emotional nature.

LADY BRACKNELL. This noise is extremely unpleasant. It sounds as if he was having an argument. I dislike arguments of any kind. They are always vulgar, and often convincing.

CHASUBLE [*looking up*]. It has stopped now. [*The noise is redoubled.*]

LADY BRACKNELL. I wish he would arrive at some conclusion.

GWENDOLEN. This suspense is terrible. I hope it will last.

Enter JACK *with a hand-bag of black leather in his hand.*

JACK [*rushing over to* MISS PRISM]. Is this the hand-bag, Miss Prism? Examine it carefully before you speak. The happiness of more than one life depends on your answer.

MISS PRISM [*calmly*]. It seems to be mine. Yes, here is the injury it received through the upsetting of a Gower Street omnibus in younger and happier days. Here is the stain on the lining caused by the explosion of a temperance beverage, an incident that occurred at Leamington. And here, on the lock, are my initials. I had forgotten that in an extravagant mood I had had them placed there. The bag is undoubtedly mine. I am delighted to have it so unexpectedly restored to me. It has been a great inconvenience being without it all these years.

JACK [*in a pathetic voice*]. Miss Prism, more is restored to you than this hand-bag. I was the baby you placed in it.

MISS PRISM [*amazed*]. You?

JACK [*embracing her*]. Yes . . . mother!

MISS PRISM [*recoiling in indignant astonishment*]. Mr. Worthing! I am unmarried!

JACK. Unmarried! I do not deny that is a serious blow. But after all, who has the right to cast a stone against one who has suffered? Cannot repentance wipe out an act of folly? Why should there be one law for men and another for women? Mother, I forgive you. [*Tries to embrace her again.*]

MISS PRISM [*still more indignant*]. Mr. Worthing, there is some error. [*Pointing to* LADY BRACKNELL.] There is the lady who can tell you who you really are.

JACK [*after a pause*]. Lady Bracknell, I hate to seem inquisitive, but would you kindly inform me who I am?

LADY BRACKNELL. I am afraid that the news I have to give you will not altogether please you. You are the son of my poor sister, Mrs. Moncrieff, and consequently Algernon's elder brother.

JACK. Algy's elder brother! Then I have a brother after all. I knew I had a

brother! I always said I had a brother! Cecily,—how could you have ever doubted that I had a brother? [*Seizes hold of* ALGERNON.] Dr. Chasuble, my unfortunate brother. Miss Prism, my unfortunate brother. Gwendolen, my unfortunate brother. Algy, you young scoundrel, you will have to treat me with more respect in the future. You have never behaved to me like a brother in all your life.

ALGERNON. Well, not till to-day, old boy, I admit. I did my best, however, though I was out of practice. [*Shakes hands.*]

GWENDOLEN [*to* JACK]. My own! But what own are you? What is your Christian name, now that you have become someone else?

JACK. Good heavens! . . . I had quite forgotten that point. Your decision on the subject of my name is irrevocable, I suppose?

GWENDOLEN. I never change, except in my affections.

CECILY. What a noble nature you have, Gwendolen!

JACK. Then the question had better be cleared up at once. Aunt Augusta, a moment. At the time when Miss Prism left me in the hand-bag, had I been christened already?

LADY BRACKNELL. Every luxury that money could buy, including christening, had been lavished on you by your fond and doting parents.

JACK. Then I was christened! That is settled. Now, what name was I given? Let me know the worst.

LADY BRACKNELL. Being the eldest son you were naturally christened after your father.

JACK [*irritably*]. Yes, but what was my father's Christian name?

LADY BRACKNELL [*meditatively*]. I cannot at the present moment recall what the General's Christian name was. But I have no doubt he had one. He was eccentric, I admit. But only in later years. And that was the result of the Indian climate, and marriage, and indigestion, and other things of that kind.

JACK. Algy! Can't you recollect what our father's Christian name was?

ALGERNON. My dear boy, we were never even on speaking terms. He died before I was a year old.

JACK. His name would appear in the Army Lists of the period, I suppose, Aunt Augusta?

LADY BRACKNELL. The General was essentially a man of peace, except in his domestic life. But I have no doubt his name would appear in any military directory.

JACK. The Army Lists of the last forty years are here. These delightful records should have been my constant study. [*Rushes to bookcase and tears the books out.*] M. Generals . . . Mallam, Maxbohm, Magley, what ghastly names they have—Markby, Migsby, Mobbs, Moncrieff! Lieutenant 1840, Captain, Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel, General 1869, Christian names, Ernest John. [*Puts book very quietly down and speaks quite calmly.*] I always told you, Gwendolen, my name was Ernest, didn't I? Well, it is Ernest after all. I mean it naturally is Ernest.

LADY BRACKNELL. Yes, I remember that the General was called Ernest. I knew I had some particular reason for disliking the name.

GWENDOLEN. Ernest! My own Ernest! I felt from the first that you could have no other name!

JACK. Gwendolen, it is a terrible thing for a man to find out suddenly that all his life he has been speaking nothing but the truth. Can you forgive me?

GWENDOLEN. I can. For I feel that you are sure to change.

JACK. My own one!

CHASUBLE [*to* MISS PRISM]. Lætitia! [*Embraces her.*]

MISS PRISM [*enthusiastically*]. Frederick! At last!

ALGERNON. Cecily! [*Embraces her.*] At last!

JACK. Gwendolen! [*Embraces her.*] At last!

LADY BRACKNELL. My nephew, you seem to be displaying signs of triviality.

JACK. On the contrary, Aunt Augusta, I've now realized for the first time in my life the vital Importance of Being Earnest.

Tableau

CURTAIN

THE LYRIC

THE LYRIC

THE LYRIC as contrasted with the epic and the drama is the expression in melodious verse of personal emotion. The simple lyric unit, the result of a single emotional impulse, is necessarily brief. Longer lyrics like the ode, the elegy, and the reflective lyric are made up by developing a number of associated emotional impulses. The emotion of lyric verse may be aroused by an impulse from the outside world, or from an idea in the poet's mind Generally the emotion is represented as being felt by the poet himself, but sometimes the poet creates an imaginary character passing through the emotional experiences. The meditative lyric, which develops at length the emotions induced by some train of thought, succeeds in so far as its intellectual content does not outweigh its emotional appeal.

THE SONG

The simplest form of lyric, the song, achieves perfection when it conveys spontaneous emotion free from the burden of thought, like Shakespeare's

> It was a lover and his lass
> With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino

and charms us with its melodious phrases and tripping measures. The Elizabethan lyrics and those of Burns and Béranger excel in this respect.

The Psalms.—A serious and elevated type of lyric is found in the Book of Psalms, attributed by tradition to David. The Psalms give expression to the fears, the joys, and the tribulations of the Hebrew race. There are psalms, like the twenty-third, of quiet confidence in the providence of God; imprecatory psalms of distress in the face of disaster, when His presence is far removed; psalms of rejoicing and thanksgiving over His goodness; and psalms of contrition and abasement seeking His forgiveness and favor. For vivid and moving imagery the Psalms are unrivaled in lyric poetry. The solemn, moralistic spirit of the Hebrew may be found recurring in the course of lyric poetry of other races—for example, in Kipling's *Recessional* calling the English race to humility before the Lord.

The Greek and Roman Lyrists.—Sappho, the woman love-poet of Lesbos, (c. 610 B. C.) has been almost universally acclaimed by fellow poets as the supreme head of lyric poetry. The fragments of her love poems glow with an intensity of passion that defies imitation and the art of the translator. "Judging even from the mutilated fragments," writes Swinburne, "fallen within our reach from the broken altar of her sacrifice of song, I for one have always agreed with all Grecian tradition in thinking Sappho to be beyond all question and comparison the very greatest poet that ever lived."

In contrast to songs of love, of beauty, and of mourning for the passing of beauty, the three notes continually sounding from Sappho's lyre, Anacreon (563?–478 B. C.) celebrates the joys of delight in natural objects, and of the drinking and revelry associated with the worship of Bacchus.

Of Roman lyrists Catullus (87–54 B. C.), the most personal and passionate, is nearest the tradition of Sappho. The Lesbia of his poems was the notorious Clodia, one of the powerful and disreputable women of the Empire. When she jilted him, he, seeking surcease from sorrow over his love and the death of his brother, returned to his villa on the lovely peninsula in Lake Garda, which he celebrates in his famous lyric, Sirmio. Tennyson on visiting Sirmio was moved to write his unsurpassed tribute to Catullus, a poem which fittingly prefaces the translations of his Latin master.

The lyrics of Horace (65–8 B. C.) have not the exaltation and passion of Pindar and Sappho, but their blithe spirit, their gentle Epicurean philosophy have endeared them to numerous readers in every generation. They reflect the moods of the poet and country gentleman, who, after his turbulent career as a soldier in the army of Brutus, was able, through the munificence of his wealthy patron, Maecenas, to retire from strenuous life to the peace of his Sabine Farm.

The Lyrists of the Renaissance.—The songs of Greek and Roman Lyrists became the inspiration of the poet-singers of the Renaissance: in France, Ronsard (1524–1585) and the *Pléiade;* in England, Marlowe (1564–1593) and Shakespeare (1564–1616). Shakespeare's ecstatic morning song, "Hark! Hark! the lark," though written with the full power of his lyric genius, has hardly a syllable that cannot be matched in the verses of his French predecessors, whose lyrics in turn are replete with conceits and imagery of Grecian origin. The lyrics of Ben Jonson (1573–1637) and Robert Herrick (1591–1674) show even more thorough acquaintance with the classical lyrists.

Modern Lyrists.—After the splendid burst of English lyric song in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, we find no native lyric genius until the coming of Burns in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The lyrics of Burns are expressions of primal emotions; they have little intellectual appeal and depend upon no literary fashion; they are unsurpassed in vividness, simplicity, spontaneity, intensity, and naturalness. The lyrics of Shelley, Tennyson, and Swinburne, on the contrary, are products of highly cultivated genius; they are intellectual as well as emotional, and are frequently full of abstract and complex imagery.

THE SONNET

A sonnet in its orthodox form is a lyric of fourteen lines with a definite rhyme scheme. There are two principal types—the Italian, and the English. To Petrarch (1304–1374) may be traced the Italian sonnet form which became a fashion in France and England during the sixteenth century. His sonnets celebrating Laura in life and in death set the fashion of the French and the English sonnet sequences. The Italian sonnet form begins with an *octave* of eight lines rhyming *a b b a a b b a*, and a *sestet* of six, rhyming *c d e, c d e*. The rhyme scheme of the octave is fixed; variations are found in the rhyme scheme of the sestet. The *Astrophel and Stella* (1591) of Sir Philip Sidney (1554–1586) set the fashion for the numerous Elizabethan sonnet sequences. The English, or Shakespearian, sonnet form is less closely articulated than the Italian. Found in the writings of Surrey and other early Elizabethan sonneteers, it was adopted by Shakespeare for the greatest sequence of sonnets ever written. It is made up of three quatrains rhyming *a b a b, c d c d, e f e f*, and ending with a couplet *g g*.

Both the English and the Italian sonnet forms persist among later English sonneteers, but the Italian form prevails. The sonnet of Wordsworth (1770–1850) "Scorn not the sonnet, critic," likens Milton's transformation of the Italian sonnet to the swelling blast of the trumpet. Both Milton (1608–1674) and Wordsworth employ the sonnet for political and moral criticism; Keats (1795–1821), Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1809–1861) and the Rossettis continue the earlier tradition of the sonnet sequence for the celebration of love. The perfection of Longfellow (1807–1882) in sonnet technique has given him a worthy place among his fellow sonneteers.

THE ODE

Pindar (522–448? B. C.) gave to the world the elaborate structural ode which still bears his name. After his apprenticeship as a musician, he began to compose poems for public occasions. He is known to us chiefly by his great songs of Victory, celebrating the champions of the games of Greece held in honor of the Gods. Unlike the free lyric, the Pindaric ode is elaborate and formal, and built upon the strictest rules for metrical forms. The three parts, strophe, antistrophe, and epode, are so constructed that strophe is answered by antistrophe, and epode responds to epode. In content the Pindarics alternate between praise of the Gods and of the heroes, between references to ancient mythology, legend, or history, and celebrations of the present victors and their achievements.

In the tradition of English poetry, where the ode is most frequently employed, may be found a few successful imitations of the formal odes of Pindar, notably those of Ben Jonson (1573–1637) and Thomas Gray (1716–1771). The English genius, however, out of its general distaste for literary rule and discipline, developed, under the leadership of Cowley in the seventeenth century, the free or formless ode. In this type little attention is paid to fixed plan. or prescribed

measure. The poet varies the length of his lines and his rhythms to suit his mood or thought. Wordsworth (1770–1850) in his *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*, Shelley (1792–1822) in his *Ode to a Skylark*, and Keats (1795–1821) in his *Ode to a Nightingale* find the irregular ode adapted to their romantic reveries. Tennyson (1809–1892), in his irregular *Ode to the Duke of Wellington*, attains a majesty of movement that is a welcome substitute for the extravagances of many Pindaric imitations.

THE PASTORAL AND THE ELEGY

Pastoral poetry has been defined as the city man's dream of life in the country. As early as the third century B. C., the Greek lyric poets of the highly cultivated Alexandrian civilization, Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, were composing pastorals in the form of idyls or little pictures of country life. The songs and dialogues of the shepherds, goatherds, fishermen, and nymphs of Theocritus resemble those that the poet himself may have heard on the shores of his Sicilian home, but he has refashioned them in the spirit and atmosphere of conventional art. "To see the beauty of nature afresh through the medium of enriched artistic tradition," writes Mackail, "was the last task achieved by the Alexandrian poets."

Vergil gave to the Roman world his ten pastorals, called *Bucolics* or *Eclogues*, in 37 B. C. They are artificial imitations of the more sincere pastorals of his Alexandrian predecessors. Although the nature and the life are Roman, the names of the shepherds are Greek, and the place names remain as Sicily and Arcadia. Moreover, Vergil burdens the pastoral with allegorical allusions to contemporary politics. A single illustration is included in this book to show how closely imitative of the Greek and Roman are the succeeding English pastorals. The name Lycides, mentioned in the seventh pastoral of Vergil, who copied it from the seventh idyl of Theocritus, reappears as the title of the first great English elegy, the *Lycidas* of Milton.

The elegy is a special form of pastoral poetry derived from the idyls of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus. In imitation of the first idyl of Theocritus, Bion wrote a lament for Adonis. Moschus in turn followed with the first personal elegy in literature, one expressing grief over the death of Bion. The formal elegy falls into three natural divisions: first, the mourning; second, the questioning; and, third, the answer or the reconciliation, which contains the poet's consolation or philosophical conclusion.

The three great elegies in English literature, which imitate the classical pastoral forms, are the *Lycidas* (1638) of Milton, the *Adonais* (1821) of Shelley, and the *Thyrsis* (1866) of Matthew Arnold. Each is a tribute to a friend: Milton's to Edward King, Shelley's to John Keats, Arnold's to Arthur Hugh Clough. Gray's *Elegy* (1751), though not written in this pastoral tradition, is a restrained lament over the universality of death.

FRENCH LYRIC POETRY

French lyric poetry is represented in this collection by four popular names: François Villon (1431–1462), Pierre de Ronsard (1524–1585), Pierre Jean de Béranger (1780–1857), and Victor Hugo (1802–1885).

Villon, the medieval university scholar, glutton, thief, drunkard, and poet, is believed to have died on the scaffold shortly after 1461. This greatest of poetic vagabonds has made himself immortal with the *ballade*, a difficult French lyric form of several stanzas with intricate fixed rhyme schemes ending with an envoi addressed to a Prince or Princess.

Ronsard is the leading poet of the *Pléiade*, that French Renaissance group which absorbed the new learning from Italy, imitated the verses of Petrarch and other Italian poets, and in turn influenced the literary fashions of lyric poetry in the England of Elizabeth.

Béranger, who in contrast to Villon, lived a relatively quiet and retired life, is one of the most popular French poets, doubtless because of his rollicking good fellowship, his wit, and his gaiety.

Hugo, the father of French Romantic poetry, is valued as the painter of landscapes in verse and the master of romantic lyric moods. Nature and humanity are his themes. "No poet," says Saintsbury, "has a rarer and more delicate touch of pathos, none a more imperious command of awe, of

the vague, of the supernatural aspects of nature. The great peculiarity of Victor Hugo is that his poetry always transports."

GERMAN LYRIC POETRY

Germany's representative lyric poets are Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832), Friedrich von Schiller (1759–1805), and Heinrich Heine (1799–1856). Of all the many literary forms in which Goethe distinguished himself, his lyric poems are the least subject to criticism. Whether in spontaneous or meditative vein they represent the high water mark of genuine lyric poetry.

Schiller brings to lyric poetry a less passionate and more sentimental and moralistic genius than Goethe's. His main interest is in ideas rather than in songs; he does not reach the lyric heights of his friend. "The best of his minor poems," says Evans, "are those in which the qualities of the historian, the philosopher, and the poet are combined with epic narration." The lyrics introducing his drama, *William Tell*, breathe the very air of the Swiss mountains and lakes, though Schiller, at the time, had never been in Switzerland and relied upon books for his knowledge of Swiss life.

Heine is one of the most popular of German love poets, though the sincerity of his songs is weakened, sometimes by sentimentality, sometimes by cynicism. This penchant for sudden cynical twists in some of his lyrics has given him the title of "the mocking bird of the singing grove." Dr. Burton, in summing up the genius of Heine, calls him "a poet, who, when true to his highest inspiration, was a romantic bird of the first rank of lyric utterance."

THE SONG

THE BOOK OF PSALMS

PSALM I

"Blessed Is the Man"

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the
counsel of the ungodly,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.
But his delight is in the law of the Lord;
And in his law doth he meditate day and
night.
And he shall be like a tree planted by the
rivers of water, that bringeth forth his
fruit in his season;
His leaf also shall not wither;
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.
The ungodly are not so;
But are like the chaff which the wind driveth
away.
Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the
judgment,
Nor sinners in the congregation of the right-
eous.
For the Lord knoweth the way of the right-
eous;
But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PSALM VIII

A Song of Praise

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name
in all the earth!
Who hast set thy glory above the heavens.
Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast
thou ordained strength because of thine
enemies,
That thou mightest still the enemy and the
avenger.
When I consider thy heavens, the work of
thy fingers,
The moon and the stars, which thou hast
ordained,
What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that thou visitest
him?
For thou hast made him a little lower than
the angels,
And hast crowned him with glory and honor.
Thou madest him to have dominion over
the works of thy hands;
Thou hast put all things under his feet:
All sheep and oxen,
Yea, and the beasts of the field;
The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,

And whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.
O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

PSALM XIX

"The Heavens Declare the Glory of God"

The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth his handiwork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge,
There is no speech nor language,
Where their voice is not heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.
His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
and his circuit unto the ends of it;
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul;
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.
The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart;
The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.
The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever;
The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.
More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold;
Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.
Moreover by them is thy servant warned;
And in keeping of them there is great reward.
Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.
Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me:
Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.
Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

PSALM XXIII

"The Lord Is My Shepherd"

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul;
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil;
For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

PSALM XXIV

"The Earth Is the Lord's"

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
Or who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek him,
That seek thy face, O Jacob.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory?
The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory?
The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

PSALM XXVII

"The Lord Is My Light"

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?
When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.
Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear;
Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.
One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after:
That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life,
To behold the beauty of the Lord,
And to enquire in his temple.
For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion;
In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.
And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me;
Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy;
I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.
Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice;
Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.
When thou saidst, Seek ye my face;
My heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.
Hide not thy face far from me;
Put not thy servant away in anger:
Thou hast been my help; leave me not,
Neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.
When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.
Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.
Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies;
For false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.
I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.
Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart;
Wait, I say, on the Lord.

PSALM XLVI

"God Is Our Refuge"

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.
Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed,
And though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;
Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.
There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God,
The holy place of the tabernacle of the most High.
God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved;
God shall help her, and that right early.
The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved;
He uttered his voice, the earth melted.
The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.
Come, behold the works of the Lord,
What desolations he hath made in the earth.
He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth;
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder;
He burneth the chariot in the fire.
Be still, and know that I am God;
I will be exalted among the heathen,
I will be exalted in the earth.
The Lord of hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

PSALM LI

"Have Mercy upon Me"

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness;
According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.
Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,
And cleanse me from my sin.
For I acknowledge my transgressions;
And my sin is ever before me.
Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,
And done this evil in thy sight;
That thou mightest be justified when thou speakest,

And be clear when thou judgest.
Behold, I was shapen in iniquity;
And in sin did my mother conceive me.
Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts;
And in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.
Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean;
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Make me to hear joy and gladness;
That the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.
Hide thy face from my sins,
And blot out all mine iniquities.
Create in me a clean heart, O God;
And renew a right spirit within me.
Cast me not away from thy presence;
And take not thy holy spirit from me.
Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation;
And uphold me with thy free spirit.
Then will I teach transgressors thy ways;
And sinners shall be converted unto thee.
Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation;
And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.
O Lord, open thou my lips;
And my mouth shall show forth thy praise.
For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it;
Thou delightest not in burnt offering.
The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit;
A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.
Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion;
Build thou the walls of Jerusalem.
Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness,
With burnt offering and whole burnt offering;
Then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

PSALM XC

"Lord, Thou Hast Been Our Dwelling Place"

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.
Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God:
Thou turnest man to destruction;
And sayest, Return, ye children of men.
For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past,
And as a watch in the night.
Thou carriest them away as with a flood;
They are as a sleep;
In the morning they are like grass which groweth up.
In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up;
In the evening it is cut down, and withereth.
For we are consumed by thine anger,
And by thy wrath are we troubled.
Thou hast set our iniquities before thee,
Our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.
For all our days are passed away in thy wrath;
We spend our years as a tale that is told.
The days of our years are threescore years and ten;
And if by reason of strength they be fourscore years,
Yet is their strength labor and sorrow;
For it is soon cut off, and we fly away.
Who knoweth the power of thine anger?
Even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.
So teach us to number our days,
That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.
Return, O Lord, how long?
And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.
O satisfy us early with thy mercy;
That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.
Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us,
And the years wherein we have seen evil.
Let thy work appear unto thy servants,
And thy glory unto their children.
And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us;
And establish thou the work of our hands upon us;
Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

PSALM XCI

Confidence in God

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High
Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress;
My God; in him will I trust.
Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler,
And from the noisome pestilence.
He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust;
His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.
Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night;
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day;
Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness;
Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.
A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand;
But it shall not come nigh thee.
Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.
Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge,
Even the most High, thy habitation,
There shall no evil befall thee,
Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.
For he shall give his angels charge over thee,
To keep thee in all thy ways.
They shall bear thee up in their hands,
Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.
Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder;
The young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.
Because he hath set his love upon me,
Therefore will I deliver him;
I will set him on high,
Because he hath known my name.
He shall call upon me, and I will answer him;
I will be with him in trouble;
I will deliver him, and honor him.
With long life will I satisfy him,
And show him my salvation.

PSALM CXXI

"I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes"

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep
The Lord is thy keeper;
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil;
He shall preserve thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in
From this time forth, and even for evermore.

PSALM CXXX

"Out of the Depths"

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.
Lord, hear my voice;
Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.
If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?
But there is forgiveness with thee,
That thou mayest be feared.
I wait for the Lord,
My soul doth wait,
And in his word do I hope.
My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning;
I say, more than they that watch for the morning.
Let Israel hope in the Lord;
For with the Lord there is mercy,
And with him is plenteous redemption.
And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

PSALM CXLV

"I Will Extol Thee"

I will extol thee, my God, O king;
And I will bless thy name for ever and ever.
Every day will I bless thee;
And I will praise thy name for ever and ever.
Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised;
And his greatness is unsearchable.
One generation shall praise thy works to another,
And shall declare thy mighty acts.
I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty,
And of thy wondrous works.

And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts;
And I will declare thy greatness.
They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness,
And shall sing of thy righteousness.
The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion,
Slow to anger, and of great mercy.
The Lord is good to all,
And his tender mercies are over all his works.
All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord;
And thy saints shall bless thee.
They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom,
And talk of thy power;
To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts,
And the glorious majesty of his kingdom.
Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom,
And thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.
The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
And raiseth up all those that be bowed down.
The eyes of all wait upon thee;
And thou givest them their meat in due season.
Thou openest thine hand,
And satisfiest the desire of every living thing.
The Lord is righteous in all his ways,
And holy in all his works.
The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him,
To all that call upon him in truth.
He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him;
He also will hear their cry, and will save them.
The Lord preserveth all them that love him;
But all the wicked will he destroy.
My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord;
And let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

SAPPHO (c. 610 B. C.)

FRAGMENTS

Hesperus, the Bringer[1]

O Hesperus, thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlabored steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child too to its mother's breast.

[1]Translation by Lord Byron.

One Girl[2]

Like the sweet apple which reddens upon the topmost bough,
A-top on the topmost twig,—which the pluckers forgot, somehow,—
Forgot it not, nay, but got it not, for none could get it till now.

Like the wild hyacinth flower which on the hills is found,
Which the passing feet of the shepherds for ever tear and wound,
Until the purple blossom is trodden in the ground.

Mother, I Cannot Mind My Wheel[3]

Mother, I cannot mind my wheel;
My fingers ache, my lips are dry;
Oh! if you felt the pain I feel!
But oh, who ever felt as I!

The silver moon is set;
The Pleiades are gone;
Half the long night is spent, and yet
I lie alone.[4]

Thou liest dead, and there will be no memory left behind
Of thee or thine in all the earth, for never didst thou bind
The roses of Pierian streams upon thy brow; thy doom
Is writ to flit with unknown ghosts in cold and nameless gloom.[5]

[2]Translation by D. G. Rossetti.
[3]Translation by Walter Savage Landor.
[4]Translation by J. A. Symonds.
[5]Translation by Edwin Arnold.

Ode to Aphrodite[1]

Splendour-throned Queen, immortal Aphrodite,
Daughter of Jove, Enchantress, I implore thee
Vex not my soul with agonies and anguish;
Slay me not, Goddess!
Come in thy pity—come, if I have prayed thee;
Come at the cry of my sorrow; in the old times
Oft thou hast heard, and left thy father's heaven,
Left the gold houses,
Yoking thy chariot. Swiftly did the doves fly,
Swiftly they brought thee, waving plumes of wonder—
Waving their dark plumes all across the aether,
All down the azure.
Very soon they lighted. Then didst thou, Divine one,
Laugh a bright laugh from lips and eyes immortal,
Ask me, "What ailed me—wherefore out of heaven
"Thus I had called thee?
"What it was made me madden in my heart so?"
Question me smiling—say to me, "My Sappho,
"Who is it wrongs thee? Tell me who refuses
"Thee, vainly sighing."
"Be it who it may be, he that flies shall follow;
"He that rejects gifts, he shall bring thee many;
"He that hates now shall love thee dearly, madly—
"Aye, though thou wouldst not."
So once again come, Mistress; and, releasing
Me from my sadness, give me what I sue for,
Grant me my prayer, and be as heretofore now
Friend and protectress.

Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth whose eyes may look on thee,
Whose ears thy tongue's sweet melody
May still devour.
Thou smilest too?—sweet smile, whose charm
Has struck my soul with wild alarm,
And, when I see thee, bids disarm
Each vital power.

Speechless I gaze: the flame within
Runs swift o'er all my quivering skin;
My eyeballs swim; with dizzy din
My brain reels round;
And cold drops fall; and tremblings frail
Seize every limb; and grassy pale
I grow; and then—together fail
Both sight and sound.[2]

Planets, that around the beauteous moon
Attendant wait, cast into shade
Their ineffectual lustre, soon
As she, in full-orbed majesty arrayed,
Her silver radiance pours
Upon this world of ours.[2]

ANACREON
(563?–478? B. C.)

THE GRASSHOPPER[3]

Happy Insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy Morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plow;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy;
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Thee Phoebus loves, and does inspire;
Phoebus is himself thy sire.

[1] Translation by Edwin Arnold.

[2] Translation by J. H. Merivale.

[3] Translation by Cowley.

To thee, of all things upon Earth,
Life's no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy thou!
Dost neither age nor winter know;
But, when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

THE SWALLOW[1]

Foolish prater, what dost thou
So early at my window do,
With thy tuneless serenade?
Well 't had been had Tereus made
Thee as dumb as Philomel;
There his knife had done but well.
In thy undiscovered nest
Thou dost all the winter rest,
And dreamest o'er thy summer joys,
Free from th' ill thou'st done to me;
Who disturbs or seeks out thee?
Hadst thou all the charming notes
Of the wood's poetic throats,
All thou art could never pay
What thou hast ta'en from me away
Cruel bird! thou'st ta'en away
A dream out of my arms to-day;
A dream that ne'er must equaled be
By all that waking eyes may see.
Thou, this damage to repair,
Nothing half so sweet or fair,
Nothing half so good, canst bring,
Though men say thou bring'st the Spring.

DRINKING[2]

I care not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great!
I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasured gold my own.
But oh! be mine the rosy braid,
The fervor of my brows to shade;
Be mine the odors, richly sighing,
Amid my hoary tresses flying.
To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er should shine;
But if to-morrow comes, why then—
I'll haste to quaff my wine again.

[1]Translation by Cowley.

[2]Translation by Tom Moore.

And thus while all our days are bright,
Nor time has dimmed their bloomy light,
Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile;
And shed from every bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus's shrine!
For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,
May come when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us—drink no more!

A LOVER'S SIGH[2]

The Phrygian rock that braves the storm
Was once a weeping matron's form;
And Procne, hapless, frantic maid,
Is now a swallow in the shade.
Oh that a mirror's form were mine,
To sparkle with that smile divine;
And like my heart I then should be,
Reflecting thee, and only thee!
Or could I be the robe which holds
That graceful form within its folds;
Or, turned into a fountain, lave
Thy beauties in my circling wave;
Or, better still, the zone that lies
Warm to thy breast, and feels its sighs!
Or like those envious pearls that show
So faintly round that neck of snow!
Yes, I would be a happy gem,
Like them to hand, to fade like them.
What more would thy Anacreon be?
Oh, anything that touches thee,
Nay, sandals for those airy feet—
Thus to be pressed by thee were sweet!

THE CUP[3]

Make me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
Large as my capacious soul,
Vast as my thirst is. Let it have
Depth enough to be my grave.
I mean the grave of all my care,
For I intend to bury't there.
Let it of silver fashioned be,
Worthy of wine! worthy of me!
Worthy to adorn the spheres
As that bright Cup among the stars!

Yet draw no shapes of armor there,
No casque nor shield nor sword nor spear,
Nor wars of Thebes nor wars of Troy,
Nor any other martial toy.

[3]Translation by John Oldham.

For what do I vain armor prize,
Who mind not such rough exercise?
But gentle sieges, softer wars,
Fights that cause no wounds or scars.
I'll have not battles on my plate,
Lest sight of them should brawls create,
Lest that provoke to quarrels too,
Which wine itself enough can do.

CATULLUS
(84–54 B. C.)

"FRATER AVE ATQUE VALE"

Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row!
So they row'd, and there we landed—"O venusta Sirmio!"
There to me thro' all the groves of olive in the summer glow,
There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers grow,
Came that "Ave atque Vale" of the Poet's hopeless woe,
Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago
"Frater Ave atque Vale"—as we wander'd to and fro
Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda Lake below
Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmio!
—Tennyson.

HOME TO SIRMIO[1]

Dear Sirmio, that art the very eye
Of islands and peninsulas, that lie
Deeply embosomed in calm inland lake,
Or where the waves of the vast ocean break;
Joy of all joys, to gaze on thee once more!
I scarce believe that I have left the shore
Of Thynia, and Bithynia's parching plain,
And gaze on thee in safety once again!
Oh, what more sweet than when, from care set free,
The spirit lays its burden down, and we,
With distant travel spent, come home and spread
Our limbs to rest along the wished-for bed!
This, this alone, repays such toils as these!
Smile, then, fair Sirmio, and thy master please,—
And you, ye dancing waters of the lake,
Rejoice; and every smile of home awake!

[1]Translation by Theodore Martin.

LOVE IS ALL[1]

Let us, Lesbia darling, still
Live our life, and love our fill;
Heeding not a jot, howe'er
Churlish dotards chide or stare!
Suns go down, but 'tis to rise
Brighter in the morning skies;
But when sets our little light,
We must sleep in endless night.
A thousand kisses grant me sweet;
With a hundred these complete;
Lip me a thousand more, and then
Another hundred give again.
A thousand add to these, anon
A hundred more, then hurry one
Kiss after kiss without cessation,
Until we lose all calculation;
So envy shall not mar our blisses
By numbering up our tale of kisses.

LAST WORD TO LESBIA[2]

O Furius and Aurelius! comrades sweet!
Who to Ind's farthest shore with me would roam.
Where the far-sounding Orient billows beat
Their fury into foam;

Or to Hyrcania, balm-breathed Araby,
The Sacian's or the quivered Parthian's land,
Or where seven-mantled Nile's swoll'n waters dye
The sea with yellow sand;

Or cross the lofty Alpine fells, to view
Great Caesar's trophied fields, the Gallic Rhine,
The pain-smeared Briton race, grim-visaged crew,
Placed by earth's limit line;

To all prepared with me to brave the way,
To dare whate'er the eternal gods decree—
These few unwelcome words to her convey
Who once was all to me.

Still let her revel with her godless train,
Still clasp her hundred slaves to passion's thrall,
Still truly love not one, but ever drain
The life-blood of them all.

[2]Translation by James Cranston.

Nor let her more my once fond passion heed,
For by her faithlessness 'tis blighted now,
Like flow'ret on the verge of grassy mead
Crushed by the passing plow.

TO CORNELIUS NEPOS[1]

My little volume is complete,
Fresh pumice-polished and as neat
As book need wish to be;
And now, what patron shall I choose
For these gay sallies of my muse?
Cornelius, whom but thee!

For though they are but trifles, thou
Some value didst to them allow,
And that from thee is fame,
Who dared in thy three volumes' space,
Alone of all Italians, trace
Our history and name.

Great Jove, what lore, what labor there!
Then take this little book, whate'er
Of good or bad it store;
And grant, oh guardian Muse, that it
May keep the flavor of its wit
A century or more!

THE DEAD SPARROW[2]

Ye Cupids, droop each little head,
Nor let your wings with joy be spread;
My Lesbia's favorite bird is dead,
Whom dearer than her eyes she loved.
For he was gentle, and so true,
Obedient to her call he flew,
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,
But lightly o'er her bosom moved:

And softly fluttering here and there,
He never sought to clear the air,
But chirruped oft, and, free from care,
Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.
Now having passed the gloomy bourne
From whence he never can return,
His death and Lesbia's grief I mourn,
Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

Oh! curst be thou, devouring grave!
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,
From whom no earthly power can save;
For thou hast ta'en the bird away:

From thee my Lesbia's eyes o'er flow,
Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow;
Thou art the cause of all her woe,
Receptacle of life's decay.

LOVE'S UNREASON

I hate and love—the why I cannot tell,
But by my tortures know the fact too well.

ON ARRIUS[1]

Whenever Arrius wished to name
'Commodious,' out 'Chommodious' came:
And when of his intrigues he blabbed,
With his 'hintrigues' our ears he stabbed,
And thought, moreover, he displayed
A rare refinement, when he made
His h's thus at random fall
With emphasis most guttural.
So spoke his mother, I'll be bound,
His uncle so his h's ground,
His grandam so the vowels tried
And grandsire on the mother's side.

To Syria Arrius was despatched,
And then our ears a respite snatched.
'Twas quite a comfort and delight
To hear such words pronounced aright,
With no alarm lest they should grate
With the redundant aspirate;
When suddenly came news one day,
Which smote the city with dismay,
That the Ionian seas a change
Had undergone most sad and strange;
For, since by Arrius crossed, the wild
'Hionian Hocean' they were styled.

CATULLUS AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE

O'er many a sea, o'er many a stranger land,
I bring this tribute to thy lonely tomb,
My brother! and beside the narrow room
That holds thy ashes weeping stand.
Vainly I call to thee. Who can command
An answer forth from Orcus' dreary gloom?
Oh brother, brother! life lost all its bloom,
When thou wert snatched from me with pitiless hand!
Woe, Woe, is me, that we shall meet no more!
Meanwhile, these gifts accept, which to the grave

[1]Translation by Theodore Martin.
[2]Translation by Lord Byron.

Of those they loved in life our sires of yore
With pious hand and reverential gave—
Gifts that are streaming with a brother's tears!
And now, farewell, and rest thee from all fears!

FAREWELL TO BITHYNIA[1]

A BALMY warmth comes wafted o'er the seas,
The savage howl of wintry tempests drear
In the sweet whispers of the western breeze
Has died away; the spring, the spring is here!

Now quit, Catullus, quit the Phrygian plain,
Where days of sweltering sunshine soon shall crown
Nicæa's fields with wealth of golden grain,
And fly to Asia's cities of renown!

Already through each nerve a flutter runs
Of eager hope, that longs to be away;
Already 'neath the light of other suns
My feet, new-winged for travel, yearn to stray.

And you, ye band of comrades tried and true,
Who side by side went forth from home, farewell!
How far apart the paths shall carry you
Back to your native shore, ah, who can tell?

NUPTIAL SONG[1]

YOUTHS. Lo, Hesper is at hand! Rise, youths! His light
Expected long now harbingers the night.
'Tis time to quit the feast. We must away.
Swell high with me the hymeneal lay.
Anon the virgin comes in blushes by.
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, be thou nigh!

MAIDENS. Mark you the youths? Rise up, rise up, each maid!
Already hath the evening star displayed
In the dim welkin his Œtæan flame.
Mark you their nimbleness? Then know their aim!
Anon they'll sing a lay we must outvie.
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, be thou nigh!

Y. No easy triumph, comrades, shall we gain.
See how the maids are practising their strain!
Nor vainly so. With undivided care
Their task is wrought—what marvel, if 'tis fair?
Whilst we, who labor with distracted wit,
Are like to lose the palm, and so 'tis fit,
Bestowing here our voice and there our ear.
Well studied work to victory is dear—
Pains undivided, toil that will not tire;
Then kindle to your task with answering fire!
Anon they will begin; we must reply.
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, be thou nigh!

M. Say, Hesper, say, what fire of all that shine
In Heaven's great vault more cruel is than thine?
Who from the mother's arms her child can tear—
The child that clasps her mother in despair;
And to the youth, whose blood is all aflame,
Consigns the virgin sinking in her shame!
When towns are sacked, what cruelty more drear?
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, Hymen, hear!

Y. Say, Hesper, say, what fire of all that shine
In Heaven's great vault more jocund is than thine?
Who with thy flame dost ratify the bond
Of wedlock-troth first vowed by lovers fond,
By parents vowed, but consummated ne'er,
Until thy star hath risen upon the air?
What choicer hour sends heaven our life to cheer?
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, Hymen, hear!

M. Woe, my companions, woe, that Hesper thus
Hath reft the fairest of our mates from us!
Why were we heedless of thy coming—why?
For most it fits to watch, when thou art nigh.
To stolen delights by night the lover hies,
And him wilt thou, oh Hesper, oft surprise,
When thou in other name dost reappear.
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, Hymen, hear!

Y. Heed not the railing of the virgin choir!
They joy to chide thee with fictitious ire.

[1] Translation by Theodore Martin.

How, if within their secret soul they long
For what they so vituperate in song?
Then to their chiding turn a heedless ear.
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, draw thou near!

M. As in a garden grows some floweret fair,
Safe from the flocks, safe from the ploughman's share,
Nursed by the sun, by gentle breezes fanned,
Fed by the showers, admired on every hand,
There as it coyly blossoms in the shade,
Desired by many a youth, by many a maid;
But pluck that flower, its witchery is o'er,
And neither youth nor maid desires it more.
So is the virgin prized, endeared as much,
Whilst yet unsullied by a lover's touch;
But if she lose her chaste and virgin flower,
Her beauty's bloom is blighted in an hour:
To youths no more, no more to maidens dear.
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, be thou near!

Y. As grows a widowed vine in open fields,
It hangs its head, no mellow clusters yields;
So droops the fragile stem, its topmost shoot
With nerveless tendril hangs about its root;
That vine no husbandman nor rustic swain
Hath cared to tend or cultivate or train;
But if by happier chance that self-same vine
Around a husband elm its tendrils twine,
Then many a husbandman and rustic swain
Its shoots will tend and cultivate and train.
Even such the virgin, and unprized as much,
That fades, untended by a lover's touch;
But when, in fulness of her maiden pride,
Some fitting mate has won her for his bride,
She's loved as never was she loved before,
And parents bless her and are stern no more.

Y. AND M. Then spurn not, oh ye virgins, such a groom!
Unmeet it is to spurn the man to whom
Thy father gave thee, and thy mother too;
For unto them is thy obedience due.
Not wholly thine is thy virginity;
Thy parents own some part of it in thee.
One third thy father's is by right divine,
One third thy mother's; one alone is thine.
Then war not with these twain, who with thy dower
Have given their son-in-law their rights and power.
Come! to the bridal-chamber hence-away!
Oh Hymen, Hymenæus, bless our rites today!

HORACE (65–8 B. C.)

TO PYRRHA[1]

(*Odes*, *I*, 5)

WHAT slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odors,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he
Of faith and changed gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds, and storms
Unwonted shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who, always vacant, always amiable
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they
To whom thou untried seem'st fair. Me, in my vow'd
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern god of sea.

THE SHIP OF STATE[2]

(*Odes*, *I*, 14)

OH SHIP! new billows sweep thee out
Seaward. What wilt thou? Hold the port, be stout.
See'st not thy mast
How rent by stiff Southwestern blast?

Thy side, of rowers how forlorn?
Thine hull, with groaning yards, with rigging torn,
Can ill sustain
The fierce, and ever fiercer main;

Thy gods, no more than sails entire,
From whom yet once thy need might aid require,
Oh Pontic Pine,
The first of woodland stocks is thine,

[1] Translation by John Milton.

[2] Translation by William Ewart Gladstone.

Yet race and name are but as dust.
Not painted sterns give storm-tost seamen trust;
Unless thou dare
To be the sport of storms, beware.

O fold at best a weary weight,
A yearning care and constant strain of late,
O shun the seas
That gird those glittering Cyclades.

TO SALLY[1]

(*Odes, I, 22*)

The man in righteousness arrayed,
A pure and blameless liver,
Needs not the keen Toledo blade,
Nor venom-freighted quiver.
What though he wind his toilsome way
O'er regions wild and weary—
Through Zara's burning desert stray,
Or Asia's jungles dreary:

What though he plow the billowy deep
By lunar light, or solar,
Meet the resistless Simoon's sweep,
Or iceberg circumpolar!
In bog or quagmire deep and dank
His foot shall never settle;
He mounts the summit of Mont Blanc,
Or Popocatapetl.

On Chimborazo's breathless height
He treads o'er burning lava;
Or snuffs the Bohan Upas blight,
The deathful plant of Java.
Through every peril he shall pass,
By Virtue's shield protected;
And still by Truth's unerring glass
His path shall be directed.

Else wherefore was it, Thursday last,
While strolling down the valley,
Defenseless, musing as I passed
A canzonet to Sally,
A wolf, with mouth-protruding snout,
Forth from the thicket bounded—
I clapped my hands and raised a shout—
He heard—and fled—confounded.

Tangier nor Tunis never bred
An animal more crabbed;
Nor Fez, dry-nurse of lions, fed
A monster half so rabid;
Nor Ararat so fierce a beast
Has seen since days of Noah;
Nor stronger, eager for a feast,
The fell constrictor boa.

[1]Translation by John Quincy Adams.

TO LICINIUS[2]

(*Odes, II, 10*)

Receive, dear friend, the truths I teach;
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
Of adverse Fortune's power;
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blasts; the loftiest tower
Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts that spare the mountain's side,
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

The well-inform'd philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
And hopes, in spite of pain;
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
And Nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast?
The dark appearance will not last;
Expect a brighter sky.
The god, that strings the silver bow,
Awakes sometimes the Muses too,
And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen;
But oh! if Fortune fill thy sail,
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvas in.

[2]Translation by William Cowper.

PERSIAN FOPPERIES[1]

(Odes, I, 38)

Boy, I hate their empty shows,
Persian garlands I detest,
Bring not me the late-blown rose
Lingering after all the rest:

Plainer myrtle pleases me
Thus outstretched beneath my vine,
Myrtle more becoming thee
Waiting with thy master's wine.

IN PRAISE OF COUNTRY LIFE

"Happy the man, who far from town's affairs,
The life of old-world mortals shares;
With his own oxen tills his forebears' fields,
Nor thinks of usury and its yields.
No soldier he, by the fierce bugle called,
Nor sailor, at each storm appalled;
He shuns the forum, and the haughty gate
Of nobles stronger than the State.
His business is round poplars tall to twine
The ripe young layers of the vine;
Or in some quiet valley to survey
His lowing heifers as they stray.
Now with his knife the worthless shoots he lops,
Grafting instead for richer crops;
Draws the new honey, in pure jars to keep,
Or shears the timid staggering sheep.
When Autumn, with his mellow fruitage gay,
Doth o'er the fields his head display,
What joy it is the grafted pears to try,
And grapes which with sea-purple vie;
Fit gift, Priapus, choosing for thy hand,
Or Silvan, thine, guard of his land!
What joy, beneath some holm-oak old and grey
Or on thick turf, one's limbs to lay;
While streams past toppling banks roll down their flood,
And the birds croon in every wood,
And fountains murmur with their gushing streams
Sounds that shall soothe to sleep and dreams.
Then when the thunderous winter comes again,
Rainstorms and snowdrifts in its train,
This side and that many hounds he'll set,
Into the toils fierce boars to fret;
Or on smooth fork his fine-wrought network sling,
To clip the greedy thrush-bird's wing,
Or trap the travelled crane or timid hare,
Prizes of joy beyond compare.
Who amid sports like these forgets not quite
Love's ill desires and pestering plight?
Nay if a modest wife be there to cheer
The home, and tend the children dear,
As stout Apulia's sunburnt women do,
Or Sabines, and at evening strew
The sacred hearth with logs well-aged, to burn
Against her jaded man's return;
Next her fed beasts in hurdle-fence restrain,
And their distended udders drain;
Last, from sweet cask the year's fresh wine-draught take,
And an unbought regalement make,—
O then not Lucrine oysters so would please,
Or scaur, or turbot, that o'er seas
From eastern parts some thunderous storm may sweep
Into our waters from the deep!
Not guinea-fowl into my paunch would fare,
No, nor Ionian partridge rare,
More pleasingly, than fruit myself had pulled,
From olives' richest branches culled,
Or meadow-haunting sorrel-leaves, combined
With mallows, to ill stomachs kind;
Or haply lamb, slain at the Boundary-Feast,
Or kid, from a wolf's jaws released.
Mid junketings like these how good to spy
The fed sheep as they homeward hie,
To see the wearied beeves with shoulders slack
Trundle the upturned ploughshare back;
And seated hinds, the mansion's humming swarm,
Crowd where the hearth-gods' smiles show warm!"

POSTSCRIPT

Alfius the usurer, when thus he swore
Farmer to be for ever more,
At the mid-month his last transaction ending,
By next new moon is keen for lending.

[1]Translation by William Cowper.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564–1593)

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Or woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy-buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616)[1]

WHO IS SYLVIA?

From *Two Gentlemen of Verona*

Who is Sylvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair
To help him of his blindness,
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

O MISTRESS MINE

From *Twelfth Night*

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 't is not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

FANCY

From *Merchant of Venice*

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourishèd?
Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.

AUBADE

From *Cymbeline*

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise!
Arise, arise!

[1]Other songs by Shakespeare will be found on pages 412, 415, and 432.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS

From *The Tempest*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
  Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
  Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL

From *Love's Labor Lost*

When icicles hang by the wall,
  And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
  And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
"Tu-whit, tu-who!" a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
  And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
  And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
"Tu-whit, tu-who!" a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

TAKE, O, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY

From *Measure for Measure*

Take, O, take those lips away,
  That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
  Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
    Bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
    Sealed in vain!

A SEA DIRGE

From *The Tempest*

Full fathom five thy father lies,
  Of his bones are coral made,
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
  Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
  Ding-dong,
Hark! now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.

BEN JONSON
(1573–1637)

SONG TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
  And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
  And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
  Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
  I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
  Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope, that there
  It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
  And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
  Not of itself, but thee.

HYMN TO DIANA

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,
  Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
  State in wonted manner keep:
    Hesperus entreats thy light,
    Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
  Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
  Heaven to clear when day did close:
    Bless us then with wishèd sight,
    Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
  And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
  Space to breathe, how short soever:
    Thou that mak'st a day of night,
    Goddess excellently bright!

ROBERT HERRICK
(1591–1674)

THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mis-light thee,
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus, to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet
My soul I'll pour into thee.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

TO DAFFODILS

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT BURNS
(1759–1796)

SCOTS WHA HAE

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!
Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die!

HIGHLAND MARY

Ye banks, and braes,[1] and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie![2]
There summer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel,
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But O! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O, pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hings his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gowd[3] for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.

[1]Slopes. [2]Turbid. [3]Gold.

For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie,[4] ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof[5] for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His riband, star, an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa'[6] that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree,[7] an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's comin yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

BONIE DOON

Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days,
When my fause luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon
To see the wood-bine twine,
And ilka[8] bird sang o' its luve,
And sae did I o' mine.

[4]Fellow. [5]Fool. [6]Lay claim to. [7]Have the prize. [8]Every.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause luver staw my rose
But left the thorn wi' me.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the mountains, high-covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

John Anderson my jo,[1] John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;[2]
But now your brow is beld,[3] John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,[4]
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a cantie[5] day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

[1]Sweetheart. [2]Smooth. [3]Bald. [4]Head.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES

CHORUS

Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent amang the lasses, O.

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O:
What signifies that life o' man,
An 'twere na for the lasses, O?

The war'ly[6] race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a cannie[7] hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

For you sae douce,[8] ye sneer at this;
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly loved the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

CHORUS

Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;

[5]Merry. [6]Worldly. [7]Quiet. [8]Prudent.

My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the prim-roses blow;
There oft, as mild Evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

AULD LANG SYNE[1]

CHORUS

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?

And surely ye'll be[2] your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans[3] fine;
But we've wandered monie a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidled i' the burn,[4]
From mornin' sun till dine;[5]
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,[6]
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught[7]
For auld lang syne.

CHORUS

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne.
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW

Of a' the airts[8] the wind can blaw
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild woods grow an' rivers row,
An' monie a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet an' fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw,[9] or green;
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

[1]The (good) old times.

[2]Buy. [3]Daisies. [4]Brook. [5]Dinner time. [6]Companion. [7]Good-will draught. [8]Directions, points of the compass [9]Grove.

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST

O, WERT thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield[1] should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

WALTER SCOTT (1771–1832)

PROUD MAISIE

FROM *The Heart of Midlothian*

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?"
"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?"
"The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady.
The owl from the steeple sing,
'Welcome, proud lady.'"

HERE'S A HEALTH TO KING CHARLES

FROM *Woodstock*

BRING the bowl which you boast,
Fill it up to the brim;
'Tis to him we love most,
And to all who love him.
Brave gallants, stand up,
And avaunt ye, base carles!
Were there death in the cup,
Here's a health to King Charles.

Though he wanders through dangers,
Unaided, unknown,
Dependent on strangers,
Estranged from his own;
Though 'tis under our breath,
Amidst forfeits and perils,
Here's to honour and faith,
And a health to King Charles!

Let such honours abound
As the time can afford,
The knee on the ground,
And the hand on the sword;
But the time shall come round
When, 'mid Lords, Dukes, and Earls,
The loud trumpet shall sound,
Here's a health to King Charles!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792–1822)

TO NIGHT

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of thy misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

[1] Shelter.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovèd Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

A LAMENT

O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb
Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—Oh, never more!

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—Oh, never more!

TO——

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the belovéd's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

TO——

One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not,
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

LINES: "WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED"

When the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute:—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled
Love first leaves the well-built nest,
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high:
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

A DIRGE

Rough wind, that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song;
Wild wind, when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long;

Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
Bare woods, whose branches strain,
Deep caves and dreary main,
Wail, for the world's wrong!

ALFRED TENNYSON
(1809–1892)

CHORIC SONG

FROM *The Lotus-Eaters*

I

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown;
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"—
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

III

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labour be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence—ripen, fall, and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

V

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray:
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

VI

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears; but all hath suffer'd change;

For surely now our household hearths are cold,
Our sons inherit us, our looks are strange,
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The Gods are hard to reconcile;
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There *is* confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath,
Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

VII

But, propped on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet—while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly—
With half-dropped eyelid still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a woven acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

From *The Princess*

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more!

SWEET AND LOW

From *The Princess*

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me:
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

BUGLE SONG

From *The Princess*

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying dying.

O, hark, O, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!

O, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
(1837–1909)

CHORUSES

From *Atalanta in Calydon*

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamor of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest-wind, and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a traveling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofèd heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
The Mænad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labor and thought,
A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair; thou art goodly, O Love;
Thy wings make light in the air as the wings of a dove.
Thy feet are as winds that divide the stream of the sea;
Earth is thy covering to hide thee, the garment of thee.
Thou art swift and subtle and blind as a flame of fire;
Before thee the laughter, behind thee the tears of desire;
And twain go forth beside thee, a man with a maid;
Her eyes are the eyes of a bride whom delight makes afraid;
As the breath in the buds that stir is her bridal breath:
But Fate is the name of her; and his name is Death.

RUDYARD KIPLING
(1865–)

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! *Amen.*

THE SONNET

PETRARCH
(1304–1374)

SONNETS TO LAURA

Loose to the breeze her golden tresses flowed,
Wildly in thousand mazy ringlets blown,
And from her eyes unconquered glances shone,
Those glances now so sparingly bestowed.
And true or false, meseemed some signs she showed
As o'er her cheek soft pity's hue was thrown;
I, whose whole breast with love's soft food was sown,
What wonder if at once my bosom blowed?
Graceful she moved, with more than mortal mien,
In form an angel; and her accents won
Upon the ear with more than human sound.
A spirit heavenly pure, a living sun,
Was what I saw; and if no more 'twere seen,
T' unbend the bow will never heal the wound.[1]

Say from what part of heaven 'twas Nature drew,
From what idea, that so perfect mold
To form such features, bidding us behold,
In charms below, what she above could do?
What fountain nymph, what dryad maid e'er threw
Upon the wind such tresses of pure gold?
What heart such numerous virtues can unfold?
Although the chiefest all my fond hopes slew.
He for celestial charms may look in vain
Who has not seen my fair one's radiant eyes,
And felt their glances pleasingly beguile.
How Love can heal his wounds, then wound again,
He only knows who knows how sweet her sighs,
How sweet her converse, and how sweet her smile.[2]

When welcome slumber locks my torpid frame,
I see thy spirit in the midnight dream;
Thine eyes that still in living lustre beam:
In all but frail mortality the same.
Ah! then, from earth and all its sorrows free,
Methinks I meet thee in each former scene,
Once the sweet shelter of a heart serene;
Now vocal only while I weep for thee.
For thee!—ah, no! From human ills secure,
Thy hallowed soul exults in endless day,
'Tis I who linger on the toilsome way.
No balm relieves the anguish I endure,
Save the fond feeble hope that thou art near
To soothe my sufferings with an angel's tear.[3]

MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI
(1465–1564)

LOVE'S TRIUMPH OVER DEATH[4]

When she who was the source of all my sighs,
Fled from the world, herself, my straining sight,
Nature who gave us that unique delight,
Was sunk in shame, and we had weeping eyes.
Yet shall not vauntful Death enjoy this prize,
This sun of suns which then he veiled in night;
For love hath triumphed, lifting up her light
On earth and mid the saints in Paradise.
What thought remorseless and impiteous doom
Deemed that the music of her deeds would die,
And that her splendour would be sunk in gloom,
The poet's page exalts her to the sky
With life more living in the lifeless tomb,
And death translates her soul to reign on high.

[1] Translation anonymous: Oxford, 1795.
[2] Translation by Rev. Dr. Nott.
[3] Translation by Anne Bannerman.
[4] Translation by John Addington Symonds.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY
(1554–1586)

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA

I

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,
That she, dear she, might take some pleasure of my pain,—
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain,—
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain,
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sunburnt brain.
But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay;
Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's blows;
And others' feet still seemed but strangers' in my way.
Thus, great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes,
Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite;
"Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in thy heart, and write."

XV

You that do search for every purling spring
Which from the ribs of old Parnassus flows,
And every flower, not sweet perhaps, which grows
Near thereabouts, into your poesy wring;
You that do dictionary's method bring
Into your rhymes, running in rattling rows;
You that poor Petrarch's long deceased woes
With new-born sighs and denizened wit do sing;
You take wrong ways; those far-fet helps be such
As do bewray a want of inward touch,
And sure, at length stolen goods do come to light:
But if, both for your love and skill, your name
You seek to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame,
Stella behold, and then begin to endite.

XXXI

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What, may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries!
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,
I read it in thy looks; thy languished grace,
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries,
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

XXXIX

Come, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
O make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf of noise and blind of light,
A rosy garland and a weary head:
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

XLI

Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance
Guided so well that I obtained the prize,
Both by the judgment of the English eyes
And of some sent from that sweet enemy, France;

Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance,
Town folks my strength; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight which from good use doth rise;
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
Others, because of both sides I do take
My blood from them who did excel in this,
Think Nature me a man-at-arms did make.
How far they shot awry! the true cause is,
Stella looked on, and from her heavenly face
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

LXIV

No more! My Dear, no more these counsels try!
O give my passions leave to run their race!
Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace!
Let folk o'ercharged with brain, against me cry!
Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine eye!
Let me no steps but of lost labor trace!
Let all the earth in scorn recount my case;
But do not will me from my love to fly!
I do not envy Aristotle's wit;
Nor do aspire to Cæsar's bleeding fame;
Nor ought do care, though some above me sit;
Nor hope, nor wish another course to frame:
But that which once may win thy cruel heart.
Thou art my wit, and thou my virtue art.

XCV

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust,
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things!
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust:
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be;
Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light
That doth both shine and give us sight to see.
O take fast hold! let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death,
And think how evil becometh him to slide
Who seeketh Heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world! thy uttermost I see:
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616)

SONNETS

XXX

When to the Sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

XXXIII

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

LX

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest the wise world should look into your moan
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O, no! it is an ever-fixéd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXXIX

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murd'rous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoyed no sooner but despiséd straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

JOHN MILTON
(1608–1674)

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"

I fondly ask. But Patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850)

LONDON, 1802

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

SCORN NOT THE SONNET

Composed almost extempore, in a short walk on the western side of Rydal Lake. (*Wordsworth.*)

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honors; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

TO B. R. HAYDON

B. R. Haydon, the painter, wrote: "I have benefited and have been supported in the troubles of life by your poetry. . . I will bear want, pain, misery, and blindness; but I will never yield one step I have gained on the road I am determined to travel over." Wordsworth's answer to this letter was the following sonnet.

High is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,)
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,
Heroically fashioned—to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to desert.
And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,

Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness—
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

JOHN KEATS
(1795–1821)

WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT I MAY CEASE TO BE

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high piléd books, in charact'ry,
Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love!—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
(1809–1861)

HOW DO I LOVE THEE?

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

MATTHEW ARNOLD
(1822–1888)

SHAKESPEARE

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,

Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foil'd searching of mortality;
And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honor'd, self-secure,
Didst tread on earth unguess'd at.—Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

QUIET WORK

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—
Of toil unsever'd from tranquillity!
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry!
Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
Laborers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI
(1828–1882)

LOVESIGHT

When do I see thee most, beloved one?
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that Love through thee made known?
Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone,)
Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?
O love, my love! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI
(1830–1894)

REMEMBER

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more, day by day,
You tell me of our future that you planned:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
(1807–1882)

NATURE[1]

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

[1]Used by permission of, and by arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

OFT HAVE I SEEN AT SOME CATHEDRAL DOOR[1]

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.

So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

THE ODE

PINDAR
(522–448? B. C.)

OLYMPIAN I

TO HIERO THE SYRACUSIAN, VICTOR IN THE HORSE-RACE

STROPHE I

Water the first of elements we hold;
And, as the flaming fire at night
Glows with its own conspicuous light,
Above proud treasure shines transcendant gold:
But if, my soul, 'tis thy desire
For the Great Games to strike thy lyre,
Look not within the range of day
A star more genial to descry
Than yon warm sun, whose glittering ray
Dims all the spheres that gild the sky;
Nor loftier theme to raise thy strain
Than famed Olympia's crowded plain:
From whence, by gifted minstrels richly wove,
Th' illustrious hymn, at glory's call,
Goes forth to Hiero's affluent hall,
To hail his prosperous throne and sing
Saturnian Jove.

ANTISTROPHE I

Hiero the just, that rules the fertile field,
Where fair Sicilia's pastures feed
Unnumber'd flocks, and for his meed
Culls the sweet flowers that all the virtues yield;
Nor less renown'd his hand essays
To wake the Muse's choicest lays,
Such as the social feast around
Full oft our tuneful band inspire—
But wherefore sleeps the thrilling sound?
Pluck from the peg thy Dorian lyre,
If Pisa's palms have charms for thee,
If Pherenicus' victory
Hath roused thee to the rapturous cares of song;
Tell us how swift the ungoaded steed
By Alpheus urged his furious speed,
And bore the distant prize from all the panting throng.

EPODE I

Proud of his stud, the Syracusian king
Partook the courser's triumph. Through the plain
By Lydian Pelops won his praises ring—
Pelops of Neptune loved (whose watery reign
Bounds the wide earth, that trembles at his might),
Pelops, whose form the plastic Fate replaced,
And from the caldron bright
Drew forth with ivory shoulder graced.
Life teems with wonders: yet, in Reason's spite,
O'er the fond fascinating fiction, warm
From Fancy's pencil, hangs a charm
That more than Nature's self her painted dreams delight.

STROPHE II

For Taste, whose softening hand hath power to give
Sweetness and grace to rudest things,
And trifles to distinction brings,
Makes us full oft the enchanting tale receive

[1]Used by permission of, and by arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

In Truth's disguise as Truth. The day
Yet comes, Time's test, that tears away
The veil each flattering falsehood wears.
Beseems us then (for less the blame)
Of those that heed us from the spheres
Becoming marvels to proclaim.
Great son of Tantalus, thy fate
Not as the fablers I relate.
Thee with the Gods thy Sire's Sipylian guest,
When they in turn beneath his bower
Purest repast partook, the Power
That wields the Trident, seized, and ravished
from the feast.

ANTISTROPHE II

Desire his breast had conquered. Up he
drove
His trembling prize of mortal mold
In radiant car with steeds of gold
To th' highest mansion of all-honored
Jove;
With whom the Boy, from wondering
Ide
Rapt long before, like place supplied.
Her Pelops lost, her vanished son
Soon roused the frantic mother's care;
No tidings came; the search begun
In mystery ended in despair.
Forthwith some envious foe was found
Whispering th' unseemly slander round,
How all into the bubbling caldron cast
Thy mangled limbs were seethed, and
shred
In fragments on the table spread,
While circling Gods looked on and shared
th' abhorred repast.

EPODE II

Far be from me and mine the thought
profane,
That in foul feast celestials could de-
light!
Blasphemous tale! Detraction finds its
bane
E'en in the wrong it works—If mortal
wight
Heaven e'er hath honored, 'twas this
Tantalus;
But soon from ill-digested greatness
sprung
Presumption and abuse:
Thence from his towering fortunes
flung
(Frightful reverse!) he fell. A ponderous
rock
High o'er his head hung threatening
(angry Jove
So judged him for his crimes above):
Where day and night he waits, dreading th'
expected shock.

STROPHE III

Thus doomed is he life's hopeless load to
bear,
Torment unceasing! Three beside,
Delinquents there, like pains abide.
He from th' Immortals their ambrosial
fare,
The nectarous flood that crowned their
bowl,
To feast his earth-born comrades, stole;
Food, that, by their celestial grace,
Eternal youth to him had given.
Vain hope, that guilt by time or place
Can 'scape the searching glance of
heaven!
For this the blameless Son once more
Back to man's short-lived race they
bore;
There, when fresh youth its blooming flower
had blown,
And round his chin th' umbrageous beard
Mature its manlier growth had reared,
From Pisa's Prince he sought, his nuptial
couch to crown,

ANTISTROPHE III

The famed Hippodamé; whose charms to
gain,
The fond and furious father's pride,
At night's dark hour alone he hied
To the rough shore of the loud-bellowing
main,
And called the Trident-sceptred God,
Whose form forthwith beside him stood:
'Oh! if th' endearing gifts,' said he,
The Cyprian sea-born Queen bestows,
Have still, great Neptune, grace with
thee,
Propitiate now thy suppliant's vows.
Arrest Œnomaüs' brazen spear,
To Elis guide my prompt career,
And bear me on thy swiftest chariot's wheel
Victorious to the goal; for he,
Slayer of suitors ten and three,
Still from his daughter's hope withholds the
bridal seal.

EPODE III

'Majestic Danger calls but for the brave,
Trusts not the dastard's arm: then why should man,
By life's hard lot predestined to the grave,
Waste in the dark th' unprofitable span,
And crouch in Age's corner unrenowned,
Heav'n's noblest gifts untasted? Power divine!
Grant thou th' event be crowned,
This peril shall at least be mine.'
Thus he, with zeal not unregarded, speeds
His ardent prayer. The God his prayer embraced,
Gave him his car with gold enchaced,
And roused th' unwaried plumes that winged the immortal steeds.

STROPHE IV

Œnomaüs' power th' exulting youth o'erthrows:
The virgin spouse his arms entwine;
From whose soft intercourse, a line
By all the virtues nursed, six warriors rose.
Now in rich pomp and solemn state
His dust heroic honors wait.
Where Alpheus laves the hallowed glade,
His tomb its ample range displays,
And gifts by many a stranger laid
High on his crowded altar blaze;
But most from proud Olympia's drome,
On distant realms, on times to come,
Shines Pelops' fame. There Speed demands his crown,
Toil-mastering Strength the muscle strains,
And conquerors pass life's proud remains
On Virtue's tranquil couch, the slumber of renown.

ANTISTROPHE IV

Such is the Champion's meed: the constant good,
That lives beyond the transient hour,
Of all that Heaven on man can shower,
Most fires his hope, most wakes his gratitude:
But now 'tis mine, the strain to raise,
And swell th' Equestrian Hero's praise,
To crown with loud Æolian song
A Prince, whose peer the spacious earth
Holds not its noblest chiefs among,
Boasts not in wisdom, power and worth,
A host more gifted, to display,
Through all the mazes of the lay.
Hiero, some guardian god thy fame sustains
And makes thee his peculiar care;
If long thy deeds his smiles shall share,
A loftier flight I'll soar, and warble sweeter strains.

EPODE IV

Then high on Cronium's peak my post shall be;
There, as a poet's glance informs my soul,
First in the burning race thy steeds to see,
Thy bounding chariot whirl thee to the goal.
Then shall the Muse her strongest javelin fling;
'Bove all the ranks of greatness at the top
Shines the consummate king—
Beyond that height lift not thy hope.
Be thine in that bright station long to bear
Thy upright course; mine, with the conquering band,
To take my honorable stand,
And 'mong the bards of Greece the palm of genius wear.

PYTHIAN V

TO ARCESILAS THE CYRENÆAN, VICTOR IN THE CHARIOT-RACE

STROPHE I

Wealth is wide-extended power,
Whene'er with genuine worth combined
Man leads it forth in Fortune's favouring hour
And friendships throng behind.
Thee, heav'n-enhanced Arcesilas,
These gifts through all thy glorious days
From life's first step, by Castor's grace,
Have bless'd; who now with Pythian bays
Given from his golden car thy brows hath crown'd:
'Twas he the threatening storm allay'd
That shook thy prosperous house and spread
The cheering calm, that brightens round.

ANTISTROPHE I

Wisdom still with temperate hand
Improves the boon by Heaven bestow'd;
And thee, that walk'st with Justice through the land,
A thousand blessings crowd.
First as thou art the sceptred lord
Of mighty realms, and bear'st combined
By Nature for that proud reward,
The ruler's eye, the sage's mind:
Next as thy coursers from the Pythian plain
Have borne the glorious prize away,
While Phœbus gives thee to display
Th' exulting pomp and choral strain.

EPODE I

O cease not, while the song, that swells thy fame,
Sounds through Cyrenè's echoing towers,
Where Venus spreads her sweetest bowers,
God the great cause of all things to proclaim.
First of thy peers be great Carrhotus styled;
He brought not to th' applauding plain,
Where Battus' just descendants reign,
Excuse, repentant Epimethes' child;
But foremost in the chariot-course
By pleased Castalia's sacred source
Th' accepted stranger pass'd, and round
Thy kingly locks his wreath of glory bound.

STROPHE II

Twelve times round the measured bourn
With heel unmatch'd, uninjured rein,
Flew the swift steeds, nor tire nor trapping torn—
Lo! where by Delphi's fane
Hangs the fair chariot (sound and bright
As from the sculptor's hand it wheel'd
Beneath the steep Crisæan height
To th' hollow plain and sacred field),
Slung from the cypress beam, the God beside;
Where by the Cretan archers' hands
Hewn from one trunk his statue stands,
The rich Parnassian temple's pride.

ANTISTROPHE II

Him with grateful heart we praise,
Whose deeds exalt his country's king:
On thee, Alexibiades, their rays
The bright-hair'd Graces fling;
Blest in the minstrel's mindful strain,
Thy rare exploit's reward, to live:
Twice twenty chariots strew'd the plain,
Thy wheels ungrazed, thy steeds survive:
Skill hath no place but in the brave man's breast;
Now from the glorious games once more
His Libyan plains, his native shore,
The youth's triumphant steps have press'd.

EPODE II

Thus labour still, man's painful part, remains.
Yet mark! the same propitious Power
(The stranger's light, the nation's tower)
That beam'd on ancient Battus, still sustains
The throne he stablish'd, and with gifts profuse
Blesses his people. Him, 'tis said,
The stately lions roaring fled:
His alien speech their awe-struck ire subdues.
Phœbus himself, that led the way,
Gave their fierce natures to dismay;
That no rude chance might stay Cyrenè's lord
In his great course, or thwart th' unerring word.

STROPHE III

Phœbus dire disease's cure
To seers and sapient matrons shows:
He gave the lyre, and on his favourites pure
Th' inspiring Muse bestows
(The Muse, that wins from ruthless war
The soften'd soul to love and peace):
He rules the shrine oracular;
Where warn'd by him th' Herculean race
Sought with th' Ægimians on Laconian ground,
In Pyle and Argos their abode.
The praise, from Sparta's deeds that flow'd,
Be mine in partial strain to sound.

ANTISTROPHE III

Spartans born by favour'd sires
From Ægeus sprung to Thera came:
Fate led them to the land whose sacred fires
With many a victim flame.

Thence, Phœbus, thy Carneian rites
To proud Cyrenè's mount we bore,
Still hallowing as the feast invites,
Her fair-built fanes and echoing shore.
Thither Antenor's sons, Troy's grave remains,
By hostile flames in ruin laid,
With Helen's Grecian wanderers fled,
And left their sons th' adopted plains.

EPODE III

There dwelt that race of warlike charioteers,
To whose heroic shades the band,
That led by Battus rules the land,
Still slays the sacrifice, the altar rears;
Battus, whose winged galleys through the brine
Oped their deep passage. For the gods
High groves he raised, their dark abodes:
He the Scyrotan to Apollo's shrine,
Where the full pomp with prancing steed
Imploring blessings might proceed,
His spacious causeway plann'd. The Forum nigh
Aloof the vulgar tombs his reliques lie.

STROPHE IV

Blest his mortal part he bore;
In death a hero's rites he knows:
Their sacred kings far off, the walls before,
In humbler rest repose.
Still in the shades beyond the grave
Our liquid lays their spirits hear,
Shedding soft dews and streams that lave
The living flower their virtues bear;
Lays, that with them Arcesilas record
Their glorious son; whose choral train
Now sing for him in sounding strain.
Phœbus who waves the flaming sword,

ANTISTROPHE IV

Him, who sends from Pytho's hills
The graceful song, that far o'erbuys
The cost of conquest, to the prince that fills
The praises of the wise.
'Tis but the general tale: in wit,
In words, with age his youth may vie;
Bold as the Sovereign bird, whose might
With wings expanded awes the sky.
His strength in contest, like the tower in war:
A child the Muses' haunts he knew,
Still on their pinion soars: and who
Shall guide with him the glowing car?

EPODE IV

All the domestic paths that lead to fame,
His enterprising steps have tried;
And well th' approving gods supplied
His purposes with power. Through life the same
Grant him, in act resolved, in counsel sage,
Blest sons of Saturn, long to know;
Nor let th' autumnal tempest blow
To blast the ripe abundance of his age:
Jove, whose high will exalts and moves
The destiny of those he loves,
Vouchsafe the sons of Battus to obtain
Like wreaths of glory from th' Olympian plain.

BEN JONSON
(1573–1637)

A PINDARIC ODE

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY AND FRIENDSHIP OF THAT NOBLE PAIR, SIR LUCIUS CARY AND SIR H. MORISON

I

STROPHE

Brave infant of Saguntum, clear
Thy coming forth in that great year,
When the prodigious Hannibal did crown
His rage with razing your immortal town.
Thou looking then about,
Ere thou wert half got out,
Wise child, didst hastily return,
And mad'st thy mother's womb thine urn.
How summed a circle didst thou leave mankind
Of deepest lore, could we the center find!

ANTISTROPHE

Did wiser nature draw thee back,
From out the horror of that sack;
Where shame, faith, honor, and regard of right,
Lay trampled on? the deeds of death and night
Urged, hurried forth, and hurled
Upon the affrighted world;
Fire, famine, and fell fury met,
And all on utmost ruin set:
As, could they but life's miseries foresee,
No doubt all infants would return like thee.

EPODE

For what is life, if measured by the space,
Not by the act?
Or masked man, if valued by his face,
Above his fact?
Here's one outlived his peers
And told forth fourscore years:
He vexéd time, and busied the whole state:
Troubled both foes and friends;
But ever to no ends:
What did this stirrer but die late?
How well at twenty had he fallen or stood!
For three of his four score he did no good.

II

STROPHE

He entered well by virtuous parts,
Got up, and thrived with honest arts,
He purchased friends, and fame, and honors then,
And had his noble name advanced with men;
But weary of that flight,
He stooped in all men's sight
To sordid flatteries, acts of strife,
And sunk in that dead sea of life,
So deep, as he did then death's waters sup,
But that the cork of title buoyed him up.

ANTISTROPHE

Alas! but Morison fell young!
He never fell,—thou fall'st, my tongue.
He stood a soldier to the last right end,
A perfect patriot and a noble friend;
But most, a virtuous son.
All offices were done
By him, so ample, full, and round,
In weight, in measure, number, sound,
As, though his age imperfect might appear,
His life was of humanity the sphere.

EPODE

Go now, and tell our days summed up with fears,
And make them years;
Produce thy mass of miseries on the stage,
To swell thine age;
Repeat of things a throng,
To show thou hast been long,
Not lived; for life doth her great actions spell
By what was done and wrought
In season, and so brought
To light: her measures are, how well
Each syllable answered, and was formed how fair;
These make the lines of life, and that's her air!

III

STROPHE

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:
A lily of a day,
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

ANTISTROPHE

Call, noble Lucius, then, for wine,
And let thy looks with gladness shine;
Accept this garland, plant it on thy head,
And think, nay know, thy Morison's not dead.
He leaped the present age,
Possest with holy rage,
To see that bright eternal day;
Of which we priests and poets say
Such truths as we expect for happy men;
And there he lives with memory and Ben

EPODE

Jonson, who sung this of him, ere he went,
Himself, to rest,
Or taste a part of that full joy he meant
To have exprest,
In this bright asterism;
Where it were friendship's schism,
Were not his Lucius long with us to tarry,
To separate these twi-
Lights, the Dioscuri;
And keep the one half from his Harry.
But fate doth so alternate the design,
Whilst that in heaven, this light on earth must shine.

IV

STROPHE

And shine as you exalted are;
Two names of friendship, but one star:
Of hearts the union, and those not by chance
Made, or indenture, or leased out t' advance

The profits for a time.
No pleasures vain did chime,
Of rhymes, or riots, at your feasts,
Orgies of drink, or feigned protests;
But simple love of greatness and of good,
That knits brave minds and manners more than blood.

ANTISTROPHE

This made you first to know the why
You liked, then after, to apply
That liking; and approach so one the t' other,
Till either grew a portion of the other;
Each styléd by his end,
The copy of his friend.
You lived to be the great sir-names
And titles by which all made claims
Unto the Virtue: nothing perfect done,
But as a Cary or a Morison.

EPODE

And such a force the fair example had,
As they that saw
The good and durst not practise it, were glad
That such a law
Was left yet to mankind;
Where they might read and find
Friendship, indeed, was written not in words;
And with the heart, not pen,
Of two so early men,
Whose lines her rolls were, and records;
Who, ere the first down bloomed on the chin,
Had sowed these fruits, and got the harvest in.

JOHN DRYDEN
(1631–1700)

ALEXANDER'S FEAST

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC; AN ODE IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY
(1697)

I

'T was at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crowned).
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above
(Such is the power of mighty love).
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed;
And while he sought her snowy breast:
Then, round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world.
The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound;
"A present deity," they shout around;
"A present deity," the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

III

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:

The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure.
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heav'n and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

V

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree:
'T was but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
"War," he sung, "is toil and trouble;
Honor, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying;
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee."

The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

VI

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head:
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
"Revenge, revenge!" Timotheus cries,
"See the Furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!"
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

CHORUS

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

VII

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last, divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS

At last, divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

THOMAS GRAY
(1716–1771)

THE PROGRESS OF POESY[1]

STROPHE

Awake, Æolian lyre,[2] awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:[3]
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

ANTISTROPHE

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell![4] the sullen Cares,
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War,[5]
Has curbed the fury of his car,
And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptered hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king[6]
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

[1] Written in 1754; first published in 1757.

[2] The lyre of Pindar.

[3] Fields over which Ceres reigns.

[4] The lyre was said to have been made first by Hermes from a tortoise shell.

[5] Mars. Thrace was thought to be his favorite abode.

[6] The eagle.

EPODE

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Tempered to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's[1] velvet-green
The rosy-crownéd Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day.
With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

STROPHE

Man's feeble race what Ills await,
Labor and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my Song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her Specters wan, and Birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march[2] they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

ANTISTROPHE

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To cheer the shiv'ring Native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cintured Chiefs, and dusky Loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

EPODE

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus[3] laves,
Or where Mæander's[4] amber waves
In lingering Lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
Where each old poetic Mountain
Inspiration breathed around:
Ev'ry shade and hallowed Fountain
Murmured deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast[5]

STROPHE

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling[6] laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To Him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face: The Dauntless Child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
This pencil take (she said) whose colors clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

[1] A town in Cyprus containing a temple to Venus, or Cytherea, as she was sometimes called.

[2] The sunrise.

[3] A stream flowing through Athens.

[4] A river in Asia Minor.

[5] Gray's note on this epode is as follows: Progress of poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey and Sir Tho. Wyatt had traveled in Italy [Gray is wrong about Surrey, who was never in Italy, though he spent some time in France], and formed their taste there; Spenser imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

[6] Shakespeare.

ANTISTROPHE

Nor second He,[1] that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two Coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

EPODE

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more——
Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear[2]
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrowed of the Sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

THE BARD[3]

A PINDARIC ODE

ADVERTISEMENT

THE following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.[4]

[1]Milton.

[2]Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamor in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise (Gray's note).

[3]Begun in 1754 and finished in 1757, when it was first published.

[4]This tradition has no foundation in fact. Edward I reigned from 1272 to 1307.

STROPHE

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait,
Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's[5] curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's[6] shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster[7] stood aghast in speechless trance;
To arms! cried Mortimer,[8] and couched his quiv'ring lance.

ANTISTROPHE

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe,
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

EPODE

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main:

[5]Wales.

[6]A name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welsh themselves call *Craigian-eryri:* it included all the highlands of Carnarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway (Gray's note).

[7]Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward (Gray's note).

[8]Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore. They were both Lords-Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in this expedition (Gray's note).

Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon[1] bow his cloud-topped head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,[2]
Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famished Eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

STROPHE

"'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkeley's roofs that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing King![3]
She-Wolf[4] of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs[5]
The scourge of Heav'n. What Terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

ANTISTROPHE

"'Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable Warrior[6] fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.
The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising Morn.
Fair laughs[7] the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

EPODE

"'Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long Years of havoc[8] urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye Towers of Julius,[9] London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his Consort's[10] faith, his Father's[11] fame,
And spare the meek Usurper's[12] holy head.
Above, below, the rose[13] of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled Boar[14] in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

[1] A mountain in Wales.

[2] The shores of Carnarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey (Gray's note).

[3] Edward II. murdered in Berkeley Castle, 1327.

[4] Isabel of France, Edward II's adulterous queen (Gray's note).

[5] Edward III. The reference is to his triumphs in France.

[6] The Black Prince.

[7] These lines describe the reign of Richard II and (in the epode) his death by starvation.

[8] The Wars of the Roses.

[9] The Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar (Gray's note).

[10] Margaret of Anjou.

[11] Henry V.

[12] Henry VI, who was "very near being canonized" (Gray).

[13] The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster (Gray).

[14] The silver boar was the device of Richard III (Gray). The "infant gore" is that of the murdered princes.

Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursèd loom
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

STROPHE

"'Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)'
Stay, O stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All-hail, ye genuine Kings,[1] Britonnia's Issue, hail!

ANTISTROPHE

"Girt with many a Baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a Form divine![2]
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attempered sweet to virgin grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colored wings.

EPODE

"The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dressed.[3]
In buskined measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.[4]
A Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;[5]
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.[6]
Fond impious Man, think'st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the Orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: With joy I see
The different doom our Fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and sceptered Care,
To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

[1]Both Merlin and Taliessin [Cymric bard, sixth century] had prophesied that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island, which seemed to be accomplished in the House of Tudor [beginning with Henry VII] (Gray).

[2]Queen Elizabeth.

[3]The reference is to Spenser's *Faerie Queene.*

[4]Shakespeare.

[5]Milton.

[6]The succession of poets after Milton's time (Gray).

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850)

ODE

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

I

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn whereso'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd-boy!

IV

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the brave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What thou the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of Splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;

In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI

And O ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, it joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792–1822)

TO A SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace-tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

JOHN KEATS
(1795–1821)

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearièd,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens over wrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My HEART aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'T is not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness.—
That thou, light wingèd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a breaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and specter-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a musèd rime,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down:
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn:
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 't is buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

ALFRED TENNYSON
(1809–1892)

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

I

Bury the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation;
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation;
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

III

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long, long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow;
The last great Englishman is low.

IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the past,
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute!
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,

Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fallen at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's voice will be seen no more.

V

All is over and done,
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.
Let the bell be toll'd.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be toll'd,
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds.
Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be toll'd,
And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd
Thro' the dome of the golden cross;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss;
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's-ear has heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom.
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame,
With those deep voices our dead captain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-attemper'd frame.
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song!

VI

"Who is he that cometh, like an honor'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?"—
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
His foes were thine; he kept us free;
O, give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won:
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labor'd rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamor of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes,
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings;

Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down;
A day of onsets of despair!
Dash'd on every rocky square,
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O savior of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all.
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,
Eternal honor to his name.

VII

A people's voice! we are a people yet.
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers,
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
And kept it ours, O God, from brute control!
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings!
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
Remember him who led your hosts;
He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever; and whatever tempests lour
For ever silent; even if they broke
In thunder, silent; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
Who never spoke against a foe;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right.
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke!
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

VIII

Lo! the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honor shower'd all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which out-redden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory.

He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he: his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory.
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illumined cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,
Eternal honor to his name.

IX

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see.
Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung.
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.
Ours the pain, be his the gain!
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere;
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane:
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will,
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears;
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears;
The black earth yawns; the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
He is gone who seem'd so great.—
Gone, but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him!

THE PASTORAL AND THE ELEGY

THEOCRITUS
(Third Century B. C.)

IDYL XI[1]

The Cyclops

And so an easier life our Cyclops drew,
The ancient Polyphemus, who in youth
Loved Galatea while the manhood grew
Adown his cheeks, and darkened round his mouth.
No jot he cared for apples, olives, roses;
Love made him mad; the whole world was neglected,
The very sheep went backward to their closes
From out the fair green pastures, self-directed.

[1]Translation by Mrs. Browning.

And singing Galatea, thus, he wore
The sunrise down along the weedy shore,
And pined alone, and felt the cruel wound
Beneath his heart, which Cypris' arrow bore,
With a deep pang: but, so, the cure was found;
And, sitting on a lofty rock, he cast
His eyes upon the sea, and sang at last:
"O whitest Galatea, can it be
That thou shouldst spurn me off who love thee so?
More white than curds, my girl, thou art to see,
More meek than lambs, more full of leaping glee
Than kids, and brighter than the early glow
On grapes that swell to ripen,—sour like thee!
Thou comest to me with the fragrant sleep,
And with the fragrant sleep thou goest from me;
Thou fliest . . . fliest as a frightened sheep
Flies the gray wolf!—yet love did overcome me,
So long!—I loved thee, maiden, first of all,
When down the hills (my mother fast beside thee)
I saw thee stray to pluck the summer-fall
Of hyacinth-bells, and went myself to guide thee;
And since my eyes have seen thee, they can leave thee
No more, from that day's light! But thou . . . by Zeus,
Thou wilt not care for *that*, to let it grieve thee!
I know thee, fair one, why thou springest loose
From my arm round thee. Why? I tell thee, dear!
One shaggy eyebrow draws its smudging road
Straight through my ample front, from ear to ear;
One eye rolls underneath; and yawning, broad,
Flat nostrils feel the bulging lips too near.
Yet . . . ho, ho!—*I*,—whatever I appear,—
Do feed a thousand oxen! When I have done,
I milk the cows, and drink the milk that's best!
I lack no cheese, while summer keeps the sun;
And after, in the cold, it's ready prest!
And then, I know to sing, as there is none
Of all the Cyclops can, . . . a song of thee,
Sweet apple of my soul, on love's fair tree,
And of myself who love thee . . . till the west
Forgets the light, and all but I have rest.
I feed for thee, besides, eleven fair does,
And all in fawn; and four tame whelps of bears.
Come to me, sweet! thou shalt have all of those
In change for love! I will not halve the shares.
Leave the blue sea, with pure white arms extended
To the dry shore; and, in my cave's recess,
Thou shalt be gladder for the noon-light ended;
For here be laurels, spiral cypresses,
Dark ivy, and a vine whose leaves infold
Most luscious grapes; and here is water cold,
The wooded Ætna pours down through the trees
From the white snows, which gods were scarce too bold
To drink in turn with nectar. Who with these
Would choose the salt wave of the lukewarm seas?
Nay, look on me! If I am hairy and rough,
I have an oak's heart in me; there's a fire
In these gray ashes which burns hot enough;
And, when I burn for *thee*, I grudge the pyre
No fuel . . . not my soul, nor this one eye,—
Most precious thing I have, because thereby
I see thee, fairest! Out, alas! I wish
My mother had borne me finnèd like a fish,
That I might plunge down in the ocean near thee,
And kiss thy glittering hand between the weeds,
If still thy face were turned; and I would bear thee
Each lily white, and poppy fair that bleeds
Its red heart down its leaves!—one gift, for hours
Of summer,—one for winter; since to cheer thee,
I could not bring at once all kinds of flowers

Even now, girl, now, I fain would learn to swim,
If stranger in a ship sailed nigh, I wis,
That I may know how sweet a thing it is
To live down with you in the deep and dim!
Come up, O Galatea, from the ocean,
And, having come, forget again to go!
As I, who sing out here my heart's emotion,
Could sit forever. Come up from below!
Come, keep my flocks beside me, milk my kine;
Come, press my cheese, distrain my whey and curd!
Ah, mother! she alone . . . that mother of mine . . .
Did wrong me sore! I blame her! Not a word
Of kindly intercession did she address
Thine ear with for my sake; and ne'ertheless
She saw me wasting, wasting, day by day:
Both head and feet were aching, I will say,
All sick for grief, as I myself was sick.
O Cyclops, Cyclops! whither hast thou sent
Thy soul on fluttering wings? If thou wert bent
On turning bowls, or pulling green and thick
The sprouts to give thy lambkins, thou wouldst make thee
A wiser Cyclops than for what we take thee.
Milk dry the present! Why pursue too quick
That future which is fugitive aright?
Thy Galatea thou shalt haply find,
Or else a maiden fairer and more kind;
For many girls do call me through the night,
And, as they call, do laugh out silverly.
I, too, am something in the world, I see!"

While thus the Cyclops love and lambs did fold,
Ease came with song, he could not buy with gold.

BION
(Second Century B. C.)

A LAMENT FOR ADONIS[1]

I

I MOURN for Adonis—Adonis is dead,
Fair Adonis is dead, and the Loves are lamenting.
Sleep, Cypris, no more on thy purple-strewed bed;
Arise, wretch stoled in black, beat thy breast unrelenting,
And shriek to the worlds, "Fair Adonis is dead."

II

I mourn for Adonis—the Loves are lamenting.
He lies on the hills in his beauty and death;
The white tusk of a boar has transpierced his white thigh.
Cytherea grows mad at his thin, gasping breath,
While the black blood drips down on the pale ivory,
And his eyeballs lie quenched with the weight of his brows;
The rose fades from his lips, and upon them just parted
The kiss dies the goddess consents not to lose,
Though the kiss of the dead cannot make her glad-hearted:
He knows not who kisses him dead in the dews.

III

I mourn for Adonis—the Loves are lamenting.
Deep, deep, in the thigh is Adonis's wound;
But a deeper, is Cypris's bosom presenting.
The youth lieth dead while his dogs howl around,
And the nymphs weep aloud from the mists of the hill,
And the poor Aphrodité, with tresses unbound,
All dishevelled, unsandalled, shrieks mournful and shrill
Through the dusk of the groves. The thorns, tearing her feet,
Gather up the red flower of her blood which is holy,
Each footstep she takes; and the valleys repeat
The sharp cry she utters, and draw it out slowly.
She calls on her spouse, her Assyrian, on him
Her own youth, while the dark blood spreads over his body.

[1] Translation by Mrs. Browning.

The chest taking hue from the gash in the limb,
And the bosom once ivory turning to ruddy.

IV

Ah, ah, Cytherea! the Loves are lamenting.
She lost her fair spouse, and so lost her fair smile:
When he lived she was fair, by the whole world's consenting,
Whose fairness is dead with him: woe worth the while!
All the mountains above, and the oaklands below,
Murmur, ah, ah, Adonis! the streams overflow
Aphrodité's deep wail; river-fountains in pity
Weep soft in the hills; and the flowers as they blow
Redden outward with sorrow, while all hear her go
With the song of her sadness through mountain and city.

V

Ah, ah, Cytherea! Adonis is dead.
Fair Adonis is dead—Echo answers Adonis!
Who weeps not for Cypris, when bowing her head
She stares at the wound where it gapes and astonies?
—When, ah, ah!—she saw how the blood ran away
And empurpled the thigh, and, with wild hands flung out,
Said with sobs, "Stay, Adonis! unhappy one, stay,
Let me feel thee once more, let me ring thee about
With the clasp of my arms, and press kiss into kiss!
Wait a little, Adonis, and kiss me again,
For the last time, beloved; and but so much of this
That the kiss may learn life from the warmth of the strain!
—Till thy breath shall exude from thy soul to my mouth,
To my heart, and, the love-charm I once more receiving,
May drink thy love in it, and keep of a truth
That one kiss in the place of Adonis the living.
Thou fliest me, mournful one, fliest me far,
My Adonis, and seekest the Acheron portal,
To Hell's cruel King goest down with a scar,
While I weep and live on like a wretched immortal,
And follow no step! O Persephoné, take him,
My husband! thou'rt better and brighter than I.
So all beauty flows down to thee: *I* cannot make him
Look up at my grief: there's despair in my cry,
Since I wail for Adonis who died to me—died to me—
Then, I fear *thee!* Art thou dead; my Adored?
Passion ends like a dream in the sleep that's denied to me,
Cypris is widowed, the Loves seek their lord
All the house through in vain. Charm of cestus has ceased
With thy clasp! O too bold in the hunt past preventing,
Ay, mad, thou so fair, to have strife with a beast!"
Thus the goddess wailed on; and the Loves are lamenting.

VI

Ah, ah, Cytherea! Adonis is dead.
She wept tear after tear with the blood which was shed,
And both turned into flowers for the earth's garden-close,—
Her tear, to the wind-flower; his blood to the rose.

VII

I mourn for Adonis—Adonis is dead.
Weep no more in the woods, Cytherea, thy lover!
So, well: make a place for his corse in thy bed,
With the purples thou sleepest in under and over.
He's fair, though a corse,—a fair corse, like a sleeper.
Lay him soft in the silks he had pleasure to fold

When, beside thee at night, holy dreams deep and deeper
Enclosed his young life on the couch made of gold.
Love him still, poor Adonis; cast on him together
The crowns and the flowers: since he died from the place,
Why, let all die with him; let the blossoms go wither;
Rain myrtles and olive-buds down on his face.
Rain the myrrh down, let all that is best fall a-pining
Since the myrrh of his life from thy keeping is swept.
Pale he lay, thine Adonis, in purples reclining:
The Loves raised their voices around him and wept.
They have shorn their bright curls off to cast on Adonis:
One treads on his bow; on his arrows, another;
One breaks up a well-feathered quiver; and one is
Bent low at a sandal, untying the strings;
And one carries the vases of gold from the springs,
While one washes the wound, and behind them a brother
Fans down on the body sweet air with his wings.

VIII

Cytherea herself now the Loves are lamenting,
Each torch at the door Hymenæus blew out;
And, the marriage-wreath dropping its leaves as repenting,
No more "Hymen, Hymen," is chanted about;
But the *ai ai* instead—"ai alas" is begun
For Adonis, and then follows "ai Hymenæus!"
The Graces are weeping for Cinyris' son,
Sobbing low, each to each "His fair eyes cannot see us!"
Their wail strikes more shrill than the sadder Dioné's.
The Fates mourn aloud for Adonis, Adonis,
Deep chanting: he hears not a word that they say:
He *would* hear, but Persephoné has him in keeping.
—Cease moan, Cytherea! leave pomps for to-day,
And weep new when a new year refits thee for weeping.

VERGIL (70–19 B. C.)

THE SEVENTH PASTORAL[1]

Beneath a holm repaired two jolly swains
(Their sheep and goats together grazed the plains),
Both young Arcadians, both alike inspired
To sing, and answer as the song required.
Daphnis, as umpire, took the middle seat,
And fortune thither led my weary feet;
For, while I fenced my myrtles from the cold,
The father of my flock had wandered from the fold.
Of Daphnis I enquired: he, smiling, said:
'Dismiss your fear;' and pointed where he fed;
'And, if no greater cares disturb your mind,
Sit here with us, in covert of the wind.
Your lowing heifers, of their own accord,
At watering time will seek the neighboring ford.
Here wanton Mincius winds along the meads,
And shades his happy banks with bending reeds.
And see, from yon old oak that mates the skies,
How black the clouds of swarming bees arise.'
What should I do! Nor was Alcippe nigh,
Nor absent Phyllis could my care supply,
To house, and feed by hand my weaning lambs,
And drain the strutting udders of their dams.
Great was the strife betwixt the singing swains;
And I preferred my pleasure to my gains.
Alternate rhyme the ready champions chose:
These Corydon rehearsed, and Thyrsis those.

Corydon. Ye Muses, ever fair, and ever young,
Assist my numbers, and inspire my song.

[1]Translation by Dryden.

With all my Codrus, O inspire my breast!
For Codrus, after Phœbus, sings the best.
Or, if my wishes have presum'd too high,
And stretched their bounds beyond mortality,
The praise of artful numbers I resign,
And hang my pipe upon the sacred pine.

THYRSIS. Arcadian swains, your youthful poet crown
With ivy wreaths; tho' surly Codrus frown:
Or, if he blast my Muse with envious praise,
Then fence my brows with amulets of bays,
Lest his ill arts, or his malicious tongue,
Should poison, or bewitch my growing song.

COR. These branches of a stag, this tusky boar
(The first essay of arms untried before)
Young Micon offers, Delia, to thy shrine:
But speed his hunting with thy power divine;
Thy statue then of Parian stone shall stand;
Thy legs in buskins with a purple band.

THYR. This bowl of milk, these cakes (our country fare),
For thee, Priapus, yearly we prepare,
Because a little garden is thy care;
But, if the falling lambs increase my fold,
Thy marble statue shall be turned to gold.

C. Fair Galatea, with thy silver feet;
O, whiter than the swan, and more than Hybla sweet,
Tall as a poplar, taper as the bole,
Come, charm thy shepherd, and restore my soul!
Come, when my lated sheep at night return,
And crown the silent hours, and stop the rosy morn!

THYR. May I become as abject in thy sight
As seaweed on the shore, and black as night;
Rough as a bur; deformed like him who chaws
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws;
Such and so monstrous let thy swain appear,
If one day's absence looks not like a year.
Hence from the field, for shame: the flock deserves
No better feeding while the shepherd starves.

COR. Ye mossy springs, inviting easy sleep.
Ye trees, whose leafy shades those mossy fountains keep,
Defend my flock! The summer heats are near,
And blossoms on the swelling vines appear.

THYR. With heapy fires our cheerful hearth is crowned;
And firs for torches in the woods abound:
We fear not more the winds and wintry cold,
Than streams the banks, or wolves the bleating fold.

COR. Our woods, with juniper and chestnuts crowned,
With falling fruits and berries paint the ground;
And lavish Nature laughs, and strows her stores around:
But, if Alexis from our mountains fly,
Even running rivers leave their channels dry.

THYR. Parched are the plains, and frying is the field,
Nor withering vines their juicy vintage yield;
But, if returning Phyllis bless the plain,
The grass revives, the woods are green again,
And Jove descends in showers of kindly rain.

COR. The poplar is by great Alcides worn;
The brows of Phœbus his own bays adorn;
The branching vine the jolly Bacchus loves;
The Cyprian queen delights in myrtle groves;
With hazel Phyllis crowns her flowing hair;
And, while she loves that common wreath to wear,
Nor bays, nor myrtle boughs, with hazel shall compare.

THYR. The towering ash is fairest in the woods;
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods:
But, if my Lycidas will ease my pains,
And often visit our forsaken plains,
To him the towering ash shall yield in woods,
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods.

MELIBŒUS. These rhymes I did to memory commend,
When vanquished Thyrsis did in vain contend;
Since when 'tis Corydon among the swains,
Young Corydon without a rival reigns.

JOHN MILTON
(1608–1674)

LYCIDAS

A LAMENT FOR A FRIEND DROWNED IN HIS PASSAGE FROM CHESTER ON THE IRISH SEAS, 1637

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string,
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favor *my* destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute;
Tempered to the oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me! I fondly dream
"Had ye been there," . . . for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears,

And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears:
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea,
That came in Neptune's plea.
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakéd promontory.
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed:
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitered locks, and stern bespake:—
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."
Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enameled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so, to interpose a little ease,

Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise,
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray:
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropped into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

THOMAS GRAY
(1716–1771)

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;

How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonoured dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792–1822)

ADONAIS

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS, AUTHOR OF ENDYMION, HYPERION, ETC.

I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead!
Oh weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow! Say: "With me
Died Adonais; till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!"

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness? where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died? With veiléd eyes,
'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
She sate, while one, with soft enamored breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.

Oh weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy lov'd heart keep,
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;

For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
Descend;—oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again
Lament anew, Urania!—He died,
Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,
Trampled and mocked with many a loathéd rite
Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,
Into the gulf of death; but his clear Sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among the sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dared to climb;
And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
In which suns perished; others more sublime,
Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;
And some yet live, treading the thorny road,
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.
But now, thy youngest, dearest one has perished,
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
And fed with true love tears, instead of dew;
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom, whose petals nipt before they blew
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal.—Come away!
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!—
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace,
The shadow of white Death, and at the door
Invisible Corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law
Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

Oh weep for Adonais!—The quick Dreams,
The passion-wingéd Ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
The love which was its music, wander not,—
Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn their lot
Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.

And one with trembling hands clasps his cold head,
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries;
"Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
A tear some Dream has loosened from his brain."
Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise!
She knew not 'twas her own; as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had out-wept its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Washed his light limbs as if embalming them;
Another clipt her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,

Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;
Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more weak;
And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen cheek.
Another Splendor on his mouth alit,
That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music: the damp death
Quenched its caress upon his icy lips;
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapor, which the cold night clips,
It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to its eclipse.
And others came . . . Desires and Adorations,
Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendors and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies;
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp;—the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odor, and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watchtower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aërial eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds:—a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown
For whom should she have waked the sullen year?
To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou Adonais: wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears; odor, to sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee; the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

Ah woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year;
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone:
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier;
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brere;
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and Ocean
A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst
As it has ever done, with change and motion,
From the great morning of the world when first
God dawned on Chaos; in its stream immersed
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst;
Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight,
The beauty and the joy of their renewéd might.

The leprous corpse touched by this spirit tender
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendor
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath;
Nought we know, dies. Shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning?—th' intense atom glows
A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
"Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless Mother, rise
Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,
A wound more fierce than his with tears and sighs."

And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,
And all the Echoes whom their sister's song
Had held in holy silence, cried: "Arise!"
Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,
From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendor sprung.

She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs
Out of the East, and follows wild and drear
The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
Had left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania;
So saddened round her like an atmosphere
Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way
Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,
And human hearts, which to her airy tread
Yielding not, wounded the invisible
Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell:
And barbéd tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they
Rent the soft Form they never could repel,
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

In the death chamber for a moment Death
Shamed by the presence of that living Might
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.
"Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
As silent lightning leaves the starless night!
Leave me not!" cried Urania, her distress
Roused Death: Death rose and smiled, and met her vain caress.

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else survive,

With food of saddest memory kept alive,
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am to be as thou now art!
But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart!

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenceless as thou wert, oh where was then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;
The vultures to the conqueror's banner true
Who feed where Desolation first has fled,
And whose wings rain contagion;—how they fled,
When like Apollo, from his golden bow,
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no second blow,
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
Is gathered into death without a dawn,
And the immortal stars awake again;
So is it in the world of living men:
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when
It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night."

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds came,
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent:

The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,
A phantom among men; companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift—
A Love in desolation masked;—a Power
Girt round with weakness;—it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow;—even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it; of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears; well knew that gentle band
Who in another's fate now wept his own;
As in the accents of an unknown land

He sung new sorrow; sad Urania scanned
The Stranger's mien, and murmured: "Who art thou?"
He answered not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's—oh, that it should be so!

What softer voice is hushed over the dead?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
In mockery of monumental stone,
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honored the departed one;
Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
The nameless worm would now itself disown:
It felt, yet could escape the magic tone
Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,
But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song,
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow:
Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee;
Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt —as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion kites that scream below;
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.—
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings.—*We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn,

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais,—Thou young Dawn
Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The splendors of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it, for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell and as he lived and loved
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

And many more, whose names on Earth are dark
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
"Thou art become as one of us," they cry,
"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid an Heaven of Song.
Assume thy wingéd throne, thou Vesper of our throng!"

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh come forth
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth;
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Satiate the void circumference: then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night;
And keep thy heart light lest it make thee sink
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre
Oh! not of him, but of our joy: 'tis nought
That ages, empires, and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend,—they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey;
And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned

This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath,
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
A light is past from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near;
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

MATTHEW ARNOLD
(1822–1888)

THYRSIS

A MONODY, TO COMMEMORATE THE AUTHOR'S FRIEND, ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, WHO DIED AT FLORENCE, 1861

How changed is here each spot man makes or fills!
In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same;
The village street its haunted mansion lacks,
And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name,
And from the roofs the twisted chimney-stacks—
Are ye too changed, ye hills?
See, 'tis no foot of unfamiliar men
To-night from Oxford up your pathway strays!
Here came I often, often, in old days—
Thyrsis and I; we still had Thyrsis then.

Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth Farm,
Past the high wood, to where the elm-tree crowns
The hill behind whose ridge the sunset flames?
The signal-elm, that looks on Ilsley Downs,
The Vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful Thames?—
This winter-eve is warm,
Humid the air! leafless, yet soft as spring,
The tender purple spray on copse and briars!
And that sweet city with her dreaming spires,
She needs not June for beauty's heightening.

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-night!—
Only, methinks, some loss of habit's power
Befalls me wandering through this upland dim.
Once pass'd I blindfold here, at any hour;
Now seldom come I, since I came with him.
That single elm-tree bright
Against the west—I miss it! is it gone?
We prized it dearly: while it stood, we said,
Our friend, the Gipsy-Scholar, was not dead;
While the tree lived, he in these fields lived on.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here,
But once I knew each field, each flower, each stick;
And with the country-folk acquaintance made
By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.
Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first assay'd.
Ah me! this many a year
My pipe is lost, my shepherd's holiday!
Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart
Into the world and wave of men depart;
But Thyrsis of his own will went away.

It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.
He loved each simple joy the country yields,
He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep,
For that a shadow lour'd on the fields,
Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.
Some life of men unblest
He knew, which made him droop, and fill'd his head.
He went; his piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground;
He could not wait their passing, he is dead.

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day—
When garden-walks and all the grassy floor
With blossoms red and white of fallen May
And chestnut-flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

He harkens not! light comer, he is flown!
What matters it? next year he will return,
And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,

And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,
And scent of hay new-mown.
But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see;
See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,
And blow a strain the world at last shall heed—
For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd thee!

Alack, for Corydon no rival now!—
But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,
Some good survivor with his flute would go,
Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate;
And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,
And relax Pluto's brow,
And make leap up with joy the beauteous head
Of Proserpine, among whose crowned hair
Are flowers first open'd on Sicilian air,
And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead.

O easy access to the hearer's grace
When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine!
For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,
She knew the Dorian water's gush divine,
She knew each lily white which Enna yields,
Each rose with blushing face;
She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain.
But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard!
Her foot the Cumner cowslips never stirr'd;
And we should tease her with our plaint in vain!

Well! wind-dispersed and vain the words will be,
Yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its hour
In the old haunt, and find our tree-topp'd hill!
Who, if not I, for questing here hath power?
I know the wood which hides the daffodil,
I know the Fyfield tree,
I know what white, what purple fritillaries
The grassy harvest of the river-fields,
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,
And what sedged brooks are Thames's tributaries;

I know these slopes; who knows them if not I?—
But many a dingle on the loved hillside,
With thorns once studded, old, white-blossom'd trees,
Where thick the cowslips grew, and far descried
High tower'd the spikes of purple orchises,
Hath since our day put by
The coronals of that forgotten time;
Down each green bank hath gone the ploughboy's team,
And only in the hidden brookside gleam
Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime.

Where is the girl, who by the boatman's door,
Above the locks, above the boating throng,
Unmoor'd our skiff when through the Wytham flats,
Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet among
And darting swallows and light water-gnats,
We track'd the shy Thames shore?
Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell
Of our boat passing heaved the river-grass,
Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass?—
They all are gone, and thou art gone as well!

Yes, thou art gone! and round me too the night
In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.
I see her veil draw soft across the day,
I feel her slowly chilling breath invade
The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with gray;
I feel her finger light
Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train;—

The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new,
And hope, once crush'd, less quick to spring again.

And long the way appears, which seem'd so short
To the less practised eye of sanguine youth;
And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,
The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth,
Tops in life's morning-sun so bright and bare!
Unbreachable the fort
Of the long-batter'd world uplifts its wall;
And strange and vain the earthly turmoil grows,
And near and real the charm of thy repose,
And night as welcome as a friend would fall.

But hush! the upland hath a sudden loss
Of quiet!—Look, adown the dusk hillside,
A troop of Oxford hunters going home,
As in old days, jovial and talking, ride!
From hunting with the Berkshire hounds they come,
Quick! let me fly, and cross
Into yon further field!—'Tis done, and see,
Back'd by the sunset, which doth glorify
The orange and pale violet evening sky,
Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree! the Tree!

I take the omen! Eve lets down her veil,
The white fog creeps from bush to bush about,
The west unflushes, the high stars grow bright,
And in the scatter'd farms the lights come out.
I cannot reach the signal-tree to-night,
Yet, happy omen, hail!
Hear it from thy broad lucent Arnovale
(For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep
The morningless and unawakening sleep
Under the flowery oleanders pale),

Hear it, O Thyrsis, still our tree is there!—
Ah, vain! These English fields, this upland dim,
These brambles pale with mist engarlanded,
That lone, sky-pointing tree, are not for him;
To a boon southern country he is fled,
And now in happier air,
Wandering with the great Mother's train divine
(And purer or more subtle soul than thee,
I trow, the mighty Mother doth not see)
Within a folding of the Apennine,

Thou hearest the immortal chants of old!—
Putting his sickle to the perilous grain
In the hot cornfield of the Phrygian king,
For thee the Lityerses-song again
Young Daphnis with his silver voice doth sing;
Sings his Sicilian fold,
His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded eyes—
And how a call celestial round him rang,
And heavenward from the fountain-brink he sprang,
And all the marvel of the golden skies.

There thou art gone, and me thou leavest here
Sole in these fields! yet will I not despair.
Despair I will not, while I yet descry
'Neath the mild canopy of English air
That lonely tree against the western sky.
Still, still these slopes, 'tis clear,
Our Gipsy-Scholar haunts, outliving thee!
Fields where soft sheep from cages pull the hay,
Woods with anemones in flower till May,
Know him a wanderer still; then why not me?

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,
Shy to illumine; and I seek it too.
This does not come with houses or with gold,
With place, with honor, and a flattering crew;
'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold—
But the smooth-slipping weeks

Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired;
Out of the heed of mortals he is gone,
He wends unfollow'd, he must house alone;
Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.

Thou too, O Thyrsis, on like quest wast bound;
Thou wanderedst with me for a little hour!
Men gave thee nothing; but this happy quest,
If men esteemed thee feeble, gave thee power,
If men procured thee trouble, gave thee rest.
And this rude Cumner ground,
Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet fields,
Here cams't thou in thy jocund youthful time,
Here was thine height of strength, thy golden prime!
And still the haunt beloved a virtue yields.

What though the music of thy rustic flute
Kept not for long its happy, country tone;
Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note
Of men contention-tost, of men who groan,
Which task'd thy pipe too sore, and tired thy throat—
It fail'd, and thou wast mute!
Yet hadst thou always visions of our light,
And long with men of care thou couldst not stay.
And soon thy foot resumed its wandering way,
Left human haunt, and on alone till night.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here!
'Mid city-noise, not, as with thee of yore,
Thyrsis! in reach of sheep-bells is my home.
—Then through the great town's harsh, heart-wearying roar,
Let in thy voice a whisper often come,
To chase fatigue and fear:
Why faintest thou! I wander'd till I died.
Roam on! The light we sought is shining still.
Dost thou ask proof? Our tree yet crowns the hill,
Our Scholar travels yet the loved hill-side.

FRENCH LYRIC POETRY

FRANÇOIS VILLON
(1431–1462?)

BALLAD OF THINGS KNOWN AND UNKNOWN[1]

Flies in the milk I know full well:
I know men by the clothes they wear:
I know the walnut by the shell:
I know the foul sky from the fair:
I know the pear-tree by the pear:
I know the worker from the drone
And eke the good wheat from the tare:
I know all save myself alone.

I know the pourpoint by the fell
And by his gown I know the frère:
Master by varlet I can spell:
Nuns by the veils that hide their hair:
I know the sharper and his snare
And fools that fat on cates have grown:
Wines by the cask I can compare:
I know all save myself alone.

I know how horse from mule to tell:
I know the load that each can bear:
I know both Beatrice and Bell:
I know the hazards, odd and pair:
I know of visions in the air:
I know the power of Peter's throne
And how misled Bohemians were:
I know all save myself alone.

ENVOI

Prince, I know all things: fat and spare:
Ruddy and pale, to me are known:
And Death that endeth all our care:
I know all save myself alone.

[1] Translation by Payne.

THE DISPUTE OF THE HEART AND BODY OF FRANÇOIS VILLON[1]

WHO is this I hear? Lo, this is I, thine heart,
That holds on merely now by a slender string.
Strength fails me, shape and sense are rent apart,
The blood in me is turned to a bitter thing,
Seeing thee skulk here like a dog shivering.
Yea, and for what? For that thy sense found sweet.
What irks it thee? I feel the sting of it.
Leave me at peace. Why? Nay now, leave me at peace;
I will repent when I grow ripe in wit.
I say no more. I care not though thou cease.

What art thou, trow? A man worth praise, perfay.
This is thy thirtieth year of wayfaring.
'Tis a mule's age. Art thou a boy still? Nay.
Is it hot lust that spurs thee with its sting,
Grasping thy throat? Know'st thou not anything?
Yea, black and white, when milk is specked with flies,
I can make out. No more? Nay, in no wise.
Shall I begin again the count of these?
Thou art undone. I will make shift to rise.
I say no more. I care not though thou cease.

I have the sorrow of it, and thou the smart.
Wert thou a poor mad fool or weak of wit,
Then might'st thou plead this pretext with thine heart;
But if thou know not good from evil a whit,
Either thy head is hard as stone to hit,
Or shame, not honor, gives thee most content.
What canst thou answer to this argument?
When I am dead I shall be well at ease.
God! what good hope! Thou art over eloquent.
I say no more. I care not though thou cease.

Whence is this ill? From sorrow and not from sin.
When Saturn packed my wallet up for me
I well believe he put these ills therein.
Fool, wilt thou make thy servant lord of thee?
Hear now the wise king's counsel; thus saith he:
All power upon the stars a wise man hath;
There is no planet that shall do him scathe.
Nay, as they made me I grow and I decrease.
What say'st thou? Truly this is all my faith.
I say no more. I care not though thou cease.

Wouldst thou live still? God help me that I may!
Then thou must—What? turn penitent and pray?
Read always—What? Grave words and good to say;
Leave off the ways of fools, lest they displease.
Good; I will do it. Wilt thou remember? Yea.
Abide not till there come an evil day.
I say no more. I care not though thou cease.

[1]Translation by Swinburne.

THE BALLAD OF DEAD LADIES[2]

TELL me now in what hidden way is
Lady Flora the lovely Roman?
Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thaïs,
Neither of them the fairer woman?
Where is Echo, beheld of no man
Only heard on river and mere,—
She whose beauty was more than human?
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where's Héloïse, the learned nun,
For whose sake Abeillard, I ween,
Lost manhood and put priesthood on?
(From Love he won such dule and teen!)
And where, I pray you, is the Queen
Who willed that Buridan should steer
Sewed in a sack's mouth down the Seine?
But where are the snows of yester-year?

[2]Translation by Rossetti.

White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,
With a voice like any mermaiden,—
Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
And Ermengarde the lady of Maine,—
And that good Joan whom Englishmen
At Rouen doomed and burned her there,—
Mother of God, where are they then?
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
Save with this much for an overword,—
But where are the snows of yester-year?

BALLAD OF OLD-TIME LORDS[1]

WHERE are the holy apostles gone,
Alb-clad and amice-tired and stoled
With the sacred tippet and that alone,
Wherewith, when he waxeth overbold,
The foul fiend's throttle they take and hold?
All must come to the selfsame bay;
Sons and servants, their days are told:
The wind carries their like away.

Where is he now that held the throne
Of Constantine with the hands of gold?
And the King of France, o'er all kings known
For grace and worship that was extolled,
Who convents and churches manifold
Built for God's service? In their day
What of the honor they had? Behold,
The wind carries their like away.

Where are the champions every one,
The Dauphins, the counselors young and old?
The barons of Salins, Dol, Dijon,
Vienne, Grenoble? They all are cold.
Or take the folk under their banners enrolled,—
Pursuivants, trumpeters, heralds, (hey!
How they fed of the fat, and the flagon trolled!)—
The wind carries their like away:

ENVOI

Princes to death are all foretold,
Even as the humblest of their array:
Whether they sorrow or whether they scold,
The wind carries their like away.

[1]Translation by Payne.

"DEATH, OF THY RIGOR I COMPLAIN"[1]

DEATH, of thy rigor I complain,
That hast my lady torn from me,
And wilt not yet contented be
Save from me too all strength be ta'en,
For languishment of heart and brain.
What harm did she in life to thee,
Death?

One heart we had betwixt us twain;
Which being dead, I too must dree
Death, or, like carven saints we see
In choir, sans life to live be fain,
Death!

THE EPITAPH IN FORM OF A BALLAD[2]

WHICH VILLON MADE FOR HIMSELF AND HIS COMRADES, EXPECTING TO BE HANGED ALONG WITH THEM.

MEN, brother men, that after us yet live,
Let not your hearts too hard against us be;
For if some pity of us poor men ye give,
The sooner God shall take of you pity.
Here are we five or six strung up, you see,
And here the flesh that all too well we fed
Bit by bit eaten and rotten, rent and shred,
And we the bones grow dust and ash withal;
Let no man laugh at us discomforted,
But pray to God that He forgive us all.

If we call on you, brothers, to forgive,
Ye should not hold our prayer in scorn, though we
Were slain by law; ye know that all alive
Have not wit alway to walk righteously;
Make therefore intercession heartily
With him that of a virgin's womb was bred,
That his grace be not as a dry well-head
For us, nor let hell's thunder on us fall;
We are dead, let no man harry or vex us dead,
But pray to God that He forgive us all.

The rain has washed and laundered us all five,
And the sun dried and blackened; yea, perdie,

[2]Translation by Swinburne.

Ravens and pies with beaks that rend and rive
Have dug our eyes out, and plucked off for fee
Our beards and eyebrows; never are we free,
Not once, to rest; but here and there still sped,
Drive at its wild will by the wind's change led,
More pecked of birds than fruits on garden-wall;
Men, for God's love, let no gibe here be said;
But pray to God that He forgive us all.

Prince Jesus, that of all art lord and head,
Keep us, that hell be not our bitter bed;
We have nought to do in such a master's hall.
Be not ye therefore of our fellowhead,
But pray to God that He forgive us all.

RONSARD (1524–1585)

TO MARIE[1]

Two flowers I love, the March-flower and the rose,
The lovely rose that is to Venus dear,
The March-flower that of her the name doth bear,
Who will not leave my spirit in repose:
Three birds I love; one, moist with May-dew, goes
To dry his feathers in the sunshine clear;
One for his mate laments throughout the year,
And for his child the other wails his woes:
And Bourgueil's pine I love, where Venus hung,
For a proud trophy on the darksome bough,
Ne'er since released my youthful liberty:
And Phœbus' tree love I, the laurel tree,
Of whose fair leaves, my mistress, when I sung,
Bound with her locks a garland for my brow.

TO HELEN[2]

When you are very old, at evening
You'll sit and spin beside the fire, and say,
Humming my songs, 'Ah well, ah well-a-day!
When I was young, of me did Ronsard sing.'
None of your maidens that doth hear the thing,
Albeit with her weary task foredone,
But wakens at my name, and calls you one
Blessed, to be held in long remembering.
I shall be low beneath the earth, and laid
On sleep, a phantom in the myrtle shade,
While you beside the fire, a grandame grey,
My love, your pride, remember and regret;
Ah, love me, love! we may be happy yet,
And gather roses, while 'tis called today.

ROSES[2]

I send you here a wreath of blossoms blown,
And woven flowers at sunset gatherèd,
Another dawn had seen them ruined, and shed
Loose leaves upon the grass at random strown.
By this their sure example be it known,
That all your beauties, now in perfect flower,
Shall fade as these, and wither in an hour,
Flower-like, and brief of days, as the flower sown.

Ah, time is flying, lady—time is flying;
Nay, 'tis not time that flies but we that go,
Who in short space shall be in churchyard lying,
And of our loving parley none shall know,
Nor any man consider what we were;
Be therefore kind, my love, whiles thou art fair.

THE ROSE[2]

See, Mignonne, hath not the Rose,
That this morning did unclose
Her purple mantle to the light,
Lost, before the day be dead,
The glory of her raiment red,
Her color, bright as yours is bright?

Ah, Mignonne, in how few hours,
The petals of her purple flowers
All have faded, fallen, died;
Sad Nature, mother ruinous,
That seest thy fair child perish thus
'Twixt matin song and eventide.

[1] Translation by Henry Francis Cary.

[2] Translation by Andrew Lang.

Hear me, my darling, speaking sooth,
Gather the fleet flower of your youth,
  Take ye your pleasure at the best,
Be merry ere your beauty flit,
For length of days will tarnish it
  Like roses that were loveliest.

DEADLY KISSES[1]

Ah, take these lips away; no more,
  No more such kisses give to me.
My spirit faints for joy; I see
Through mists of death the dreamy shore,
And meadows by the water-side,
  Where all about the Hollow Land
Fare the sweet singers that have died,
  With their lost ladies, hand in hand;
Ah, Love, how fireless are their eyes,
  How pale their lips that kiss and smile.
  So mine must be in little while
If thou wilt kiss me in such wise.

BÉRANGER (1780–1857)

THE GIPSIES' SONG[2]

From *Les Bohemiens*

To see is to have. Come, hurry anew!
  Life on the wing
  Is a rapturous thing.
To see is to have. Come, hurry anew!
For to see the world is to conquer it too.

. . . . . .

So naught do we own, from pride left free,—
  From statutes vain,
  From heavy chain;
So naught do we own, from pride left free,—
Cradle nor house nor coffin have we.

But credit our jollity none the less,
  Noble or priest or
  Servant or master;
But credit our jollity none the less,—
Liberty always means happiness.

THE GAD-FLY[2]

(*La Mouche*)

In the midst of our laughter and singing,
  'Mid the clink of our glasses so gay,
What gad-fly is over us winging,
  That returns when we drive him away?
'Tis some god. Yes, I have a suspicion
  Of our happiness jealous, he's come:
Let us drive him away to perdition,
  That he bore us no more with his hum.

It is Reason who comes to me quaffing,
  And says, "It is time to retire:
At your age one stops drinking and laughing,
  Stops loving, nor sings with such fire;"—
An alarm that sounds ever its mission
  When the sweetest of flames overcome:
Let us drive him away to perdition,
  That he bore us no more with his hum.

It is Reason! Look out there for Lizzie!
  His dart is a menace alway.
He has touched her, she swoons—she is dizzy:
  Come, Cupid, and drive him away?
Pursue him; compel his submission,
  Until under your strokes he succumb.
Let us drive him away to perdition,
  That he bore us no more with his hum.

Hurrah, Victory! See, he is drowning
  In the wine that Lizzetta has poured.
Come, the head of Joy let us be crowning,
  That again he may reign at our board.
He was threatened just now with dismission,
  And a fly made us all rather glum:
But we've sent him away to perdition;
  He will bore us no more with his hum.

DRAW IT MILD[3]

(*Les Petits Coups*)

Let's learn to temper our desires,
  Not harshly to constrain;
And since excess makes pleasure less
  Why, so much more refrain.
Small table—cozy corner—here
  We well may be beguiled;
Our worthy host old wine can boast:
  Drink, drink—but draw it mild!

He who would many an evil shun
  Will find my plan the best—
To trim the sail as shifts the gale,
  And half-seas over rest.
Enjoyment is an art—disgust
  Is bred of joy run wild;
Too deep a drain upsets the brain:
  Drink, drink—but draw it mild!

[1]Translation by Andrew Lang.

[2]Translation by Walter Learned, published by Frederick A. Stokes Co

[3]Translation by William Young.

Our indigence—let's cheer it up;
'Tis nonsense to repine;
To give to Hope the fullest scope
Needs but one draught of wine.
And oh! be temperate, to enjoy,
Ye on whom Fate hath smiled;
If deep the bowl, your thirst control:
Drink, drink—but draw it mild!

What, Phyllis, dost thou fear? at this
My lesson dost thou scoff?
Or would'st thou say, light draughts betray
The toper falling off?
Keen taste, eyes keen—whate'er be seen
Of joy in thine, fair child,
Love's philtre use, but don't abuse:
Drink, drink—but draw it mild!

Yes, without hurrying, let us roam
From feast to feast of gladness;
And reach old age, if not quite sage,
With method in our madness!
Our health is sound, good wines abound;
Friends, these are riches piled.
To use with thrift the twofold gift:
Drink, drink—but draw it mild!

THE KING OF YVETOT[1]

There was a king of Yvetot,
Of whom renown hath little said,
Who let all thoughts of glory go,
And dawdled half his days a-bed;
And every night, as night came around,
By Jenny with a nightcap crowned,
Slept very sound:
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of a king for me.

And every day it came to pass,
That four lusty meals made he;
And step by step, upon an ass,
Rode abroad, his realms to see;
And wherever he did stir,
What think you was his escort, sir?
Why an old cur.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of a king for me.

If e'er he went into excess,
'Twas from a somewhat lively thirst;
But he who would his subjects bless,
Odd's fish!—must wet his whistle first;
And so from every cask they got,
Our king did to himself allot
At least a pot.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of a king for me.

To all the ladies of the land
A courteous king, and kind, was he—
The reason why, you'll understand,
They named him Pater Patriae.
Each year he called his fighting men,
And marched a league from home, and then
Marched back again.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of a king for me.

Neither by force nor false pretense,
He sought to make his kingdom great,
And made (O princes, learn from hence)
"Live and let live" his rule of state.
'Twas only when he came to die,
That his people who stood by
Were known to cry.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of a king for me.

The portrait of this best of kings
Is extant still, upon a sign
That one a village tavern swings,
Famed in the country for good wine.
The people in their Sunday trim,
Filling their glasses to the brim,
Look up to him
Singing "ha, ha, ha!" and "he, he, he!
That's the sort of king for me."

THE LITTLE MAN IN GREY[2]

In Paris lives a little man
Who's always dressed in grey:
His chubby cheeks like apples glow;
His pockets can't a stiver show;
Yet, happy as the day,
"Ho," quoth the little man in grey,
"I laugh at all things—that's my way!"
And, sure, the gayest of the gay
Is he, the little man in grey!

In running after pretty girls,
In running up a score,
Hobnobbing, singing, into debt
He runs head over heels; and yet

[1]Translation by W. M. Thackeray.

[2]Translation by William Young.

When duns or bailiffs bore,
"Ho," quoth the little man in grey,
"I laugh at all things—that's my way!"
And, sure, the gayest of the gay
Is he, the little man in grey!

Let rain into his garret leak;
Let him, unconscious soul,
Sleep in it; 'mid December's snow
Let him his freezing fingers blow,
For lack of wood or coal;
"Ho," quoth the little man in grey,
"I laugh at all things—that's my way!"
And, sure, the gayest of the gay
Is he, the little man in grey!

His comely wife some mode adopts
For picking up gay dresses;
So that the gayer she appears,
The more at him the public jeers:
But whilst the truth he guesses,
"Ho," quoth the little man in grey,
"I laugh at all things—that's my way!"
And, sure, the gayest of the gay
Is he, the little man in grey!

When on his tattered bed the gout
Has brought him to his level;
And when the priest, called in, begins
To talk to him of all his sins,
Of Death, and of the devil,
"Ho," quoth the little man in grey,
"I laugh at all things—that's my way!"
And, sure, the gayest of the gay
Is he, the little man in grey!

VICTOR HUGO
(1802–1885)

HEARD ON THE MOUNTAIN[1]

FROM *Feuilles d' Automne*

HAVE you sometimes, calm, silent let your tread aspirant rise
Up to the mountain's summit, in the presence of the skies?
Was't on the borders of the South? or on the Bretagne coast?
And at the basis of the mount had you the Ocean tossed?
And there, learned o'er the wave and o'er the immeasurableness,
Calm, silent, have you harkened what it says? Lo, what it says!
One day at least, whereon my thought, enlicensed to muse,
Had drooped its wing above the beached margent of the ooze,
And, plunging from the mountain height into the immensity,
Beheld upon one side the land, on the other side the sea.
I harkened, comprehended,—never, as from those abysses,
No, never issued from a mouth, nor moved an ear such voice as this is!
A sound it was, at outset, immeasurable, confused,
Vaguer than is the wind among the tufted trees effused,
Full of magnificent accords, suave murmurs, sweet as is
The evensong, and mighty as the shock of panoplies (heavy armed men).
When the hoarse mêlée in its arms the closing squadrons grips,
And pants, in furious breathings, from the clarions' brazen lips,
Unutterable the harmony, unsearchable its deep,
Whose fluid undulations round the world a girdle keep,
And through the vasty heavens, which by its surges are washed young,
Its infinite volutions roll, enlarging as they throng,
Even to the profound arcane, whose ultimate chasms somber
Its shattered flood englut with time, with space and form and number.
Like to another atmosphere, with thin o'erflowing robe,
The hymn eternal covers all the inundated globe:
And the world, swathed about with this investuring symphony, music of spheres
Even as it trepidates in the air, so trepidates in the harmony.

And pensive, I attended the ethereal litany,
Lost within this containing voice as if within the sea.

[1] Translation by Francis Thompson.

Soon I distinguished, yet as tone which veils
confuse and smother,
Amid this voice two voices, one commingled
with the other,
Which did from off the land and seas even
to the heavens aspire;
Chanting the universal chant in simultane-
ous quire.
And I distinguished them amid that deep
and rumorous sound,
As who beholds two currents thwart amid
the fluctuous profound.

The one was of the waters; a be-radiant
hymnal speech!
That was the voice of the surges, as they
parleyed each with each.
The other, which arose from our abode
terranean,
Was sorrowful; and that, alack! the murmur
was of man;
And in this mighty quire, whose chantings
day and night resound,
Every wave had its utterance, and every
man his sound.

Now, the magnificent Ocean, as I said, un-
bannering,
A voice of joy, a voice of peace, did never
stint to sing,
Most like in Sion's temples to a psaltery
psaltering,
And to creation's beauty reared the great
lauds of his song,
Upon the gale, upon the Squall, his clamor
borne along
Unpausingly arose to God in more triumphal
swell;
And every one among his waves, that God
alone can quell,
When the other of its song made end, into
the singing pressed.
Like that majestic lion whereof Daniel was
the guest,
At intervals the Ocean his tremendous mur-
mur awed;
And, toward where the sunset fires fell
shaggily and broad,
Under his golden mane, methought that I
saw pass the hand of God.
Meanwhile, and side by side with that august
fanfaronnade
The other voice, like the sudden scream of a
destrier affrayed,
Like an infernal door that grates ajar its
rusty throat,
Like to a bow of iron that gnarls upon an
iron rote,
Grinded; and tears, and shriekings, the ana-
thema, the lewd taunt,
Refusal of viaticum, refusal of the font,
And clamor, and malediction, and dread
blasphemy, among
That hurtling crowd of rumor from the di-
verse human tongue,
Went by as who beholdeth, when the valleys
thick t'ward night,
The long drifts of the birds of dusk pass,
blackening flight on flight.

What was this sound whose thousand echoes
vibrated unsleeping?
Alas! The sound was earth's and man's, for
earth and man were weeping.

Brothers! of these two voices strange, most
unimaginably,
Unceasingly regenerated, dying unceas-
ingly,
Harkened of the Eternal throughout His
Eternity,
The one voice uttereth *Nature*, and the
other voice *Humanity*.

Then I alit in reverie; for my ministering
sprite,
Alack! had never yet deployed a pinion of an
ampler flight,
Nor ever had my shadow endured so large
a day to burn:
And long I rested dreaming, contemplating
turn by turn
Now that abyss obscure which lurked be-
neath the water's roll,
And now that other untemptable abyss
which opened in my soul.
And I made question of me, to what issues
are we here,
Whither should tend the thwarting threads
of all this raveled gear;
What doth the soul; to be or live if better
worth it is;
And why the Lord, Who, only, reads within
that book of His,
In fatal hymeneals hath eternally entwined
The vintage-chant of nature with the dirging
cry of humankind?

THE GRAVE AND THE ROSE[1]

The Grave said to the Rose,
"What of the dews of dawn,
Love's flower, what end is theirs?"
"And what of spirits flown,
The souls whereon doth close
The tomb's mouth unawares?"
The Rose said to the Grave.

The Rose said, "In the shade
From the dawn's tears is made
A perfume faint and strange,
Amber and honey sweet."
"And all the spirits fleet
Do suffer a sky-change,
More strangely than the dew,
To God's own angels new,"
The Grave said to the Rose.

THE GENESIS OF BUTTERFLIES[1]

The dawn is smiling on the dew that covers
The tearful roses; lo, the little lovers
That kiss the buds, and all the flutterings
In jasmine bloom, and privet, of white wings,
That go and come, and fly, and peep and hide,
With muffled music, murmured far and wide.
Ah, the Spring time, when we think of all the lays
That dreamy lovers send to dreamy mays,
Of the fond hearts within a billet bound,
Of all the soft silk paper that pens wound,
The messages of love that mortals write
Filled with intoxication of delight,
Written in April and before the May time
Shredded and flown, playthings for the wind's playtime,
We dream that all white butterflies above,
Who seek through clouds or waters souls to love,
And leave their lady mistress in despair,
To flit to flowers, as kinder and more fair,
Are but torn love-letters, that through the skies
Flutter, and float, and change to butterflies.

[1]Translation by Andrew Lang.

MORE STRONG THAN TIME[1]

Since I have set my lips to your full cup, my sweet,
Since I my pallid face between your hands have laid,
Since I have known your soul, and all the bloom of it,
And all the perfume rare, now buried in the shade;
Since it was given to me to hear one happy while,
The words wherein your heart spoke all its mysteries,
Since I have seen you weep, and since I have seen you smile,
Your lips upon my lips, and your eyes upon my eyes;

Since I have known above my forehead glance and gleam,
A ray, a single ray, of your star, veiled always,
Since I have felt the fall, upon my lifetime's stream,
Of one rose petal plucked from the roses of your days;

I now am bold to say to the swift changing hours,
Pass, pass upon your way, for I grow never old,
Fleet to the dark abysm with all your fading flowers,
One rose that none may pluck, within my heart I hold.

Your flying wings may smite, but they can never spill
The cup fulfilled of love, from which my lips are wet;
My heart has far more fire than you can frost to chill,
My soul more love than you can make my soul forget.

THE POOR CHILDREN[2]

Take heed of this small child of earth;
He is great; he hath in him God most high.
Children before their fleshly birth
Are lights alive in the blue sky.

[2]Translation by Swinburne.

In our light bitter world of wrong
They come; God gives us them awhile.
His speech is in their stammering tongue,
And his forgiveness in their smile.

Their sweet light rests upon our eyes,
Alas! their right to joy is plain.
If they are hungry Paradise
Weeps, and, if cold, Heaven thrills with pain.

The want that saps their sinless flower
Speaks judgment on sin's ministers.
Man holds an angel in his power.
Ah! deep in Heaven what thunder stirs,

When God seeks out these tender things
Whom in the shadow where we sleep
He sends us clothed about with wings,
And finds them ragged babes that weep!

GERMAN LYRIC POETRY

GOETHE (1749–1832)

WANDERER'S NIGHT SONGS[1]

THOU that from the heavens art,
Every pain and sorrow stillest,
And the doubly wretched heart
Doubly with refreshment fillest,
I am weary with contending!
Why this rapture and unrest?
Peace descending,
Come, ah come into my breast!

O'ER all the hill-tops
Is quiet now,
In all the tree-tops
Hearest thou
Hardly a breath;
The birds are asleep in the trees:
Wait; soon like these
Thou too shalt rest.

THE ELFIN-KING[2]

WHO rides so late through the midnight blast?
'Tis a father spurs on with his child full fast;
He gathers the boy well into his arm,
He clasps him close and he keeps him warm.

"My son, why thus to my arm dost cling?"—
"Father, dost thou not see the elfin-king?
The elfin-king with his crown and train!"—
"My son, 'tis a streak of the misty rain!"

"Come hither, thou darling, come, go with me!
Fine games I know that I'll play with thee;
Flowers many and bright do my kingdoms hold,
My mother has many a robe of gold."

"O father, dear father, and dost thou not hear
What the elfin-king whispers so low in mine ear?"—
"Calm, calm thee, my boy, it is only the breeze,
As it rustles the withered leaves under the trees."

"Wilt thou go, bonny boy, wilt thou go with me?
My daughters shall wait on thee daintily;
My daughters around thee in dance shall sweep,
And rock thee and kiss thee and sing thee to sleep."

"O father, dear father, and dost thou not mark
The elf-king's daughters move by in the dark?"—
"I see it, my child; but it is not they,
'Tis the old willow nodding its head so gray."

"I love thee! thy beauty it charms me so;
And I'll take thee by force, if thou wilt not go!"
"O father, dear father, he's grasping me,—
My heart is as cold as cold can be!"

The father rides swiftly,—with terror he gasps,—
The sobbing child in his arms he clasps;

[1] Translations by Longfellow. Used by permission of and by arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Co.

[2] Translation by Martin and Aytoun.

He reaches the castle with spurring and dread;
But alack! in his arms the child lay dead!

THE FISHER[1]

The water rolled, the water swelled;
A fisher sat thereby,
And quietly his angle held;
Chilled to his heart was he.
The water in dreamy motion kept,
As he sat in dreamy mood;
A wave hove up—and a damsel stepped,
All dripping, from the flood.

She sang to him, she spake to him:
"Why wilt thou lure away
My sweet brood by thy human art
To the deadly light of day?
Ah! knewest thou how light of heart
The little fishes live,
Thou wouldst come down, all as thou art,
And thy true life receive.

"Bathes not the sun with all his skies?
Bathes not the moon by night,
To breathe my dew awhile, and rise
All smiling doubly bright?
And tempt thee not the deep, deep skies,
Here spread in watery blue?
And tempt thee not thine own dark eyes
Down through th' eternal dew?"

The water rolled, the water swelled;
It wetted his bare feet;
A something through his bosom thrilled;
He seemed his love to meet.
She spake to him, she sang to him;
With him 'twas quickly o'er:
Half drew she him, half sank he in,
And never was seen more.

MIGNON[1]

Know'st thou the land, where flowers of citron bloom,
The golden orange glows through leafy gloom,
From the blue heavens the breezes float so bland,
The myrtles still, and tall the laurels stand?
Know'st thou the land?
O there, O there!
Loved one, with thee I long to wander there.

Know'st thou the house? Its roof the columns bear,—
The polished floors, the halls so bright and fair,
Where marble-figures standing look on me:
"Thou poorest child, what have they done to thee?"
Know'st thou the house?
O there, O there!
With thee, kind guardian, O could I be there!

Know'st thou the mountain peak?—the airy bridge,
Where loaded mules climb o'er the misty ridge?
In hollows dwell the serpent's ancient brood;
The rent crag rushes down the foaming flood.
Know'st thou the mount?
O there, O there
Leadeth our way—O father, let us there!

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping and watching for the morrow,—
He knows ye not, ye gloomy Powers.

To earth, this weary earth, ye bring us,
To guilt ye let us heedless go,
Then leave repentance fierce to wring us;
A moment's guilt, an age of woe![1]

MIGNON'S SONG[1]

From *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*

Such let me seem, till such I be;
Take not my snow-white dress away!
Soon from this dusk of earth I flee,
Up to the glittering lands of day.

There first a little space I rest,
Then wake so glad, to scenes so kind;
In earthly robes no longer drest,
This band, this girdle left behind.

And those calm shining sons of morn,
They ask not who is maid or boy;
No robes, no garments there are worn,
Our body pure from sin's alloy.

Through little life not much I toiled,
Yet anguish long this heart has wrung,
Untimely woe my blossoms spoiled:
Make me again forever young!

[1]Translation by Dwight.

SELF-DECEPTION[1]

THE curtain flutters to and fro
From my fair neighbor's room.
She listens over here, I know,
To see if I'm at home,

And whether now the jealous mood,
Which I've indulged all day,
Has courage, as I swore it should,
Within my heart to stay.

But, ah! the lovely child, I find,
Has thought of no such thing;
And it is but the evening wind
That makes the curtain swing.

THE PARTING[1]

LET mine eyes tell all at parting,
For my lips they never can!
Hard! how hard! These tears keep starting,
Yet I thought I was a man.

No more fond remembered blisses
Love's sweet tokens now command;
Cold seem all thy burning kisses,
Faint the pressure of thy hand.

Once, it seemed a heavenly treasure,
One mere kiss snatched on the wing!
As we feel a startling pleasure
Finding violets first in Spring.

But no more of love's fond trances,
No more roses plucked for thee.
Spring-time smiles, my dearest Frances:
Ah! 'tis Autumn drear to me!

CARE[1]

COME not ever back to grieve me;
Here thou must not enter in.
Leave, O leave me! and forgive me,
That I have so happy been.
Shall I shun it? Shall I try it?
Now, this doubting I despise.
If thou wilt not leave me quiet,
Care, I prithee, make me wise!

[1] Translation by Dwight.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (1759–1805)

CHORUSES[1]

FROM *The Hymn to Joy*

PATIENT, then, ye myriads, live!
To a better world press on!
Seated on his starry throne,
God the rich reward will give.

For the Gods what thanks are meet?
Like the Gods, then, let us be;
All the poor and lowly greet
With the gladsome and the free;
Banish vengeance from our breast,
And forgive our deadliest foe;
Bid no anguish mar his rest,
No consuming tear-drops flow.

BE THE world from sin set free!
Be all mutual wrong forgiven;
Brothers, in that starry heaven,
As we judge, our doom shall be.

Joy upon the red wine dances;
By magic of the cup
Rage dissolves in gentle trances,
Dead despair is lifted up.
Brothers, round the nectar flies,
Mounting to the beaker's edge.
Toss the foam off to the skies!
Our Good Spirit here we pledge!

HIM the seraphs ever praise,
Him the stars that rise and sink.
Drink to our Good Spirit, drink!
High to him our glasses raise!

Spirits firm in hour of woe—
Help to innocence oppressed—
Truth alike to friend or foe—
Faith unbroken—wrongs redressed—
Manly pride before the throne,
Cost it fortune, cost it blood—
Wreaths to just desert alone—
Downfall to all Falsehood's brood!

CLOSER draw the holy ring!
By the sparkling wine-cup now,
Swear to keep the solemn vow—
Swear it by the heavenly King!

SONG[1]

From *Wilhelm Tell*

The smile-dimpled lake wooed to bathe in its deep,
A boy on its green shore had laid him to sleep;
Then heard he a melody
Floating along,
Sweet as the notes
Of an angel's song.
And as thrilling with pleasure he wakes from his rest,
The waters are rippling over his breast;
And a voice from the deep cries,
"With me thou must go,
I charm the young shepherd,
I lure him below."

Farewell, ye green meadows,
Farewell, sunny shore,
The herdsman must leave you,
The summer is o'er
We go to the hills, but you'll see us again,
When the cuckoo calls, and the merry birds sing,
When the flowers bloom afresh in glade and in glen,
And the brooks sparkle bright in the sunshine of spring.
Farewell, ye green meadows,
Farewell, sunny shore,
The herdsman must leave you,
The summer is o'er.

On the heights peals the thunder, and trembles the bridge,
The huntsman bounds on by the dizzying ridge.
Undaunted he hies him
O'er ice-covered wild,
Where leaf never budded,
Nor Spring ever smiled;
And beneath him an ocean of mist, where his eye
No longer the dwellings of man can espy;
Through the parting clouds only
The earth can be seen,
Far down 'neath the vapor
The meadows of green.

[1]Translation by Martin.

TO LAURA[2]

Rapture

Laura, above this world methinks I fly,
And feel the glow of some May-lighted sky,
When thy looks beam on mine!
And my soul drinks a more ethereal air,
When mine own shape I see reflected there
In those blue eyes of thine!

A lyre sound from the Paradise afar,
A harp note trembling from some gracious star,
Seems the wild ear to fill;
And my Muse feels the Golden Shepherd hours,
When from thy lips the silver music pours
Slow, as against its will.

I see the young Loves flutter on the wing—
Move the charmed trees, as when the Thracian's string
Wild life to forests gave;
Swifter the globe's swift circle seems to fly,
When in the whirling dance thou glidest by,
Light as a happy wave.

Thy looks, when there Love's smiles their gladness wreathe,
Could life itself to lips of marble breathe,
Lend rocks a pulse divine;
Reading thine eyes, my veriest life but seems
Made up and fashioned from my wildest dreams,—
Laura, sweet Laura, mine!

THE SHARING OF THE EARTH[2]

"Take the world," cried the God from his heaven
To men—"I proclaim you its heirs;
To divide it amongst you 'tis given:
You have only to settle the shares."

Each takes for himself as it pleases,
Old and young have alike their desire:
The harvest the husbandman seizes;
Through the wood and the chase sweeps the squire.

[2]Translation by Bulwer Lytton.

The merchant his warehouse is locking;
The abbot is choosing his wine;
Cries the monarch, the thoroughfare blocking,
"Every toll for the passage is mine!"

All too late, when the sharing was over,
Comes the poet,—he came from afar;
Nothing left can the laggard discover,
Not an inch but its owners there are.

"Woe is me! is there nothing remaining
For the son who best loves thee alone!"
Thus to Jove went his voice in complaining,
As he fell at the Thunderer's throne.

"In the land of thy dreams if abiding,"
Quoth the God, "Canst thou murmur at ME?
Where wert *thou* when the earth was dividing?"
"I WAS," said the poet, "BY THEE!

"Mine eye by thy glory was captured,
Mine ear by thy music of bliss:
Pardon him whom *thy* world so enraptured
As to lose him his portion in this!"

"Alas," said the God, "earth is given!
Field, forest, and market, and all!
What say you to quarters in heaven?
We'll admit you whenever you call!"

THE MAIDEN FROM AFAR[1]

WITHIN a vale each infant year,
When earliest larks first carol free
To humble shepherds doth appear
A wondrous maiden fair to see.

Not born within that lowly place;
From whence she wandered, none could tell;
Her parting footsteps left no trace,
When once the maiden sighed farewell.

And blessed was her presence there:
Each heart, expanding, grew more gay;
Yet something loftier still than fair
Kept man's familiar looks away.

From fairy gardens known to none
She brought mysterious fruits and flowers;
The products of a brighter sun,
Of nature more benign than ours.

With each, her gifts the maiden shared,—
To some the fruits, the flowers to some:
Alike the young, the aged, fared:
Each bore a blessing back to home.

Though every guest was welcome there,
Yet some the maiden held more dear;
And culled her rarest sweets when e'er
She saw two loving hearts draw near.

[1]Translation by Bulwer Lytton.

HEINRICH HEINE (1799–1856)

LOVE SONGS[2]

THOU seemest like a flower,
So pure and fair and bright;
A melancholy yearning
Steals o'er me at thy sight.

I fain would lay in blessing
My hands upon thy hair;
Imploring God to keep thee
So bright, and pure, and fair.

THOU fairest fisher-maiden,
Row thy boat to the land,
Come here and sit beside me,
Whispering, hand in hand.

Lay thy head on my bosom,
And have no fear of me;
For carelessly thou trustest
Daily the savage sea.

My heart is like the ocean,
With storm and ebb and flow;
And many a pearl lies hidden
Within its depths below.

THE ocean hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars,
But oh! my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heavens,
But greater is my heart;

[2]Translations by Emma Lazarus. All translations, by Emma Lazarus, used by courtesy of Mrs. A. H Johnstone.

And fairer than pearls or stars
  Glistens and glows my love.
Thou little youthful maiden,
Come unto my mighty heart!
My heart, and the sea, and the heavens
  Are melting away with love.

MY HEART WITH HIDDEN TEARS IS SWELLING[1]

My heart with hidden tears is swelling,
  I muse upon the days long gone;
The world was then a cozy dwelling,
  And people's lives flowed smoothly on.

Now all's at sixes and at sevens,
  Our life's a whirl, a strife for bread;
There is no God in all the heavens,
  And down below the Devil's dead.

And all things look so God-forsaken,
  So topsy-turvy, cold, and bare;
And if our wee bit love were taken,
  There'd be no living anywhere.

WILL SHE COME?[1]

Every morning hears me query;
  Will she come to-day?
Every evening answers, weary:
  Still she stays away.

In my nights of lonely weeping,
  Sleep I never know;
Dreaming, like a man half sleeping,
  Through the day I go.

THE LORELEI[2]

I know not whence it rises,
  This thought so full of woe;
But a tale of times departed
  Haunts me, and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
  And calmly flows the Rhine;
The mountain peaks are sparkling
  In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,
  The fairest of the fair:
With gold is her garment glittering,
  As she combs her golden hair;

With a golden comb she combs it;
  And a wild song singeth she,
That melts the heart with a wondrous
  And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom
  With a nameless longing move;
He sees not the gulfs before him,
  His gaze is fixed above;

Till over the boat and boatman
  The Rhine's deep waters run:
And this, with her magic singing,
  The Lorelei has done!

PINE AND PALM[2]

There stands a lonely pine-tree
  In the north, on a barren height;
He sleeps while the ice and snowflakes
  Swathe him in folds of white.

He dreameth of a palm-tree
  Far in the sunrise land,
Lonely and silent longing
  On her burning bank of sand.

The shades of the summer evening lie
  On forest and meadows green;
The golden moon shines in the azure sky
  Through balm-breathing air serene.

The cricket is chirping, the brooklet near,
  In the water a something stirs,
And the wanderer can in the stillness hear
  A plash and a sigh through the furze.

There all by herself the fairy bright
  Is bathing down in the stream;
Her arms and throat, bewitching and white,
  In the moonshine glance and gleam.

[1] Translation by Ernest Beard.
[2] Translations by Emma Lazarus.

THE TALE

THE TALE

Among early forms of narrative writing are the epic, already discussed, and the tale. The tale, like the epic, may be in verse, as exemplified here by Chaucer and the ballad, but such great popular collections of ancient stories as the *Arabian Nights* and the *Decameron* are in prose.

The tale is a loose, rambling narrative sometimes composed of a series of disconnected episodes, but attaining a semblance of unity in the character or characters. It lacks the formal unity and compactness of the modern short-story developed by Poe and De Maupassant, which treats of a single episode, is severely selective with respect to character and incident, and relies upon a swiftly moving plot, employing the devices of surprise and suspense.

In spite of the popularity of the modern short-story, the leisurely tales of yore, beginning "Once upon a time" still hold perennial interest. *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, one of the most entertaining of the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, is an example of the thousand and one tales which, according to tradition, were related by Scheherezade. By pausing each night at an exciting point in her narrative, she indefinitely postponed her own death at the hands of her lord and master. Though not collected in present form until the sixteenth century, the *Arabian Nights* tales are of very ancient origin. Of the many tales in the Scriptures, the account of Ruth's wooing of Boaz, has all the freshness and naïveté of early story-telling. In the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius (second century A. D.) is the charming story of Cupid and Psyche, one of the most famous of the few Greek love stories that have come down to us.

The Middle Ages overflow with tales of every sort. An example of the tale of high-class romance, the delight of the courtly classes, may be found in *Aucassin and Nicolete*, a French love story of the twelfth century, written alternately in verse and prose. The ballad, a song of popular origin that tells a story, is another creation of the folk of the Middle Ages. There are simple ballads of domestic life, ballads of the supernatural, border-ballads of warfare or hunting on the Scottish border, and ballads that celebrate the adventures of the famous English outlaw, Robin Hood, who robbed fat abbots, shot the King's deer, and assisted with open hand the poor and distressed. Had the Robin Hood ballads been composed in an earlier period of English culture, they might have grown to epic proportions.

Two of the greatest masters of the tale, one in prose and the other in verse, are Giovanni Boccaccio (1313–1375) and Geoffrey Chaucer (1340?–1400). Boccaccio set the hundred stories of love and intrigue, which make up his Decameron, in an interesting framework. They are related with zest by a group of ladies and gentlemen upon the hillside above the city of Florence, whither they had retired to escape and to forget the plague raging below. Chaucer, the first of England's major poets, chose for his framework a motley group of pilgrims journeying from London to Canterbury, who regale one another by stories characteristic of their respective stations. The Knight tells a romance of love and adventure; the Reve and the Cook, coarse fabliaux; the Prioress, a saint's legend; and the Pardoner, an exemplum, or moral tale illustrating the vice of greed.

ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS
(Collected 1549)

THE STORY OF ALI BABA AND THE FORTY ROBBERS DESTROYED BY A SLAVE

In a town in Persia there lived two brothers, one named Cassim, the other Ali Baba. Their father left them no great property; but as he had divided it equally between them, it should seem their fortune would have been equal; but chance directed otherwise.

Cassim married a wife, who, soon after their marriage, became heiress to a plentiful estate, and a good shop and warehouse full of rich merchandises; so that he all at once became one of the richest and most considerable merchants, and lived at his ease.

Ali Baba, on the other hand, who married a woman as poor as himself, lived in a very mean habitation, and had no other means to maintain his wife and children but his daily labour, by cutting of wood in a forest near the town, and bringing it upon three asses, which were his whole substance, to town to sell.

One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest, and had just cut wood enough to load his asses, he saw at a distance a great cloud of dust, which seemed to approach towards him. He observed it very attentively, and distinguished a large body of horse coming briskly on; and though they did not talk of robbers in that country, Ali Baba began to think that they might prove such; and, without considering what might become of his asses, he was resolved to save himself. He climbed up a large thick tree, whose branches, at a little distance from the ground, divided in a circular form so close to one another that there was but little space between them. He placed himself in the middle, from whence he could see all that passed without being seen; and this tree stood at the bottom of a single rock, which was very high above it, and so steep and craggy that nobody could climb up it.

This troop, who were all well mounted and well armed, came to the foot of this rock, and there dismounted. Ali Baba counted forty of them; and, by their looks and equipage, never doubted they were thieves. Nor was he mistaken in his opinion; for they were a troop of banditti, who, without doing any hurt to the neighbourhood, robbed at a distance, and made that place their rendezvous; and what confirmed him in this opinion was, every man unbridled his horse and tied him to some shrub or other, and hung about his neck a bag of corn. Then each of them took his portmanteau, which seemed to Ali Baba to be full of gold and silver by their weight. One, who was most personable among them, and whom he took to be their captain, came with his portmanteau on his back under the tree in which Ali Baba was hid; and, making his way through some shrubs, pronounced these words so distinctly, *Open, Sesame*, that Ali Baba heard him. As soon as the captain of the robbers had uttered these words, a door opened; and after he had made all his troop go in before him, he followed them, and the door shut again of itself.

The robbers stayed some time within the rock; and Ali Baba, who feared that some one, or all of them together, would come out and catch him if he should endeavour to make his escape, was obliged to sit patiently in the tree. He was, nevertheless, tempted once or twice to get down and mount one of their horses, and lead another, driving his asses before him with all the haste he could to town; but the uncertainty of the event made him choose the safer way.

At last the door opened again, and the forty robbers came out. As the captain went in last, he came out first, and stood to see them all pass him; and then Ali Baba heard him make the door close, by pronouncing these words, *Shut, Sesame*. Every man went and bridled his horse, fastening his portmanteau and mounting again; and when the captain saw them all ready, he put himself at their head, and they returned the same way they came.

Ali Baba did not immediately quit his tree; for, said he to himself, they may have

forgotten something and come back again, and then I shall be taken. He followed them with his eyes as far as he could see them; and after that stayed a considerable time before he came down. Remembering the words the captain of the robbers made use of to cause the door to open and shut, he had the curiosity to try if his pronouncing them would have the same effect. Accordingly he went among the shrubs, and perceiving the door concealed behind them, he stood before it, and said, *Open, Sesame.* The door instantly flew wide open.

Ali Baba, who expected a dark, dismal place, was very much surprised to see it well-lighted and spacious, cut out by men's hands in the form of a vault, which received the light from an opening at the top of the rock, cut in like manner. He saw all sorts of provisions, and rich bales of merchandises, of silk stuff, brocade, and valuable carpeting, piled upon one another; and, above all, gold and silver in great heaps, and money in great leather purses. The sight of all these riches made him believe that this cave had been occupied for ages by robbers, who succeeded one another.

Ali Baba did not stand long to consider what he should do, but went immediately into the cave, and as soon as he was in, the door shut again. But this did not disturb him, because he knew the secret to open it again. He never regarded the silver, but made the best use of his time in carrying out as much of the gold coin, which was in bags, at several times, as he thought his three asses could carry. When he had done, he collected his asses, which were dispersed, and when he had loaded them with the bags, laid the wood on them in such a manner that they could not be seen. When he had done, he stood before the door, and pronouncing the words, *Shut, Sesame,* the door closed after him; for it had shut of itself while he was within, and remained open while he was out. He then made the best of his way to town.

When Ali Baba got home, he drove his asses into a little yard, and shut the gates very carefully, threw off the wood that covered the bags, carried them into his house, and ranged them in order before his wife, who sat on a sofa.

His wife handled the bags, and finding them full of money, suspected that her husband had been robbing, insomuch that when he brought them all in, she could not help saying: Ali Baba, have you been so unhappy as to—Be quiet, wife, interrupted Ali Baba; Do not frighten yourself; I am no robber, unless he can be one who steals from robbers. You will no longer entertain an ill opinion of me when I shall tell you my good fortune. Then he emptied the bags which raised such a great heap of gold as dazzled his wife's eyes: and when he had done, he told her the whole adventure from the beginning to the end; and, above all, recommended it to her to keep it secret.

The wife, recovered and cured of her fears, rejoiced with her husband at their good luck, and would count the money piece by piece. Wife, replied Ali Baba, You do not know what you undertake, when you pretend to count the money; you will never have done. I will go and dig a hole and bury it; there is no time to be lost.—You are in the right of it, husband, replied the wife, But let us know, as nigh as possible, how much we have. I will go and borrow a small measure in the neighbourhood, and measure it, while you dig the hole.—What you are going to do is to no purpose, wife, said Ali Baba; If you would take my advice, you had better let it alone; but be sure to keep the secret, and do what you please.

Away the wife ran to her brother-in-law, Cassim, who lived just by, but was not then at home; and addressing herself to his wife, desired her to lend her a measure for a little while. Her sister-in-law asked her whether she would have a great or a small one. The other asked for a small one. She bid her stay a little, and she would readily fetch one.

The sister-in-law did so, but as she knew very well Ali Baba's poverty, she was curious to know what sort of grain his wife wanted to measure; and bethought herself of artfully putting some suet at the bottom of the measure, and brought it to her with an excuse, that she was sorry that she had made her stay so long, but that she could not find it sooner.

Ali Baba's wife went home, set the measure upon the heap of gold, and filled it and emptied it often, at a small distance upon the sofa, till she had done: and she was very well satisfied to find the number of measures

amounted to as many as they did, and went to tell her husband, who had almost finished digging the hole. While Ali Baba was burying the gold, his wife, to show her exactness and diligence to her sister-in-law, carried the measure back again, but without taking notice that a piece of gold stuck at the bottom. Sister, said she, giving it to her again: You see that I have not kept your measure long; I am obliged to you for it, and return it with thanks.

As soon as Ali Baba's wife's back was turned, Cassim's wife looked at the bottom of the measure, and was in an inexpressible surprise to find a piece of gold stuck to it. Envy immediately possessed her breast. What! said she, Has Ali Baba gold so plentiful as to measure it? Where has that poor wretch got all this gold? Cassim, her husband, was not at home, as I said before, but at his shop, which he left always in the evening. His wife waited for him, and thought the time an age; so great was her impatience to tell him the news, at which he would be as much surprised.

When Cassim came home, his wife said to him: Cassim, I warrant you, you think yourself rich, but you are much mistaken; Ali Baba is infinitely richer than you; he does not count his money, but measures it. Cassim desired her to explain the riddle, which she did, by telling him the stratagem she had made use of to make the discovery, and showed him the piece of money, which was so old a coin that they could not tell in what prince's reign it was coined.

Cassim, instead of being pleased at his brother's prosperity, conceived a mortal jealousy, and could not sleep all that night for it, but went to him in the morning before sunrise. Now, Cassim, after he had married the rich widow, never treated Ali Baba as a brother, but forgot him. Ali Baba, said he, accosting him, You are very reserved in your affairs; you pretend to be miserably poor, and yet you measure gold. How, brother! replied Ali Baba; I do not know what you mean: explain yourself.—Do you pretend ignorance? replied Cassim, showing him the piece of gold his wife had given him. How many of these pieces, added he, Have you? My wife found this at the bottom of the measure you borrowed yesterday.

By this discourse Ali Baba perceived that Cassim and his wife, through his own wife's folly, knew what they had so much reason to keep secret; but what was done could not be recalled; therefore, without showing the least surprise or trouble, he confessed all, and told his brother by what chance he had discovered this retreat of the thieves, and in what place it was; and offered him part of his treasure to keep the secret.—I expect as much, replied Cassim haughtily; But I will know exactly where this treasure is, and the signs and tokens how I may go to it myself when I have a mind; otherwise I will go and inform against you, and then you will not only get no more, but will lose all you have got, and I shall have my share for my information.

Ali Baba, more out of his natural good temper than frightened by the insulting menaces of a barbarous brother, told him all he desired, and even the very words he was to make use of to go into the cave and to come out again.

Cassim, who wanted no more of Ali Baba, left him, resolving to be beforehand with him, and hoping to get all the treasure to himself. He rose early the next morning a long time before the sun, and set out with ten mules laden with great chests, which he designed to fill; proposing to carry many more the next time, according to the riches he found; and followed the road which Ali Baba had told him. He was not long before he came to the rock, and found out the place by the tree, and other marks his brother had given him. When he came to the door he pronounced these words, *Open, Sesame*, and it opened; and when he was in, shut again. In examining the cave, he was in great admiration to find much more riches than he apprehended by Ali Baba's relation. He was so covetous and fond of riches, that he could have spent the whole day in feasting his eyes with so much treasure, if the thought that he came to carry some away with him and loading his mules, had not hindered him. He laid as many bags of gold as he could carry away at the door; and coming at last to open the door, his thoughts were so full of the great riches he should possess, that he could not think of the necessary word; but instead of *Sesame*, said, *Open, Barley*, and was much amazed to find that the door did not open, but remained fast shut.

He named several sorts of grain, all but the right, and the door would not open.

Cassim never expected such an accident, and was so frightened at the danger he was in, that the more he endeavoured to remember the word *Sesame*, the more his memory was confounded; and he had as much forgotten it as if he had never heard it in his life before. He threw down the bags he had loaded himself with, and walked hastily up and down the cave, without having the least regard to all the riches that were round him. In this miserable condition we will leave him bewailing his fate, and undeserving of pity.

About noon the robbers returned to their cave, and at some distance from it saw Cassim's mules straggling about the rock, with great chests on their backs. Alarmed at this novelty they galloped full speed to the cave. They drove away the mules, which Cassim had neglected to fasten, and they strayed away through the forest so far that they were soon out of sight. The robbers never gave themselves the trouble to pursue the mules; they were more concerned to know whom they belonged to. And while some of them searched about the rock, the captain and the rest went directly to the door, with their naked sabres in their hands; and pronouncing the words, it opened.

Cassim, who heard the noise of the horses' feet from the middle of the cave, never doubted of the coming of the robbers and his approaching death; but resolved to make one effort to escape from them. To this end he stood ready at the door, and no sooner heard the word *Sesame*, which he had forgotten, and saw the door open, but he jumped briskly out, and threw the captain down; but could not escape the other robbers, who with their sabres soon deprived him of life.

The first care of the robbers after this was to go into the cave. They found all the bags which Cassim had brought to the door, to be more ready to load his mules with; and carried them all back again to their places, without perceiving what Ali Baba had taken away before. Then holding a council, and deliberating upon this matter, they guessed that Cassim, when he was in, could not get out again; but they could not imagine how he got in. It came into their heads that he might have got down by the top of the cave; but the opening by which it received light was so high, and the top of the rock so inaccessible without, besides that nothing showed that he had done so, that they believed it impracticable for them to find out. That he came in at the door they could not satisfy themselves, unless he had the secret of making it open. In short, none of them could imagine which way he entered; for they were all persuaded that nobody knew their secret, little imagining that Ali Baba had watched them. But, however it happened, it was a matter of the greatest importance to them to secure their riches. They agreed, therefore, to cut Cassim's body into four quarters; and to hang two on one side, and two on the other, within the door of the cave, to terrify any person that should attempt the same thing, determining not to return to the cave till the stench of the body was completely exhaled.

They had no sooner taken this resolution than they executed it; and when they had nothing more to detain them, they left the place of their retreat well closed. They mounted their horses and went to beat the roads again, and to attack the caravans they should meet.

In the meantime Cassim's wife was very uneasy when night came and her husband was not returned. She ran to Ali Baba in a terrible fright, and said: I believe, brother-in-law, that you know that Cassim, your brother, is gone to the forest, and upon what account; it is now night, and he is not returned; I am afraid some misfortune has come to him. Ali Baba, who never disputed but that his brother, after what he had said to him, would go to the forest, declined going himself that day, for fear of giving him any umbrage; therefore told her, without any reflection upon her husband's unhandsome behaviour, that she need not frighten herself, for that certainly Cassim did not think it proper to come into the town till the night should be pretty far advanced.

Cassim's wife, considering how much it concerned her husband to keep this thing secret, was the more easily persuaded to believe him. She went home again, and waited patiently till midnight. Then her fear redoubled with grief the more sensible, because she durst not vent it, nor show it, but was forced to keep it secret from the

neighbourhood. Then, as if her fault had been irreparable, she repented of her foolish curiosity, and cursed her desire of penetrating into the affairs of her brother- and sister-in-law. She spent all that night in weeping; and as soon as it was day, went to them, telling them, by her tears, the cause of her coming.

Ali Baba did not wait for his sister-in-law to desire him to go and see what was become of Cassim, but went immediately with his three asses, begging of her at first to moderate her affliction. He went to the forest, and when he came near the rock, and having seen neither his brother nor his mules in his way, he was very much surprised to see some blood spilt by the door, which he took for an ill omen; but when he had pronounced the word, and the door opened, he was much more startled at the dismal sight of his brother's quarters. He was not long in determining how he should pay the last dues to his brother; and, without remembering the little brotherly friendship he had for him, went into the cave, to find something to wrap them in, and loaded one of his asses with them, and covered them over with wood. The other two asses he loaded with bags of gold, covering them with wood also as before; and then bidding the door shut, came away: but was so cautious as to stop some time at the end of the forest, that he might not go into the town before night. When he came home, he drove the two asses loaded with gold into his little yard; and left the care of unloading them to his wife, while he led the other to his sister-in-law's.

Ali Baba knocked at the door, which was opened by Morgiana, a cunning, intelligent slave, fruitful in inventions to insure success in the most difficult undertakings: and Ali Baba knew her to be such. When he came into the court, he unloaded the ass; and, taking Morgiana aside, said to her: The first thing I ask of you is an inviolable secrecy, which you will find is necessary both for your mistress's sake and mine. Your master's body is contained in these two bundles; and our business is, to bury him as if he died a natural death. Go, tell your mistress I want to speak with her; and mind what I say to you.

Morgiana went to her mistress, and Ali Baba followed her. Well, brother, said she, with great impatience, What news do you bring me of my husband? I perceive no comfort in your countenance.—Sister, answered Ali Baba, I cannot tell you anything before you hear my story from the beginning to the end, without speaking a word; for it is of as great importance to you as to me to keep what has happened secret.—Alas! said she, This preamble lets me know that my husband is dead; but at the same time I know the necessity of the secrecy you require of me, and I must constrain myself: say on; I will hear you.

Then Ali Baba told his sister the success of his journey, till he came to the finding of Cassim's body. Now, said he, Sister, I have something to tell you, which will afflict you much the more, because it is what you so little expect; but it cannot now be remedied; and if anything can comfort you, I offer to put that little which God hath sent me, to what you have, and marry you; assuring you that my wife will not be jealous, and that we shall live happily together. If this proposal is agreeable to you, we must think of acting so, as that my brother should appear to have died a natural death. I think you may leave the management of it to Morgiana, and I will contribute all that lies in my power.

What could Cassim's widow do better than accept of this proposal? For though her first husband had left behind him plentiful substance, this second was much richer, and by the discovery of this treasure might be much more so. Instead of rejecting the offer, she looked upon it as a reasonable motive to comfort her; and drying up her tears, which began to flow abundantly, and suppressing the outcries usual with women who have lost their husbands, showed Ali Baba she approved of his proposal. Ali Baba left the widow, and recommended to Morgiana to act her part well, and then returned home with his ass.

Morgiana went out at the same time to an apothecary, and asked him for a sort of lozenges, which he prepared, and which were very efficacious in the most dangerous distempers. The apothecary asked her who was sick at her master's. She replied with a sigh, her good master, Cassim himself: that they knew not what his distemper was, but that he could neither eat nor speak. After

these words Morgiana carried the lozenges home with her, and the next morning went to the same apothecary's again; and, with tears in her eyes, asked for an essence which they used to give to sick people only when at the last extremity. Alas! said she, taking it from the apothecary, I am afraid that this remedy will have no better effect than the lozenges, and that I shall lose my good master.

On the other hand, as Ali Baba and his wife were often seen to go between Cassim's and their own house all that day, and to seem melancholy, nobody was surprised in the evening to hear the lamentable shrieks and cries of Cassim's wife and Morgiana, who told it everywhere that her master was dead.

The next morning soon after day appeared Morgiana, who knew a certain old cobbler that opened his stall early, before other people, went to him, and, bidding him good morrow, put a piece of gold into his hand — Well, said Baba Mustapha, which was his name, and who was a merry old fellow, looking on the gold, though it was hardly daylight, and seeing what it was: This is good hansel; what must I do for it? I am ready.

Baba Mustapha, said Morgiana, You must take with you your sewing-tackle, and go with me; but I must tell you, I shall blindfold you when you come to such a place.

Baba Mustapha seemed to boggle a little at these words. Oh, oh! replied he, You would have me do something against my conscience, or against my honour.—God forbid! said Morgiana, putting another piece of gold into his hand, That I should ask anything that is contrary to your honour; only come along with me and fear nothing.

Baba Mustapha went with Morgiana, who, after she had bound his eyes with a handkerchief, at the place she told him of, carried him to her deceased master's house, and never unloosed his eyes till he came into the room where she had put the corpse together. Baba Mustapha, said she, You must make haste, and sew these quarters together; and when you have done, I will give you another piece of gold.

After Baba Mustapha had done, she blindfolded him again, gave him the third piece of gold, as she promised, recommending secrecy to him, carried him back to the place where she first bound his eyes, pulled off the bandage, and let him go home, but watched him that he returned to his stall, till he was quite out of sight, for fear he should have the curiosity to return and dodge her, and then went home.

By the time Morgiana had warmed some water to wash the body, Ali Baba came with incense to embalm it, and bury it with the usual ceremonies. Not long after, the joiner, according to Ali Baba's orders, brought the coffin, which Morgiana, that he might find out nothing, received at the door, and helped Ali Baba to put the body into it; and as soon as he had nailed it up, she went to the mosque to tell the imam that they were ready. The people of the mosque, whose business it was to wash the dead, offered to perform their duty, but she told them it was done already.

Morgiana had scarce got home before the imam and the other ministers of the mosque came. Four neighbours carried the corpse on their shoulders to the burying-ground, following the imam, who recited some prayers. Morgiana, as a slave to the deceased, followed the corpse, weeping, beating her breast, and tearing her hair. And Ali Baba came after with some neighbours, who often relieved the others in carrying the corpse to the burying-ground.

Cassim's wife stayed at home mourning, uttering lamentable cries with the women of the neighbourhood, who came according to custom during the funeral; and, joining their lamentations with hers, filled the quarter far and near with sorrow.

In this manner Cassim's melancholy death was concealed and hushed up between Ali Baba, his wife, Cassim's widow, and Morgiana, with so much contrivance, that nobody in the city had the least knowledge or suspicion of it.

Three or four days after the funeral, Ali Baba removed his few goods to the house of his brother's widow; but the money he had taken from the robbers he conveyed thither by night; and soon after the marriage with his sister-in-law was published, and as these marriages are common in our religion, nobody was surprised.

As for Cassim's shop, Ali Baba gave it to his own eldest son, who had been some time out of his apprenticeship to a great merchant; promising him withal, that if he

managed well, he would soon give him a fortune to marry very advantageously according to his situation.

Let us now leave Ali Baba to enjoy the beginning of his good fortune, and return to the forty robbers.

They came again at the appointed time to visit their retreat in the forest; but how great was their surprise to find Cassim's body taken away, and some of their bags of gold. We are certainly discovered, said the captain. And shall be undone, if we do not take care and speedily apply some remedy; otherwise we shall insensibly lose all the riches which our ancestors have been so many years amassing together with so much pains and danger. All that we can think of this loss which we have sustained is, that the thief whom we have surprised had the secret of opening the door, and we came luckily as he was coming out: but his body being removed, and with it some of our money, plainly shows that he has an accomplice; and as it is likely that there were but two who had got this secret, and one has been caught, we must look narrowly after the other. What say you to it, my lads?

All the robbers thought the captain's proposal so reasonable, that they unanimously approved of it; and agreed that they must lay all other enterprises aside, to follow this closely, and not give it up till they had succeeded.

I expected no less, said the captain, from your courage and bravery: but, first of all, one of you who is bold, artful, and enterprising, must go into the town dressed like a traveller and stranger, and exert all his contrivance to try if he can hear any talk of the strange death of the man whom we have killed, as he deserved, and to endeavour to find out who he was, and where he lived. This is a matter of the first importance for us to know, that we may do nothing which we may have reason to repent of, by discovering ourselves in a country where we have lived so long unknown, and where we have so much reason to continue; but to warn that man who shall take upon himself this commission, and to prevent our being deceived by his giving us a false report, which may be the cause of our ruin, I ask you all, if you do not think it fit that in that case he shall submit to suffer death?

Without waiting for the suffrages of his companions, one of the robbers started up, and said: I submit to this law, and think it an honour to expose my life, by taking such a commission upon me; but remember, at least, if I do not succeed, that I neither wanted courage nor good-will to serve the troop.

After this robber had received great commendations from the captain and his comrades, he disguised himself so that nobody would take him for what he was; and taking his leave of the troop that night, went into the town just at daybreak, and walked up and down till he came to Baba Mustapha's stall, which was always open before any of the shops of the town.

Baba Mustapha was set on his seat with an awl in his hand, just going to work. The robber saluted him, bidding him good morrow; and perceiving that he was very old, he said: Honest man, you begin to work very early; is it possible that any one of your age can see so well? I question, even if it were somewhat lighter, whether you could see to stitch.

Certainly, replied Baba Mustapha, You must be a stranger, and do not know me; for, old as I am, I have extraordinarily good eyes; and you will not doubt it when I tell you that I sewed a dead body together in a place where I had not so much light as I have now.

The robber was overjoyed to think that he had addressed himself, at his first coming into the town, to a man who gave him the intelligence he wanted, without asking him. A dead body! replied he with amazement, to make him explain himself. What could you sew up a dead body for? added he: You mean, you sewed up his winding-sheet.— No, no, answered Baba Mustapha, I know what I say; you want to have me speak out, but you shall know no more.

The robber wanted no greater insight to be persuaded that he had discovered what he came about. He pulled out a piece of gold, and putting it into Baba Mustapha's hand, said to him: I do not want to know your secret, though I can assure you that I would not divulge it if you trusted me with it. The only thing which I desire of you, is to do me the favour to show the house where you stitched up the dead body.

If I would do you that favour which you ask of me, replied Baba Mustapha, holding the money in his hand, ready to return it, I assure you I cannot; and you may believe me, on my word, I was carried to a certain place, where they first blinded me, and then led me to the house, and brought me back again after the same manner; therefore you see the impossibility of doing what you desire.

Well, replied the robber, You may remember a little of the way that you were led blindfold. Come, let me blind your eyes at the same place. We will walk together by the same way and turnings; perhaps you may remember some part; and as everybody ought to be paid for their trouble, there is another piece of gold for you: gratify me in what I ask you. So saying, he put another piece of gold into his hand.

The two pieces of gold were great temptations to Baba Mustapha. He looked at them a long time in his hand, without saying a word, thinking with himself what he should do; but at last he pulled out his purse, and put them in. I cannot assure you, said he to the robber, That I remember the way exactly; but, since you desire it, I will try what I can do. At these words Baba Mustapha rose up, to the great satisfaction of the robber, and without shutting up his shop, where he had nothing valuable to lose, he led the robber to the place where Morgiana bound his eyes. It was here, said Baba Mustapha, I was blindfolded; and I turned as you see me. The robber, who had his handkerchief ready, tied it over his eyes, and walked by him till he stopped, partly leading him, and partly guided by him. I think, said Baba Mustapha, I went no farther; and he had now stopped directly at Cassim's house, where Ali Baba lived then; upon which the thief, before he pulled off the band, marked the door with a piece of chalk, which he had ready in his hand; and when he pulled it off, he asked him if he knew whose house that was: to which Baba Mustapha replied, that as he did not live in that neighbourhood he could not tell.

The robber, finding that he could discover no more from Baba Mustapha, thanked him for the trouble he had given him, and left him to go back to his stall, while he returned to the forest, persuaded that he should be very well received.

A little after the robber and Baba Mustapha parted, Morgiana went out of Ali Baba's house for something; and coming home again, seeing the mark the robber had made, she stopped to observe it. What is the meaning of this mark? said she to herself; Somebody intends my master no good, or else some boy has been playing the rogue with it: with whatever intention it was done, added she, It is good to guard against the worst. Accordingly she went and fetched a piece of chalk, and marked two or three doors on each side in the same manner, without saying a word to her master or mistress.

In the meantime the thief rejoined his troop again in the forest, and told them the good success he had, expatiating upon his good fortune in meeting so soon with the only person who could inform him of what he wanted to know. All the robbers listened to him with the utmost satisfaction; when the captain, after commending his diligence, addressing himself to them all, said: Comrades, we have no time to lose; let us all set off well-armed, without its appearing who we are; and that we may not give any suspicion, let one or two go privately into the town together, and appoint the rendezvous in the great square; and in the meantime our comrade, who brought us the good news, and I, will go and find out the house, that we may consult what is best to be done.

This speech and plan was approved by all, and they were soon ready. They filed off in small parcels of two or three, at the proper distance from each other; and all got into the town without being in the least suspected. The captain and he that came in the morning as a spy, came in last of all. He led the captain into the street where he had marked Ali Baba's house, and when they came to one of the houses which Morgiana had marked, he pointed it out. But going a little farther, to prevent being taken notice of, the captain observed that the next door was chalked after the same manner, and in the same place: and showing it to his guide, asked him which house it was; that, or the first. The guide was so confounded, that he knew not what answer to make; and much less, when he and the captain saw five or six houses besides marked after the same manner. He assured the captain, with an oath, that he had marked but one, and could

not tell who had chalked the rest so like to that which he marked, and owned, in that confusion, he could not distinguish it.

The captain, finding that their design proved abortive, went directly to the place of rendezvous and told the first of his troop that he met that they had lost their labour, and must return to their cave the same way as they came. He himself set the example, and they all returned as they came.

When the troop was all got together, the captain told them the reason of their returning; and presently the conductor was declared by all worthy of death. He condemned himself, acknowledging that he ought to have taken better precaution, and kneeled down to receive the stroke from him that was appointed to cut off his head.

But as it was the safety of the troop that an injury should not go unpunished, another of the gang, who promised himself that he should succeed better, presented himself; and his offer being accepted, he went and corrupted Baba Mustapha, as the other had done; and being shown the house, marked it, in a place more remote from sight, with red chalk.

Not long after, Morgiana, whose eyes nothing could escape, went out; and seeing the red chalk, and arguing after the same manner with herself, marked the other neighbours' houses in the same place and manner.

The robber, at his return to his company, valued himself very much upon the precaution he had taken, which he looked upon as an infallible way of distinguishing Ali Baba's house from his neighbours'; and the captain and all of them thought it must succeed. They conveyed themselves into the town in the same manner as before; and when the robber and his captain came to the street, they found the same difficulty; at which the captain was enraged, and the robber in as great confusion as his predecessor.

Thus the captain and his troop were forced to retire a second time, and much more dissatisfied; and the robber, as the author of the mistake, underwent the same punishment, which he willingly submitted to.

The captain, having lost two brave fellows of his troop, was afraid of diminishing it too much by pursuing this plan to get information about Ali Baba's house. He found, by their example, that their heads were not so good as their hands on such occasions, and therefore resolved to take upon himself this important commission.

Accordingly, he went and addressed himself to Baba Mustapha, who did him the same piece of service he had done to the former. He never amused himself with setting any particular mark on the house, but examined and observed it so carefully, by passing often by it, that it was impossible for him to mistake it.

The captain, very well satisfied with his journey, and informed of what he wanted to know, returned to the forest; and when he came into the cave, where the troop waited for him, he said: Now, comrades, nothing can prevent our full revenge; I am certain of the house, and in my way hither I have thought how to put it in execution, and if any one knows a better expedient, let him communicate it. Then he told them his contrivance; and as they approved of it, he ordered them to go into the towns and villages about and buy nineteen mules, and thirty-eight large leather jars, one full, and the others all empty.

In two or three days' time the robbers purchased the mules and jars, and as the mouths of the jars were rather too narrow for his purpose, the captain caused them to be widened; and after having put one of his men into each, with the weapons which he thought fit, leaving open the seam which had been undone to leave them room to breathe, he rubbed the jars on the outside with oil from the full vessel.

Things being thus prepared, when the nineteen mules were loaded with thirty-seven robbers in jars and the jar of oil, the captain, as their driver, set out with them, and reached the town by the dusk of the evening, as he intended. He led them through the streets till he came to Ali Baba's, at whose door he designed to have knocked; but was prevented by his sitting there, after supper, to take a little fresh air. He stopped his mules, and addressed himself to him, and said: I have brought some oil here, a great way, to sell at to-morrow's market; and it is now so late, that I do not know where to lodge. If I should not be troublesome to you, do me the favour to let me pass the night with you, and I shall be very much obliged to you.

Though Ali Baba had seen the captain of the robbers in the forest, and had heard him speak, it was impossible for him to know him in the disguise of an oil-merchant. He told him he should be welcome, and immediately opened his gates for the mules to go into the yard. At the same time he called to a slave he had, and ordered him, when the mules were unloaded, not only to put them into the stable, but to give them corn and hay; and then went to Morgiana, to bid her get a good hot supper for his guest, and make him a good bed.

He did more. To make his guest as welcome as possible, when he saw the captain had unloaded his mules, and that they were put into the stable as he ordered, and he was looking for a place to pass the night in the air, he brought him into the hall where he received his company, telling him he would not suffer him to be in the court. The captain excused himself, on pretence of not being troublesome; but really to have room to execute his design, and it was not till after the most pressing importunity that he yielded. Ali Baba, not content to keep company with the man who had a design on his life till supper was ready, continued talking with him till it was ended, and repeating his offer of service.

The captain rose up at the same time, and went with him to the door; and while Ali Baba went into the kitchen to speak to Morgiana, he went into the yard, under pretence of looking at his mules. Ali Baba, after charging Morgiana afresh to take great care of his guest, said to her: To-morrow I design to go to the bath before day: take care my bathing-linen be ready, and give it to Abdallah [which was the slave's name], and make me some good broth against I come back. After this he went to bed.

In the meantime, the captain of the robbers went from the stable to give his people orders what to do; and beginning at the first jar, and so on to the last, said to each man: As soon as I throw some stones out of the chamber-window where I lie, do not fail to cut the jar open with the knife you have about you, pointed and sharpened for the purpose, and come out, and I will be presently with you. After this he returned into the kitchen; and Morgiana, taking up a light, conducted him to his chamber, where, after she had asked him if he wanted anything, she left him; and he, to avoid any suspicion, put the light out soon after, and laid himself down in his clothes, that he might be the more ready to rise again.

Morgiana, remembering Ali Baba's orders, got his bathing-linen ready, and ordered Abdallah, who was not then gone to bed, to set on the pot for the broth; but while she skimmed the pot the lamp went out, and there was no more oil in the house, nor any candles. What to do she did not know, for the broth must be made. Abdallah, seeing her very uneasy, said: Do not fret and tease yourself, but go into the yard, and take some oil out of one of the jars.

Morgiana thanked Abdallah for his advice; and while he went to bed, near Ali Baba's room, that he might be the better able to rise and follow Ali Baba to the bath, she took the oil-pot, and went into the yard; and as she came nigh the first jar, the robber within said softly, Is it time?

Though the robber spoke low, Morgiana was struck with the voice, the more, because the captain, when he unloaded the mules, opened this and all the other jars, to give air to his men, who were ill enough at their ease without wanting room to breathe.

Any other slave but Morgiana, so surprised as she was to find a man in a jar, instead of the oil she wanted, would have made such a noise as to have given an alarm, which would have been attended with ill consequences; whereas Morgiana, apprehending immediately the importance of keeping the secret, and the danger Ali Baba, his family, and she herself were in, and the necessity of applying a speedy remedy without noise, conceived at once the means, and collecting herself without showing the least emotion, answered: Not yet, but presently. She went in this manner to all the jars, giving the same answer, till she came to the jar of oil.

By this means, Morgiana found that her master Ali Baba, who thought that he had entertained an oil-merchant, had admitted thirty-eight robbers into his house, looking on this pretended merchant as their captain. She made what haste she could to fill her oil-pot, and returned into her kitchen; where, as soon as she had lighted her lamp, she took a great kettle, and went again to the oil-jar, filled the kettle, and set it on a great wood

fire to boil; and as soon as it boiled, went and poured enough into every jar to stifle and destroy the robber within.

When this action, worthy of the courage of Morgiana, was executed without any noise, as she had projected, she returned into the kitchen with the empty kettle, and shut the door; and having put out the great fire she had made to boil the oil, and leaving just enough to make the broth, put out also the lamp, and remained silent; resolving not to go to bed till she had observed what was to follow, through a window of the kitchen which opened into the yard, as far as the darkness of the night permitted.

She had not waited a quarter of an hour, before the captain of the robbers waked, got up, and opened the window; and finding no light, and hearing no noise, nor any one stirring in the house, gave the signal, by throwing little stones, several of which hit the jars, as he doubted not by the sound they gave. Then he listened, and neither hearing nor perceiving anything whereby he could judge that his companions stirred, he began to grow very uneasy, and threw stones again a second and a third time, and could not comprehend the reason that none of them should answer to his signal: cruelly alarmed, he went softly down into the yard, and going to the first jar, and asking the robber, whom he thought alive, if he was asleep, he smelled the hot boiled oil, which sent forth a steam out of the jar, and knew thereby that his plot to murder Ali Baba and plunder his house was discovered. Examining all the jars one after another, he found that all his gang were dead; and by the oil he missed out of the last jar, he guessed at the means and manner of their deaths. Enraged to despair at having failed in his design, he forced the lock of a door, that led from the yard to the garden; and, climbing over the walls of several gardens, at last made his escape.

When Morgiana heard no noise, and found, after waiting some time, that the captain did not return, she guessed that he chose rather to make his escape by the gardens than by the street-door, which was double-locked; satisfied and pleased to have succeeded so well, and at having secured the house, she went to bed and fell asleep.

Ali Baba rose before day, and, followed by his slave, went to the baths, entirely ignorant of the amazing accident that had happened at home; for Morgiana did not think it right to wake him before for fear of losing her opportunity; and afterwards she thought it needless to disturb him.

When he returned from the baths, and the sun had risen, he was very much surprised to see the oil-jars, and that the merchant was not gone with the mules. He asked Morgiana, who opened the door, and had let all things stand as they were, that he might see them, the reason of it. My good master, answered she, God preserve you and all your family! You will be better informed of what you wish to know when you have seen what I have to show you, if you will give yourself the trouble to follow me.

As soon as Morgiana had shut the door, Ali Baba followed her; and when she brought him into the yard, she bid him look into the first jar, and see if there was any oil. Ali Baba did so, and seeing a man, started back frightened, and cried out. Do not be afraid, said Morgiana; The man you see there can neither do you nor anybody else any harm. He is dead.—Ah, Morgiana! said Ali Baba, What is it you show me? Explain the meaning of it to me.—I will, replied Morgiana; Moderate your astonishment, and do not excite the curiosity of your neighbours; for it is of great importance to keep this affair secret. Look in all the other jars.

Ali Baba examined all the other jars, one after another; and when he came to that which had the oil in it, he found it prodigiously sunk, and stood for some time motionless, sometimes looking on the jars, sometimes on Morgiana, without saying a word, so great was his surprise: at last, when he had recovered himself, he said: And what is become of the merchant?

Merchant! answered she: He is as much one as I am. I will tell you who he is, and what is become of him; but you had better hear the story in your own chamber; for it is time for your health that you had your broth after your bathing.

While Ali Baba went into his chamber, Morgiana went into the kitchen to fetch the broth and carry it to him; but before he would drink it, he first bid her satisfy his impatience, and tell him the story with all its circumstances; and she obeyed him.

Last night, sir, said she, When you were gone to bed, I got your bathing-linen ready, and gave it to Abdallah; afterwards I set on the pot for the broth, and as I was skimming the pot, the lamp, for want of oil, went out; and as there was not a drop more in the house, I looked for a candle, but could not find one. Abdallah, seeing me vexed, put me in mind of the jars of oil which stood in the yard. I took the oil-pot, and went directly to the jar which stood nearest to me; and, when I came to it, I heard a voice within it say: Is it time? Without being dismayed, and comprehending immediately the malicious intention of the pretended oil-merchant, I answered: Not yet, but presently. Then I went to the next, and another voice asked me the same question, and I returned the same answer; and so on, till I came to the last, which I found full of oil, with which I filled my pot.

When I considered that there were thirty-seven robbers in the yard, who only waited for a signal to be given by the captain, whom you took to be an oil-merchant, and entertained so handsomely, I thought there was no time to be lost: I carried my pot of oil into the kitchen, lighted the lamp, and afterwards took the biggest kettle I had, went and filled it full of oil, and set it on the fire to boil, and then went and poured as much into each jar as was sufficient to prevent them from executing the pernicious design they came about: after this I retired into the kitchen, and put out the lamp; but before I went to bed, I waited at the window to know what measures the pretended merchant would take.

After I had watched some time for the signal, he threw some stones out of the window against the jars, and neither hearing nor perceiving anybody stirring, after throwing three times, he came down, and I saw him go to every jar; after which, through the darkness of the night, I lost sight of him. I waited some time longer, and finding that he did not return, I never doubted but that, seeing he had missed his aim, he had made his escape over the walls of the garden. Persuaded that the house was now safe, I went to bed.

This, said Morgiana, Is the account you asked of me; and I am convinced it is the consequence of an observation which I had made for two or three days before, but did not think fit to acquaint you with; for when I came in one morning early, I found our street-door marked with white chalk, and the next morning with red; and both times, without knowing what was the intention of those chalks, I marked two or three neighbours' doors on each hand after the same manner. If you reflect on this, and what has since happened, you will find it to be a plot of the robbers of the forest, of whose gang there are two wanting, and now they are reduced to three: all this shows that they had sworn your destruction, and it is proper you should stand upon your guard, while there is one of them alive: for my part I shall not neglect anything necessary to your preservation, as I am in duty bound.

When Morgiana had left off speaking, Ali Baba was so sensible of the great service she had done him, that he said to her: I will not die without rewarding you as you deserve; I owe my life to you, and for the first token of my acknowledgment I will give you your liberty from this moment, till I can complete your recompense as I intend. I am persuaded with you that the forty robbers have laid all manner of snares for me: God, by your means, has delivered me from them, and I hope will continue to preserve me from their wicked designs; and, by averting the danger which threatened me, will deliver the world from their persecution and their cursed race. All that we have to do is to bury the bodies of these pests of mankind immediately, and with all the secrecy imaginable, that nobody may suspect what has become of them. But that Abdallah and I will undertake.

Ali Baba's garden was very long, and shaded at the farther end by a great number of large trees. Under these trees he and the slave went and dug a trench, long and wide enough to hold all the robbers; and as the earth was light, they were not long doing it. Afterwards they lifted the bodies out of the jars, took away their weapons, carried them to the end of the garden, laid them in the trench, and levelled the ground again. When this was done, Ali Baba hid the jars and weapons; and as for the mules, as he had no occasion for them, he sent them at different times to be sold in the market by his slave.

When Ali Baba took these measures to

prevent the public from knowing how he came by his riches in so short a time, the captain of the forty robbers returned to the forest, in most inconceivable mortification; and in the agitation, or rather confusion, he was in at his success, so contrary to what he had promised himself, he entered the cave, not being able, all the way from the town, to come to any resolution what to do to Ali Baba.

The loneliness of the dark place seemed frightful to him. Where are you, my brave lads, cried he, Old companions of my watchings, inroads, and labour? What can I do without you? Did I collect you to lose you by so base a fate, and one so unworthy your courage? Had you died with your sabres in your hands, like brave men, my regret had been less! When shall I get so gallant a troop again? And if I could, can I undertake it without exposing so much gold and treasure to him, who hath already enriched himself out of it? I cannot, I ought not to think of it, before I have taken away his life. I will undertake that myself, which I could not accomplish with so powerful assistance; and when I have taken care to secure this treasure from being pillaged, I will provide for it new masters and successors after me, who shall preserve and augment it to all posterity. This resolution being taken, he was not at a loss how to execute it; but, easy in his mind, and full of hopes, he slept all that night very quietly.

When he awoke early next morning, as he had proposed, he dressed himself, agreeably to the project he had in his head, and went to the town, and took a lodging in a khan. And as he expected what had happened at Ali Baba's might make a great noise in the town, he asked his host, by way of discourse, what news there was in the city. Upon which the innkeeper told him a great many things, which did not concern him in the least. He judged by this that the reason why Ali Baba kept this affair so secret was for fear people should know where the treasure lay, and the means of coming at it; and because he knew his life would be sought upon account of it. And this urged him the more to neglect nothing to rid himself of so dangerous a person.

The next thing that the captain had to do was to provide himself with a horse, to convey a great many sorts of rich stuffs and fine linen to his lodging, which he did by a great many journeys to the forest, but with all the necessary precautions imaginable to conceal the place whence he brought them. In order to dispose of the merchandises, when he had amassed them together, he took a furnished shop, which happened to be opposite to that which was Cassim's, which Ali Baba's son had not long occupied.

He took upon him the name of Cogia Houssain; and as a newcomer, was, according to custom, extremely civil and complaisant to all the merchants his neighbours. And as Ali Baba's son was young and handsome, and a man of good sense, and was often obliged to converse with Cogia Houssain, he soon made them acquainted with him. He strove to cultivate his friendship, more particularly when, two or three days after he was settled, he recognized Ali Baba, who came to see his son, and stopped to talk with him as he was accustomed to do; and when he was gone, he learned from his son who he was. He increased his assiduities, caressed him after the most engaging manner, made him some small presents, and often asked him to dine and sup with him; and treated him very handsomely.

Ali Baba's son did not care to lie under such obligation to Cogia Houssain without making the like return; but was so much straitened for want of room in his house, that he could not entertain him so well as he wished; and therefore acquainted his father, Ali Baba, with his intention, and told him that it did not look well for him to receive such favours from Cogia Houssain without inviting him again.

Ali Baba, with great pleasure, took the treat upon himself. Son, said he, Tomorrow (Friday), which is a day that the shops of such great merchants as Cogia Houssain and yourself are shut, get him to take a walk with you after dinner, and as you come back, pass by my door, and call in. It will look better to have it happen accidentally, than if you gave him a formal invitation. I will go and order Morgiana to provide a supper.

The next day, after dinner, Ali Baba's son and Cogia Houssain met by appointment, and took their walk; and as they returned, Ali Baba's son led Cogia Houssain through

the street where his father lived; and when they came to the house, he stopped and knocked at the door. This, sir, said he, Is my father's house; who, upon the account I have given him of your friendship, charged me to procure him the honour of your acquaintance; and I desire you to add this pleasure to those I am already indebted to you for.

Though it was the sole aim of Cogia Houssain to introduce himself into Ali Baba's house, that he might kill him without hazarding his own life or making any noise, yet he excused himself, and offered to take his leave. But a slave having opened the door, Ali Baba's son took him obligingly by the hand, and in a manner forced him in.

Ali Baba received Cogia Houssain with a smiling countenance, and in the most obliging manner he could wish. He thanked him for all the favours he had done his son; adding withal, the obligation was the greater, as he was a young man not very well acquainted with the world, and that he might contribute to his information.

Cogia Houssain returned the compliment, by assuring Ali Baba that though his son might not have acquired the experience of older men, he had good sense equal to the experience of many others. After a little more conversation on different subjects, he offered again to take his leave; when Ali Baba, stopping him, said: Where are you going, sir, in so much haste? I beg you would do me the honour to sup with me, though what I have to give you is not worth your acceptance; but such as it is, I hope you will accept it as heartily as I give it.—Sir, replied Cogia Houssain, I am thoroughly persuaded of your good-will; and if I ask the favour of you not to take it ill that I do not accept of your obliging invitation, I beg of you to believe that it does not proceed from any slight or intention to affront, but from a certain reason, which you would approve of if you knew it.

And what may that reason be, sir, replied Ali Baba, If I may be so bold as to ask you?—It is, answered Cogia Houssain, That I can eat no victuals that have any salt in them; therefore judge how I should look at your table.—If that is the only reason, said Ali Baba, It ought not to deprive me of the honour of your company at supper; for, in the first place, there is no salt ever put into my bread, and for the meat we shall have to-night I promise you there shall be none. I will go and take care of that. Therefore you must do me the favour to stay; I will come again immediately.

Ali Baba went into the kitchen, and ordered Morgiana to put no salt to the meat that was to be dressed that night; and to make quickly two or three ragouts besides what he had ordered, but be sure to put no salt in them.

Morgiana, who was always ready to obey her master, could not help, this time, seeming dissatisfied at his new order. Who is this difficult man, said she, Who eats no salt with his meat? Your supper will be spoiled, if I keep it back so long.—Do not be angry, Morgiana, replied Ali Baba, He is an honest man; therefore do as I bid you.

Morgiana obeyed, though with no little reluctance, and had a curiosity to see this man who eat no salt. To this end, when she had done what she had to do in the kitchen, and Abdallah laid the cloth, she helped to carry up the dishes; and looking at Cogia Houssain, knew him at the first sight to be the captain of the robbers, notwithstanding his disguise; and examining him very carefully, perceived that he had a dagger hid under his garment. I am not in the least amazed, said she to herself, That this wicked wretch, who is my master's greatest enemy, would eat no salt with him, since he intends to assassinate him; but I will prevent him.

When Morgiana had sent up the supper by Abdallah, while they were eating, she made the necessary preparations for executing one of the boldest acts which could be thought on; and had just done, when Abdallah came again for the dessert of fruit, which she carried up, and as soon as Abdallah had taken the meat away, set it upon the table: after that, she set a little table and three glasses by Ali Baba, and going out, took Abdallah along with her to go to supper together, and to give Ali Baba the more liberty of conversation with his guest.

Then the pretended Cogia Houssain, or rather captain of the robbers, thought he had a favourable opportunity to kill Ali Baba. I will, said he to himself, make the father and son both drunk; and then the son, whose life I intend to spare, will not be able

to prevent my stabbing his father to the heart; and while the slaves are at supper, or asleep in the kitchen, I can make my escape over the gardens as before.

Instead of going to supper, Morgiana, who penetrated into the intentions of the counterfeit Cogia Houssain, would not give him leave to put his villainous design in execution, but dressed herself neatly with a suitable head-dress like a dancer, girded her waist with a silver-gilt girdle, to which there hung a poniard with a hilt and guard of the same metal, and put a handsome mask on her face. When she had thus disguised herself, she said to Abdallah: Take your tabour, and let us go and divert our master and his son's guest, as we do sometimes when he is alone.

Abdallah took his tabour, and played before Morgiana all the way into the hall; who, when she came to the door, made a low curtsey, with a deliberate air, to make herself taken notice of, and by way of asking leave to show what she could do. Abdallah, seeing that his master had a mind to say something, left off playing. Come in, Morgiana, said Ali Baba, And let Cogia Houssain see what you can do, that he may tell us what he thinks of you. But, sir, said he, turning towards Cogia Houssain, Do not think that I put myself to any expense to give you this diversion, since these are my slave, and my cook and housekeeper; and I hope you will not find the entertainment they give us disagreeable.

Cogia Houssain, who did not expect this diversion after supper, began to fear that he should not have the opportunity that he thought he had found; but hoped, if he missed it now, to have it another time, by keeping up a friendly correspondence with the father and son; therefore, though he could have wished Ali Baba would have let it alone, he pretended to be obliged to him for it, and had the complaisance to express a pleasure at what he saw pleased his host.

As soon as Abdallah saw that Ali Baba and Cogia Houssain had done talking, he began to play on the tabour, and accompanied it with an air; to which Morgiana, who was an excellent dancer, danced after such a manner as would have created admiration in any other company but that before which she now exhibited, among whom, perhaps, none but the false Cogia Houssain was in the least attentive to her.

After she had danced several dances with the same propriety and strength, she drew the poniard, and holding it in her hand, danced a dance, in which she outdid herself, by the many different figures and light movements, and the surprising leaps and wonderful exertions with which she accompanied it. Sometimes she presented the poniard to one's breast, and sometimes to another's, and oftentimes seeming to strike her own. At last, as if she was out of breath, she snatched the tabour from Abdallah with her left hand, and holding the dagger in her right, presented the other side of the tabour, after the manner of those who get a livelihood by dancing, and solicit the liberality of the spectators.

Ali Baba put a piece of gold into the tabour, as did also his son; and Cogia Houssain, seeing that she was coming to him, had pulled his purse out of his bosom to make her a present; but while he was putting his hand into it, Morgiana, with a courage and resolution worthy of herself, plunged the poniard into his heart.

Ali Baba and his son, frightened at this action, cried out aloud. Unhappy wretch! exclaimed Ali Baba, What have you done to ruin me and my family?—It was to preserve you, not to ruin you, answered Morgiana; For see here, said she (opening Cogia Houssain's garment, and showing the dagger), What an enemy you had entertained! Look well at him, and you will find him to be both the pretended oil-merchant and the captain of the gang of forty robbers. Remember, too, that he would eat no salt with you; and what would you have more to persuade you of his wicked design? Before I saw him, I suspected him as soon as you told me you had such a guest. I saw him, and you now find that my suspicion was not groundless.

Ali Baba, who immediately felt the new obligation he had to Morgiana for saving his life a second time, embraced her. Morgiana, said he, I gave you your liberty, and then promised you that my gratitude should not stop there, but that I would soon complete it. The time is come for me to give you a proof of it, by making you my daughter-in-law. Then addressing himself to his son, he said to him: I believe you, son,

to be so dutiful a child, that you will not refuse Morgiana for your wife. You see that Cogia Houssain sought your friendship with a treacherous design to take away my life; and, if he had succeeded, there is no doubt but he would have sacrificed you also to his revenge. Consider, that by marrying Morgiana, you marry the support of my family and your own.

The son, far from showing any dislike, readily consented to the marriage; not only because he would not disobey his father, but that his inclination prompted him to it.

After this, they thought of burying the captain of the robbers with his comrades, and did it so privately that nobody knew anything of it till a great many years after, when not any one had any concern in the publication of this remarkable history.

A few days afterwards, Ali Baba celebrated the nuptials of his son and Morgiana with great solemnity and a sumptuous feast, and the usual dancing and spectacles; and had the satisfaction to see that his friends and neighbours, whom he had invited, had no knowledge of the true motives of that marriage; but that those who were not acquainted with Morgiana's good qualities commended his generosity and goodness of heart.

Ali Baba forbore, a long time after this marriage, from going again to the robbers' cave, from the time he brought away his brother Cassim and some bags of gold on three asses, for fear of finding them there, and being surprised by them. He kept away after the death of the thirty-seven robbers and their captain, supposing the other two robbers, whom he could get no account of, might be alive.

But at the year's end, when he found they had not made any attempt to disturb him, he had the curiosity to make another journey, taking the necessary precautions for his safety. He mounted his horse, and when he came to the cave, and saw no footsteps of men or horses, he looked upon it as a good sign. He alighted off his horse and tied him to a tree; and presenting himself before the door, and pronouncing these words, *Open, Sesame*, the door opened. He went in, and by the condition he found things in, he judged that nobody had been there since the false Cogia Houssain, when he fetched the goods for his shop, and that the gang of forty robbers was completely destroyed, and never doubted he was the only person in the world who had the secret of opening the cave, and that all the treasure was solely at his disposal; and having brought with him a wallet, into which he put as much gold as his horse would carry, he returned to town.

Afterwards Ali Baba carried his son to the cave, taught him the secret, which they handed down to their posterity; and using their good fortune with moderation, lived in great honour and splendour, serving the greatest offices of the city.

APULEIUS (Second Century A. D.)

THE STORY OF CUPID AND PSYCHE[1]

In a certain city lived a king and queen who had three daughters exceeding fair. But the beauty of the two elder, though pleasant to behold, yet passed not the measure of human praise, while such was the loveliness of the youngest that men's speech was too poor to command it worthily and could express it not at all. Many of the citizens and of strangers, whom the fame of this excellent vision had gathered thither, confounded by that matchless beauty, could but kiss the finger-tips of their right hands at sight of her, as in adoration to the goddess Venus herself. And soon a rumour passed through the country that she whom the blue deep had borne, forbearing her divine dignity, was even then moving among men, or that, by some fresh germination from the stars, not the sea now, but the earth, had put forth a new Venus, endued with the flower of virginity.

This belief, with the fame of the maiden's loveliness, went daily farther into distant lands, so that many people were drawn together to behold that glorious model of the age. Men sailed no longer to Paphos, to

[1]Translation by Walter Pater.

Cnidus or Cythera, to the presence of the goddess Venus; her sacred rites were neglected, her images stood uncrowned, the cold ashes were left to disfigure her forsaken altars. It was to a maiden that men's prayers were offered, to a human countenance they looked, in propitiating so great a godhead: when the girl went forth in the morning they strewed flowers on her way, and the victims proper to that unseen goddess were presented as she passed along. This conveyance of divine worship to a mortal kindled meantime the anger of the true Venus. "Lo! now the ancient parent of nature," she cried, "the fountain of all elements! Behold me, Venus, benign mother of the world, sharing my honours with a mortal maiden, while my name, built up in heaven, is profaned by the mean things of earth! Shall a perishable woman bear my image about with her? In vain did the shepherd of Ida prefer me! Yet shall she have little joy, whosoever she be, of her usurped and unlawful loveliness!" Thereupon she called to her that winged, bold boy, of evil ways, who wanders armed by night through men's houses, spoiling their marriages; and stirring yet more by her speech his inborn wantonness, she led him to the city, and showed him Psyche as she walked.

"I pray thee," she said, "give thy mother a full revenge. Let this maid become the slave of an unworthy love." Then, embracing him closely, she departed to the shore and took her throne upon the crest of the wave. And lo! at her unuttered will, her ocean-servants are in waiting: the daughters of Nereus are there singing their song, and Portunus, and Salacia, and the tiny charioteer of the dolphin, with a host of Tritons leaping through the billows. And one blows softly his sounding sea-shell, another spreads a silken web against the sun, a third presents the mirror to the eyes of his mistress, while the others swim side by side below, drawing her chariot. Such was the escort of Venus as she went upon the sea.

Psyche meantime, aware of her loveliness, had no fruit thereof. All people regarded and admired, but none sought her in marriage. It was but as upon the finished work of the craftsman that they gazed upon that divine likeness. Her sisters, less fair than she, were happily wedded. She, even as a widow, sitting at home, wept over her desolation, hating in her heart the beauty in which all men were pleased.

And the king, supposing that the gods were angry, inquired of the oracle of Apollo, and Apollo answered him thus: "Let the damsel be placed on the top of a certain mountain, adorned as for the bed of marriage and of death. Look not for a son-in-law of mortal birth; but for that evil serpent-thing, by reason of whom even the gods tremble and the shadows of Styx are afraid."

So the king returned home and made known the oracle to his wife. For many days she lamented, but at last the fulfilment of the divine precept was urgent upon her, and the company was made ready to conduct the maiden to her deadly bridal. And now the nuptial torch gathers dark smoke and ashes; the pleasant sound of the pipe changes into a cry; the marriage hymn concludes in a sorrowful wailing. Below her yellow wedding-veil the bride shook away her tears; insomuch that the whole city was afflicted together at the ill-luck of the stricken house.

But the mandate of the god impelled the hapless Psyche to her fate, and, those solemnities being ended, the funeral of the living soul goes forth, all the people following. Psyche, bitterly weeping, assists not at her marriage but at her own obsequies, and while the parents hesitate to accomplish a thing so unholy the daughter cries to them: "Wherefore torment your luckless age by long weeping? This was the prize of my extraordinary beauty! When all people celebrated us with divine honours, and with one voice named the *New Venus*, it was then ye should have wept for me as one dead. Now at last I understand that that one name of Venus has been my ruin. Lead me and set me upon the appointed place. I am in haste to submit to that well-omened marriage, to behold that goodly spouse. Why delay the coming of him who was born for the destruction of the whole world?"

She was silent, and with firm step went on the way. And they proceeded to the appointed place on a steep mountain, and left there the maiden alone, and took their way homeward dejectedly. The wretched parents, in their close-shut house, yielded themselves to perpetual night; while to Psyche,

fearful and trembling and weeping sore upon the mountain-top, comes the gentle Zephyrus. He lifts her gently, and, with vesture floating on either side, bears her by his own soft breathing over the windings of the hills, and sets her lightly among the flowers in the bosom of a valley below.

Psyche, in those delicate grassy places, lying sweetly on her dewy bed, rested from the agitation of her soul and arose in peace. And lo! a grove of mighty trees, with a fount of water, clear as glass, in the midst; and hard by the water, a dwelling-place, built not by human hands but by some divine cunning. One recognised, even at the entering, the delightful hostelry of a god. Golden pillars sustained the roof, arched most curiously in cedar-wood and ivory. The walls were hidden under wrought silver, all tame and woodland creatures leaping forward to the visitor's gaze. Wonderful indeed was the craftsman, divine or half divine, who by the subtlety of his art had breathed so wild a soul into the silver! The very pavement was distinct with pictures in goodly stones. In the glow of its precious metal the house is its own daylight, having no need of the sun. Well might it seem a place fashioned for the conversation of gods with men!

Psyche, drawn forward by the delight of it, came near, and, her courage growing, stood within the doorway. One by one, she admired the beautiful things she saw; and, most wonderful of all! no lock, no chain, nor living guardian protected that great treasure-house. But as she gazed there came a voice —a voice, as it were, unclothed of its bodily vesture. "Mistress!" it said, "all these things are thine. Lie down, and relieve thy weariness, and rise again for the bath when thou wilt. We thy servants, whose voice thou hearest, will be beforehand with our service, and a royal feast shall be ready."

And Psyche understood that some divine care was providing, and, refreshed with sleep and the bath, sat down to the feast. Still she saw no one: only she heard words falling here and there, and had voices alone to serve her. And the feast being ended, one entered the chamber and sang to her unseen, while another struck the chords of a harp, invisible with him who played on it. Afterwards the sound of a company singing together came to her, but still so that none was present to sight; yet it appeared that a great multitude of singers was there.

And the hour of evening inviting her, she climbed into the bed; and as the night was far advanced, behold, a sound of a certain clemency approaches her. Then, fearing for her maidenhood, in so great solitude, she trembled, and more than any evil she knew dreaded that she knew not. And now the husband, that unknown husband, drew near, and ascended the couch, and made her his wife; and lo! before the rise of dawn he had departed hastily. And the attendant voices ministered to the needs of the newly married. And so it happened with her for a long season. And as nature has willed, that new thing, by continual use, became a delight to her, and the sound of the voice grew to be her solace in that condition of loneliness and uncertainty.

One night the bridegroom spoke thus to his beloved: "O Psyche, most pleasant bride! Fortune has grown stern with us, and threatens thee with mortal peril. Thy sisters, troubled at the report of thy death and seeking some trace of thee, will come to the mountain-top. But if by chance their cries reach thee, answer not, neither look forth at all, lest thou bring sorrow upon me and destruction upon thyself." Then Psyche promised that she would do according to his will. But the bridegroom had fled away again with the night. And all that day she spent in tears, repeating that she was now dead indeed, shut up in that golden prison; powerless to console her sisters, sorrowing after her, or to see their faces: and so went to rest weeping.

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And the sisters, coming to the place where Psyche had been abandoned, wept loudly among the rocks, and called upon her by name, so that the sound came down to her, and running out of the palace distraught, she cried: "Wherefore afflict your souls with lamentations? I whom you mourn am here." Then summoning Zephyrus, she reminded him of her husband's bidding; and he bare them down with a gentle blast. "Enter now," she said, "into my house, and relieve your sorrow in the company of Psyche your sister."

And Psyche displayed to them all the treasures of the golden house, and its great family of ministering voices, nursing in them the malice which was already at their hearts. And at last one of them asks curiously who the lord of that celestial array may be, and what manner of man her husband? And Psyche answered dissemblingly: "A young man, handsome and mannerly, with a goodly beard. For the most part he hunts upon the mountains." And lest the secret should slip from her in the way of further speech, loading her sisters with gold and gems, she summoned Zephyrus to bear them away.

And they returned home, on fire with envy. "See now the injustice of fortune!" cried one. "We, the elder children, have been given like servants to be the wives of strangers, while the youngest is possessed of so great riches, who scarcely knows how to use them. You saw, sister! what a hoard of wealth is lying in the house; what glittering gowns; what splendour of precious gems, besides all that gold trodden under foot. If she indeed hath, as she said, a bridegroom so goodly, then no one in all the world is happier. And it may be that that husband, being of divine nature, will make her too a goddess. Nay! so in truth it is. It was even thus she bore herself. Already she looks aloft and breathes divinity; who, but a woman, has pure voices for her handmaidens, and can command the winds." "Think," answered the other, "how arrogantly she dealt with us, grudging us these trifling gifts out of all that store, and when she found our company a burden, causing us to be hissed and driven away from her through the air!"

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So, full of rage against her, they returned to Psyche, and said to her craftily: "Thou livest in an ignorant bliss, all incurious of thy real danger. It is a deadly serpent, as we certainly know, that comes to sleep by thy side. Remember the words of the oracle, which declared thee destined to a cruel beast. There are those who have seen it at nightfall, coming back from its feeding. It will not be much longer, they say, ere it will end its blandishments. It but waits for the babe to be formed in thee, that it may devour thee by so much the richer. If indeed the solitude of this musical place, or it may be the loathsome commerce of this hidden love, delight thee, we at least with sisterly piety have done our part." And at last the unhappy Psyche, so simple and frail of soul, was carried away by the terror of their words, and losing memory of her husband's precepts and her own promise, brought upon herself a great calamity. Trembling and turning pale, she answers them: "And they who tell those things, it may be, speak the truth. For in very deed never have I seen the face of my husband, nor know I at all what manner of man he is. Always he frights me diligently from the sight of him, threatening some great evil should I too curiously look upon his face. Do ye, if ye can help your sister in her great peril, stand by her now."

Her sisters answered her: "The way of safety we have well considered, and will teach thee. Take a sharp knife, and hide it in that part of the couch where thou art wont to lie; take also a lamp filled with oil, and set it privily behind the curtain. And when he shall have drawn up his coils into the accustomed place, and thou hearest him breathe in sleep, slip then from his side and discover the lamp, and, knife in hand, put forth all thy strength, and strike off the serpent's head." And so they departed in haste.

And Psyche left alone (alone but for the furies which beset her) is tossed up and down in her distress, like a wave of the sea; and though her will is firm, yet, in the moment of putting hand to the deed, she falters, and is torn asunder by various apprehension of that great calamity upon her. She hastens and anon delays; is now full of distrust, and now of angry courage: under one bodily form she loathes the monster, and loves the bridegroom. But evening ushers in the night; and at last in haste she makes ready for the terrible deed. Darkness came, and the bridegroom; and he first, after some faint essay of love, fell into a deep sleep.

And she, erewhile of no strength, the hard purpose of destiny assisting her, is confirmed in force. With lamp plucked forth, and the knife in her hand, she put by her sex; and lo! as the secrets of the bed became manifest, the sweetest and most gentle of all creatures, Cupid himself, reclined there,

in his own proper loveliness! At the sight of him the very flame of the lamp kindled more gladly! But Psyche was afraid at the vision, and, faint of soul, trembled backward upon her knees, and would have hidden away the steel in her own bosom. But the knife slipped from her hand: and now, undone, yet ofttimes looking upon the beauty of that divine countenance, she lives again. She sees the locks of that golden head, pleasant with the unction of the gods, shed down in graceful entanglement behind and before, about the ruddy cheeks and white throat. The pinions of the winged god, yet fresh with the dew, are spotless upon his shoulders, the delicate plumage wavering over them as they lie at rest. Smooth he was, and, touched with light, worthy of Venus his mother. At the foot of the couch lay his bow and arrows, the instruments of his power, propitious to men.

And Psyche, gazing hungrily upon all that, drew an arrow from the quiver, and trying its point upon her thumb, tremulous still, drave in the barb, so that a drop of blood came forth. Thus fell she, by her own act, and unaware, into the love of Love. Falling upon the bridegroom, with indrawn breath and a hurry of kisses from her eager and open lips, she shuddered as she thought how brief that sleep might be. And it chanced that a drop of burning oil fell from the lamp upon the god's shoulder. Ah! maladroit minister of love, thus to wound him from whom all fire comes; though 't was a lover, I trow, first devised thee, to have the fruit of his desire even in the darkness! At the touch of the fire the god started up, and beholding the overflow of her faith, quietly took flight from her embraces.

And Psyche, as he rose upon the wing, laid hold on him with her two hands, and hung upon him in his passage through the air, till she sank to the earth through weariness. And as she lay there, the divine lover, tarrying still, lighted upon a cypress-tree which grew near, and, from the top of it, spake thus to her, in great emotion: "Foolish one! unmindful of the command of Venus, my mother, who had devoted thee to the bed of one of base degree, I fled to thee in his stead. Now know I that that was vainly done. Into mine own flesh pierced mine arrow, and I made thee my wife, only that I might seem a monster beside thee—that thou shouldst seek to wound the head wherein lay the eyes so full of love to thee! Again and again, I thought to put thee on thy guard concerning these things, and warned thee in loving kindness. Now I would but punish thee by my flight hence." And therewith he winged his way into the deep sky.

Psyche, prostrate upon the earth, and following far as sight might reach the flight of the bridegroom, wept and lamented; and when the breadth of space had parted him wholly from her, cast herself down from the bank of a river which was near. But the stream, turning gentle in honour of the god, put her forth again unhurt upon its margin. And as it happened, Pan, the rustic god, was sitting just then by the waterside, embracing, in the body of a reed, the goddess Canna; teaching her to respond to him in all varieties of slender sound. Hard by, his flock of goats browsed at will. And the shaggy god called her, wounded and outworn, kindly to him and said: "I am but a rustic herdsman, pretty maiden, yet wise, by favour of my great age and long experience; and, if I guess truly by those faltering steps, by thy sorrowful eyes and continual sighing, thou labourest with excess of love. Listen then to me, and seek not death again, in the stream or otherwise. Put aside thy woe and turn thy prayers to Cupid. He is in truth a delicate youth: win him by the delicacy of thy service."

So the shepherd-god spoke, and Psyche, answering nothing, but with a reverence to his serviceable deity, went on her way. And while she, in her search after Cupid, wandered through many lands, he was lying in the chamber of his mother, heart-sick. And the white bird which floats over the waves plunged in haste into the sea, and approaching Venus as she bathed, made known to her that her son lies afflicted with some grievous hurt, doubtful of life. And Venus cried, angrily: "My son, then, has a mistress! And it is Psyche, who witched away my beauty and was the rival of my godhead, whom he loves!"

Therewith she issued from the sea, and returning to her golden chamber, found there the lad, sick, as she had heard, and cried from the doorway: "Well done, truly!

to trample thy mother's precepts under foot, to spare my enemy that cross of an unworthy love; nay, unite her to thyself, child as thou art, that I might have a daughter-in-law who hates me! I will make thee repent of thy sport, and the savour of thy marriage bitter. There is one who shall chasten that body of thine, put out thy torch and unstring thy bow. Not till she has plucked forth that hair, into which so oft these hands have smoothed the golden light, and sheared away thy wings, shall I feel the injury done me avenged." And with that she hastened in anger from the doors.

And Ceres and Juno met her, and sought to know the meaning of her troubled countenance. "Ye come in season," she cried; "I pray you, find for me Psyche. It must needs be that ye have heard the disgrace of my house." And they, ignorant of what was done, would have soothed her anger, saying: "What fault, Mistress! hath thy son committed, that thou wouldst destroy the girl he loves? Knowest thou not that he is now of age? Because he wears his years so lightly must he seem to thee ever but a child? Wilt thou forever thus pry into the pastimes of thy son, always accusing his wantonness, and blaming in him those delicate wiles which are all thine own?" Thus, in secret fear of the boy's bow, did they seek to please him with their gracious patronage. But Venus, angry at their light taking of her wrongs, turned her back upon them; and with hasty step took her way once more to the sea.

And in the meanwhile, Psyche, tossed in soul, wandering hither and thither, rested not night nor day, in the pursuit of her husband, desiring, if she might not soothe his anger by the endearments of a wife, at the least to propitiate him with the prayers of a handmaid. And seeing a certain temple on the top of a high mountain, she said: "Who knows whether yonder place be not the abode of my lord?" Thither, therefore, she turned her steps; hastening now the more because desire and hope pressed her on, weary as she was with the labours of the way; and so, painfully measuring out the highest ridges of the mountain, she drew near to the sacred couches. She sees ears of wheat, in heaps or twisted into chaplets; ears of barley also; and there were sickles and all the instruments of harvest, lying there in disorder, thrown at random from the hands of the labourers in the great heat. These she curiously sets apart, one by one, duly ordering them; for she said within herself: "I may not neglect the shrines, nor the holy service, of any god there be, but must rather win by supplication the kindly mercy of them all."

And Ceres found her as she bent sadly on her task, and cried aloud: "Alas, Psyche! Venus, in the furiousness of her anger, tracks thy footsteps through the world, seeking for thee to pay her the utmost penalty; and thou, thinking of anything rather than thine own safety, hast taken on thee the care of what belongs to me!" Then Psyche fell down at her feet, and sweeping the floor with her hair, and washing the footsteps of the goddess with her tears, besought her mercy, with many prayers: "By the gladdening rites of harvest, by the lighted lamps and mystic marches of the Marriage and mysterious Invention of thy daughter Proserpine, and by all beside that the holy place of Attica veils in silence, minister, I pray thee, to the sorrowful heart of Psyche! Suffer me to hide myself but for a few days among the heaps of corn, till time has softened the anger of the goddess, and my strength, outworn in my long travail, be recovered by a little rest."

But Ceres answered her: "Truly thy tears move me, and I would fain help thee; only I dare not incur the ill-will of my kinswoman. Depart hence as quickly as may be." And Psyche, repelled against hope, and afflicted now with two-fold sorrow, making her way back again, beheld among the half-lighted woods of the valley below a sanctuary builded with cunning art. And that she might lose no way of hope, howsoever doubtful, she drew near to the sacred doors. She sees there gifts of price and garments fixed upon the doorposts and to the branches of the trees, wrought with letters of gold which told the name of the goddess to whom they were dedicated, with thanksgiving for that she had done. So, with bent knee and hands laid about the glowing altar, she prayed, saying: "Sister and spouse of Jupiter! be thou to these my desperate fortunes, Juno the Auspicious! I know that thou dost willingly help those in travail with child; deliver me

from the peril that is upon me." And as she prayed thus, Juno in the majesty of her godhead was straightway present, and answered: "Would that I might incline favourably to thee; but against the will of Venus, whom I have ever loved as a daughter, I may not, for very shame, grant thy prayer."

And Psyche, dismayed by this new shipwreck of her hope, communed thus with herself, "Whither, from the midst of the snares that beset me, shall I take my way once more? In what dark solitude shall I hide me from the all-seeing eye of Venus? What if I put on at length a man's courage, and yielding myself unto her as my mistress, soften by a humility not yet too late the fierceness of her purpose? Who knows but that I may find him also whom my soul seeketh after, in the abode of his mother?"

And Venus, renouncing all earthly aid in her search, prepared to return to heaven. She ordered the chariot to be made ready, which Vulcan had wrought for her as a marriage-gift, with a cunning of hand which left his work so much the richer by the weight of gold it had lost under his tool. From the multitude which housed about the bedchamber of their mistress, white doves came forth, and with joyful motions bent their painted necks beneath the yoke. Behind it, with playful riot, the sparrows sped onward, with other birds sweet of song, making known by their soft notes the approach of the goddess. Eagle and cruel hawk alarmed not the quireful family of Venus. And the clouds broke away, as the uttermost ether opened to receive her, daughter and goddess, with great joy.

And Venus passed straightway to the house of Jupiter to beg of him the use of Mercury, the god of speech. And Jupiter refused not her prayer. And Venus and Mercury descended from heaven together; and as they went, the former said to the latter, "Thou knowest, my brother of Arcady, that never at any time have I done anything without thy help; for how long time, moreover, I have sought a certain maiden in vain. And now nought remains but that, by thy heraldry, I proclaim a reward for whomsoever shall find her. Do thou my bidding quickly." And with that she conveyed to him a little scrip, in the which was written the name of Psyche, with other things; and so returned home.

And Mercury failed not in his office; but departing into all lands, proclaimed that whosoever should deliver up to Venus the fugitive girl, should receive from herself seven kisses—one thereof full of the inmost honey of her throat. With that the doubt of Psyche was ended. And now, as she came near to the doors of Venus, one of the household, whose name was Use-and-Wont, ran out to her, crying: "Hast thou learned, Wicked Maid! now at last! that thou hast a mistress?" and seizing her roughly by the hair, drew her into the presence of Venus. And when Venus saw her, she cried out, saying: "Thou hast deigned then to make thy salutations to thy mother-in-law. Now will I in turn treat thee as becometh a dutiful daughter-in-law!"

And she took barley and millet and poppy seed, every kind of grain and seed, and mixed them together, and laughed, and said to her: "Methinks so plain a maiden can earn lovers only by industrious ministry: now will I also make trial of thy service. Sort me this heap of seed, the one kind from the others, grain by grain; and get thy task done before the evening." And Psyche, stunned by the cruelty of her bidding, was silent, and moved not her hand to the inextricable heap. And there came forth a little ant, which had understanding of the difficulty of her task, and took pity upon the consort of the god of Love: and he ran deftly hither and thither, and called together the whole army of his fellows. "Have pity," he cried, "nimble scholars of the Earth, Mother of all things! have pity upon the wife of Love, and hasten to help her in her perilous effort." Then, one upon the other, the hosts of the insect people hurried together; and they sorted asunder the whole heap of seed, separating every grain after its kind, and so departed quickly out of sight.

And at nightfall Venus returned, and seeing that task finished with so wonderful diligence, she cried: "The work is not thine, thou naughty maid, but his in whose eyes thou hast found favour." And calling her again in the morning, "See now the grove," she said, "beyond yonder torrent. Certain sheep feed there, whose fleeces shine with gold. Fetch me straightway a lock of that

precious stuff, having gotten it as thou mayst."

And Psyche went forth willingly, not to obey the command of Venus, but even to seek a rest from her labour in the depths of the river. But out of the river, the green reed, lowly mother of music, spake to her: "O Psyche, pollute not these waters by thy destruction, and approach not that terrible flock; for, as the heat groweth, they wax fierce: lie down under yon plane-tree, till the quiet of the river's breath have soothed them. Thereafter thou mayst shake down the fleecy gold from the trees of the grove, for it holdeth by the leaves."

And Psyche, instructed thus by the simple reed, in the humanity of its heart, filled her bosom with the soft golden stuff, and returned to Venus. But the goddess smiled bitterly, and said to her: "Well know I who was the author of this thing also. I will make further trial of thy discretion, and the boldness of thy heart. Seest thou the utmost peak of yonder steep mountain? The dark stream which flows down thence waters the Stygian fields, and swells the stream of Cocytus. Bring me now, in this little urn, a draft from its innermost source." And therewith she put into her hands a vessel of wrought crystal.

And Psyche set forth in haste on her way to the mountain, looking there at last to find the end of her hapless life. But when she came to the region which borders on the cliff pointed out to her, she understood the deadly nature of her task. From a great rock, steep and slippery, a horrible river of water poured forth, falling straightway down a channel exceeding narrow into the unseen gulf below. And lo! creeping from the rocks on either hand, angry serpents, with their long necks and sleepless eyes. The very waters found a voice and bade her depart, in smothered cries of: *Depart hence!* and *What dœst thou here? Look around thee!* and *Destruction is upon thee!* And then sense left her, in the immensity of her peril, as one changed to stone.

But not even then did the distress of that innocent soul escape the steady eyes of a gentle providence. For the bird of Jupiter spread his wings and took flight to her, and asked her: "Didst thou think, simple one, even thou! that thou couldst steal one drop of that relentless stream, the most holy river of Styx, terrible even to the gods? But give me thine urn." And the bird took the urn, and filled it at the source, and returned to her quickly from among the teeth of the serpents, bringing with him of the waters, all unwilling—nay! warning him to depart away and not molest them.

And she, receiving the urn with great joy, ran back quickly that she might deliver it to Venus, and yet again satisfied not the angry goddess. "My child!" she said, "in this one thing further must thou serve me. Take now this tiny casket, and get thee down even unto hell, and deliver it to Proserpine. Tell her that Venus would have of her beauty, so much at least as may suffice for but one day's use; that beauty she possessed erewhile being foreworn and spoiled, through her tendance upon the sick-bed of her son; and be not slow in returning."

And Psyche perceived there the last ebbing of her fortune—that she was now thrust openly upon death, who must go down, of her own motion, to Hades and the Shades. And straightway she climbed to the top of an exceeding high tower, thinking within herself: "I will cast myself down thence; so shall I descend most quickly into the kingdom of the dead." And the tower, again, broke forth into speech: "Wretched Maid! Wretched Maid! Wilt thou destroy thyself? If the breath quit thy body, then wilt thou indeed go down into Hades, but by no means return hither. Listen to me. Among the pathless wilds not far from this place lies a certain mountain, and therein one of hell's vent-holes. Through the yawning breach a rough way lies open, following which thou wilt come, by direct course, to the castle of Orcus. And thou must not go empty-handed. Take in each hand a morsel of barley-bread, soaked in hydromel; and in thy mouth two pieces of money. And when thou shalt be now well onward in the way of death, thou wilt overtake a lame ass laden with wood, and a lame driver, who will beg thee to reach him certain cords to fasten the burden which is falling from the ass; but be thou cautious to pass on in silence. And soon as thou comest to the river of the dead, Charon, in that crazy bark he hath, will put thee over upon the farther side. There is greed even among the dead: and thou shalt

deliver to him, for the ferrying, one of those two pieces of money, in such wise that he take it with his hand from between thy lips. And as thou passest over the stream, a dead old man, rising on the water, will put up to thee his mouldering hands, and pray thee to draw him into the ferry-boat. But beware that thou yield not to unlawful pity.

"When thou hast crossed, and art upon the causeway, certain aged women, spinning, will cry to thee to lend thy hand to their work: and beware again that thou take no part therein; for this also is the snare of Venus, whereby she would cause thee to cast away one at least of those cakes thou bearest in thy hands. And think not that a slight matter; for the loss of either one of them will be to thee the losing of the light of day. For a watch-dog exceeding fierce lies ever before the threshold of that lonely house of Proserpine. Close his mouth with one of thy cakes; so shalt thou pass by him, and enter straightway into the presence of Proserpine herself. Then, do thou deliver thy message, and taking what she shall give thee, return back again; offering to the watch-dog the other cake, and to the ferryman that other piece of money thou holdest in thy mouth. After this manner mayst thou return again beneath the stars. But withal, I charge thee, think not to look into, nor open, the casket thou bearest, with that treasure of the beauty of the divine countenance hidden therein."

So spake the stones of the tower; and Psyche delayed not, but proceeding diligently after the manner enjoined, entered into the house of Proserpine, at whose feet she sat down humbly, and would neither the delicate couch nor that divine food which the goddess offered her, but did straightway the business of Venus. And Proserpine filled the casket secretly, and shut the lid, and delivered it to Psyche, who fled therewith from Hades with new strength. But coming back into the light of day, even as she hasted now to the ending of her service, she was seized by a rash curiosity. "Lo! now," she said within herself, "my simpleness! who bearing in my hands the divine loveliness, heed not to touch myself with a particle at least therefrom, that I may please the more by the fervour of it, my fair one, my beloved!" Even as she spoke, she lifted the lid; and behold! within, neither beauty, nor anything beside, save sleep only, the sleep of the dead, which took hold upon her, filling all her members with its drowsy vapour, so that she lay down in the way and moved not, as in the slumber of death.

And Cupid, his wound being now healed, because he would endure no longer the absence of her he loved, gliding through the narrow window of the chamber wherein he was holden, his pinions being now repaired with a little rest, fled forth swiftly upon them; and coming to the place where Psyche was, shook that sleep away from her, and set him in his prison again, awaking her with the innocent point of his arrow. "Lo! now, thine old error again," he said to her, "which had like once more to have destroyed thee! But do thou now what is lacking of the command of my mother; the rest shall be my care." With these words, the lover rose upon the air; and being consumed inwardly with the greatness of his love, penetrated with vehement wing into the highest place of heaven, to lay his cause before the father of the gods. And the father of gods took his hand in his, and kissed his face, and said to him: "At no time, my son, hast thou regarded me with due honour. Often hast thou vexed my bosom, wherein lies the disposition of the stars, with those busy darts of thine. Nevertheless, because thou hast grown up between these mine hands, I will accomplish thy desire." And straightway he bade Mercury to call the gods together; and, the council-chamber being filled, sitting upon a high throne: "Ye gods," he said, "all ye whose names are in the white book of the Muses, ye know yonder lad. It seems good to me that his youthful heats should by some means be restrained. And that all occasion may be taken from him, I would even confine him in the bonds of marriage. He has chosen and embraced a mortal maiden. Let him have fruit of her love, and possess her forever."

And thereupon he bade Mercury produce Psyche in heaven; and holding out to her his ambrosial cup, "Take it," he said, "and live forever: nor shall Cupid ever depart from thee." And the gods sat down together to the marriage-feast. On the first couch lay the bridegroom, and Psyche in his bosom. His rustic serving-boy bare the wine to

Jupiter; and Bacchus to the rest. The Seasons crimsoned all things with their roses. Apollo sang to the lyre, while a little Pan prattled on his reeds, and Venus danced very sweetly to the soft music. Thus, with due rites, did Psyche pass into the power of Cupid; and from them was born the daughter whom men call Voluptas.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE
(Twelfth Century)

THE SONG-STORY OF AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE[1]

'Tis of Aucassin and Nicolete.
Who would list to the good lay
Gladness of the captive grey?
'Tis how two young lovers met,
Aucassin and Nicolete,
Of the pains the lover bore
And the sorrows he outwore,
For the goodness and the grace,
Of his love, so fair of face.

Sweet the song, the story sweet;
There is no man hearkens it,
No man living 'neath the sun,
So outwearied, so foredone,
Sick and woful, worn and sad,
But is healed, but is glad
'Tis so sweet.

So SAY they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

How the Count Bougars de Valence made war on Count Garin de Biaucaire, war so great, and so marvellous, and so mortal that never a day dawned but alway he was there, by the gates and walls, and barriers of the town with a hundred knights, and ten thousand men at arms, horsemen and footmen: so burned he the Count's land, and spoiled his country, and slew his men. Now the Count Garin de Biaucaire was old and frail, and his good days were gone over. No heir had he, neither son nor daughter, save one young man only; such an one as I shall tell you. Aucassin was the name of the damoiseau: fair was he, goodly, and great, and featly fashioned of his body, and limbs. His hair was yellow, in little curls, his eyes blue and laughing, his face beautiful and shapely, his nose high and well set, and so richly seen was he in all things good, that in him was none evil at all. But so suddenly overtaken was he of Love, who is a great master, that he would not, of his will, be dubbed knight, nor take arms, nor follow tourneys, nor do whatsoever him beseemed. Therefore his father and mother said to him;

"Son, go take thine arms, mount thy horse, and hold thy land, and help thy men, for if they see thee among them, more stoutly will they keep in battle their lives, and lands, and thine, and mine."

"Father," said Aucassin, "I marvel that you will be speaking. Never may God give me aught of my desire if I be made knight, or mount my horse, or face stour and battle wherein knights smite and are smitten again, unless thou give me Nicolete, my true love, that I love so well."

"Son," said the father, "this may not be. Let Nicolete go, a slave girl she is, out of a strange land, and the captain of this town bought her of the Saracens, and carried her hither, and hath reared her and let christen the maid, and took her for his daughter in God, and one day will find a young man for her, to win her bread honourably. Herein hast thou nought to make or mend, but if a wife thou wilt have, I will give thee the daughter of a King, or a Count. There is no man so rich in France, but if thou desire his daughter, thou shalt have her."

"Faith! my father," said Aucassin, "tell me where is the place so high in all the world, that Nicolete, my sweet lady and love, would not grace it well? If she were Empress of Constantinople or of Germany, or Queen of France or England, it were little enough for her; so gentle is she and courteous, and debonaire, and compact of all good qualities."

Here singeth one:

Aucassin was of Biaucaire
Of a goodly castle there,
But from Nicolete the fair
None might win his heart away

[1] Translation by Andrew Lang.

Though his father, many a day,
And his mother said him nay,
"Ha! fond child, what wouldest thou?
Nicolete is glad enow!
Was from Carthage cast away,
Paynims sold her on a day!
Wouldst thou win a lady fair
Choose a maid of high degree
Such an one is meet for thee."
"Nay of these I have no care,
Nicolete is debonaire,
Her body sweet and the face of her
Take my heart as in a snare,
Loyal love is but her share
That is so sweet."

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When the Count Garin de Biaucaire knew that he would avail not to withdraw Aucassin his son from the love of Nicolete, he went to the Captain of the city, who was his man, and spake to him saying:

"Sir Count; away with Nicolete thy daughter in God; cursed be the land whence she was brought into this country, for by reason of her do I lose Aucassin, that will neither be dubbed knight, nor do aught of the things that fall to him to be done. And wit ye well," he said, "that if I might have her at my will, I would burn her in a fire, and yourself might well be sore adread."

"Sir," said the Captain, "this is grievous to me that he comes and goes and hath speech with her. I had bought the maiden at mine own charges, and nourished her, and baptized, and made her my daughter in God. Yea, I would have given her to a young man that should win her bread honourably. With this had Aucassin thy son nought to make or mend. But, sith it is thy will and thy pleasure, I will send her into that land and that country where never will he see her with his eyes."

"Have a heed to thyself," said the Count Garin, "thence might great evil come on thee."

So parted they from each other. Now the Captain was a right rich man: so had he a rich palace with a garden in face of it; in an upper chamber thereof he let place Nicolete with one old woman to keep her company, and in that chamber put bread and meat and wine and such things as were needful. Then he let seal the door, that none might come in or go forth, save that there was one window, over against the garden, and strait enough, where through came to them a little air.

Here singeth one:

Nicolete as ye heard tell
Prisoned is within a cell
That is painted wondrously
With colours of a far countrie,
And the window of marble wrought,
There the maiden stood in thought,
With straight brows and yellow hair
Never saw ye fairer fair!
On the wood she gazed below,
And she saw the roses blow,
Heard the birds sing loud and low,
Therefore spoke she wofully:
"Ah me, wherefore do I lie
Here in prison wrongfully:
Aucassin, my love, my knight,
Am I not thy heart's delight,
Thou that lovest me aright!
'Tis for thee that I must dwell
In the vaulted chamber cell,
Hard beset and all alone!
By our Lady Mary's Son
Here no longer will I wonn,
If I may flee!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Nicolete was in prison, as ye have heard soothly, in the chamber. And the noise and bruit of it went through all the country and all the land, how that Nicolete was lost. Some said she had fled the country, and some that the Count Garin de Biaucaire had let slay her. Whosoever had joy thereof, Aucassin had none, so he went to the Captain of the town and spoke to him, saying:

"Sir Captain, what hast thou made of Nicolete, my sweet lady and love, the thing that best I love in all the world? Hast thou carried her off or ravished her away from me? Know well that if I die of it, the price shall be demanded of thee, and that will be well done, for it shall be even as if thou hadst slain me with thy two hands, for thou hast taken from me the thing that in this world I loved the best."

"Fair Sir," said the Captain, "let these things be. Nicolete is a captive that I did bring from a strange country. Yea, I bought her at my own charges of the Saracens, and I bred her up and baptized her, and made her my daughter in God. And I

have cherished her, and one of these days I would have given her a young man, to win her bread honourably. With this thou hast naught to make, but do thou take the daughter of a King or a Count. Nay more, what wouldst thou deem thee to have gained, hadst thou made her thy leman, and taken her to thy bed? Plentiful lack of comfort hadst thou got thereby, for in Hell would thy soul have lain while the world endures, and into Paradise wouldst thou have entered never."

"In Paradise what have I to win? Therein I seek not to enter, but only to have Nicolete, my sweet lady that I love so well. For into Paradise go none but such folk as I shall tell thee now. Thither go these same old priests, and halt old men and maimed, who all day and night cower continually before the altars, and in the crypts; and such folk as wear old amices and old clouted frocks, and naked folk and shoeless, and covered with sores, perishing of hunger and thirst, and of cold, and of little ease. These be they that go into Paradise, with them have I naught to make. But into Hell would I fain go; for into Hell fare the goodly clerks, and goodly knights that fall in tourneys and great wars, and stout men at arms, and all men noble. With these would I liefly go. And thither pass the sweet ladies and courteous that have two lovers, or three, and their lords also thereto. Thither goes the gold, and the silver, and cloth of vair, and cloth of gris, and harpers, and makers, and the prince of this world. With these I would gladly go, let me but have with me, Nicolete, my sweetest lady."

"Certes," quoth the Captain, "in vain wilt thou speak thereof, for never shalt thou see her; and if thou hadst word with her, and thy father knew it, he would let burn in a fire both her and me, and thyself might well be sore adread."

"That is even what irketh me," quoth Aucassin. So he went from the Captain sorrowing.

Here singeth one:

Aucassin did so depart
Much in dole and heavy at heart
For his love so bright and dear,
None might bring him any cheer,
None might give good words to hear,
To the palace doth he fare
Climbeth up the palace-stair,
Passeth to a chamber there,
Thus great sorrow doth he bear,
For his lady and love so fair.
"Nicolete how fair art thou,
Sweet thy foot-fall, sweet thine eyes,
Sweet the mirth of thy replies,
Sweet thy laughter, sweet thy face,
Sweet thy lips and sweet thy brow,
And the touch of thine embrace,
All for thee I sorrow now,
Captive in an evil place,
Whence I ne'er may go my ways
Sister, sweet friend!"

So say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

While Aucassin was in the chamber sorrowing for Nicolete his love, even then the Count Bougars de Valence, that had his war to wage, forgat it no whit, but had called up his horsemen and his footmen, so made he for the castle to storm it. And the cry of battle arose, and the din, and knights and men at arms busked them, and ran to walls and gates to hold the keep. And the townsfolk mounted to the battlements, and cast down bolts and pikes. Then while the assault was great and even at its height, the Count Garin de Biaucaire came into the chamber where Aucassin was making lament, sorrowing for Nicolete, his sweet lady that he loved so well.

"Ha! son," quoth he, "how caitiff art thou, and cowardly, that canst see men assail thy goodliest castle and strongest. Know thou that if thou lose it, thou losest all. Son, go to, take arms, and mount thy horse, and defend thy land, and help thy men, and fare into the stour. Thou needst not smite nor be smitten. If they do but see thee among them, better will they guard their substance, and their lives, and thy land and mine. And thou art so great, and hardy of thy hands, that well mightst thou do this thing, and to do it is thy devoir."

"Father," said Aucassin, "what is this thou sayest now? God grant me never aught of my desire, if I be dubbed knight, or mount steed, or go into the stour where knights do smite and are smitten, if thou givest me not Nicolete, my sweet lady, whom I love so well."

"Son," quoth his father, "this may never be: rather would I be quite disinherited and

lose all that is mine, than that thou shouldst have her to thy wife, or to love *par amours*."

So he turned him about. But when Aucassin saw him going he called to him again saying,

"Father, go to now, I will make with thee fair covenant."

"What covenant, fair son?"

"I will take up arms, and go into the stour, on this covenant, that, if God bring me back sound and safe, thou wilt let me see Nicolete my sweet lady, even so long that I may have of her two words or three, and one kiss."

"That will I grant," said his father.

At this was Aucassin glad.

Here one singeth:

Of the kiss heard Aucassin
That returning he shall win.
None so glad would he have been
Of a myriad marks of gold
Of a hundred thousand told.
Called for raiment brave of steel,
Then they clad him, head to heel,
Twyfold hauberk doth he don,
Firmly braced the helmet on.
Girt the sword with hilt of gold,
Horse doth mount, and lance doth wield,
Looks to stirrups and to shield,
Wondrous brave he rode to field.
Dreaming of his lady dear
Setteth spurs to the destrere,
Rideth forward without fear,
Through the gate and forth away
To the fray.

So speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin was armed and mounted as ye have heard tell. God! how goodly sat the shield on his shoulder, the helm on his head, and the baldric on his left haunch! And the damoiseau was tall, fair, featly fashioned, and hardy of his hands, and the horse whereon he rode swift and keen, and straight had he spurred him forth of the gate. Now believe ye not that his mind was on kine, nor cattle of the booty, nor thought he how he might strike a knight, nor be stricken again: nor no such thing. Nay, no memory had Aucassin of aught of these; rather he so dreamed of Nicolete, his sweet lady, that he dropped his reins, forgetting all there was to do, and his horse that had felt the spur, bore him into the press and hurled among the foe, and they laid hands on him all about, and took him captive, and seized away his spear and shield, and straightway they led him off a prisoner, and were even now discoursing of what death he should die.

And when Aucassin heard them,

"Ha! God," said he, "sweet Saviour. Be these my deadly enemies that have taken me, and will soon cut off my head? And once my head is off, no more shall I speak with Nicolete, my sweet lady, that I love so well. Natheless have I here a good sword, and sit a good horse unwearied. If now I keep not my head for her sake, God help her never, if she love me more!"

The damoiseau was tall and strong, and the horse whereon he sat was right eager. And he laid hand to sword, and fell a-smiting to right and left, and smote through helm and *nasal*, and arm and clenched hand, making a murder about him, like a wild boar when hounds fall on him in the forest, even till he struck down ten knights, and seven he hurt, and straightway he hurled out of the press, and rode back again at full speed, sword in hand. The Count Bougars de Valence heard say they were about hanging Aucassin, his enemy, so he came into that place and Aucassin was ware of him, and gat his sword into his hand, and lashed at his helm with such a stroke that he drave it down on his head, and he being stunned, fell grovelling. And Aucassin laid hands on him, and caught him by the *nasal* of his helmet, and gave him to his father.

"Father," quoth Aucassin, "lo here is your mortal foe, who hath so warred on you with all malengin. Full twenty years did this war endure, and might not be ended by man."

"Fair son," said his father, "thy feats of youth shouldst thou do, and not seek after folly."

"Father," said Aucassin, "sermon me no sermons, but fulfil my covenant."

"Ha! what covenant, fair son?"

"What, father, hast thou forgotten it? By mine own head, whosoever forgets, will I not forget it, so much it hath me at heart. Didst thou not covenant with me when I took up arms, and went into the stour, that if God brought me back safe and sound, thou wouldst let me see Nicolete, my sweet lady, even so long that I may have of her two

words or three, and one kiss? So didst thou covenant, and my mind is that thou keep thy word."

"I!" quoth the father, "God forsake me when I keep this covenant! Nay, if she were here I would let her burn in the fire, and thyself shouldst be sore adread."

"Is this thy last word?" quoth Aucassin.

"So help me God," quoth his father, "yea!"

"Certes," quoth Aucassin, "this is a sorry thing meseems, when a man of thine age lies!"

"Count of Valence," quoth Aucassin, "I took thee?"

"In sooth, Sir, didst thou," saith the Count.

"Give me thy hand," saith Aucassin.

"Sir, with good will."

So he set his hand in the other's.

"Now givest thou me thy word," saith Aucassin, "that never whiles thou art living man wilt thou avail to do my father dishonour, or harm him in body, or in goods, but do it thou wilt?"

"Sir, in God's name," saith he, "mock me not, but put me to my ransom; ye cannot ask of me gold nor silver, horses nor palfreys, *vair* nor *gris*, hawks nor hounds, but I will give you them."

"What?" quoth Aucassin. "Ha, knowest thou not it was I that took thee?"

"Yea, sir," quoth the Count Bougars.

"God help me never, but I will make thy head fly from thy shoulders, if thou makest not truth," said Aucassin.

"In God's name," said he, "I make what promise thou wilt."

So they did the oath, and Aucassin let mount him on a horse, and took another and so led him back till he was all in safety.

Here one singeth:

When the Count Garin doth know
That his child would ne'er forego
Love of her that loved him so,
Nicolete, the bright of brow,
In a dungeon deep below
Childe Aucassin did he throw.
Even there the Childe must dwell
In a dun-walled marble cell.
There he waileth in his woe
Crying thus as ye shall know.
"Nicolete, thou lily white,
My sweet lady, bright of brow,
Sweeter than the grape art thou,
Sweeter than sack posset good
In a cup of maple wood!
Was it not but yesterday
That a palmer came this way,
Out of Limousin came he,
And at ease he might not be,
For a passion him possessed
That upon his bed he lay,
Lay, and tossed, and knew not rest
In his pain discomforted.
But thou camest by the bed,
Where he tossed amid his pain,
Holding high thy sweeping train,
And thy kirtle of ermine,
And thy smock of linen fine,
Then these fair white limbs of thine,
Did he look on, and it fell
That the palmer straight was well,
Straight was hale—and comforted,
And he rose up from his bed,
And went back to his own place,
Sound and strong, and full of face!
My sweet lady, lily white,
Sweet thy footfall, sweet thine eyes,
And the mirth of thy replies.
Sweet thy laughter, sweet thy face,
Sweet thy lips and sweet thy brow,
And the touch of thine embrace.
Who but doth in thee delight?
I for love of thee am bound
In this dungeon underground,
All for loving thee must lie
Here where loud on thee I cry,
Here for loving thee must die
For thee, my love."

Then say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin was cast into prison as ye have heard tell, and Nicolete, of her part, was in the chamber. Now it was summer time, the month of May, when days are warm, and long, and clear, and the night still and serene. Nicolete lay one night on her bed, and saw the moon shine clear through a window, yea, and heard the nightingale sing in the garden, so she minded her of Aucassin her lover whom she loved so well. Then fell she to thoughts of Count Garin de Biaucaire, that hated her to the death; therefore deemed she that there she would no longer abide, for that, if she were told of, and the Count knew whereas she lay, an ill death would he make her die. Now she knew that the old woman slept who held her company. Then she arose, and clad her in a mantle of silk she had by her, very goodly, and took napkins, and sheets of the bed, and knotted one to the other, and made therewith a cord

as long as she might, so knitted it to a pillar in the window, and let herself slip down into the garden, then caught up her raiment in both hands, behind and before, and kilted up her kirtle, because of dew that she saw lying deep on the grass, and so went her way down through the garden.

Her locks were yellow and curled, her eyes blue and smiling, her face featly fashioned, the nose high and fairly set, the lips more red than cherry or rose in time of summer, her teeth white and small; her breasts so firm that they bore up the folds of her bodice as they had been two apples; so slim she was in the waist that your two hands might have clipped her, and the daisy flowers that brake beneath her as she went tip-toe, and that bent above her instep, seemed black against her feet, so white was the maiden. She came to the postern gate, and unbarred it, and went out through the streets of Biaucaire, keeping always on the shadowy side, for the moon was shining right clear, and so wandered she till she came to the tower where her lover lay. The tower was flanked with buttresses, and she cowered under one of them, wrapped in her mantle. Then thrust she her head through a crevice of the tower that was old and worn, and so heard she Aucassin wailing within, and making dole and lament for the sweet lady he loved so well. And when she had listened to him she began to say:

Here one singeth:

Nicolete the bright of brow
On a pillar leanest thou,
All Aucassin's wail dost hear
For his love that is so dear,
Then thou spakest, shrill and clear,
"Gentle knight withouten fear
Little good befalleth thee,
Little help of sigh or tear,
Ne'er shalt thou have joy of me.
Never shalt thou win me; still
Am I held in evil will
Of thy father and thy kin,
Therefore must I cross the sea,
And another land must win."
Then she cut her curls of gold,
Cast them in the dungeon hold,
Aucassin doth clasp them there,
Kissed the curls that were so fair,
Them doth in his bosom bear,
Then he wept, even as of old,
All for his love!

Then say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin heard Nicolete say that she would pass into a far country, he was all in wrath.

"Fair sweet friend," quoth he, "thou shalt not go, for then wouldst thou be my death. And the first man that saw thee and had the might withal, would take thee straightway into his bed to be his leman. And once thou camest into a man's bed and that bed not mine, wit ye well that I would not tarry till I had found a knife to pierce my heart and slay myself. Nay, verily, wait so long I would not; but would hurl myself on it so soon as I could find a wall, or a black stone, thereon would I dash my head so mightily, that the eyes would start, and my brain burst. Rather would I die even such a death, than know thou hadst lain in a man's bed, and that bed not mine."

"Aucassin," she said, "I trow thou lovest me not as much as thou sayest, but I love thee more than thou lovest me."

"Ah, fair sweet friend," said Aucassin, "it may not be that thou shouldst love me even as I love thee. Woman may not love man as man loves woman, for a woman's love lies in the glance of her eye, and the bud of her breast, and her foot's tip-toe, but the love of man is in his heart planted, whence it can never issue forth and pass away."

Now while Aucassin and Nicolete held this parley together, the town's guards came down a street, with swords drawn beneath their cloaks, for the Count Garin had charged them that if they could take her they should slay her. But the sentinel that was on the tower saw them coming, and heard them speaking of Nicolete as they went, and threatening to slay her.

"God!" quoth he, "this were great pity to slay so fair a maid! Right great charity it were if I could say aught to her, and they perceive it not, and she should be on her guard against them, for if they slay her, then were Aucassin, my damoiseau, dead, and that were great pity."

Here one singeth:

Valiant was the sentinel,
Courteous, kind, and practiced well,
So a song did sing and tell
Of the peril that befell.

"Maiden fair that lingerest here,
Gentle maid of merry cheer,
Hair of gold, and eyes as clear
As the water in a mere,
Thou, meseems, hast spoken word
To thy lover and thy lord,
That would die for thee, his dear;
Now beware the ill accord,
Of the cloaked men of the sword,
These have sworn and keep their word,
They will put thee to the sword
Save thou take heed!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

"Ha!" quoth Nicolete, "be the soul of thy father and the soul of thy mother in the rest of Paradise, so fairly and so courteously hast thou spoken me! Please God, I will be right ware of them, God keep me out of their hands."

So she shrank under her mantle into the shadow of the pillar till they had passed by, and then took she farewell of Aucassin, and so fared till she came unto the castle wall. Now that wall was wasted and broken, and some deal mended, so she clomb thereon till she came between wall and fosse, and so looked down, and saw that the fosse was deep and steep, whereat she was sore adread.

"Ah, God," saith she, "sweet Saviour! If I let myself fall hence, I shall break my neck, and if here I abide, to-morrow they will take me and burn me in a fire. Yet liefer would I perish here than that to-morrow the folk should stare on me for a gazing-stock."

Then she crossed herself, and so let herself slip into the fosse, and when she had come to the bottom, her fair feet, and fair hands that had not custom thereof, were bruised and frayed, and the blood springing from a dozen places, yet felt she no pain nor hurt, by reason of the great dread wherein she went. But if she were in cumber to win there, in worse was she to win out. But she deemed that there to abide was of none avail, and she found a pike sharpened, that they of the city had thrown out to keep the hold. Therewith made she one stepping place after another, till, with much travail, she climbed the wall. Now the forest lay within two crossbow shots, and the forest was of thirty leagues this way and that. Therein also were wild beasts, and beasts serpentine, and she feared that if she entered there they would slay her. But anon she deemed that if men found her there they would hale her back into the town to burn her.

Here one singeth:

Nicolete, the fair of face,
Climbed upon the coping stone,
There made she lament and moan
Calling on our Lord alone
For his mercy and his grace.
"Father, king of Majesty,
Listen, for I nothing know
Where to flee or whither go.
If within the wood I fare,
Lo, the wolves will slay me there,
Boars and lions terrible,
Many in the wild wood dwell,
But if I abide the day,
Surely worse will come of it,
Surely will the fire be lit
That shall burn my body away,
Jesus, lord of Majesty,
Better seemeth it to me,
That within the wood I fare,
Though the wolves devour me there
Than within the town to go,
Ne'er be it so!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Nicolete made great moan, as ye have heard; then commended she herself to God, and anon fared till she came unto the forest. But to go deep in it she dared not, by reason of the wild beasts, and beasts serpentine. Anon crept she into a little thicket, where sleep came upon her, and she slept till prime next day, when the shepherds issued forth from the town and drove their bestial between wood and water. Anon came they all into one place by a fair fountain which was on the fringe of the forest, thereby spread they a mantle, and thereon set bread. So while they were eating, Nicolete wakened, with the sound of the singing birds, and the shepherds, and she went unto them, saying, "Fair boys, our Lord keep you!"

"God bless thee," quoth he that had more words to his tongue than the rest.

"Fair boys," quoth she, "know ye Aucassin, the son of Count Garin de Biaucaire?"

"Yea, well we know him."

"So may God help you, fair boys," quoth she, "tell him there is a beast in this forest,

and bid him come chase it, and if he can take it, he would not give one limb thereof for a hundred marks of gold, nay, nor for five hundred, nor for any ransom."

Then looked they on her, and saw her so fair that they were all astonished.

"Will I tell him thereof?" quoth he that had more words to his tongue than the rest; "foul fall him who speaks of the thing or tells him the tidings. These are but visions ye tell of, for there is no beast so great in this forest, stag, nor lion, nor boar, that one of his limbs is worth more than two deniers, or three at the most, and ye speak of such great ransom. Foul fall him that believes your word, and him that telleth Aucassin. Ye be a Fairy, and we have none liking for your company, nay, hold on your road."

"Nay, fair boys," quoth she, "nay, ye will do my bidding. For this beast is so mighty of medicine that thereby will Aucassin be healed of his torment. And lo! I have five sols in my purse, take them, and tell him: for within three days must he come hunting it hither, and if within three days he find it not, never will he be healed of his torment."

"My faith," quoth he, "the money will we take, and if he come hither we will tell him, but seek him we will not."

"In God's name," quoth she; and so took farewell of the shepherds, and went her way.

Here one singeth:

Nicolete the bright of brow
From the shepherds doth she pass
All below the blossomed bough
Where an ancient way there was,
Overgrown and choked with grass,
Till she found the cross-roads where
Seven paths do all way fare,
Then she deemeth she will try,
Should her lover pass thereby,
If he love her loyally.
So she gathered white lilies,
Oak-leaf, that in green wood is,
Leaves of many a branch I wis,
Therewith built a lodge of green,
Goodlier was never seen,
Swore by God who may not lie,
"If my love the lodge should spy,
He will rest awhile thereby
If he love me loyally."
Thus his faith she deemed to try,
"Or I love him not, not I,
Nor he loves me!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Nicolete built her lodge, of boughs, as ye have heard, right fair and feteously, and wove it well, within and without, of flowers and leaves. So lay she hard by the lodge in a deep coppice to know what Aucassin will do. And the cry and the bruit went abroad through all the country and all the land, that Nicolete was lost. Some told that she had fled, and some that the Count Garin had let slay her. Whosoever had joy thereof, no joy had Aucassin. And the Count Garin, his father, had taken him out of prison, and had sent for the knights of that land, and the ladies, and let make a right great feast, for the comforting of Aucassin his son. Now at the high time of the feast, was Aucassin leaning from the gallery, all woful and discomforted. Whatsoever men might devise of mirth, Aucassin had no joy thereof, nor no desire, for he saw not her that he loved. Then a knight looked on him, and came to him, and said:

"Aucassin, of that sickness of thine have I been sick, and good counsel will I give thee, if thou wilt hearken to me—"

"Sir," said Aucassin, "gramercy, good counsel would I fain hear."

"Mount thy horse," quoth he, "and go take thy pastime in yonder forest, there wilt thou see the good flowers and grass, and hear the sweet birds sing. Perchance thou shalt hear some word, whereby thou shalt be the better."

"Sir," quoth Aucassin, "gramercy, that will I do."

He passed out of the hall, and went down the stairs, and came to the stable where his horse was. He let saddle and bridle him, and mounted, and rode forth from the castle, and wandered till he came to the forest, so rode till he came to the fountain and found the shepherds at point of noon. And they had a mantle stretched on the grass, and were eating bread, and making great joy.

Here singeth one:

There were gathered shepherds all,
Martin, Esmeric, and Hal,
Aubrey, Robin, great and small.
Saith the one, "Good fellows all,
God keep Aucassin the fair,
And the maid with yellow hair,

Bright of brow and eyes of vair.
She that gave us gold to ware.
Cakes therewith to buy ye know,
Goodly knives and sheaths also.
Flutes to play, and pipes to blow,
May God him heal!"

Here speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin heard the shepherds, anon he bethought him of Nicolete, his sweet lady he loved so well, and he deemed that she had passed thereby; then set he spurs to his horse, and so came to the shepherds.

"Fair boys, God be with you."

"God bless you," quoth he that had more words to his tongue than the rest.

"Fair boys," quoth Aucassin, "say the song again that anon ye sang."

"Say it we will not," quoth he that had more words to his tongue than the rest, "foul fall him who will sing it again for you, fair sir!"

"Fair boys," quoth Aucassin, "know ye me not?"

"Yea, we know well that you are Aucassin, our damoiseau, natheless we be not your men, but the Count's."

"Fair boys, yet sing it again, I pray you."

"Hearken! by the Holy Heart," quoth he, "wherefore should I sing for you, if it likes me not? Lo, there is no such rich man in this country, saving the body of Garin the Count, that dare drive forth my oxen, or my cows, or my sheep, if he finds them in his fields, or his corn, lest he lose his eyes for it, and wherefore should I sing for you, if it likes me not?"

"God be your aid, fair boys, sing it ye will, and take ye these ten sols I have here in a purse."

"Sir, the money will we take, but never a note will I sing, for I have given my oath, but I will tell thee a plain tale, if thou wilt."

"By God," saith Aucassin, "I love a plain tale better than naught."

"Sir, we were in this place, a little time agone, between prime and tierce, and were eating our bread by this fountain, even as now we do, and a maid came past, the fairest thing in the world, whereby we deemed that she should be a fay, and all the wood shone round about her. Anon she gave us of that she had, whereby we made covenant with her, that if ye came hither we would bid you hunt in this forest, wherein is such a beast that, an ye might take him, ye would not give one limb of him for five hundred marks of silver, nor for no ransom; for this beast is so mighty of medicine, that, an ye could take him, ye should be healed of your torment, and within three days must ye take him, and if ye take him not then, never will ye look on him. So chase ye the beast, an ye will, or an ye will let be, for my promise have I kept with her."

"Fair boys," quoth Aucassin, "ye have said enough. God grant me to find this quarry."

Here singeth one:

Aucassin when he had heard,
Sore within his heart was stirred,
Left the shepherds on that word,
Far into the forest spurred
Rode into the wood; and fleet
Fled his horse through paths of it,
Three words spake he of his sweet,
"Nicolete the fair, the dear,
'Tis for thee I follow here
Track of boar, nor slot of deer,
But thy sweet body and eyes so clear,
All thy mirth and merry cheer,
That my very heart have slain,
So please God to me maintain
I shall see my love again,
Sweet sister, friend!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin fared through the forest from path to path after Nicolete, and his horse bare him furiously. Think ye not that the thorns him spared, nor the briars, nay, not so, but tare his raiment, that scarce a knot might be tied with the soundest part thereof, and the blood sprang from his arms, and flanks, and legs, in forty places, or thirty, so that behind the Childe men might follow on the track of his blood in the grass. But so much he went in thoughts of Nicolete, his lady sweet, that he felt no pain nor torment, and all the day hurled through the forest in this fashion nor heard no word of her. And when he saw Vespers draw nigh, he began to weep for that he found her not. All down an old road, and grassgrown he fared, when anon, looking along the way before him, he saw such an one as I shall tell you. Tall was he, and great of growth, laidly and

marvellous to look upon: his head huge, and black as charcoal, and more than the breadth of a hand between his two eyes, and great cheeks, and a big nose and broad, big nostrils and ugly, and thick lips redder than a collop, and great teeth yellow and ugly, and he was shod with hosen and shoon of bull's hide, bound with cords of bark over the knee, and all about him a great cloak twyfold, and he leaned on a grievous cudgel, and Aucassin came unto him, and was afraid when he beheld him.

"Fair brother, God aid thee."

"God bless you," quoth he.

"As God he helpeth thee, what makest thou here?"

"What is that to thee?"

"Nay, naught, naught," saith Aucassin, "I ask but out of courtesy."

"But for whom weepest thou," quoth he, "and makest such heavy lament? Certes, were I as rich a man as thou, the whole world should not make me weep."

"Ha! know ye me?" saith Aucassin.

"Yea, I know well that ye be Aucassin, the son of the Count, and if ye tell me for why ye weep, then will I tell you what I make here."

"Certes," quoth Aucassin, "I will tell you right gladly. Hither came I this morning to hunt in this forest; and with me a white hound, the fairest in the world; him have I lost, and for him I weep."

"By the Heart our Lord bare in his breast," quoth he, "are ye weeping for a stinking hound? Foul fall him that holds thee high henceforth! for there is no such rich man in the land, but if thy father asked it of him, he would give thee ten, or fifteen, or twenty, and be the gladder for it. But I have cause to weep and make dole."

"Wherefore so, brother?"

"Sir, I will tell thee. I was hireling to a rich villain, and drove his plough; four oxen had he. But three days since came on me great misadventure, whereby I lost the best of mine oxen, Roger, the best of my team. Him go I seeking, and have neither eaten nor drunken these three days, nor may I go to the town, lest they cast me into prison, seeing that I have not wherewithal to pay. Out of all the wealth of the world have I no more than ye see on my body. A poor mother bare me, that had no more but one wretched bed; this have they taken from under her, and she lies in the very straw. This ails me more than mine own case, for wealth comes and goes; if now I have lost, another tide will I gain, and will pay for mine ox whenas I may; never for that will I weep. But you weep for a stinking hound. Foul fall whoso thinks well of thee!"

"Certes thou art a good comforter, brother, blessed be thou! And of what price was thine ox?"

"Sir, they ask me twenty sols for him, whereof I cannot abate one doit."

"Nay, then," quoth Aucassin, "take these twenty sols I have in my purse, and pay for thine ox."

"Sir," saith he, "gramercy. And God give thee to find that thou seekest."

So they parted each from other, and Aucassin rode on: the night was fair and still, and so long he went that he came to the lodge of boughs, that Nicolete had builded and woven within and without, over and under, with flowers, and it was the fairest lodge that might be seen. When Aucassin was ware of it, he stopped suddenly, and the light of the moon fell therein.

"God!" quoth Aucassin, "here was Nicolete, my sweet lady, and this lodge builded she with her fair hands. For the sweetness of it, and for love of her, will I alight, and rest here this night long."

He drew forth his foot from the stirrup to alight, and the steed was great and tall. He dreamed so much on Nicolete his right sweet lady, that he slipped on a stone, and drave his shoulder out of its place. Then knew he that he was hurt sore, natheless he bore him with what force he might, and fastened with the other hand the mare's son to a thorn. Then turned he on his side, and crept backwise into the lodge of boughs. And he looked through a gap in the lodge and saw the stars in heaven, and one that was brighter than the rest; so began he to say:

Here one singeth:

"Star, that I from far behold,
Star, the Moon calls to her fold,
Nicolete with thee doth dwell,
My sweet love with locks of gold,
God would have her dwell afar,
Dwell with him for evening star,
Would to God, whate'er befell,
Would that with her I might dwell.

I would clip her close and strait,
Nay, were I of much estate,
Some king's son desirable,
Worthy she to be my mate,
Me to kiss and clip me well,
Sister, sweet friend!"

So speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Nicolete heard Aucassin, right so came she unto him, for she was not far away. She passed within the lodge, and threw her arms about his neck, and clipped and kissed him.

"Fair sweet friend, welcome be thou."

"And thou, fair sweet love, be thou welcome."

So either kissed and clipped the other, and fair joy was them between.

"Ha! sweet love," quoth Aucassin, "but now was I sore hurt, and my shoulder wried, but I take no force of it, nor have no hurt therefrom since I have thee."

Right so felt she his shoulder and found it was wried from its place. And she so handled it with her white hands, and so wrought in her surgery, that by God's will who loveth lovers, it went back into its place. Then took she flowers, and fresh grass, and leaves green, and bound these herbs on the hurt with a strip of her smock, and he was all healed.

"Aucassin," saith she, "fair sweet love, take counsel what thou wilt do. If thy father let search this forest to-morrow, and men find me here, they will slay me, come to thee what will."

"Certes, fair sweet love, therefore should I sorrow heavily, but, an if I may, never shall they take thee."

Anon gat he on his horse, and his lady before him, kissing and clipping her, and so rode they at adventure.

Here one singeth:

Aucassin the frank, the fair,
Aucassin of the yellow hair,
Gentle knight, and true lover,
From the forest doth he fare,
Holds his love before him there,
Kissing cheek, and chin, and eyes,
But she spake in sober wise,
"Aucassin, true love and fair,
To what land do we repair?"
Sweet my love, I take no care,
Thou art with me everywhere!
So they pass the woods and downs,
Pass the villages and towns,
Hills and dales and open land,
Came at dawn to the sea sand,
Lighted down upon the strand,
Beside the sea.

Then say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin lighted down and his love, as ye have heard sing. He held his horse by the bridle, and his lady by the hands; so went they along the sea shore, and on the sea they saw a ship, and he called unto the sailors, and they came to him. Then held he such speech with them, that he and his lady were brought aboard that ship, and when they were on the high sea, behold a mighty wind and tyrannous arose, marvellous and great, and drave them from land to land, till they came unto a strange country, and won the haven of the castle of Torelore. Then asked they what this land might be, and men told them that it was the country of the King of Torelore. Then he asked what manner of man was he, and was there war afoot, and men said,

"Yea, and mighty!"

Therewith took he farewell of the merchants, and they commended him to God. Anon Aucassin mounted his horse, with his sword girt, and his lady before him, and rode at adventure till he was come to the castle. Then asked he where the King was, and they said that he was in childbed.

"Then where is his wife?"

And they told him she was with the host, and had led with her all the force of that country.

Now when Aucassin heard that saying, he made great marvel, and came into the castle, and lighted down, he and his lady, and his lady held his horse. Right so went he up into the castle, with his sword girt, and fared hither and thither till he came to the chamber where the King was lying.

Here one singeth:

Aucassin the courteous knight
To the chamber went forthright,
To the bed with linen dight
Even where the King was laid.
There he stood by him and said:
"Fool, what makst thou here abed"
Quoth the King: "I am brought to bed
Of a fair son, and anon
When my month is over and gone,

And my healing fairly done,
To the Minister will I fare
And will do my churching there,
As my father did repair.
Then will sally forth to war,
Then will drive my foes afar
From my countrie!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin heard the King speak on this wise, he took all the sheets that covered him, and threw them all abroad about the chamber. Then saw he behind him a cudgel, and caught it into his hand, and turned, and took the King, and beat him till he was well-nigh dead.

"Ha! fair sir," quoth the King, "what would you with me? Art thou beside thyself, that beatest me in mine own house?"

"By God's heart," quoth Aucassin, "thou ill son of an ill wench, I will slay thee if thou swear not that never shall any man in all thy land lie in of child henceforth for ever."

So he did that oath, and when he had done it,

"Sir," said Aucassin, "bring me now where thy wife is with the host."

"Sir, with good will," quoth the King.

He mounted his horse, and Aucassin gat on his own, and Nicolete abode in the Queen's chamber. Anon rode Aucassin and the King even till they came to that place where the Queen was, and lo! men were warring with baked apples, and with eggs, and with fresh cheeses, and Aucassin began to look on them, and made great marvel.

Here sing·th one:

Aucassin his horse doth stay,
From the saddle watched the fray,
All the stour and fierce array;
Right fresh cheeses carried they,
Apples baked, and mushrooms grey,
Whoso splasheth most the ford
He is master called and lord.
Aucassin doth gaze awhile,
Then began to laugh and smile
And made game.

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin beheld these marvels, he came to the King, and said, "Sir, be these thine enemies?"

"Yea, Sir," quoth the King.

"And will ye that I should avenge you of them?"

"Yea," quoth he, "with all my heart."

Then Aucassin put hand to sword, and hurled among them, and began to smite to the right hand and the left, and slew many of them. And when the King saw that he slew them, he caught at his bridle and said,

"Ha! fair sir, slay them not in such wise."

"How," quoth Aucassin, "will ye not that I should avenge you of them?"

"Sir," quoth the King, "over-much already hast thou avenged me. It is nowise our custom to slay each other."

Anon turned they and fled. Then the King and Aucassin betook them again to the castle of Torelore, and the folk of that land counselled the King to put Aucassin forth, and keep Nicolete for his son's wife, for that she seemed a lady high of lineage. And Nicolete heard them and had no joy of it, so began to say:

Here singeth one:

Thus she spake the bright of brow:
"Lord of Torelore and king,
Thy folk deem me a light thing,
When my love doth me embrace,
Fair he finds me, in good case,
Then am I in such derray,
Neither harp, nor lyre, nor lay,
Dance nor game, nor rebeck play
Were so sweet."

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin dwelt in the castle of Torelore, in great ease and great delight, for that he had with him Nicolete his sweet love, whom he loved so well. Now while he was in such pleasure and such delight, came a troop of Saracens by sea, and laid siege to the castle and took it by main strength. Anon took they the substance that was therein and carried off the men and maidens captives. They seized Nicolete and Aucassin, and bound Aucassin hand and foot, and cast him into one ship, and Nicolete into another. Then rose there a mighty wind over sea, and scattered the ships. Now that ship wherein was Aucassin, went wandering on the sea, till it came to the castle of Biaucaire, and the folk of the country ran together to wreck her, and there found they Aucassin, and they

knew him again. So when they of Biaucaire saw their damoiseau, they made great joy of him, for Aucassin had dwelt full three years in the castle of Torelore, and his father and mother were dead. So the people took him to the castle of Biaucaire, and there were they all his men. And he held the land in peace.

. . . . . .

Now leave we Aucassin, and speak we of Nicolete. The ship wherein she was cast pertained to the King of Carthage, and he was her father, and she had twelve brothers, all princes or kings. When they beheld Nicolete, how fair she was, they did her great worship, and made much joy of her, and many times asked her who she was, for surely seemed she a lady of noble line and high parentry. But she might not tell them of her lineage, for she was but a child when men stole her away. So sailed they till they won the City of Carthage, and when Nicolete saw the walls of the castle, and the country-side, she knew that there had she been nourished and thence stolen away, being but a child. Yet was she not so young a child but that well she knew she had been daughter of the King of Carthage; and of her nurture in that City.

Here one singeth:

Nicolete the good and true
To the land hath come anew,
Sees the palaces and walls,
And the houses and the halls!
Then she spake and said, "Alas!
That of birth so great I was,
Cousin of the Amiral
And the very child of him
Carthage counts King of Paynim,
Wild folk hold me here withal;
Nay Aucassin, love of thee
Gentle knight, and true, and free,
Burns and wastes the heart of me.
Ah God grant it of his grace,
That thou hold me, and embrace,
That thou kiss me on the face
Love and lord!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When the King of Carthage heard Nicolete speak in this wise, he cast his arms about her neck.

"Fair sweet love," saith he, "tell me who thou art, and be not adread of me."

"Sir," said she, "I am daughter to the King of Carthage, and was taken, being then a little child, it is now fifteen years gone."

When all they of the court heard her speak thus, they knew well that she spake sooth: so made they great joy of her, and led her to the castle in great honour, as the King's daughter. And they would have given her to her lord a King of Paynim, but she had no mind to marry. There dwelt she three days or four. And she considered by that means she might seek for Aucassin. Then she got her a viol, and learned to play on it, till they would have married her on a day to a great King of Paynim, and she stole forth by night, and came to the seaport, and dwelt with a poor woman thereby. Then took she a certain herb, and therewith smeared her head and her face, till she was all brown and stained. And she let make coat, and mantle, and smock, and hose, and attired herself as if she had been a harper. So took she the viol and went to a mariner, and so wrought on him that he took her aboard his vessel. Then hoisted they sail, and fared on the high seas even till they came to the land of Provence. And Nicolete went forth and took the viol, and went playing through all that country, even till she came to the castle of Biaucaire, where Aucassin lay.

Here one singeth:

At Biaucaire below the tower
Sat Aucassin, on an hour,
Heard the bird, and watched the flower,
With his barons him beside,
Then came on him in that tide,
The sweet influence of love
And the memory thereof;
Thought of Nicolete the fair,
And the dainty face of her
He had loved so many years,
Then was he in dule and tears!
Even then came Nicolete
On the stair a foot she set,
And she drew the viol bow
Through the strings and chanted so;
"Listen, lords and knights, to me,
Lords of high or low degree,
To my story list will ye
All of Aucassin and her
That was Nicolete the fair?
And their love was long to tell
Deep woods through he sought her well.

Paynims took them on a day
In Torelore and bound they lay.
Of Aucassin naught know we,
But fair Nicolete the free
Now in Carthage doth she dwell,
There her father loves her well,
Who is king of that countrie.
Her a husband hath he found,
Paynim lord that serves Mahound!
Ne'er with him the maid will go,
For she loves a damoiseau,
Aucassin, that ye may know,
Swears to God that never mo
With a lover she will go
Save with him she loveth so
In long desire."

So speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin heard Nicolete speak in this wise, he was right joyful, and drew her on one side, and spoke, saying:

"Sweet fair friend, know ye nothing of this Nicolete, of whom ye have thus sung?"

"Yea, Sir, I know her for the noblest creature, and the most gentle, and the best that ever was born on ground. She is daughter to the King of Carthage that took her there where Aucassin was taken, and brought her into the city of Carthage, till he knew that verily she was his own daughter, whereon he made right great mirth. Anon wished he to give her for her lord one of the greatest kings of all Spain, but she would rather let herself be hanged or burned, than take any lord, how great soever."

"Ha! fair sweet friend," quoth the Count Aucassin, "if thou wilt go into that land again, and bid her come and speak to me, I will give thee of my substance, more than thou wouldst dare to ask or take. And know ye, that for the sake of her, I have no will to take a wife, howsoever high her lineage. So wait I for her, and never will I have a wife, but her only. And if I knew where to find her, no need would I have to seek her."

"Sir," quoth she, "if ye promise me that, I will go in quest of her for your sake, and for hers, that I love much."

So he sware to her, and anon let give her twenty livres, and she departed from him, and he wept for the sweetness of Nicolete. And when she saw him weeping, she said:

"Sir, trouble not thyself so much withal. For in a little while shall I have brought her into this city, and ye shall see her."

When Aucassin heard that, he was right glad thereof. And she departed from him, and went into the city to the house of the Captain's wife, for the Captain her father in God was dead. So she dwelt there, and told all her tale; and the Captain's wife knew her, and knew well that she was Nicolete that she herself had nourished. Then she let wash and bathe her, and there rested she eight full days. Then took she an herb that was named *Eyebright* and anointed herself therewith, and was as fair as ever she had been all the days of her life. Then she clothed herself in rich robes of silk whereof the lady had great store, and then sat herself in the chamber on a silken coverlet, and called the lady and bade her go and bring Aucassin her love, and she did even so. And when she came to the Palace she found Aucassin weeping, and making lament for Nicolete his love, for that she delayed so long. And the lady spake unto him and said:

"Aucassin, sorrow no more, but come thou on with me, and I will shew thee the thing in the world that thou lovest best; even Nicolete thy dear love, who from far lands hath come to seek of thee." And Aucassin was right glad.

Here singeth one:

When Aucassin heareth now
That his lady bright of brow
Dwelleth in his own countrie,
Never man was glad as he.
To her castle doth he hie
With the lady speedily,
Passeth to the chamber high,
Findeth Nicolete thereby.
Of her true love found again
Never maid was half so fain.
Straight she leaped upon her feet;
When his love he saw at last,
Arms about her did he cast,
Kissed her often, kissed her sweet
Kissed her lips and brows and eyes.
Thus all night do they devise,
Even till the morning white.
Then Aucassin wedded her,
Made her Lady of Biaucaire.
Many years abode they there,
Many years in shade or sun,
In great gladness and delight.
Ne'er hath Aucassin regret
Nor his lady Nicolete.
Now my story all is done,
Said and sung!

BOCCACCIO (1313–1375)

DECAMERON

The Story of Griselda[1]

There was in olden days a certain Marquis of Saluzzo, Gualtieri by name, a young man, but head of the house, who, having neither wife nor child, passed his time in nought else but in hawking and hunting, and of taking a wife and begetting children had no thought; wherein he should have been accounted very wise: but his vassals, brooking it ill, did oftentimes entreat him to take a wife, that he might not die without an heir, and they be left without a lord; offering to find him one of such a pattern, and of such parentage, that he might marry with good hope, and be well content with the sequel. To whom, 'My friends,' replied Gualtieri, 'you enforce me to that which I had resolved never to do, seeing how hard it is to find a wife, whose ways accord well with one's own, and how plentiful is the supply of such as run counter thereto, and how grievous a life he leads who chances upon a lady that matches ill with him. And to say that you think to know the daughters by the qualities of their fathers and mothers, and thereby—so you would argue—to provide me with a wife to my liking, is but folly; for I wot not how you may penetrate the secrets of their mothers so as to know their fathers; and granted that you do know them, daughters oftentimes resemble neither of their parents. However, as you are minded to rivet these fetters upon me, I am content that so it be; and that I may have no cause to reproach any but myself, should it turn out ill, I am resolved that my wife shall be of my own choosing; but of this rest assured, that, no matter whom I choose, if she receive not from you the honor due to a lady, you shall prove to your great cost how sorely I resent being thus constrained by your importunity to take a wife against my will.'

The worthy men replied that they were well content, so only he would marry without more ado. And Gualtieri, who had long noted with approval the mien of a poor girl that dwelt on a farm hard by his house, and found her fair enough, deemed that with her he might pass a tolerably happy life. Wherefore he sought no further, but forthwith resolved to marry her; and having sent for her father, who was a very poor man, he contracted with him to take her to wife. Which done, Gualtieri assembled all the friends he had in those parts, and, 'My friends,' quoth he, 'you were and are minded that I should take a wife, and rather to comply with your wishes, than for any desire that I had to marry, I have made up my mind to do so. You remember the promise you gave me, to wit, that, whomsoever I should take, you would pay her the honor due to a lady. Which promise I now require you to keep, the time being come when I am to keep mine. I have found hard by here a maiden after mine own heart, whom I purpose to take to wife, and to bring hither to my house in the course of a few days. Wherefore bethink you, how you may make the nuptial feast splendid, and welcome her with all honor, that I may confess myself satisfied with your observance of your promise, as you will be with my observance of mine.' The worthy men, one and all, answered with alacrity that they were well content, and that, whoever she might be, they would entreat her as a lady, and pay her all due honor as such. After which, they all addressed them to make goodly and grand and gladsome celebration of the event, as did also Gualtieri. He arranged for a wedding most stately and fair, and bade thereto a goodly number of his friends and kinsfolk, and great gentlemen, and others, of the neighborhood; and therewithal he caused many a fine and costly robe to be cut and fashioned to the figure of a girl who seemed to him of the like proportions as the girl that he proposed to wed; and laid in store, besides, of girdles and rings, with a costly and beautiful crown, and all the other paraphernalia of a bride.

The day that he appointed for the wedding being come, about half tierce he got him to horse with as many as had come to do him honor, and having made all needful dis-

[1]Translation by J. M. Rigg.

positions, 'Gentlemen,' quoth he, ''tis time to go bring home the bride.' And so away he rode with his company to the village; where, being come to the house of the girl's father, they found her returning from the spring with a bucket of water, making all the haste she could, that she might afterwards go with the other women to see Gualtieri's bride come by. Whom Gualtieri no sooner saw, than he called her by her name, to wit, Griselda, and asked her where her father was. To whom she modestly made answer:—'My lord, he is in the house.' Whereupon Gualtieri dismounted, and having bidden the rest await him without, entered the cottage alone; and meeting her father, whose name was Giannucolo, 'I am come,' quoth he, 'to wed Griselda, but first of all there are some matters I would learn from her own lips in thy presence.' He then asked her, whether, if he took her to wife, she would study to comply with his wishes, and be not wroth, no matter what he might say or do, and be obedient, with not a few other questions of a like sort; to all which she answered, Aye. Whereupon Gualtieri took her by the hand, led her forth, and before the eyes of all his company, and as many other folk as were there, caused her to strip naked, and let bring the garments that he had had fashioned for her, and had her forthwith arrayed therein, and upon her unkempt head let set a crown; and then, while all wondered, 'Gentlemen,' quoth he, 'this is she whom I purpose to make my wife, so she be minded to have me for husband.' Then, she standing abashed and astonished, he turned to her, saying:—'Griselda, wilt thou have me for thy husband?' To whom, 'Aye, my lord,' answered she. 'And I will have thee to wife,' said he, and married her before them all. And having set her upon a palfrey, he brought her home with pomp.

The wedding was fair and stately, and had he married a daughter of the King of France, the feast could not have been more splendid. It seemed as if, with the change of her garb, the bride had acquired a new dignity of mind and mien. She was, as we have said, fair of form and feature; and therewithal she was now grown so engaging and gracious and debonair, that she showed no longer as the shepherdess and the daughter of Giannucolo, but as the daughter of some noble lord, insomuch that she caused as many as had known her before to marvel. Moreover, she was so obedient and devoted to her husband, that he deemed himself the happiest and luckiest man in the world. And likewise so gracious and kindly was she to her husband's vassals, that there was none of them but loved her more dearly than himself, and was zealous to do her honor and prayed for her welfare and prosperity and aggrandisement, and instead of, as erstwhile, saying that Gualtieri had done foolishly to take her to wife, now averred that he had not his like in the world for wisdom and discernment, for that, save to him, her noble qualities would ever have remained hidden under her sorry apparel and the garb of the peasant girl. And in short she so comported herself as in no long time to bring it to pass that, not only in the marquisate, but far and wide besides, her virtues and her admirable conversation were matter of common talk, and, if aught had been said to the disadvantage of her husband, when he married her, the judgment was now altogether to the contrary effect.

She had not been long with Gualtieri before she conceived; and in due time she was delivered of a girl, whereat Gualtieri made great cheer. But, soon after, a strange humor took possession of him, to wit, to put her patience to the proof by prolonged and intolerable hard usage; wherefore he began by afflicting her with his gibes, putting on a vexed air, and telling her that his vassals were most sorely dissatisfied with her by reason of her base condition, and all the more so since they saw that she was a mother, and that they did naught but most ruefully murmur at the birth of a daughter. Whereto Griselda, without the least change of countenance or sign of discomposure, made answer: —'My lord, do with me as thou mayest deem best for thine own honor and comfort, for well I wot that I am of less account than they, and unworthy of this honorable estate to which of thy courtesy thou hast advanced me.' By which answer Gualtieri was well pleased, witting that she was in no degree puffed up with pride by his or any other's honorable entreatment of her. A while afterwards, having in general terms given his wife to understand that the vassals

could not endure her daughter, he sent her a message by a servant. So the servant came, and 'Madame,' quoth he with a dolorous mien, 'so I value my life, I must needs do my lord's bidding. He has bidden me take your daughter and . . .' He said no more, but the lady by what she heard, and read in his face, and remembered of her husband's words, understood that he was bidden to put the child to death. Whereupon she presently took the child from the cradle, and having kissed and blessed her, albeit she was very sore at heart, she changed not countenance, but placed it in the servant's arms, saying:—'See that thou leave nought undone that my lord and thine has charged thee to do, but leave her not so that the beasts and the birds devour her, unless he have so bidden thee.' So the servant took the child, and told Gualtieri what the lady had said; and Gualtieri, marveling at her constancy, sent him with the child to Bologna, to one of his kinswomen, whom he besought to rear and educate the child with all care, but never to let it be known whose child she was.

Soon after it befell that the lady again conceived, and in due time was delivered of a son, whereat Gualtieri was overjoyed. But, not content with what he had done, he now even more poignantly afflicted the lady; and one day with a ruffled mien, 'Wife,' quoth he, 'since thou gavest birth to this boy, I may on no wise live in peace with my vassals, so bitterly do they reproach me that a grandson of Giannucolo is to succeed me as their lord; and therefore I fear that, so I be not minded to be sent a packing hence, I must even do herein as I did before, and in the end put thee away, and take another wife.' The lady heard him patiently, and answered only:—'My lord, study how thou mayst content thee and best please thyself, and waste no thought upon me, for there is nought I desire save in so far as I know that 'tis thy pleasure.' Not many days after, Gualtieri, in like manner as he had sent for the daughter, sent for the son, and having made a show of putting him to death, provided for his, as for the girl's nurture, at Bologna. Whereat the lady showed no more discomposure of countenance or speech than at the loss of her daughter: which Gualtieri found passing strange, and inly affirmed that there was never another woman in the world that would have so done. And but that he had marked that she was most tenderly affectionate towards her children, while 'twas well pleasing to him, he had supposed that she was tired of them, whereas he knew that 'twas of her discretion that she so did. His vassals, who believed that he had put the children to death, held him mightily to blame for his cruelty, and felt the utmost compassion for the lady. She, however, said never aught to the ladies that condoled with her on the death of her children, but that the pleasure of him that had begotten them was her pleasure likewise.

Years not a few had passed since the girl's birth, when Gualtieri at length deemed the time come to put his wife's patience to the final proof. Accordingly, in the presence of a great company of his vassals he declared that on no wise might he longer brook to have Griselda to wife, that he confessed that in taking her he had done a sorry thing and the act of a stripling, and that he therefore meant to do what he could to procure the Pope's dispensation to put Griselda away, and take another wife; for which cause being much upbraided by many worthy men, he made no other answer but only that needs must it so be. Whereof the lady being apprised, and now deeming that she must look to go back to her father's house, and perchance tend the sheep, as she had aforetime, and see him, to whom she was utterly devoted, engrossed by another woman, did inly bewail herself right sorely; but still with the same composed mien with which she had borne Fortune's former buffets, she set herself to endure this last outrage. Nor was it long before Gualtieri by counterfeit letters, which he caused to be sent to him from Rome, made his vassals believe that the Pope had thereby given him a dispensation to put Griselda away, and take another wife. Wherefore, having caused her to be brought before him, he said to her in the presence of not a few, 'Wife, by license granted me by the Pope, I am now free to put thee away, and take another wife; and, for that my forbears have always been great gentlemen and lords of these parts, whereas thine have ever been husbandmen, I purpose that thou go back to Giannucolo's house with the

dowry that thou broughtest me; whereupon I shall bring home a lady that I have found, and who is meet to be my wife.'

'Twas not without travail most grievous that the lady, as she heard this announcement, got the better of her woman's nature, and suppressing her tears, made answer:—'My lord, I ever knew that my low degree was on no wise congruous with your nobility, and acknowledged that the rank I had with you was of your and God's bestowal, nor did I ever make as if it were mine by gift, or so esteem it, but still accounted it as a loan. 'Tis your pleasure to recall it, and therefore it should be, and is, my pleasure to render it up to you. So, here is your ring, with which you espoused me; take it back. You bid me take with me the dowry that I brought you; which to do will require neither paymaster on your part nor purse nor packhorse on mine; for I am not unmindful that naked was I when you first had me. And if you deem it seemly that that body in which I have borne children, by you begotten, be beheld of all, naked will I depart; but yet, I pray you, be pleased, in guerdon of the virginity that I brought you and take not away, to suffer me to bear hence upon my back a single shift—I crave no more—beside my dowry.' There was nought of which Gualtieri was so fain as to weep; but yet setting his face as a flint, he made answer:—'I allow thee a shift to thy back; so get thee hence.' All that stood by besought him to give her a robe, that she, who had been his wife for thirteen years and more, might not be seen to quit his house in so sorry and shameful a plight, having nought on her but a shift. But their entreaties went for nothing; the lady in her shift, and barefoot and bareheaded, having bade them adieu, departed the house, and went back to her father amid the tears and lamentations of all that saw her. Giannucolo, who had ever deemed it a thing incredible that Gualtieri should keep his daughter to wife, and had looked for this to happen every day, and had kept the clothes that she had put off on the morning that Gualtieri had wedded her, now brought them to her; and she, having resumed them, applied herself to the petty drudgery of her father's house, as she had been wont, enduring with fortitude this cruel visitation of adverse Fortune.

Now no sooner had Gualtieri dismissed Griselda, than he gave his vassals to understand that he had taken to wife a daughter of one of the Counts of Panago. He accordingly made great preparations as for the nuptials, during which he sent for Griselda. To whom, being come, quoth he, 'I am bringing hither my new bride, and in this her first home-coming I purpose to show her honor; and thou knowest that women I have none in the house that know how to set chambers in due order, or attend to the many other matters that so joyful an event requires; wherefore do thou, that understandest these things better than another, see to all that needs be done, and bid hither such ladies as thou mayst see fit, and receive them, as if thou wert the lady of the house, and then, when the nuptials are ended, thou mayst go back to thy cottage.' Albeit each of these words pierced Griselda's heart like a knife, for that, in resigning her good fortune, she had not been able to renounce the love she bore Gualtieri, nevertheless, 'My lord,' she made answer, 'I am ready and prompt to do your pleasure.' And so, clad in her sorry garments of coarse romagnole, she entered the house, which, but a little before, she had quitted in her shift, and addressed her to sweep the chambers, and arrange arras and cushions in the halls, and make ready the kitchen, and set her hand to everything, as if she had been a paltry serving-wench; nor did she rest until she had brought all into such meet and seemly trim as the occasion demanded. This done, she invited in Gualtieri's name all the ladies of those parts to be present at his nuptials, and awaited the event. The day being come, still wearing her sorry weeds, but in heart and soul and mien the lady, she received the ladies as they came and gave each a gladsome greeting.

Now Gualtieri, as we said, had caused his children to be carefully nurtured and brought up by a kinswoman of his at Bologna, which kinswoman was married into the family of the Counts of Panago; and, the girl being now twelve years old, and the loveliest creature that ever was seen, and the boy being about six years old, he had sent word to his kinswoman's husband at Bologna, praying him to be pleased to come with this girl and boy of his to Saluzzo, and to see that

he brought a goodly and honorable company with him, and to give all to understand that he brought the girl to him to wife, and on no wise to disclose to any who she really was. The gentleman did as the Marquis bade him, and within a few days of his setting forth arrived at Saluzzo about breakfast-time with the girl, and her brother, and a noble company, and found all the folk of those parts, and much people besides, gathered there in expectation of Gualtieri's new bride. Who, being received by the ladies, was no sooner come into the hall, where the tables were set, than Griselda advanced to meet her, saying with hearty cheer:—'Welcome, my lady.' So the ladies, who had with much instance but in vain, besought Gualtieri, either to let Griselda keep in another room, or at any rate to furnish her with one of the robes that had been hers, that she might not present herself in such a sorry guise before the strangers, sat down to table; and the service being begun, the eyes of all were set on the girl, and everyone said that Gualtieri had made a good exchange, and Griselda joined with the rest in greatly commending her, and also her little brother. And now Gualtieri, sated at last with all that he had seen of his wife's patience, marking that this new and strange turn made not the least alteration in her demeanor, and being well assured that 'twas not due to apathy, for he knew her to be of excellent understanding, deemed it time to relieve her of the suffering which he judged her to dissemble under a resolute front; and so, having called her to him in presence of them all, he said with a smile, 'And what thinkst thou of our bride?' 'My lord,' replied Griselda, 'I think mighty well of her; and if she be but as discreet as she is fair, and so I deem her—I make no doubt but you may reckon to lead with her a life of incomparable felicity; but with all earnestness I entreat you, that you spare her those tribulations which you did once inflict upon another that was yours, for I scarce think she would be able to bear them as well because she is younger, as for that she has been delicately nurtured, whereas that other had known no respite of hardship since she was but a little child.' Marking that she made no doubt but that the girl was to be his wife, and yet spoke never a whit the less sweetly, Gualtieri caused her to sit down beside him, and, 'Griselda,' said he, ''tis now time that thou see the reward of thy long patience and those, who have deemed me cruel and unjust and insensate, should know that what I did was done of purpose aforethought, for that I was minded to give both thee and them a lesson, that thou mightest learn to be a wife, and they in like manner might learn how to take and keep a wife, and that I might beget me perpetual peace with thee for the rest of my life; whereof being in great fear, when I came to take a wife, lest I should be disappointed, I, therefore, to put the matter to the proof, did, and how sorely thou knowest, harass and afflict thee. And since I never knew thee either by deed or by word to deviate from my will, I now, deeming myself to have of thee that assurance of happiness which I desired, am minded to restore to thee at once all that, step by step, I took from thee, and by extremity of joy to compensate the tribulations that I inflicted on thee. Receive, then, this girl, whom thou supposest to be my bride, and her brother, with glad heart, as thy children and mine. These are they, whom by thee and many another it has long been supposed that I did ruthlessly to death, and I am thy husband, that loves thee more dearly than aught else, deeming that other there is none that has the like good cause to be well content with his wife.'

Which said, he embraced and kissed her; and then, while she wept for joy, they rose and hied them there where sat the daughter all astonished to hear the news, whom, as also her brother, they tenderly embraced, and explained to them, and many others that stood by, the whole mystery. Whereat the ladies, transported with delight, rose from table and betook them with Griselda to a chamber, and, with better omen, divested her of her sorry garb, and arrayed her in one of her own robes of state; and so, in guise of a lady (howbeit in her rags she had showed as no less) they led her back into the hall. Wondrous was the cheer which there they made with the children; and all overjoyed at the event, they reveled and made merry amain, and prolonged the festivities for several days, and very discreet they pronounced Gualtieri, albeit they censured as intolerably harsh the probation to which he had subjected Griselda, and most discreet be-

yond all compare they accounted Griselda.

Some days after, the Count of Panago returned to Bologna, and Gualtieri took Giannucolo from his husbandry, and established him in honor as his father-in-law, wherein to his great solace he lived for the rest of his days. Gualtieri himself, having mated his daughter with a husband of high degree, lived long and happily thereafter with Griselda, to whom he ever paid all honor.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (1340?–1400)

THE PARDONER'S TALE

The Prologue of the Pardoner's Tale

Radix malorum est Cupiditas: Ad Thimotheum, sexto.[1]

"Lordings," quod he, "in chirches whan I preche,
I peyne me to han an hauteyn speche,
And ringe it out as round as gooth a belle,
For I can al by rote that I telle.
My theme is alwey oon, and ever was—
'*Radix malorum est Cupiditas.*'
First I pronounce whennes that I come,
And than my bulles shewe I, alle and somme.
Our lige lordes seel on my patente,
That shewe I first, my body to warente,
That no man be so bold, ne preest ne clerk,
Me to destourbe of Cristes holy werk;
And after that than telle I forth my tales,
Bulles of popes and of cardinales,
Of patriarkes, and bishoppes I shewe;
And in Latyn I speke a wordes fewe,
To saffron with my predicacioun,
And for to stire men to devocioun.
Than shewe I forth my longe cristal stones,
Y-crammed ful of cloutes and of bones;
Reliks been they, as wenen they echoon.
Than have I in latoun a sholder-boon
Which that was of an holy Jewes shepe.
'Good men,' seye I, 'tak of my wordes kepe;
If that this boon be wasshe in any welle,
If cow, or calf, or sheep, or oxe swelle
That any worm hath ete, or worm y-stonge,
Tak water of that welle, and wash his tonge,
And it is hool anon; and forthermore,
Of pokkes and of scabbe, and every sore
Shal every sheep be hool, that of this welle
Drinketh a draughte; tak kepe eek what I telle.
If that the good-man, that the bestes oweth,
Wol every wike, er that the cok him croweth,
Fastinge, drinken of this welle a draughte,
As thilke holy Jewe our eldres taughte,
His bestes and his stoor shal multiplye.
And, sirs, also it heleth jalousye;
For, though a man be falle in jalous rage,
Let maken with this water his potage,
And never shal he more his wyf mistriste,
Though he the sooth of hir defaute wiste;
Al had she taken preestes two or three.
Heer is a miteyn eek, that ye may see.
He that his hond wol putte in this miteyn,
He shal have multiplying of his greyn,
Whan he hath sowen, be it whete or otes,
So that he offre pens, or elles grotes.
Good men and wommen, o thing warne I yow,
If any wight be in this chirche now,
That hath doon sinne horrible, that he
Dar nat, for shame, of it y-shriven be,
Or any womman, be she yong or old,
That hath y-maad hir housbond cokewold,
Swich folk shul have no power ne no grace
To offren to my reliks in this place.
And who-so findeth him out of swich blame,
He wol com up and offre in goddes name,
And I assoille him by the auctoritee
Which that by bulle y-graunted was to me.'
By this gaude have I wonne, yeer by yeer,
An hundred mark sith I was Pardoner.
I stonde lyk a clerk in my pulpet,
And whan the lewed peple is doun y-set,
I preche, so as ye han herd bifore,
And telle an hundred false japes more.
Than peyne I me to strecche forth the nekke,
And est and west upon the peple I bekke,
As doth a dowve sitting on a berne.
Myn hondes and my tonge goon so yerne,
That it is joye to see my bisinesse.
Of avaryce and of swich cursednesse
Is al my preching, for to make hem free
To yeve her pens, and namely un-to me.
For my entente is nat but for to winne,
And no-thing for correccioun of sinne.

[1] Greed is the root of all evil. I Timothy, vi, 10.

I rekke never, whan that they ben beried,
Though that her soules goon a-blake-beried!
For certes, many a predicacioun
Comth ofte tyme of yvel entencioun;
Som for plesaunce of folk and flaterye,
To been avaunced by ipocrisye,
And som for veyne glorie, and som for hate.
For, whan I dar non other weyes debate,
Than wol I stinge him with my tonge smerte
In preching, so that he shal nat asterte
To been defamed falsly, if that he
Hath trespased to my brethren or to me.
For, though I telle noght his propre name,
Men shal wel knowe that it is the same
By signes and by othere circumstances.
Thus quyte I folk that doon us displesances;
Thus spitte I out my venim under hewe
Of holynesse, to seme holy and trewe.
But shortly myn entente I wol devyse;
I preche of no-thing but for coveityse.
Therfor my theme is yet, and ever was—
'*Radix malorum est cupiditas.*'
Thus can I preche agayn that same vyce
Which that I use, and that is avaryce.
But, though my-self be gilty in that sinne,
Yet can I maken other folk to twinne
From avaryce, and sore to repente.
But that is nat my principal entente.
I preche no-thing but for coveityse;
Of this matere it oughte y-nogh suffyse.
Than telle I hem ensamples many oon
Of olde stories, longe tyme agoon:
For lewed peple loven tales olde;
Swich thinges can they wel reporte and holde.
What? trowe ye, the whyles I may preche,
And winne gold and silver for I teche,
That I wol live in povert wilfully?
Nay, nay, I thoghte it never trewely!
For I wol preche and begge in sondry londes;
I wol not do no labour with myn hondes,
Ne make baskettes, and live therby,
Because I wol nat beggen ydelly.
I wol non of the apostles counterfete;
I wol have money, wolle, chese, and whete,
Al were it yeven of the povrest page,
Or of the povrest widwe in a village,
Al sholde hir children sterve for famyne.
Nay! I wol drinke licour of the vyne,
And have a joly wenche in every toun.
But herkneth, lordings, in conclusioun;
Your lyking is that I shal telle a tale.
Now, have I dronke a draughte of corny ale,
By god, I hope I shal yow telle a thing
That shal, by resoun, been at your lyking.
For, though myself be a ful vicious man,
A moral tale yet I yow telle can,
Which I am wont to preche, for to winne.
Now holde your pees, my tale I wol beginne."

The Pardoner's Tale[1]

In Flaundres whylom was a companye
Of yonge folk, that haunteden folye,
As ryot, hasard, stewes, and tavernes,
Wher-as, with harpes, lutes, and giternes,
They daunce and pleye at dees bothe day and night,
And ete also and drinken over hir might,
Thurgh which they doon the devel sacrifyse
With-in that develes temple, in cursed wyse,
By superfluitee abhominable;
Hir othes been so grete and so dampnable,
That it is grisly for to here hem swere;
Our blissed lordes body they to-tere;
Hem thoughte Jewes rente him noght y-nough;
And ech of hem at otheres sinne lough.
And right anon than comen tombesteres
Fetys and smale, and yonge fruytesteres,
Singers with harpes, baudes, wafereres,
Whiche been the verray develes officeres
To kindle and blowe the fyr of lecherye,
That is annexed un-to glotonye;
The holy writ take I to my witnesse,
That luxurie is in wyn and dronkenesse.
Lo, how that dronken Loth, unkindely,
Lay by his doghtres two, unwitingly;
So dronke he was, he niste what he wroghte.
Herodes, (who-so wel the stories soghte),
Whan he of wyn was replet at his feste,
Right at his owene table he yaf his heste
To sleen the Baptist John ful giltelees.
Senek seith eek a good word doutelees;
He seith, he can no difference finde
Bitwix a man that is out of his minde
And a man which that is dronkelewe,
But that woodnesse, y-fallen in a shrewe,
Persevereth lenger than doth dronkenesse.
O glotonye, ful of cursednesse,
O cause first of our confusioun,
O original of our dampnacioun,

[1]This story is of Eastern origin, and its theme has been often used from early times to the present day—for example by Boccaccio, *Decameron*, 6th Day, 10th Tale (apparently not Chaucer's source, which is unknown) and by Kipling, *The King's Ankus*. The Pardoner's final comment makes the tale a sort of sermon or *exemplum* of avarice.

Til Crist had boght us with his blood agayn!
Lo, how dere, shortly for to sayn,
Aboght was thilke cursed vileinye;
Corrupt was al this world for glotonye!
Adam our fader, and his wyf also,
Fro Paradys to labour and to wo
Were driven for that vyce, it is no drede;
For whyl that Adam fasted, as I rede,
He was in Paradys; and whan that he
Eet of the fruyt defended on the tree,
Anon he was out-cast to wo and peyne.
O glotonye, on thee wel oghte us pleyne!
O, wiste a man how many maladyes
Folwen of excesse and of glotonyes,
He wolde been the more mesurable
Of his diete, sittinge at his table.
Allas! the shorte throte, the tendre mouth,
Maketh that, Est and West, and North and South,
In erthe, in eir, in water men to-swinke
To gete a glotoun deyntee mete and drinke!
Of this matere, o Paul, wel canstow trete,
"Mete un-to wombe, and wombe eek un-to mete,
Shal god destroyen bothe," as Paulus seith.[1]
Allas! a foul thing is it, by my feith,
To seye this word, and fouler is the dede,
Whan man so drinketh of the whyte and rede,
That of his throte he maketh his privee,
Thurgh thilke cursed superfluitee.
The apostel weping seith ful pitously,
"Ther walken many of whiche yow told have I,
I seye it now weping with pitous voys,
[That] they been enemys of Cristes croys,
Of whiche the ende is deeth, wombe is her god."[2]
O wombe! O bely! O stinking cod,
Fulfild of donge and of corrupcioun!
At either ende of thee foul is the soun.
How greet labour and cost is thee to finde!
Thise cokes, how they stampe, and streyne, and grinde,
And turnen substaunce in-to accident,
To fulfille al thy likerous talent!
Out of the harde bones knokke they
The mary, for they caste noght a-wey
That may go thurgh the golet softe and swote;
Of spicerye, of leef, and bark, and rote
Shal been his sauce y-naked by delyt,
To make him yet a newer appetyt.
But certes, he that haunteth swich delyces
Is deed, whyl that he liveth in tho vyces.
A lecherous thing is wyn, and dronkenesse
Is ful of stryving and of wrecchednesse.
O dronke man, disfigured is thy face,
Sour is thy breeth, foul artow to embrace,
And thurgh thy dronke nose semeth the soun
As though thou seydest ay "Sampsoun, Sampsoun";
And yet, god wot, Sampsoun drank never no wyn.
Thou fallest, as it were a stiked swyn;
Thy tonge is lost, and al thyn honest cure;
For dronkenesse is verray sepulture
Of mannes wit and his discrecioun.
In whom that drinke hath dominacioun,
He can no conseil kepe, it is no drede.
Now kepe yow fro the whyte and fro the rede,
And namely fro the whyte wyn of Lepe,
That is to selle in Fish-strete or in Chepe.
This wyn of Spayne crepeth subtilly
In othere wynes, growing faste by,
Of which ther ryseth swich fumositee,
That whan a man hath dronken draughtes three,
And weneth that he be at hoom in Chepe,
He is in Spayne, right at the toune of Lepe,
Nat at the Rochel, ne at Burdeux toun;
And thanne wol he seye, "Sampsoun, Sampsoun."
But herkneth, lordings, o word, I yow preye,
That alle the sovereyn actes, dar I seye,
Of victories in th'olde testament,
Thurgh verray god, that is omnipotent,
Were doon in abstinence and in preyere;
Loketh the Bible, and ther ye may it lere.
Loke, Attila, the grete conquerour,
Deyde in his sleep, with shame and dishonour,
Bledinge ay at his nose in dronkenesse;
A capitayn shoulde live in sobrenesse.
And over al this, avyseth yow right wel
What was comaunded un-to Lamuel—[3]
Nat Samuel, but Lamuel, seye I—
Redeth the Bible, and finde it expresly
Of wyn-yeving to hem that han justyse.
Na-more of this, for it may wel suffyse.
And now that I have spoke of glotonye,
Now wol I yow defenden hasardrye.

[1] First Corinthians, vi, 13.

[2] Philippians, iii, 18–19.

[3] Lemuel. Proverbs, xxxi, 1, 4, 5.

Hasard is verray moder of lesinges,
And of deceite, and cursed forsweringes,
Blaspheme of Crist, manslaughtre, and wast also
Of catel and of tyme; and forthermo,
It is repreve and contrarie of honour
For to ben holde a commune hasardour.
And ever the hyër he is of estaat,
The more is he holden desolaat.
If that a prince useth hasardrye,
In alle governaunce and policye
He is, as by commune opinioun,
Y-holde the lasse in reputacioun.
Stilbon,[1] that was a wys embassadour,
Was sent to Corinthe, in ful greet honour,
Fro Lacidomie, to make hir alliaunce.
And whan he cam, him happede, par chaunce,
That alle the grettest that were of that lond,
Pleyinge atte hasard he hem fond.
For which, as sone as it mighte be,
He stal him hoom agayn to his contree,
And seyde, "ther wol I nat lese my name;
N'I wol nat take on me so greet defame,
Yow for to allye un-to none has ardours.
Sendeth othere wyse embassadours;
For, by my trouthe, me were lever dye,
Than I yow sholde to hasardours allye.
For ye that been so glorious in honours
Shul nat allyen yow with hasardours
As by my wil, ne as by my tretee."
This wyse philosophre thus seyde he.
Loke eek that, to the king Demetrius
The king of Parthes, as the book seith us,[2]
Sente him a paire of dees of gold in scorn,
For he hadde used hasard ther-biforn;
For which he heeld his glorie or his renoun
At no value or reputacioun.
Lordes may finden other maner pley
Honeste y-nough to dryve the day awey.
Now wol I speke of othes false and grete
A word or two, as olde bokes trete.
Gret swering is a thing abhominable,
And false swering is yet more reprevable.
The heighe god forbad swering at al,
Witnesse on Mathew;[3] but in special
Of swering seith the holy Jeremye,[4]
"Thou shalt seye sooth thyn othes, and nat lye,
And swere in dome, and eek in rightwisnesse;"
But ydel swering is a cursednesse.
Bihold and see, that in the firste table
Of heighe goddes hestes honurable,
How that the seconde heste of him is this—
"Tak nat my name in ydel or amis."[5]
Lo, rather[6] he forbedeth swich swering
Than homicyde or many a cursed thing;
I seye that, as by ordre, thus it stondeth;
This knowen, that his hestes understondeth,
How that the second heste of god is that.
And forther over, I wol thee telle al plat,
That vengeance shal nat parten from his hous,
That of his othes is to outrageous.
"By goddes precious herte, and by his nayles,
And by the blode of Crist, that it is in Hayles,[7]
Seven is my chaunce, and thyn is cink and treye;
By goddes armes, if thou falsly pleye,
This dagger shal thurgh-out thyn herte go"—
This fruyt cometh of the bicched bones two,
Forswering, ire, falsnesse, homicyde.
Now, for the love of Crist that for us dyde,
Leveth your othes, bothe grete and smale;
But, sirs, now wol I telle forth my tale.

Thise ryotoures three, of whiche I telle,
Longe erst er pryme rong of any belle,
Were set hem in a taverne for to drinke;
And as they satte, they herde a belle clinke
Biforn a cors, was caried to his grave;
That oon of hem gan callen to his knave,
"Go bet," quod hë, "and axe redily,
What cors is this that passeth heer forby;
And look that thou reporte his name wel."
"Sir," quod this boy, "it nedeth never-a-del.
It was me told, er ye cam heer, two houres;
He was, pardee, an old felawe of youres;
And sodeynly he was y-slayn to-night,
For-dronke, as he sat on his bench upright;
Ther cam a privee theef, men clepeth Deeth,
That in this contree al the peple sleeth,

[1] Should be Chilon. The story is in John of Salisbury's *Policraticus*, bk, I, ch. 5.

[2] *Policraticus*, bk, I, ch. 5.

[3] St. Matthew, v, 34.

[4] Jeremiah, iv, 2.

[5] Formerly the first and second commandments were considered as one, the tenth being divided into two to make up the number; hence the Pardoner refers to the third commandment as the second. It is in the first table, *i. e.*, the group teaching man's duty to God; those in the second table teaching his duty to his neighbor.

[6] *I. e.*, earlier in the list of commandments.

[7] The Abbey of Hailes, or Hales, in Gloucestershire.

And with his spere he smoot his herte a-two,
And wente his wey with-outen wordes mo.
He hath a thousand slayn this pestilence:
And, maister, er ye come in his presence,
Me thinketh that it were necessarie
For to be war of swich an adversarie;
Beth redy for to mete him evermore.
Thus taughte me my dame, I sey na-more."
"By seinte Marie," seyde this taverner,
"The child seith sooth, for he hath slayn this yeer,
Henne over a myle, with-in a greet village,
Both man and womman, child and hyne, and page.
I trowe his habitacioun be there;
To been avysed greet wisdom it were,
Er that he dide a man a dishonour."
"Ye, goddes armes," quod this ryotour,
"Is it swich peril with him for to mete?
I shal him seke by wey and eek by strete,
I make avow to goddes digne bones!
Herkneth, felawes, we three been al ones;
Lat ech of us holde up his hond til other,
And ech of us bicomen otheres brother,
And we wol sleen this false traytour Deeth;
He shal be slayn, which that so many sleeth,
By goddes dignitee, er it be night."
Togidres han thise three her trouthes plight,
To live and dyen ech of hem for other,
As though he were his owene y-boren brother.
And up they sterte al dronken, in this rage,
And forth they goon towardes that village,
Of which the taverner had spoke biforn,
And many a grisly ooth than han they sworn,
And Cristes blessed body they to-rente—
"Deeth shal be deed, if that they may him hente."
Whan they han goon nat fully half a myle,
Right as they wolde han troden over a style,
An old man and a povre with hem mette.
This olde man ful mekely hem grette,
And seyde thus, "now, lordes, god yow see!"
The proudest of thise ryotoures three
Answerde agayn, "what? carl, with sory grace,
Why artow al forwrapped save thy face?
Why livestow so longe in so greet age?"
This olde man gan loke in his visage,
And seyde thus, "for I ne can nat finde
A man, though that I walked in-to Inde,
Neither in citee nor in no village,
That wolde chaunge his youthe for myn age;
And therfore moot I han myn age stille,
As longe time as it is goddes wille.
Ne deeth, allas! ne wol nat han my lyf;
Thus walke I, lyk a restelees caityf,
And on the ground, which is my modres gate,
I knokke with my staf, bothe erly and late,
And seye, 'leve moder, leet me in!
Lo, how I vanish, flesh, and blood, and skin!
Allas! whan shul my bones been at reste?
Moder, with yow wolde I chaunge my cheste,
That in my chambre longe tyme hath be,
Ye! for an heyre clout to wrappe me!'
But yet to me she wol nat do that grace,
For which ful pale and welked is my face.
But, sirs, to yow it is no curteisye
To speken to an old man vileinye,
But he trespasse in worde, or elles in dede.
In holy writ ye may your-self wel rede,
'Agayns an old man, hoor upon his heed,
Ye sholde aryse;'[1] wherfor I yeve yow reed,
Ne dooth un-to an old man noon harm now,
Na-more than ye wolde men dide to yow
In age, if that ye so longe abyde;
And god be with yow, wher ye go or ryde.
I moot go thider as I have to go."
"Nay, olde cherl, by god, thou shalt nat so,"
Seyde this other hasardour anon;
"Thou partest nat so lightly, by seint John!
Thou spak right now of thilke traitour Deeth,
That in this contree alle our frendes sleeth.
Have heer my trouthe, as thou art his aspye,
Tel wher he is, or thou shalt it abye,
By god, and by the holy sacrament!
For soothly thou art oon of his assent,
To sleen us yonge folk, thou false theef!"
"Now, sirs," quod he, "if that yow be so leef
To finde Deeth, turne up this croked wey,
For in that grove I lafte him, by my fey,
Under a tree, and ther he wol abyde;
Nat for your boost he wol him no-thing hyde.
See ye that ook? right ther ye shul him finde.
God save yow, that boghte agayn mankinde,
And yow amende!"—thus seyde this olde man.
And everich of thise ryotoures ran,
Til he cam to that tree, and ther they founde
Of florins fyne of golde y-coyned rounde
Wel ny an eighte busshels, as hem thoughte.
No lenger thanne after Deeth they soughte,
But ech of hem so glad was of that sighte,
For that the florins been so faire and brighte,

[1] Leviticus, xix, 32.

That doun they sette hem by this precious hord.
The worste of hem he spake the firste word.
"Brethren," quod he, "tak kepe what I seye;
My wit is greet, though that I bourde and pleye.
This tresor hath fortune un-to us yiven,
In mirthe and jolitee our lyf to liven,
And lightly as it comth, so wol we spende.
Ey! goddes precious dignitee! who wende
To-day, that we sholde han so fair a grace?
But mighte this gold be caried fro this place
Hoom to myn hous, or elles un-to youres—
For wel ye woot that al this gold is oures—
Than were we in heigh felicitee.
But trewely, by daye it may nat be;
Men wolde seyn that we were theves stronge,
And for our owene tresor doon us honge.
This tresor moste y-caried be by nighte
As wysly and as slyly as it mighte.
Wherfore I rede that cut among us alle
Be drawe, and lat see wher the cut wol falle;
And he that hath the cut with herte blythe
Shal renne to the toune, and that ful swythe,
And bringe us breed and wyn ful prively.
And two of us shul kepen subtilly
This tresor wel; and, if he wol nat tarie,
Whan it is night, we wol this tresor carie
By oon assent, wher-as us thinketh best."
That oon of hem the cut broughte in his fest,
And bad hem drawe, and loke wher it wol falle;
And it fil on the yongeste of hem alle;
And forth toward the toun he wente anon.
And al-so sone as that he was gon,
That oon of hem spak thus un-to that other,
"Thou knowest wel thou art my sworne brother,
Thy profit wol I telle thee anon.
Thou woost wel that our felawe is agon;
And heer is gold, and that ful greet plentee,
That shal departed been among us three.
But natheles, if I can shape it so
That it departed were among us two,
Hadde I nat doon a freendes torn to thee?"
That other answerde, "I noot how that may be;
He woot how that the gold is with us tweye,
What shal we doon, what shal we to him seye?"
"Shal it be conseil?" seyde the firste shrewe,
"And I shal tellen thee, in wordes fewe,
What we shal doon, and bringe it wel aboute."
"I graunte," quod that other, "out of doute,
That by my trouthe, I wol thee nat biwreye."
"Now," quod the firste, "thou woost wel we be tweye,
And two of us shul strenger be than oon.
Look whan that he is set, and right anoon
Arys, as though thou woldest with him pleye;
And I shal ryve him thurgh the sydes tweye
Whyl that thou strogelest with him as in game,
And with thy dagger look thou do the same;
And than shal al this gold departed be,
My dere freend, bitwixen me and thee;
Than may we bothe our lustes all fulfile,
And pleye at dees right at our owene wille."
And thus acorded been thise shrewes tweye
To sleen the thridde, as ye han herd me seye.
This yongest, which that wente un-to the toun,
Ful ofte in herte he rolleth up and doun
The beautee of thise florins newe and brighte,
"O lord!" quod he, "if so were that I mighte
Have al this tresor to my-self allone,
Ther is no man that liveth under the trone
Of god, that sholde live so mery as I!"
And atte laste the feend, our enemy,
Putte in his thought that he shold poyson beye,
With which he mighte sleen his felawes tweye;
For-why the feend fond him in swich lyvinge,
That he had leve him to sorwe bringe,
For this was outrely his fulle entente
To sleen hem bothe, and never to repente.
And forth he gooth, no lenger wolde he tarie,
Into the toun, un-to a pothecarie,
And preyed him, that he him wolde selle
Som poyson, that he mighte his rattes quelle;
And eek ther was a polcat in his hawe,
That, as he seyde, his capouns hadde y-slawe,
And fayn he wolde wreke him, if he mighte,
On vermin, that destroyed him by nighte.
The pothecarie answerde, "and thou shalt have
A thing that, al-so god my soule save,
In al this world ther nis no creature,
That ete or dronke hath of this confiture
Noght but the mountance of a corn of whete,
That he ne shal his lyf anon forlete;
Ye, sterve he shal, and that in lasse whyle
Than thou wolt goon a paas nat but a myle;

This poyson is so strong and violent."
This cursed man hath in his hond y-hent
This poyson in a box, and sith he ran
In-to the nexte strete, un-to a man,
And borwed [of] him large botels three;
And in the two his poyson poured he;
The thridde he kepte clene for his drinke,
For al the night he shoop him for to swinke
In caryinge of the gold out of that place.
And whan this ryotour, with sory grace,
Had filled with wyn his grete botels three,
To his felawes agayn repaireth he.
What nedeth it to sermone of it more?
For right as they had cast his deeth bifore,
Right so they han him slayn, and that anon.
And whan that this was doon, thus spak that oon,
"Now lat us sitte and drinke, and make us merie,
And afterward we wol his body berie."
And with that word it happed him, par cas,
To take the botel ther the poyson was,
And drank, and yaf his felawe drinke also,
For which anon they storven bothe two.
But, certes, I suppose that Avicen[1]
Wroot never in no canon, ne in no fen,
Mo wonder signes of empoisoning
Than hadde thise wrecches two, er hir ending.
Thus ended been thise homicydes two,
And eek the false empoysoner also.

O cursed sinne, ful of cursednesse!
O traytours homicyde, o wikkednesse!
O glotonye, luxurie, and hasardrye!
Thou blasphemour of Crist with vileinye
And othes grete, of usage and of pryde!
Allas! mankinde, how may it bityde,
That to thy creatour which that thee wroghte,
And with his precious herte-blood thee boghte,
Thou art so fals and so unkinde, allas!
Now, goode men, god forgeve yow your trespas,
And ware yow fro the sinne of avaryce.
Myn holy pardoun may yow alle waryce,
So that ye offre nobles or sterlinges,
Or elles silver broches, spones, ringes.
Boweth your heed under this holy bulle!
Cometh up, ye wyves, offreth of your wolle!
Your name I entre heer in my rolle anon;
In-to the blisse of hevene shul ye gon;
I yow assoile, by myn heigh power,
Yow that wol offre, as clene and eek as cleer
As ye were born; and, lo, sirs, thus I preche.
And Jesu Crist, that is our soules leche,
So graunte yow his pardon to receyve;
For that is best; I wol yow nat deceyve.
But sirs, o word forgat I in my tale,
I have relikes and pardon in my male,
As faire as any man in Engelond,
Whiche were me yeven by the popes hond.
If any of yow wol, of devocioun,
Offren, and han myn absolucioun,
Cometh forth anon, and kneleth heer adoun,
And mekely receyveth my pardoun:
Or elles, taketh pardon as ye wende,
Al newe and fresh, at every tounes ende,
So that ye offren alwey newe and newe
Nobles and pens, which that be gode and trewe.
It is an honour to everich that is heer,
That ye mowe have a suffisant pardoneer
T'assoille yow, in contree as ye ryde,
For aventures which that may bityde.
Peraventure ther may falle oon or two
Doun of his hors, and breke his nekke atwo.
Look which a seuretee is it to yow alle
That I am in your felaweship y-falle,
That may assoille yow, bothe more and lasse,
Whan that the soule shal fro the body passe.
I rede that our hoste heer shal biginne,
For he is most envoluped in sinne.
Com forth, sir hoste, and offre first anon,
And thou shalt kisse the reliks everichon,
Ye, for a grote! unbokel anon thy purs.
"Nay, nay," quod he, "than have I Cristes curs!
Lat be," quod he, "it shal nat be, so thee'ch!
Thou woldest make me kisse thyn old breech,
And swere it were a relik of a seint,
Thogh it were with thy fundement depeint!
But by the croys which that seint Eleyne fond,
I wolde I hadde thy coillons in myn hond
In stede of relikes or of seintuarie;
Lat cutte hem of, I wol thee helpe hem carie;
They shul be shryned in an hogges tord."
This pardoner answerde nat a word;
So wrooth he was, no word ne wolde he seye.
"Now," quod our host, "I wol no lenger pleye
With thee, ne with noon other angry man."
But right anon the worthy Knight bigan,

[1]Avicenna (A. D. 980–1037), celebrated Arabian physician and philosopher.

Whan that he saugh that al the peple lough,
"Na-more of this, for it is right y-nough;
Sir Pardoner, be glad and mery of chere;
And ye, sir host, that been to me so dere,
I prey yow that ye kisse the Pardoner.
And Pardoner, I prey thee, drawe thee neer,
And, as we diden, lat us laughe and pleye."
Anon they kiste, and riden forth hir weye.

THE BALLAD

EDWARD

"Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,
Edward, Edward,
Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,
And why sae sad gang yee O?"
"O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
And I had nae mair bot hee O."

"Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
Edward, Edward,
Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
My deir son I tell thee O."
"O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
That erst was sae fair and frie O."

"Your steid was auld, and ye hae got mair,
Edward, Edward,
Your steid was auld, and ye hae got mair,
Sum other dule ye drie O."
"O I hae killed my fadir deir,
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my fadir deir,
Alas, and wae is mee O!"

"And whatten penance wul ye drie for that,
Edward, Edward,
And whatten penance will ye drie for that?
My deir son, now tell me O."
"Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
Mither, mither,
Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
And Ile fare ovir the sea O."

"And what wul ye doe wi your towirs and your ha,
Edward, Edward?
And what wul you doe wi your towirs and your ha,
That were sae fair to see O?"
"Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa,
Mither, mither,
Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa,
For here nevir mair maun I bee O."

"And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your wife,
Whan ye gang ovir the sea O?"
"The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,
Mither, mither,
The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,
For thame nevir mair wul I see O."

"And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir,
Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir?
My deir son, now tell me O."
"The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
Mither, mither,
The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
Sic counseils ye gave to me O."

THE THREE RAVENS

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
Downe a downe, hay down, hay downe,
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
With a downe,
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as blacke as they might be.
With a downe derrie, derrie, derrie, downe, downe.

The one of them said to his mate,
"Where shall we our breakfast take?"

"Downe in yonder greene field
There lies a knight slain under his shield.

"His hounds they lie down at his feete,
So well they can their master keepe.

"His haukes they flie so eagerly,
There's no fowle dare him come nie."

Downe there comes a fallow doe,
As great with young as she might goe.

She lift up his bloudy hed,
And kist his wounds that were so red.

She got him up upon her backe,
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herselfe ere even-song time.

God send every gentleman
Such haukes, such hounds, and such a leman.

THOMAS RYMER

True Thomas lay o'er yond grassy bank,
And he beheld a ladie gay,
A ladie that was brisk and bold,
Come riding o'er the fernie brae.

Her skirt was of the grass-green silk,
Her mantle of the velvet fine,
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

True Thomas he took off his hat
And bowed him low down till his knee:
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For your peer on earth I never did see."

"O no, O no, True Thomas," she says,
"That name does not belong to me;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
And I'm come here for to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said,
"Harp and carp along wi me;
But if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunton me;"—
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"But ye maun go wi me now, Thomas,
True Thomas, ye maun go wi me,
For ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro weel or wae as may chance to be."

She turned about her milk-white steed,
And took True Thomas up behind,
And aye when eer her bridle rang,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

For forty days and forty nights
He wade thro red blude to the knee,
And he saw neither sun nor moon,
But heard the roaring of the sea.

O they rade on and further on,
Until they came to a garden green:
"Light down, light down, ye ladie free,
Some of that fruit let me pull to thee."

"O no, O no, True Thomas," she says,
"That fruit maun not be touched by thee,
For a' the plagues that are in hell
Light on the fruit of this countrie.

"But I have a loaf here in my lap,
Likewise a bottle of claret wine,
And here ere we go farther on,
We'll rest a while, and ye may dine."

When he had eaten and drunk his fill,
"Lay down your head upon my knee,"
The lady sayd, "ere we climb yon hill,
And I will show you ferlies three.

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Tho after it but few enquires.

"And see not ye that braid braid road,
That lies across yon lillie leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Tho some call it the road to heaven.

"And see ye not that bonny road,
Which winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where you and I this night maun gae.

"But Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see,
For gin ae word you should chance to speak,
You will neer get back to your ain countrie."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green,
And till seven years were past and gone
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

The king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
"O whar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine?"

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne:
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,
That sails upon the se."

The king has written a braid letter,
And signd it wi his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauchèd he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

"O wha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se!

"Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne:"
"O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone,
Wi the auld moone in hir arme,
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme."

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone;
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
Wi thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thar ain deir lords,
For they'll see thame na mair.

Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip,
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a falling,
That Sir John Græme, in the West Country,
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling:
"O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

"O it's I'm sick, and very, very sick,
And 't is a' for Barbara Allan:"
"O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho your heart's blood were a spilling.

"O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,
"When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?"

He turnd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing:
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan."

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighing said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bell geid,
It cryd, Woe to Barbara Allan!

"O mother, mother, make my bed!
O make it saft and narrow!
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow."

JOHNIE ARMSTRONG

There dwelt a man in faire Westmerland,
Jonnë Armestrong men did him call,
He had nither lands nor rents coming in,
Yet he kept eight score men in his hall.

He had horse and harness for them all,
Goodly steeds were all milke-white;
O the golden bands an about their necks,
And their weapons, they were all alike.

Newes then was brought unto the king
That there was sicke a won as hee,
That livëd lyke a bold out-law,
And robbëd all the north country.

The king he writt an a letter then,
A letter which was large and long;
He signëd it with his owne hand,
And he promised to doe him no wrong.

When this letter came Jonnë untill,
His heart was as blyth as birds on the tree:
"Never was I sent for before any king,
My father, my grandfather, nor none but mee.

"And if wee goe the king before,
I would we went most orderly;
Every man of you shall have his scarlet cloak,
Laced with silver laces three.

"Every won of you shall have his velvett coat,
Laced with silver lace so white;
O the golden bands an about your necks,
Black hatts, white feathers, all alyke."

By the morrow morninge at ten of the clock,
Towards Edenburough gon was hee,
And with him all his eight score men;
Good lord, it was a goodly sight for to see!

When Jonnë came befower the king,
He fell downe on his knee;
"O pardon, my soveraine leige," he said,
"O pardon my eight score men and mee."

"Thou shalt have no pardon, thou traytor strong,
For thy eight score men nor thee;
For to-morrow morning by ten of the clock,
Both thou and them shall hang on the gallow-tree."

But Jonnë looked over his left shoulder,
Good Lord, what a grevious look looked hee!
Saying, "Asking grace of a graceles face—
Why there is none for you nor me."

But Jonnë had a bright sword by his side,
And it was made of the mettle so free,
That had not the king stept his foot aside,
He had smitten his head from his faire boddë.

Saying, "Fight on, my merry men all,
And see that none of you be taine;
For rather than men shall say we were hangd,
Let them report how we were slaine."

Then, God wott, faire Eddenburrough rose,
And so besett poore Jonnë rounde,
That fower score and tenn of Jonnës best men
Lay gasping all upon the ground.

Then like a mad man Jonnë laide about,
And like a mad man then fought hee,
Untill a falce Scot came Jonnë behinde,
And runn him through the faire boddee.

Saying, "Fight on, my merry men all,
I am a little hurt, but I am not slain;
I will lay me down for to bleed a while,
Then I 'le rise and fight with you again."

Newes then was brought to young Jonnë Armestrong,
As he stood by his nurses knee,
Who vowed if ere he lived for to be a man,
O the treacherous Scots revengd hee'd be.

THE DÆMON LOVER

"O WHERE have you been, my long, long love,
This long seven years and mair?"
"O I'm come to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before."

"O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife."

He turned him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his ee:
"I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,
If it had not been for thee.

"I might hae had a king's daughter,
Far, far beyond the sea;
I might have had a king's daughter,
Had it not been for love o thee."

"If ye might have had a king's daughter,
Yersel ye had to blame;
Ye might have had taken the king's daughter,
For ye kend that I was nane.

"If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,
O what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go?"

"I hae seven ships upon the sea—
The eighth brought me to land—
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand."

She has taken up her two little babes,
Kissd them baith cheek and chin:
"O fair ye weel, my ain two babes,
For I'll never see you again."

She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold;
But the sails were o the taffetie,
And the masts o the beaten gold.

She had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumlie grew his ee.

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
And she wept right bitterlie.

"O hold your tongue of your weeping," says he,
"Of your weeping now let me be;
I will shew you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy."

"O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on?"
"O yon are the hills of heaven," he said,
"Where you will never win."

"O whaten a mountain is yon," she said,
"All so dreary wi frost and snow?"
"O yon is the mountain of hell," he cried,
"Where you and I will go."

He strack the tap-mast wi his hand,
The fore-mast wi his knee,
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE

When shawes beene sheene, and shradds full fayre,
And leeves both large and longe,
It is merry, walking in the fayre fforrest,
To heare the small birds songe.

The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
Amongst the leaves a lyne;
And it is by two wight yeomen,
By deare God, that I meane.

"Me thought they did mee beate and binde,
And tooke my bowe mee froe;
If I bee Robin alive in this lande,
I'le be wrocken on both them towe."

"Sweavens are swift, master," quoth John,
"As the wind that blowes ore a hill;
Ffor if itt be never soe lowde this night,
To-morrow it may be still."

"Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
Ffor John shall goe with mee;
For I 'le goe seeke yond wight yeomen
In greenwood where they bee."

They cast on their gowne of greene,
A shooting gone are they,
Until they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest bee;
There were they ware of a wight yeoman,
His body leaned to a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Had beene many a mans bane,
And he was cladd in his capull-hyde,
Topp, and tayle, and mayne.

"Stand you still, master," quoth Litle John,
"Under this trusty tree,
And I will goe to yond wight yeoman,
To know his meaning trulye."

"A, John, by me thou setts noe store,
And that's a ffarley thinge;
How offt send I my men beffore,
And tarry my-selfe behinde?

"It is noe cunning a knave to ken:
And a man but heare him speake
And itt were not for bursting of my bowe,
John, I wold thy head breake."

But often words they breeden bale;
That parted Robin and John.
John is gone to Barnesdale,
The gates he knowes eche one.

And when hee came to Barnesdale,
Great heavinesse there hee hadd;
He ffound two of his fellowes
Were slaine both in a slade,

And Scarlett a-ffoote flyinge was,
Over stockes and stone,
For the sheriffe with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

"Yett one shoote I 'le shoote," sayes Litle John,
"With Crist his might and mayne;
I 'le make yond fellow that flyes soe fast
To be both glad and ffaine."

John bent up a good veiwe bow,
And ffetteled him to shoote;
The bow was made of a tender boughe,
And fell downe to his foote.

'Woe worth thee, wicked wood," sayd Litle John,
"That ere thou grew on a tree!
Ffor this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shold bee!"

This shoote it was but looselye shott,
The arrowe flew in vaine,
And it mett one of the sheriffes men;
Good William a Trent was slaine.

It had beene better for William a Trent
To hange upon a gallowe
Then for to lye in the greenwoode,
There slaine with an arrowe.

And it is sayd, when men be mett,
Six can doe more than three:
And they have tane Litle John,
And bound him ffast to a tree.

"Thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe," quoth the sheriffe,
"And hanged hye on a hill:"
"But thou may ffayle," quoth Litle John,
"If itt be Christs owne will."

Let us leave talking of Litle John,
For hee is bound fast to a tree,
And talke of Guy and Robin Hood
In the green woode where they bee.

How these two yeomen together they mett,
Under the leaves of lyne,
To see what marchandise they made
Even at that same time.

"Good morrow, good fellow," quoth Sir Guy;
"Good morrow, good ffellow," quoth hee;
"Methinkes by this bow thou beares in thy hand,
A good archer thou seems to bee."

"I am wilfull of my way," quoth Sir Guye,
"And of my morning tyde:"
"I'le lead thee through the wood," quoth Robin,
"Good ffellow, I'le be thy guide."

"I seeke an outlaw," quoth Sir Guye,
"Men call him Robin Hood;
I had rather meet with him upon a day
Than forty pound of golde."

"If you tow mett, itt wold be seene whether were better
Afore yee did part awaye;
Let us some other pastime find,
Good ffellow, I thee pray.

"Let us some other masteryes make,
And wee will walke in the woods even;
Wee may chance meet with Robin Hoode
Att some unsett steven."

They cutt them downe the summer shroggs
Which grew both under a bryar,
And sett them three score rood in twinn,
To shoote the prickes full neare.

"Leade on, good ffellow," sayd Sir Guye,
"Lead on, I doe bidd thee:"
"Nay, by my faith," quoth Robin Hood,
"The leader thou shalt bee."

The first good shoot that Robin ledd,
Did not shoote an inch the pricke ffroe;
Guy was an archer good enoughe,
But he cold neere shoote soe.

The second shoote, Sir Guy shott,
He shott within the garlande;
But Robin Hoode shott it better than hee,
For he clove the good pricke-wande.

"Gods blessing on thy heart!" sayes Guye,
"Goode ffellow, thy shooting is goode;
For an thy hart be as good as thy hands,
Thou were better then Robin Hood.

"Tell me thy name, good ffellow," quoth Guy,
"Under the leaves of lyne:"
"Nay, by my faith," quoth good Robin,
"Till thou have told me thine."

"I dwell by dale and downe," quoth Guye,
"And I have done many a curst turne;
And he that calles me by my right name,
Calles me Guye of good Gysborne."

"My dwelling is in the wood," sayes Robin;
"By thee I set right nought;
My name is Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
A ffellow thou has long sought."

He that had neither beene a kithe nor kin
Might have seene a full fayre sight,
To see how together these yeomen went,
With blades both browne and bright;

To have seene how these yeomen together fought
Two howers of a summers day;
Itt was neither Guy nor Robin Hood
That ffettled them to flye away.

Robin was reacheles on a roote,
And stumbled at that tyde,
And Guy was quicke and nimble withall,
And hitt him ore the left side.

"Ah, deere Lady!" sayd Robin Hoode,
"Thou art both mother and may!
I thinke it was never mans destinye
To dye before his day."

Robin thought on Our Lady deere,
And soone leapt up againe,
And thus he came with an awkwarde stroke;
Good Sir Guy hee has slayne.

He tooke Sir Guys head by the hayre,
And sticked itt on his bowes end:
"Thou hast beene traytor all thy liffe,
Which thing must have an ende."

Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,
And nicked Sir Guy in the ffface,
That hee was never on a woman borne
Cold tell who Sir Guye was.

Saies, "Lye there, lye there, good Sir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe;
If thou have had the worse stroakes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better cloathe."

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
Sir Guye hee did it throwe;
And hee put on that capull-hyde
That cladd him topp to toe.

"The bowe, the arrowes, and litle horne,
And with me now I 'le beare;
Ffor now I will goe to Barnesdale
To see how my men doe ffare."

Robin sett Guyes horne to his mouth,
A lowd blast in it he did blow;
That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.

"Hearken! hearken!" sayd the sheriffe,
"I heard noe tydings but good;
For yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blowe,
For he hath slaine Robin Hoode.

"For yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blow,
Itt blowes soe well in tyde,
For yonder comes that wighty yeoman,
Cladd in his capull-hyde.

"Come hither, thou good Sir Guy,
Aske of mee what thou wilt have:"
"I 'le none of thy gold," sayes Robin Hood,
"Nor I 'le none of itt have.

"But now I have slaine the master," he sayd,
"Let me goe strike the knave;
This is all the reward I aske,
Nor noe other will I have."

"Thou art a madman," said the shiriffe,
"Thou sholdest have had a knights ffee;
Seeing thy asking hath beene soe badd,
Well granted it shall be."

But Litle John heard his master speake,
Well he knew that was his steven;
"Now shall I be loset," quoth Litle John,
"With Christs might in heaven."

But Robin hee hyed him towards Litle John,
Hee thought hee wold loose him belive;
The sheriffe and all his companye
Fast after him did drive.

"Stand abacke! stand abacke!" sayd Robin;
"Why draw you mee soe neere?
Itt was never the use in our countrye
Ones shrift another shold heere."

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh kniffe,
And losed John hand and ffoote,
And gave him Sir Guyes bow in his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

But John tooke Guyes bow in his hand—
His arrowes were rawstye by the roote;
The sheriffe saw Litle John draw a bow
And ffettle him to shoote.

Towards his house in Nottingam
He ffled full fast away,
And soe did all his companye,
Not one behind did stay.

But he cold neither soe fast goe,
Nor away soe fast runn,
But Litle John, with an arrow broade,
Did cleve his heart in twinn.

HISTORY

HISTORY

Among the numerous recorders of the past only a very few have achieved distinction in the literature of history. As written by Herodotus and Thucydides in Greece, by Tacitus and Livy in Rome, by Froissart in the Middle Ages, by Gibbon in the eighteenth century and by Macaulay, Carlyle, and Parkman in the nineteenth century, history surpasses in vigor and lasting interest the pedestrian gathering and chronicling of facts with which the ordinary historian is satisfied. After the research scholar has studied his sources and gathered his materials, there remains the difficult problem of writing a readable story. To win a place among the classics, he must employ the arts of literature. The writers represented in these selections are outstanding among the very few historians whose pages continue to delight on every re-reading. They have won eminence not only as historians but as gifted writers who have mastered the art of picturesque and moving narrative.

Herodotus (490?–426? B. C.), who is sometimes called the father of history, gave to posterity a fascinating account of the invasion of Greece by the Persian hosts and their expulsion by the Greek States. His extensive travels in Asia Minor, Egypt, and European Greece gave him a familiarity with the regions in which were enacted the scenes of his history. Moreover, his intimate acquaintance with the literature of his country, of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, of Aeschylus, Pindar, and numerous other writers, developed in him a taste for excellence of literary expression. Like many of the early Greek writers who tried to understand their universe, Herodotus explains the events of the Persian wars by a philosophical generalization similar to the conception underlying Greek tragedy, that of divine retribution for the sin of pride. This overweening pride of the Persians arouses the envy of the Gods who smite this presumption with divine wrath. Herodotus, however, has no insight into the real causes that underlie political and social changes. His charm lies in his extraordinary gift for story-telling, which led him in his gossipy vein to recount as authentic many tales that are now regarded as of mythological or legendary origin. Many portions of his history he recited to his friends and won their enthusiastic approval. Today we also are charmed by his cultivation and tolerance, his easy and genial narrative style, his invaluable digressions on people and manners, and such graphic descriptions as we find in his accounts of the struggles at Marathon, Thermopylae, and Salamis.

Unlike Herodotus, Thucydides (471–401? B. C.), historian of the fatal struggle between the Greek city-states, perceived the general significance of particular events and portrayed their relationship to one another. Herodotus was a popularizer; Thucydides a scholar. He was the first historian to inquire into the causes of historical events and the motives of the men who took part in them. As a participant himself in the struggle between Athens and Sparta for imperialistic supremacy, he gained personal knowledge and first-hand information to which he added laborious research for enlarging and verifying his facts. Only in his speeches, which constitute almost a fifth of the History, does he resort to imagination to replace memory. As he says, "I made the persons say what seemed to me most opportune for them to say in view of each situation; at the same time I have adhered as closely as possible to the general sense of what was actually said." In the funeral oration of Pericles, Thucydides reveals the Athenian ideal of perfection; his account of the Corcyræan Revolution serves as a commentary on the revolutionary character wherever found. A sceptic and a philosopher, a Grecian warrior and a scholar, Thucydides in his history enacts the tragic drama of the decay of "the glory that was Greece," through the failure of the Greek races to obtain political solidarity.

Livy (59 B. C.–17 A. D.) gave to posterity a history of the Roman people who, in his opinion, were "the first in the world from the beginning." His task was one that

stimulated many men of high rank and statesmanship, for they took pride in the glory of Rome and the part she had played in universal history. Livy's aim is to show how Rome "rose to greatness by the simple virtues and unselfish devotions of her citizens, and how on the decay of these qualities followed degeneracy and decline." Like Herodotus he fills his narrative with fictions. He has little understanding of the underlying social and political forces and none of the scholarly method and accuracy of Thucydides. His pages contain rather a moving panorama of the glories of Rome under the Republic, and unfold a history intended to serve as a wholesome and profitable guide to public morals. Of the one hundred and forty-two books composing the history only thirty-five and a few fragments are now extant.

Tacitus (55?–117? A. D.), of whom we know very little except through his own words, deserves the highest place as a Roman historian. His life of Agricola is an admirable specimen of biographical history; the many books of his main work brought the story of Rome down to the close of Domitian's reign in 97 A. D. Only four books, however, and a small fragment of the fifth are extant. Tacitus, as a man of social standing, had access to the opinions of the most eminent men of the day. He consulted memoirs, letters, funeral orations, and proceedings in the senate, all of which he knew how to turn to account. "I regard it as history's highest function to rescue merit from oblivion, and to hold up as a terror to base words and actions the reprobation of posterity." Like Livy he is more interested in ethics than in politics, and he places the blame for the degeneracy of the age more upon individual rulers than upon the imperial system. His *Annals*, however, make vivid the unforgettable scenes of Roman history from the accession of Tiberius in 14 A. D. to the death of Nero, 68 A. D. His masterly pictures of the corruption and demoralization of a great empire under the reign of Nero are conveyed in a style unrivalled in Latin literature for vividness, condensation, and power of phrase.

Froissart (1337–1410), the great French chronicler of the early part of the Hundred Years War, set out on horseback to gather his materials at first hand. On his travels over France, Belgium, England, Italy, and other European states, he observed with eager eyes the important and the trivial, and, in his *Chronicles*, poured them all out in a picturesque story which carries us into the life of these countries from 1322 to 1400. He offers no explanations; he is not interested in cause and effect, nor in any philosophy of history. Like Sir Walter Scott, who called him "master," Froissart is content with vivid story telling. He has drawn especially memorable pictures of King Edward III of England and his son, the Black Prince, in their struggles against the French at Crécy and Poitiers.

Edward Gibbon (1737–1794), the greatest of English historians, in addition to his gifts as a writer of pictorial narrative, evinced a cool and skeptical intelligence in his *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (1776–1788). His study of sources, carried on for twenty years, was extensive; his general accuracy and grasp, and his coördination of materials are hardly excelled. His own opinions of what he describes are conveyed by a skilful method of indirect insinuation, which is especially effective in his analyses of the Christian Church. The Tories of his day disliked his attitude toward established religion, and the Whigs disapproved of his Tory political leanings; but today he has a secure niche among world historians. His rich and stately patrician style, relying upon the balanced sentence, is somewhat marred by his predilection for genitives, but it is admirably fitted to convey the august march of Roman destiny.

At the close of the eighteenth century and during the beginning of the nineteenth, the writing of history received a new impulse. The study of political economy, the French Revolution, and the growth of scientific methods brought to the attention of men the complicated structure of society, and the need of new and thorough investigation, not for the purpose of drawing pleasing pictures, but for discovering accurate and verifiable facts. Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800-1859) whose early years as a writer were passed at the beginning of this movement treated it with impatience and disgust. His conception of history was that it should be a true novel, capable of "in-

teresting the affections and presenting pictures to the imagination. It should invest with the reality of human flesh and blood beings whom we are too much inclined to consider as personified qualities in an allegory; call up our ancestors before us with all their peculiarities of language, manners, and gait; show us over their houses, seat us at their tables, rummage their old-fashioned wardrobes, explain the uses of their ponderous furniture."

With such an ambition he labored prodigiously to bring the material for his *History of England* within a possible scope, but the century and a half he contemplated, which on his scale would have demanded fifty volumes, resulted in five volumes covering fifteen years. He wrote and rewrote his chapters with ceaseless drudgery "to make the narrative flow along as it ought—as easily as table-talk." His interest centered in human characters rather than in the movement of social forces. He was frankly a Whig who believed that this was the best of all possible worlds and that the future progress of the world was assured under the guidance of the Liberal party. If his history is diffuse and deficient in philosophy and detachment, its movement, color, variety, and dramatic interest make us living spectators of the period. Saintsbury says of his style, "That most ingenious and widely read historian in reality did little more than shorten the Gibbonian antitheses, substitute a sharp quick movement for the former's stately roll, exchange irony for a certain kind of wit, and the declamation of oratory for the declamation of debate."

Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881), in his great historical work, *The French Revolution*, displayed as much vehemence and emotional fervor as any demagogue of the Reign of Terror haranguing the mob. He conceived this great period as a manifestation and vindication of certain prophetic truths in which he profoundly believed: "the sublimity of fact, the impotence of phrase, the folly of formula, the loathsomeness of rotten institutions, the reeling frenzy of the unguided multitude." Though he read diligently in French memoirs, he was, like Macaulay, impatient of the exactions of modern scholarship. He saw history as a succession of lightning flashes disclosing the moral order of the universe at work in the destinies of men. Some of his pen-portraits of leaders, and his descriptions of great episodes are unsurpassed for vividness and power, though his exaggerations and prejudices, his admirations and aversions are evident on every page.

The eminent American historian, Francis Parkman (1823–1893), has recorded the epic struggle between France and England for the continent of North America. Greatly handicapped in eyesight and physical vigor, he nevertheless heroically devoted himself to his life work. By personal explorations and sojourns among the Indians, and by extensive researches in Jesuit manuscripts, he acquired intimate information about the North American Indians. Today his series of nine volumes remains a classic account of the entire conflict between France and England for supremacy in the New World. Parkman's style is fresh and attractive; he developed a charm, a power, and a flexibility hardly rivalled by his contemporaries. His diligent study in European archives, his early experiences in the wilderness, and his sympathetic observation and portrayal of nature reveal the conscience of the scholar, the zest of the adventurer, and the temperament of the artist.

HERODOTUS (490?–426? B. C.)

BATTLE OF MARATHON[1] 490

THE Persians, having thus brought Eretria into subjection, after waiting a few days, made sail for Attica, greatly straitening the Athenians as they approached, and thinking to deal with them as they had dealt with the people of Eretria. And, because there was no place in all Attica so convenient for their horse as Marathon, and it lay moreover quite close to Eretria, therefore Hippias, the son of Pisistratus, conducted them thither.

When intelligence of this reached the Athenians, they likewise marched their

[1]Translation by George Rawlinson.

troops to Marathon, and there stood on the defensive, having at their head ten generals, of whom one was Miltiades.

Now this man's father, Cimon, the son of Stesagoras, was banished from Athens by Pisistratus, the son of Hippocrates. In his banishment it was his fortune to win the four-horse chariot-race at Olympia, whereby he gained the very same honor which had before been carried off by Miltiades, his half-brother on the mother's side. At the next Olympiad he won the prize again with the same mares; upon which he caused Pisistratus to be proclaimed the winner, having made an agreement with him that on yielding him this honor he should be allowed to come back to his country. Afterwards, still with the same mares, he won the prize a third time; whereupon he was put to death by the sons of Pisistratus, whose father was no longer living. They set men to lie in wait for him secretly; and these men slew him near the government-house in the night-time. He was buried outside the city, beyond what is called the Valley Road; and right opposite his tomb were buried the mares which had won the three prizes. The same success had likewise been achieved once previously, to wit, by the mares of Evagoras the Lacedæmonian, but never except by them. At the time of Cimon's death Stesagoras, the elder of his two sons, was in the Chersonese, where he lived with Miltiades his uncle; the younger, who was called Miltiades after the founder of the Chersonesite colony, was with his father in Athens.

It was this Miltiades who now commanded the Athenians, after escaping from the Chersonese, and twice nearly losing his life. First he was chased as far as Imbrus by the Phœnicians, who had a great desire to take him and carry him up to the king; and when he had avoided this danger, and, having reached his own country, thought himself to be altogether in safety, he found his enemies waiting for him, and was cited by them before a court and impeached for his tyranny in the Chersonese. But he came off victorious here likewise, and was thereupon made general of the Athenians by the free choice of the people.

And first, before they left the city, the generals sent off to Sparta a herald, one Pheidippides, who was by birth an Athenian, and by profession and practice a trained runner. This man, according to the account which he gave to the Athenians on his return, when he was near Mount Parthenium, above Tegea, fell in with the god Pan, who called him by his name, and bade him ask the Athenians "wherefore they neglected him so entirely, when he was kindly disposed towards them, and had often helped them in times past, and would do so again in time to come?" The Athenians, entirely believing in the truth of this report, as soon as their affairs were once more in good order, set up a temple to Pan under the Acropolis, and, in return for the message which I have recorded, established in his honor yearly sacrifices and a torch-race.

On the occasion of which we speak, when Pheidippides was sent by the Athenian generals, and, according to his own account, saw Pan on his journey, he reached Sparta on the very next day after quitting the city of Athens. Upon his arrival he went before the rulers, and said to them—

"Men of Lacedæmon, the Athenians beseech you to hasten to their aid, and not allow that state, which is the most ancient in all Greece, to be enslaved by the barbarians. Eretria, look you, is already carried away captive; and Greece weakened by the loss of no mean city."

Thus did Pheidippides deliver the message committed to him. And the Spartans wished to help the Athenians, but were unable to give them any present succor, as they did not like to break their established law. It was then the ninth day of the first decade; and they could not march out of Sparta on the ninth, when the moon had not reached the full. So they waited for the full of the moon.

The barbarians were conducted to Marathon by Hippias, the son of Pisistratus, who the night before had seen a strange vision in his sleep. He dreamt of lying in his mother's arms, and conjectured the dream to mean that he would be restored to Athens, recover the power which he had lost, and afterwards live to a good old age in his native country. Such was the sense in which he interpreted the vision. He now proceeded to act as guide to the Persians; and, in the

first place, he landed the prisoners taken from Eretria upon the island that is called Ægileia, a tract belonging to the Styreans, after which he brought the fleet to anchor off Marathon, and marshalled the bands of the barbarians as they disembarked. As he was thus employed it chanced that he sneezed and at the same time coughed with more violence than was his wont. Now, as he was a man advanced in years, and the greater number of his teeth were loose, it so happened that one of them was driven out with the force of the cough, and fell down into the sand. Hippias took all the pains he could to find it; but the tooth was nowhere to be seen: whereupon he fetched a deep sigh, and said to the by-standers—

"After all, the land is not ours; and we shall never be able to bring it under. All my share in it is the portion of which my tooth has possession."

So Hippias believed that in this way his dream was out.

The Athenians were drawn up in order of battle in a sacred close belonging to Hercules, when they were joined by the Platæans, who came in full force to their aid. Some time before, the Platæans had put themselves under the rule of the Athenians; and these last had already undertaken many labors on their behalf. The occasion of the surrender was the following. The Platæans suffered grievous things at the hands of the men of Thebes; so, as it chanced that Cleomenes, the son of Anaxandridas, and the Lacedæmonians were in their neighborhood, they first of all offered to surrender themselves to them. But the Lacedæmonians refused to receive them, and said—

"We dwell too far off from you, and ours would be but chill succor. Ye might oftentimes be carried into slavery before one of us heard of it. We counsel you rather to give yourselves up to the Athenians, who are your next neighbors, and well able to shelter you."

This they said, not so much out of good will towards the Platæans as because they wished to involve the Athenians in trouble by engaging them in wars with the Bœotians. The Platæans, however, when the Lacedæmonians gave them this counsel, complied at once; and when the sacrifice to the Twelve Gods was being offered at Athens, they came and sat as suppliants about the altar, and gave themselves up to the Athenians. The Thebans no sooner learnt what the Platæans had done than instantly they marched out against them, while the Athenians sent troops to their aid. As the two armies were about to join battle, the Corinthians, who chanced to be at hand, would not allow them to engage; both sides consented to take them for arbitrators, whereupon they made up the quarrel, and fixed the boundary-line between the two states upon this condition: to wit, that if any of the Bœotians wished no longer to belong to Bœotia, the Thebans should allow them to follow their own inclinations. The Corinthians, when they had thus decreed, forthwith departed to their homes: the Athenians likewise set off on their return; but the Bœotians fell upon them during the march, and a battle was fought wherein they were worsted by the Athenians. Hereupon these last would not be bound by the line which the Corinthians had fixed, but advanced beyond those limits, and made the Asôpus the boundary-line between the country of the Thebans and that of the Platæans and Hysians. Under such circumstances did the Platæans give themselves up to Athens; and now they were come to Marathon to bear the Athenians aid.

The Athenian generals were divided in their opinions; and some advised not to risk a battle, because they were too few to engage such a host as that of the Medes, while others were for fighting at once; and among these last was Miltiades. He therefore, seeing that opinions were thus divided, and that the less worthy counsel appeared likely to prevail, resolved to go to the polemarch, and have a conference with him. For the man on whom the lot fell to be polemarch at Athens was entitled to give his vote with the ten generals, since anciently the Athenians allowed him an equal right of voting with them. The polemarch at this juncture was Callimachus of Aphidnæ; to him therefore Miltiades went, and said:—

"With thee it rests, Callimachus, either to bring Athens to slavery, or, by securing her freedom, to leave behind thee to all future generations a memory beyond even Harmodius and Aristogeiton. For never

since the time that the Athenians became a people were they in so great a danger as now. If they bow their necks beneath the yoke of the Medes, the woes which they will have to suffer when given into the power of Hippias are already determined on; if, on the other hand, they fight and overcome, Athens may rise to be the very first city in Greece. How it comes to pass that these things are likely to happen, and how the determining of them in some sort rests with thee, I will now proceed to make clear. We generals are ten in number, and our votes are divided; half of us wish to engage, half to avoid a combat. Now, if we do not fight, I look to see a great disturbance at Athens which will shake men's resolutions, and then I fear they will submit themselves; but if we fight the battle before any unsoundness show itself among our citizens, let the gods but give us fair play, and we are well able to overcome the enemy. On thee therefore we depend in this matter, which lies wholly in thine own power. Thou hast only to add thy vote to my side and thy country will be free, and not free only, but the first state in Greece. Or, if thou preferrest to give thy vote to them who would decline the combat, then the reverse will follow."

Miltiades by these words gained Callimachus; and the addition of the polemarch's vote caused the decision to be in favor of fighting. Hereupon all those generals who had been desirous of hazarding a battle, when their turn came to command the army, gave up their right to Miltiades. He, however, though he accepted their offers, nevertheless waited, and would not fight, until his own day of command arrived in due course.

Then at length, when his own turn was come, the Athenian battle was set in array, and this was the order of it. Callimachus the polemarch led the right wing; for it was at that time a rule with the Athenians to give the right wing to the polemarch. After this followed the tribes, according as they were numbered, in an unbroken line; while last of all came the Platæans, forming the left wing. And ever since that day it has been a custom with the Athenians, in the sacrifices and assemblies held each fifth year at Athens, for the Athenian herald to implore the blessing of the gods on the Platæans conjointly with the Athenians. Now, as they marshalled the host upon the field of Marathon, in order that the Athenian front might be of equal length with the Median, the ranks of the center were diminished, and it became the weakest part of the line, while the wings were both made strong with a depth of many ranks.

So when the battle was set in array, and the victims showed themselves favorable, instantly the Athenians, so soon as they were let go, charged the barbarians at a run. Now the distance between the two armies was little short of eight furlongs. The Persians, therefore, when they saw the Greeks coming on at speed, made ready to receive them, although it seemed to them that the Athenians were bereft of their senses, and bent upon their own destruction; for they saw a mere handful of men coming on at a run without either horsemen or archers. Such was the opinion of the barbarians; but the Athenians in close array fell upon them, and fought in a manner worthy of being recorded. They were the first of the Greeks, so far as I know, who introduced the custom of charging the enemy at a run, and they were likewise the first who dared to look upon the Median garb, and to face men clad in that fashion. Until this time the very name of the Medes had been a terror to the Greeks to hear.

The two armies fought together on the plain of Marathon for a length of time; and in the mid battle, where the Persians themselves and the Sacæ had their place, the barbarians were victorious, and broke and pursued the Greeks into the inner country; but on the two wings the Athenians and the Platæans defeated the enemy. Having so done, they suffered the routed barbarians to fly at their ease, and joining the two wings in one, fell upon those who had broken their own center, and fought and conquered them. These likewise fled, and now the Athenians hung upon the runaways and cut them down, chasing them all the way to the shore, on reaching which they laid hold of the ships and called aloud for fire.

It was in the struggle here that Callimachus the polemarch, after greatly distinguishing himself, lost his life; Stesilaüs,

too, the son of Thrasilaüs, one of the generals, was slain; and Cynægirüs, the son of Euphorion, having seized on a vessel of the enemy's by the ornament at the stern, had his hand cut off by the blow of an axe, and so perished; as likewise did many other Athenians of note and name.

Nevertheless the Athenians secured in this way seven of the vessels; while with the remainder the barbarians pushed off, and taking aboard their Eretrian prisoners from the island where they had left them doubled Cape Sunium, hoping to reach Athens before the return of the Athenians. The Alcmæonidæ were accused by their countrymen of suggesting this course to them; they had, it was said, an understanding with the Persians, and made a signal to them, by raising a shield, after they were embarked in their ships.

The Persians accordingly sailed round Sunium. But the Athenians with all possible speed marched away to the defence of their city, and succeeded in reaching Athens before the appearance of the barbarians: and as their camp at Marathon had been pitched in a precinct of Hercules, so now they encamped in another precinct of the same god at Cynosarges. The barbarian fleet arrived, and lay to off Phalerum, which was at that time the haven of Athens; but after resting awhile upon their oars, they departed and sailed away to Asia.

There fell in this battle of Marathon, on the side of the barbarians, about six thousand and four hundred men; on that of the Athenians, one hundred and ninety-two. Such was the number of the slain on the one side and the other. A strange prodigy likewise happened at this fight. Epizêlus, the son of Cuphagoras, an Athenian, was in the thick of the fray, and behaving himself as a brave man should, when suddenly he was stricken with blindness, without blow of sword or dart; and this blindness continued thenceforth during the whole of his after life. The following is the account which he himself, as I have heard, gave of the matter: he said that a gigantic warrior, with a huge beard, which shaded all his shield, stood over against him; but the ghostly semblance passed him by, and slew the man at his side. Such, as I understand, was the tale which Epizêlus told.

THERMOPYLÆ

King Xerxes pitched his camp in the region of Malis called Trachinia, while on their side the Greeks occupied the straits. These straits the Greeks in general call Thermopylæ (the Hot Gates); but the natives, and those who dwell in the neighborhood, call them Pylæ (the Gates). Here then the two armies took their stand; the one master of all the region lying north of Trachis, the other of the country extending southward of that place to the verge of the continent.

The Greeks who at this spot awaited the coming of Xerxes were the following:—From Sparta, three hundred men-at-arms: from Arcadia, a thousand Tegeans and Mantineans, five hundred of each people; a hundred and twenty Orchomenians, from the Arcadian Orchomenus; and a thousand from other cities: from Corinth, four hundred men: from Phlius, two hundred: and from Mycenæ eighty. Such was the number from the Peloponnese. There were also present, from Bœotia, seven hundred Thespians and four hundred Thebans.

Besides these troops, the Locrians of Opus and the Phocians had obeyed the call of their countrymen, and sent, the former all the force they had, the latter a thousand men. For envoys had gone from the Greeks at Thermopylæ among the Locrians and Phocians, to call on them for assistance, and to say—"They were themselves but the vanguard of the host, sent to precede the main body, which might every day be expected to follow them. The sea was in good keeping, watched by the Athenians, the Eginetans, and the rest of the fleet. There was no cause why they should fear; for after all the invader was not a god but a man; and there never had been, and never would be, a man who was not liable to misfortunes from the very day of his birth, and those misfortunes greater in proportion to his own greatness. The assailant therefore, being only a mortal, must needs fall from his glory." Thus urged, the Locrians and the Phocians had come with their troops to Trachis.

The various nations had each captains of their own under whom they served; but the one to whom all especially looked up, and

who had the command of the entire force, was the Lacedæmonian, Leonidas. Now Leonidas was the son of Anaxandridas, who was the son of Leo, who was the son of Eurycratidas, who was the son of Anaxander, who was the son of Eurycrates, who was the son of Polydôrus, who was the son of Alcamenes, who was the son of Têlecles, who was the son of Archelaüs, who was the son of Agesilaüs, who was the son of Doryssus, who was the son of Labôtas, who was the son of Echestratus, who was the son of Agis, who was the son of Eurysthenes, who was the son of Aristodêmus, who was the son of Aristomachus, who was the son of Cleodæus, who was the son of Hyllus, who was the son of Hercules.

Leonidas had come to be king of Sparta quite unexpectedly.

Having two elder brothers, Cleomenes and Dorieus, he had no thought of ever mounting the throne. However, when Cleomenes died without male offspring, as Dorieus was likewise deceased, having perished in Sicily, the crown fell to Leonidas, who was older than Cleombrotus, the youngest of the sons of Anaxandridas, and, moreover, was married to the daughter of Cleomenes. He had now come to Thermopylæ, accompanied by the three hundred men which the law assigned him, whom he had himself chosen from among the citizens, and who were all of them fathers with sons living. On his way he had taken the troops from Thebes, whose number I have already mentioned, and who were under the command of Leontiades the son of Eurymachus. The reason why he made a point of taking troops from Thebes, and Thebes only, was, that the Thebans were strongly suspected of being well inclined to the Medes. Leonidas therefore called on them to come with him to the war, wishing to see whether they would comply with his demand, or openly refuse, and disclaim the Greek alliance. They, however, though their wishes leant the other way, nevertheless sent the men.

The force with Leonidas was sent forward by the Spartans in advance of their main body, that the sight of them might encourage the allies to fight, and hinder them from going over to the Medes, as it was likely they might have done had they seen that Sparta was backward. They intended presently, when they had celebrated the Carneian festival, which was what now kept them at home, to leave a garrison in Sparta, and hasten in full force to join the army. The rest of the allies also intended to act similarly; for it happened that the Olympic festival fell exactly at this same period. None of them looked to see the contest at Thermopylæ decided so speedily; wherefore they were content to send forward a mere advanced guard. Such accordingly were the intentions of the allies.

The Greek forces at Thermopylæ, when the Persian army drew near to the entrance of the pass, were seized with fear; and a council was held to consider about a retreat. It was the wish of the Peloponnesians generally that the army should fall back upon the Peloponnese, and there guard the Isthmus. But Leonidas, who saw with what indignation the Phocians and Locrians heard of this plan, gave his voice for remaining where they were, while they sent envoys to the several cities to ask for help, since they were too few to make a stand against an army like that of the Medes.

While this debate was going on, Xerxes sent a mounted spy to observe the Greeks, and note how many they were, and see what they were doing. He had heard, before he came out of Thessaly, that a few men were assembled at this place, and that at their head were certain Lacedæmonians, under Leonidas, a descendant of Hercules. The horseman rode up to the camp, and looked about him, but did not see the whole army; for such as were on the further side of the wall (which had been rebuilt and was now carefully guarded) it was not possible for him to behold; but he observed those on the outside, who were encamped in front of the rampart. It chanced that at this time the Lacedæmonians held the outer guard, and were seen by the spy, some of them engaged in gymnastic exercises, others combing their long hair. At this the spy greatly marvelled, but he counted their number, and when he had taken accurate note of everything, he rode back quietly; for no one pursued after him, nor paid any heed to his visit. So he returned, and told Xerxes all that he had seen.

Upon this, Xerxes, who had no means of surmising the truth—namely, that the

Spartans were preparing to do or die manfully—but thought it laughable that they should be engaged in such employments, sent and called to his presence Demaratus the son of Ariston, who still remained with the army. When he appeared, Xerxes told him all that he had heard, and questioned him concerning the news, since he was anxious to understand the meaning of such behavior on the part of the Spartans. Then Demaratus said—

"I spake to thee, O king! concerning these men long since, when we had but just begun our march upon Greece; thou, however, didst only laugh at my words, when I told thee of all this, which I saw would come to pass. Earnestly do I struggle at all times to speak truth to thee, sire; and now listen to it once more. These men have come to dispute the pass with us; and it is for this that they are now making ready. 'Tis their custom, when they are about to hazard their lives, to adorn their heads with care. Be assured, however, that if thou canst subdue the men who are here and the Lacedæmonians who remain in Sparta, there is no other nation in all the world which will venture to lift a hand in their defence. Thou hast now to deal with the first kingdom and town in Greece, and with the bravest men."

Then Xerxes, to whom what Demaratus said seemed altogether to surpass belief, asked further, "How it was possible for so small an army to contend with his?"

"O king!" Demaratus answered, "let me be treated as a liar, if matters fall not out as I say."

But Xerxes was not persuaded any the more. Four whole days he suffered to go by, expecting that the Greeks would run away. When, however, he found on the fifth that they were not gone, thinking that their firm stand was mere impudence and recklessness, he grew wroth, and sent against them the Medes and Cissians, with orders to take them alive and bring them into his presence. Then the Medes rushed forward and charged the Greeks, but fell in vast numbers: others however took the places of the slain, and would not be beaten off, though they suffered terrible losses. In this way it became clear to all, and especially to the king, that though he had plenty of combatants, he had but very few warriors. The struggle, however, continued during the whole day.

Then the Medes, having met so rough a reception, withdrew from the fight; and their place was taken by the band of Persians under Hydarnes, whom the king called his "Immortals": they, it was thought, would soon finish the business. But when they joined battle with the Greeks, 't was with no better success than the Median detachment —things went much as before—the two armies fighting in a narrow space, and the barbarians using shorter spears than the Greeks, and having no advantage from their numbers. The Lacedæmonians fought in a way worthy of note and showed themselves far more skilful in fight than their adversaries, often turning their backs, and making as though they were all flying away, on which the barbarians would rush after them with much noise and shouting, when the Spartans at their approach would wheel round and face their pursuers, in this way destroying vast numbers of the enemy. Some Spartans likewise fell in these encounters, but only a very few. At last the Persians, finding that all their efforts to gain the pass availed nothing, and that, whether they attacked by divisions or in any other way, it was to no purpose, withdrew to their own quarters.

During these assaults, it is said that Xerxes, who was watching the battle, thrice leaped from the throne on which he sate, in terror for his army.

Next day the combat was renewed, but with no better success on the part of the barbarians. The Greeks were so few that the barbarians hoped to find them disabled, by reason of their wounds, from offering any further resistance; and so they once more attacked them. But the Greeks were drawn up in detachments according to their cities, and bore the brunt of the battle in turns,—all except the Phocians, who had been stationed on the mountain to guard the pathway. So, when the Persians found no difference between that day and the preceding, they again retired to their quarters.

Now, as the king was in a great strait, and knew not how he should deal with the emergency, Ephialtes, the son of Eurydêmus, a man of Malis, came to him and was ad-

mitted to a conference. Stirred by the hope of receiving a rich reward at the king's hands, he had come to tell him of the pathway which led across the mountain to Thermopylæ; by which disclosure he brought destruction on the band of Greeks who had there withstood the barbarians. This Ephialtes afterwards, from fear of the Lacedæmonians, fled into Thessaly; and during his exile, in an assembly of the Amphictyons held at Pylæ, a price was set upon his head by the Pylagoræ. When some time had gone by, he returned from exile, and went to Anticyra, where he was slain by Athênades, a native of Trachis. Athênades did not slay him for his treachery, but for another reason, which I shall mention in a latter part of my history: yet still the Lacedæmonians honored him none the less. Thus then did Ephialtes perish a long time afterwards.

Besides this there is another story told, which I do not at all believe—to wit, that Onêtas the son of Phanagoras, a native of Carystus, and Corydallus, a man of Anticyra, were the persons who spoke on this matter to the king, and took the Persians across the mountain. One may guess which story is true, from the fact that the deputies of the Greeks, the Pylagoræ, who must have had the best means of ascertaining the truth, did not offer the reward for the heads of Onêtas and Corydallus, but for that of Ephialtes of Trachis; and again from the flight of Ephialtes, which we know to have been on this account. Onêtas, I allow, although he was not a Malian, might have been acquainted with the path, if he had lived much in that part of the country; but as Ephialtes was the person who actually led the Persians round the mountain by the pathway, I leave his name on record as that of the man who did the deed.

Great was the joy of Xerxes on this occasion; and as he approved highly of the enterprise which Ephialtes undertook to accomplish, he forthwith sent upon the errand Hydarnes, and the Persians under him. The troops left the camp about the time of the lighting of the lamps. The pathway along which they went was first discovered by the Malians of these parts, who soon afterwards led the Thessalians by it to attack the Phocians, at the time when the Phocians fortified the pass with a wall, and so put themselves under covert from danger. And ever since, the path has always been put to an ill use by the Malians.

The course which it takes is the following:—Beginning at the Asôpus, where that stream flows through the cleft in the hills, it runs along the ridge of the mountain (which is called, like the pathway over it, Anopæa), and ends at the city of Alpênus—the first Locrian town as you come from Malis—by the stone called Melampygus and the seats of the Cercopians. Here it is as narrow as at any other point.

The Persians took this path, and, crossing the Asôpus, continued their march through the whole of the night, having the mountains of Œta on their right hand, and on their left those of Trachis. At dawn of day they found themselves close to the summit. Now the hill was guarded, as I have already said, by a thousand Phocian men-at-arms, who were placed there to defend the pathway, and at the same time to secure their own country. They had been given the guard of the mountain path, while the other Greeks defended the pass below, because they had volunteered for the service, and had pledged themselves to Leonidas to maintain the post.

The ascent of the Persians became known to the Phocians in the following manner:—During all the time that they were making their way up, the Greeks remained unconscious of it, inasmuch as the whole mountain was covered with groves of oak; but it happened that the air was very still, and the leaves which the Persians stirred with their feet made, as it was likely they would, a loud rustling, whereupon the Phocians jumped up and flew to seize their arms. In a moment the barbarians came in sight, and, perceiving men arming themselves, were greatly amazed; for they had fallen in with an enemy when they expected no opposition. Hydarnes, alarmed at the sight, and fearing lest the Phocians might be Lacedæmonians, inquired of Ephialtes to what nation these troops belonged. Ephialtes told him the exact truth, whereupon he arrayed his Persians for battle. The Phocians, galled by the showers of arrows to which they were exposed, and imagining themselves the special object of the Persian attack, fled hastily to

the crest of the mountain, and there made ready to meet death; but while their mistake continued, the Persians, with Ephialtes and Hydarnes, not thinking it worth their while to delay on account of Phocians, passed on and descended the mountain with all possible speed.

The Greeks at Thermopylæ received the first warning of the destruction which the dawn would bring on them from the seer Megistias, who read their fate in the victims as he was sacrificing. After this deserters came in, and brought the news that the Persians were marching round by the hills: it was still night when these men arrived. Last of all, the scouts came running down from the heights, and brought in the same accounts, when the day was just beginning to break. Then the Greeks held a council to consider what they should do, and here opinions were divided: some were strong against quitting their post, while others contended to the contrary. So when the council had broken up, part of the troops departed and went their ways homeward to their several states; part however resolved to remain, and to stand by Leonidas to the last.

It is said that Leonidas himself sent away the troops who departed, because he tendered their safety, but thought it unseemly that either he or his Spartans should quit the post which they had been especially sent to guard. For my own part, I incline to think that Leonidas gave the order, because he perceived the allies to be out of heart and unwilling to encounter the danger to which his own mind was made up. He therefore commanded them to retreat, but said that he himself could not draw back with honor; knowing that, if he stayed, glory awaited him, and that Sparta in that case would not lose her prosperity. For when the Spartans, at the very beginning of the war, sent to consult the oracle concerning it, the answer which they received from the Pythoness was, "that either Sparta must be overthrown by the barbarians, or one of her kings must perish." The prophecy was delivered in hexameter verse, and ran thus:—

O ye men who dwell in the streets of broad Lacedæmon!
Either your glorious town shall be sacked by the children of Perseus,
Or, in exchange, must all through the whole Laconian country
Mourn for the loss of a king, descendant of great Hêrâcles.
He cannot be withstood by the courage of bulls nor of lions,
Strive as they may; he is mighty as Jove: there is nought that shall stay him,
Till he have got for his prey your king, or your glorious city.

The remembrance of this answer, I think, and the wish to secure the whole glory for the Spartans, caused Leonidas to send the allies away. This is more likely than that they quarrelled with him, and took their departure in such unruly fashion.

To me it seems no small argument in favor of this view, that the seer also who accompanied the army, Megistias, the Acarnanian,—said to have been of the blood of Melampus, and the same who was led by the appearance of the victims to warn the Greeks of the danger which threatened them,—received orders to retire (as it is certain he did) from Leonidas, that he might escape the coming destruction. Megistias, however, though bidden to depart, refused, and stayed with the army; but he had an only son present with the expedition, whom he now sent away.

So the allies, when Leonidas ordered them to retire, obeyed him and forthwith departed. Only the Thespians and the Thebans remained with the Spartans; and of these the Thebans were kept back by Leonidas as hostages, very much against their will. The Thespians, on the contrary, stayed entirely of their own accord, refusing to retreat, and declaring that they would not forsake Leonidas and his followers. So they abode with the Spartans, and died with them. Their leader was Demophilus, the son of Diadromes.

At sunrise Xerxes made libations, after which he waited until the time when the forum is wont to fill, and then began his advance. Ephialtes had instructed him thus, as the descent of the mountain is much quicker, and the distance much shorter, than the way round the hills, and the ascent. So the barbarians under Xerxes began to draw nigh; and the Greeks under Leonidas, as they now went forth determined to die, advanced much further than on previ-

ous days, until they reached the more open portion of the pass. Hitherto they had held their station within the wall, and from this had gone forth to fight at the point where the pass was the narrowest. Now they joined battle beyond the defile, and carried slaughter among the barbarians, who fell in heaps. Behind them the captains of the squadrons, armed with whips, urged their men forward with continual blows. Many were thrust into the sea, and there perished; a still greater number were trampled to death by their own soldiers; no one heeded the dying. For the Greeks, reckless of their own safety and desperate, since they knew that, as the mountain had been crossed, their destruction was nigh at hand, exerted themselves with the most furious valor against the barbarians.

By this time the spears of the greater number were all shivered, and with their swords they hewed down the ranks of the Persians; and here, as they strove, Leonidas fell fighting bravely, together with many other famous Spartans, whose names I have taken care to learn on account of their great worthiness, as indeed I have those of all the three hundred. There fell too at the same time very many famous Persians: among them, two sons of Darius, Abrocomes and Hyperanthes, his children by Phrataguné, the daughter of Artanes. Artanes was brother of King Darius, being a son of Hystaspes, the son of Arsames; and when he gave his daughter to the king, he made him heir likewise of all his substance; for she was his only child.

Thus two brothers of Xerxes here fought and fell. And now there arose a fierce struggle between the Persians and the Lacedæmonians over the body of Leonidas, in which the Greeks four times drove back the enemy, and at last by their great bravery succeeded in bearing off the body. This combat was scarcely ended when the Persians with Ephialtes approached; and the Greeks, informed that they drew nigh, made a change in the manner of their fighting. Drawing back into the narrowest part of the pass, and retreating even behind the cross wall, they posted themselves upon a hillock, where they stood all drawn up together in one close body, except only the Thebans. The hillock whereof I speak is at the entrance of the straits, where the stone lion stands which was set up in honor of Leonidas. Here they defended themselves to the last, such as still had swords using them, and the others resisting with their hands and teeth; till the barbarians, who in part had pulled down the wall and attacked them in front, in part had gone round and now encircled them upon every side, overwhelmed and buried the remnant which was left beneath showers of missile weapons.

Thus nobly did the whole body of Lacedæmonians and Thespians behave; but nevertheless one man is said to have distinguished himself above all the rest, to wit, Diêneces the Spartan. A speech which he made before the Greeks engaged the Medes remains on record. One of the Trachinians told him, "Such was the number of the barbarians, that when they shot forth their arrows the sun would be darkened by their multitude." Diêneces, not at all frightened at these words, but making light of the Median numbers, answered, "Our Trachinian friend brings us excellent tidings. If the Medes darken the sun, we shall have our fight in the shade." Other sayings too of a like nature are reported to have been left on record by this same person.

THUCYDIDES (471?–400? B. C.)

THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR[1]

The Funeral Oration of Pericles

In the same winter the Athenians gave a funeral at the public cost to those who had first fallen in this war. It was a custom of their ancestors, and the manner of it is as follows. Three days before the ceremony, the bones of the dead are laid out in a tent which has been erected; and their friends bring to their relatives such offerings as they please. In the funeral procession cypress coffins are borne in cars,

[1]Translation by Richard Crawley.

one for each tribe; the bones of the deceased being placed in the coffin of their tribe. Among these is carried one empty bier decked for the missing, that is, for those whose bodies could not be recovered. Any citizen or stranger who pleases, joins in the procession: and the female relatives are there to wail at the burial. The dead are laid in the public sepulcher in the beautiful suburb of the city, in which those who fall in war are always buried; with the exception of those slain at Marathon, who for their singular and extraordinary valor were interred on the spot where they fell. After the bodies have been laid in the earth, a man chosen by the state, of approved wisdom and eminent reputation, pronounces over them an appropriate panegyric; after which all retire. Such is the manner of the burying; and throughout the whole of the war, whenever the occasion arose, the established custom was observed. Meanwhile these were the first that had fallen, and Pericles, son of Xanthippus, was chosen to pronounce their eulogium. When the proper time arrived, he advanced from the sepulcher to an elevated platform in order to be heard by as many of the crowd as possible, and spoke as follows:

"Most of my predecessors in this place have commended him who made this speech part of the law, telling us that it is well that it should be delivered at the burial of those who fall in battle. For myself, I should have thought that the worth which had displayed itself in deeds, would be sufficiently rewarded by honors also shown by deeds; such as you now see in this funeral prepared at the people's cost. And I could have wished that the reputations of many brave men were not to be imperilled in the mouth of a single individual, to stand or fall according as he spoke well or ill. For it is hard to speak properly upon a subject where it is even difficult to convince your hearers that you are speaking the truth. On the one hand, the friend who is familiar with every fact of the story, may think that some point has not been set forth with that fulness which he wishes and knows it to deserve; on the other, he who is a stranger to the matter may be led by envy to suspect exaggeration if he hears anything above his own nature. For men can endure to hear others praised only so long as they can severally persuade themselves of their own ability to equal the actions recounted: when this point is passed, envy comes in and with it incredulity. However, since our ancestors have stamped this custom with their approval, it becomes my duty to obey the law and to try to satisfy your several wishes and opinions as best I may.

"I shall begin with our ancestors: it is both just and proper that they should have the honor of the first mention on an occasion like the present. They dwelt in the country without break in the succession from generation to generation, and handed it down free to the present time by their valor. And if our more remote ancestors deserve praise, much more do our own fathers, who added to their inheritance the empire which we now possess, and spared no pains to be able to leave their acquisitions to us of the present generation. Lastly, there are few parts of our dominions that have not been augmented by those of us here, who are still more or less in the vigor of life; while the mother country has been furnished by us with everything that can enable her to depend on her own resources whether for war or for peace. That part of our history which tells of the military achievements which gave us our several possessions, or of the ready valor with which either we or our fathers stemmed the tide of Hellenic or foreign aggression, is a theme too familiar to my hearers for me to dilate on, and I shall therefore pass it by. But what was the road by which we reached our position, what the form of government under which our greatness grew, what the national habits out of which it sprang; these are questions which I may try to solve before I proceed to my panegyric upon these men; since I think this to be a subject upon which on the present occasion a speaker may properly dwell, and to which the whole assemblage, whether citizens or foreigners, may listen with advantage.

"Our constitution does not copy the laws of neighboring states; we are rather a pattern to others than imitators ourselves. Its administration favors the many instead of the few; this is why it is called a democracy. If we look to the laws, they afford equal justice to all in their private differences; if to social standing, advancement in public

life falls to reputation for capacity, class considerations not being allowed to interfere with merit; nor again does poverty bar the way; if a man is able to serve the state, he is not hindered by the obscurity of his condition. The freedom which we enjoy in our government extends also to our ordinary life. There, far from exercising a jealous surveillance over each other, we do not feel called upon to be angry with our neighbor for doing what he likes, or even to indulge in those injurious looks which cannot fail to be offensive, although they inflict no positive penalty. But all this ease in our private relations does not make us lawless as citizens. Against this fear is our chief safeguard, teaching us to obey the magistrates and the laws, particularly such as regard the protection of the injured, whether they are actually on the statute book, or belong to that code which, although unwritten, yet cannot be broken without acknowledged disgrace.

"Further, we provide plenty of means for the mind to refresh itself from business. We celebrate games and sacrifices all the year round, and the elegance of our private establishments forms a daily source of pleasure and helps to banish the spleen; while the magnitude of our city draws the produce of the world into our harbor, so that to the Athenian the fruits of other countries are as familiar a luxury as those of his own.

"If we turn to our military policy, there also we differ from our antagonists. We throw open our city to the world, and never by alien acts exclude foreigners from any opportunity of learning or observing, although the eyes of an enemy may occasionally profit by our liberality; trusting less in system and policy than to the native spirit of our citizens; while in education, where our rivals from their very cradles by a painful discipline seek after manliness, at Athens we live exactly as we please, and yet are just as ready to encounter every legitimate danger. In proof of this it may be noticed that the Lacedæmonians do not invade our country alone, but bring with them all their confederates; while we Athenians advance unsupported into the territory of a neighbor, and fighting upon a foreign soil usually vanquish with ease men who are defending their homes. Our united force was never yet encountered by any enemy, because we have at once to attend to our marine and to despatch our citizens by land upon a hundred different services; so that, wherever they engage with some such fraction of our strength, a success against a detachment is magnified into a victory over the nation, and a defeat into a reverse suffered at the hands of our entire people. And yet if with habits not of labor but of ease, and courage not of art but of nature, we are still willing to encounter danger, we have the double advantage of escaping the experience of hardships in anticipation and of facing them in the hour of need as fearlessly as those who are never free from them.

"Nor are these the only points in which our city is worthy of admiration. We cultivate refinement without extravagance and knowledge without effeminacy; wealth we employ more for use than for show, and place the real disgrace of poverty not in owning to the fact but in declining the struggle against it. Our public men have, besides politics, their private affairs to attend to, and our ordinary citizens, though occupied with the pursuits of industry, are still fair judges of public matters; for, unlike any other nation, regarding him who takes no part in these duties not as unambitious but as useless, we Athenians are able to judge at all events if we cannot originate, and instead of looking on discussion as a stumbling-block in the way of action, we think it an indispensable preliminary to any wise action at all. Again, in our enterprises we present the singular spectacle of daring and deliberation, each carried to its highest point, and both united in the same persons; although usually decision is the fruit of ignorance, hesitation of reflection. But the palm of courage will surely be adjudged most justly to those who best know the difference between hardship and pleasure and yet are never tempted to shrink from danger. In generosity we are equally singular, acquiring our friends by conferring not by receiving favors. Yet, of course, the doer of the favor is the firmer friend of the two, in order by continued kindness to keep the recipient in his debt; while the debtor feels less keenly from the very consciousness that the return he makes will be a payment, not a free gift. And it is only the Athenians who, fearless of

consequences, confer their benefits not from calculations of expediency, but in the confidence of liberality.

"In short, I say that as a city we are the school of Hellas; while I doubt if the world can produce a man, who where he has only himself to depend upon, is equal to so many emergencies, and graced by so happy a versatility as the Athenian. And that this is no mere boast thrown out for the occasion, but plain matter of fact, the power of the state acquired by these habits proves. For Athens alone of her contemporaries is found when tested to be greater than her reputation, and alone gives no occasion to her assailants to blush at the antagonist by whom they have been worsted, or to her subjects to question her title by merit to rule. Rather, the admiration of the present and succeeding ages will be ours, since we have not left our power without witness, but have shown it by mighty proofs; and far from needing a Homer for our panegyrist, or other of his craft whose verses might charm for the moment only for the impression which they gave to melt at the touch of fact, we have forced every sea and land to be the highway of our daring, and everywhere, whether for evil or for good, have left imperishable monuments behind us. Such is the Athens for which these men, in the assertion of their resolve not to lose her, nobly fought and died; and well may every one of their survivors be ready to suffer in her cause.

"Indeed if I have dwelt at some length upon the character of our country, it has been to show that our stake in the struggle is not the same as theirs who have no such blessings to lose, and also that the panegyric of the men over whom I am now speaking might be by definite proofs established. That panegyric is now in a great measure complete; for the Athens that I have celebrated is only what the heroism of these and their like have made her, men whose fame, unlike that of most Hellenes, will be found to be only commensurate with their deserts. And if a test of worth be wanted, it is to be found in their closing scene, and this not only in the cases in which it set the final seal upon their merit, but also in those in which it gave the first intimation of their having any. For there is justice in the claim that steadfastness in his country's battles should be as a cloak to cover a man's other imperfections; since the good action has blotted out the bad, and his merit as a citizen more than out-weighed his demerits as an individual. But none of these allowed either wealth with its prospect of future enjoyment to unnerve his spirit, or poverty with its hope of a day of freedom and riches to tempt him to shrink from danger. No, holding that vengeance upon their enemies was more to be desired than any personal blessings, and reckoning this to be the most glorious of hazards, they joyfully determined to accept the risk, to make sure of their vengeance and to let their wishes wait; and while committing to hope the uncertainty of final success, in the business before them they thought fit to act boldly and trust in themselves. Thus choosing to die resisting, rather than to live submitting, they fled only from dishonor, but met danger face to face, and after one brief moment, while at the summit of their fortune, escaped, not from their fear, but from their glory.

"So died these men as became Athenians. You, their survivors, must determine to have as unfaltering a resolution in the field, though you may pray that it may have a happier issue. And not contented with ideas derived only from words of the advantages which are bound up with the defence of your country, though these would furnish a valuable text to a speaker even before an audience so alive to them as the present, you must yourselves realize the power of Athens, and feed your eyes upon her from day to day, till love of her fills your hearts; and then when all her greatness shall break upon you, you must reflect that it was by courage, sense of duty, and a keen feeling of honor in action that men were enabled to win all this, and that no personal failure in an enterprise could make them consent to deprive their country of their valor, but they laid it at her feet as the most glorious contribution that they could offer. For this offering of their lives made in common by them all they each of them individually received that renown which never grows old, and for a sepulcher, not so much that in which their bones have been deposited, but that noblest of shrines wherein their glory is laid up to be eternally remembered upon every occasion on which

deed or story shall call for its commemoration. For heroes have the whole earth for their tomb; and in lands far from their own, where the column with its epitaph declares it, there is enshrined in every breast a record unwritten with no tablet to preserve it, except that of the heart. These take as your model, and judging happiness to be the fruit of freedom and freedom of valor, never decline the dangers of war. For it is not the miserable that would most justly be unsparing of their lives; these have nothing to hope for: it is rather they to whom continued life may bring reverses as yet unknown, and to whom a fall, if it came, would be most tremendous in its consequences. And surely, to a man of spirit, the degradation of cowardice must be immeasurably more grievous than the unfelt death which strikes him in the midst of his strength and patriotism!

"Comfort, therefore, not condolence, is what I have to offer to the parents of the dead who may be here. Numberless are the chances to which, as they know, the life of man is subject; but fortunate indeed are they who draw for their lot a death so glorious as that which has caused your mourning, and to whom life has been so exactly measured as to terminate in the happiness in which it has been passed. Still I know that this is a hard saying, especially when those are in question of whom you will constantly be reminded by seeing in the homes of others blessings of which once you also boasted: for grief is felt not so much for the want of what we have never known, as for the loss of that to which we have been long accustomed. Yet you who are still of an age to beget children must bear up in the hope of having others in their stead; not only will they help you to forget those whom you have lost, but will be to the state at once a reinforcement and a security; for never can a fair or just policy be expected of the citizen who does not, like his fellows, bring to the decision the interests and apprehensions of a father. While those of you who have passed your prime must congratulate yourselves with the thought that the best part of your life was fortunate, and that the brief span that remains will be cheered by the fame of the departed. For it is only the love of honor that never grows old; and honor it is, not gain, as some would have it, that rejoices the heart of age and helplessness.

"Turning to the sons or brothers of the dead, I see an arduous struggle before you. When a man is gone, all are wont to praise him, and should your merit be ever so transcendent, you will still find it difficult not merely to overtake, but even to approach their renown. The living have envy to contend with, while those who are no longer in our path are honored with a goodwill into which rivalry does not enter. On the other hand, if I must say anything on the subject of female excellence to those of you who will now be in widowhood, it will be all comprised in this brief exhortation. Great will be your glory in not falling short of your natural character; and greatest will be hers who is least talked of among the men whether for good or for bad.

"My task is now finished. I have performed it to the best of my ability, and in word, at least, the requirements of the law are now satisfied. If deeds be in question, those who are here interred have received part of their honors already, and for the rest, their children will be brought up till manhood at the public expense: the state thus offers a valuable prize, as the garland of victory in this race of valor, for the reward both of those who have fallen and their survivors. And where the rewards for merit are greatest, there are found the best citizens.

"And now that you have brought to a close your lamentations for your relatives, you may depart."

The Corcyræan Revolution

The Peloponnesians accordingly at once set off in haste by night for home, coasting along shore; and hauling their ships across the Isthmus of Leucas, in order not to be seen doubling it, so departed. The Corcyræans, made aware of the approach of the Athenian fleet and of the departure of the enemy, brought the Messenians from outside the walls into the town, and ordered the fleet which they had manned to sail round into the Hyllaic harbor; and while it was so doing, slew such of their enemies as they laid hands on, dispatching afterwards as they landed them, those whom

they had persuaded to go on board the ships. Next they went to the sanctuary of Hera and persuaded about fifty men to take their trial, and condemned them all to death. The mass of the suppliants who had refused to do so, on seeing what was taking place, slew each other there in the consecrated ground; while some hanged themselves upon the trees, and others destroyed themselves as they were severally able. During seven days that Eurymedon stayed with his sixty ships, the Corcyræans were engaged in butchering those of their fellow-citizens whom they regarded as their enemies: and although the crime imputed was that of attempting to put down the democracy, some were slain also for private hatred, others by their debtors because of the monies owed to them. Death thus raged in every shape; and, as usually happens at such times, there was no length to which violence did not go; sons were killed by their fathers, and suppliants dragged from the altar or slain upon it; while some were even walled up in the temple of Dionysus and died there.

So bloody was the march of the revolution, and the impression which it made was the greater as it was one of the first to occur. Later on, one may say, the whole Hellenic world was convulsed; struggles being everywhere made by the popular chiefs to bring in the Athenians, and by the oligarchs to introduce the Lacedæmonians. In peace there would have been neither the pretext nor the wish to make such an invitation; but in war, with an alliance always at the command of either faction for the hurt of their adversaries and their own corresponding advantage, opportunities for bringing in the foreigner were never wanting to the revolutionary parties. The sufferings which revolution entailed upon the cities were many and terrible, such as have occurred and always will occur, as long as the nature of mankind remains the same; though in a severer or milder form, and varying in their symptoms, according to the variety of the particular cases. In peace and prosperity states and individuals have better sentiments, because they do not find themselves suddenly confronted with imperious necessities; but war takes away the easy supply of daily wants, and so proves a rough master, that brings most men's characters to a level with their fortunes. Revolution thus ran its course from city to city, and the places which it arrived at last, from having heard what had been done before, carried to a still greater excess the refinement of their inventions, as manifested in the cunning of their enterprises and the atrocity of their reprisals. Words had to change their ordinary meaning and to take that which was now given them. Reckless audacity came to be considered the courage of a loyal ally; prudent hesitation, specious cowardice; moderation was held to be a cloak for unmanliness; ability to see all sides of a question, inaptness to act on any. Frantic violence became the attribute of manliness; cautious plotting, a justifiable means of self-defence. The advocate of extreme measures was always trustworthy; his opponent a man to be suspected. To succeed in a plot was to have a shrewd head, to divine a plot a still shrewder; but to try to provide against having to do either was to break up your party and to be afraid of your adversaries. In fine, to forestall an intending criminal, or to suggest the idea of a crime where it was wanting, was equally commended, until even blood became a weaker tie than party, from the superior readiness of those united by the latter to dare everything without reserve; for such associations had not in view the blessings derivable from established institutions but were formed by ambition for their overthrow; and the confidence of their members in each other rested less on any religious sanction than upon complicity in crime. The fair proposals of an adversary were met with jealous precautions by the stronger of the two, and not with a generous confidence. Revenge also was held of more account than self-preservation. Oaths of reconciliation, being only proffered on either side to meet an immediate difficulty, only held good so long as no other weapon was at hand; but when opportunity offered, he who first ventured to seize it and to take his enemy off his guard, thought this perfidious vengeance sweeter than an open one, since, considerations of safety apart, success by treachery won him the palm of superior intelligence. Indeed it is generally the case that men are readier

to call rogues clever than simpletons honest, and are as ashamed of being the second as they are proud of being the first. The cause of all these evils was the lust for power arising from greed and ambition; and from these passions proceeded the violence of parties once engaged in contention. The leaders in the cities, each provided with the fairest professions, on the one side with the cry of political equality of the people, on the other of a moderate aristocracy, sought prizes for themselves in those public interests which they pretended to cherish, and, recoiling from no means in their struggles for ascendancy, engaged in the direst excesses; in their acts of vengeance they went to even greater lengths, not stopping at what justice or the good of the state demanded, but making the party caprice of the moment their only standard, and invoking with equal readiness the condemnation of an unjust verdict or the authority of the strong arm to glut the animosities of the hour. Thus religion was in honor with neither party; but the use of fair phrases to arrive at guilty ends was in high reputation. Meanwhile the moderate part of the citizens perished between the two, either for not joining in the quarrel, or because envy would not suffer them to escape.

Thus every form of iniquity took root in the Hellenic countries by reason of the troubles. The ancient simplicity into which honor so largely entered was laughed down and disappeared; and society became divided into camps in which no man trusted his fellow. To put an end to this, there was neither promise to be depended upon, nor oath that could command respect; but all parties dwelling rather in their calculation upon the hopelessness of a permanent state of things, were more intent upon self-defence than capable of confidence. In this contest the blunter wits were most successful. Apprehensive of their own deficiencies and of the cleverness of their antagonists, they feared to be worsted in debate and to be surprised by the combinations of their more versatile opponents, and so at once boldly had recourse to action: while their adversaries, arrogantly thinking that they should know in time, and that it was unnecessary to secure by action what policy afforded, often fell victims to their want of precaution.

Meanwhile Corcyra gave the first example of most of the crimes alluded to; if the reprisals exacted by the governed who had never experienced equitable treatment or indeed aught but insolence from their rulers—when their hour came; of the iniquitous resolves of those who desired to get rid of their accustomed poverty, and ardently coveted their neighbors' goods; and lastly, of the savage and pitiless excesses into which men who had begun the struggle not in a class but in a party spirit, were hurried by their ungovernable passions. In the confusion into which life was now thrown in the cities, human nature, always rebelling against the law and now its master, gladly showed itself ungoverned in passion, above respect for justice, and the enemy of all superiority; since revenge would not have been set above religion, and gain above justice, had it not been for the fatal power of envy. Indeed men too often take upon themselves in the prosecution of their revenge to set the example of doing away with those general laws to which all alike can look for salvation in adversity, instead of allowing them to subsist against the day of danger when their aid may be required.

LIVY (59 B. C.–17 A. D.)

BOOK XXI

The Character of Hannibal

Hannibal was sent to Spain, and instantly on his arrival attracted the admiration of the whole army. Young Hamilcar was restored to them, thought the veterans, as they saw in him the same animated look and penetrating eye, the same expression, the same features. Soon he made them feel that his father's memory was but a trifling aid to him in winning their esteem. Never had man a temper that adapted itself better to the widely diverse duties of obedience and command, till it was hard to decide whether he was more beloved by the general

or the army. There was no one whom Hasdrubal preferred to put in command, whenever courage and persistency were specially needed; no officer under whom the soldiers were more confident and more daring. Bold in the extreme in incurring peril, he was perfectly cool in its presence. No toil could weary his body or conquer his spirit. Heat and cold he bore with equal endurance; the cravings of nature, not the pleasure of the palate, determined the measure of his food and drink. His waking and sleeping hours were not regulated by day and night. Such times as business left him, he gave to repose; but it was not on a soft couch or in stillness that he sought it. Many a man often saw him wrapped in his military cloak, lying on the ground amid the sentries and pickets. His dress was not one whit superior to that of his comrades, but his accoutrements and horses were conspicuously splendid. Among the cavalry or the infantry he was by far the first soldier; the first in battle, and the last to leave it when once begun.

These great virtues in the man were equaled by monstrous vices: inhuman cruelty, a worse than Punic perfidy. Absolutely false and irreligious, he had no fear of God, no regard for an oath, no scruples.

BOOK XXII

The Battle of Lake Trasimene

At the first approach of spring, Hannibal moved out of his winter quarters; having been foiled before, in his attempt to pass over the Apennine, by the intolerable severity of the cold, and exposed, during his stay in quarters, to the utmost degree of apprehension and danger. For, when the Gauls, whom the hopes of spoil and pillage had allured to his standard, perceived, that, instead of their carrying off booty from the lands of others, their own had become the seat of war, and were burthened with the winter residence of both the contending armies, they turned upon Hannibal the enmity which they had harboured against the Romans; and many plots were formed against him, by their chiefs, from the effects of which he was preserved, by their treacherously betraying one another, and discovering their designs, through the same inconstancy of temper which led them to conspire against him. He guarded himself also against their plots, by frequent disguises; changing sometimes his dress, sometimes the covering of his head. However, his fears, on this account, were his principal motives for leaving his winter quarters earlier than usual. In the meantime, at Rome, Cnaeus Servilius entered on the office of consul, on the Ides of March. He proposed to the senate to take under consideration the state of the commonwealth; whereupon the clamour against Caius Flaminius was renewed. "They created," they said, "two consuls, yet had but one. For what legal authority, what auspices, did the other possess? These the magistrates carried with them from home, from their own tutelar gods; and those of the public, the Latin festival being celebrated, the sacrifices on the Alban mount performed, and vows duly offered in the Capitol. Setting out in a private capacity, he could not carry the auspices with him, neither could he take them new, and for the first time, in a foreign soil." Their apprehensions were increased by reports of prodigies, brought from various places at once. In Sicily, a number of arrows, and in Sardinia, the truncheon of a horseman, which he held in his hand, as he was going the rounds of the watch on the walls of Sulci, took fire, as was said; many fires were seen blazing on the shore; two shields sweated blood; several soldiers were struck by lightning; and the sun's orb appeared to be contracted. At Praeneste, red hot stones fell from the sky. At Arpi, bucklers were seen in the air, and the sun fighting with the moon. At Capena, two moons appeared in the day-time. At Caere, the streams of water were mixed with blood; and even the fountain of Hercules was tinged with bloody spots. In the district of Antium, while people were reaping, bloody ears of corn fell into a basket. At Falerii, the sky seemed to be rent asunder with a very wide cleft, and through the opening a strong light burst forth; the divining tickets, without any apparent cause, were diminished in size, and one fell out, which had this inscription, "Mars brandishes his spear." About the same time, at Rome, the statue of Mars, on the Appian road, and the images of the wolves, sweated. At Capua, the sky appeared as if

on fire, and the moon as falling amongst rain. Afterwards, prodigies of lesser note were credited: that, with some people, goats were converted into sheep; that a hen turned into a male, and cock into a female. The consul, laying before the senate all these matters, as reported, and bringing the authors of the reports into the senate-house, proposed to their consideration the affairs of religion. They decreed, that those prodigies should be expiated, some with the greater, some with the lesser victims; and that a supplication for three days should be performed at all the shrines; that, when the decemvirs should have inspected the books, all other particulars should be conducted in such manner as the gods should declare, in their oracles, to be agreeable to them. By the direction of the decemvirs, it was decreed, that, first, a golden thunderbolt, of fifty pounds' weight, should be made as an offering to Jupiter; and that offerings of silver should be presented to Juno and Minerva; that sacrifices of the greater victims should be offered to Juno Regina, on the Aventine, and to Juno Sospita, at Lanuvium; that the matrons, contributing such sums of money as might be convenient to each, should carry an offering to Juno Regina, to the Aventine, and celebrate a lectisternium to her: and that even the descendants of freed women should make a contribution, in proportion to their abilities, out of which an offering should be made to Feronia. When these orders were fulfilled, the decemvirs sacrificed, with the greater victims, in the Forum at Ardea: and, lastly, so late as the month of December, sacrifices were offered at the temple of Saturn in Rome, and a lectisternium was ordered; on which occasion the couches were laid out by senators, and also a public banquet. Proclamation was likewise made through the city, of a feast of Saturn, to be celebrated during a day and a night, and the people were commanded to keep that day as a festival, and to observe it for ever.

While the consul was employed at Rome in endeavouring to procure the favour of the gods, and in levying troops, Hannibal, having set out from his winter quarters, and hearing that the consul Flaminius had already arrived at Arretium, notwithstanding that another road, less difficult, but longer, was pointed out to him, yet chose a shorter one through marshes, which, at the time, were overflowed by the river Arnus, to an unusual height. He ordered the Spaniards and Africans, the main strength of his veteran troops, to march in the van, with their baggage between their divisions; that, in case they should be obliged to halt, they might not be at a loss for a supply of necessaries; then the Gauls to follow, so that they should compose the centre of the line, and the cavalry to march in the rear; and after them Mago, with the light-armed Numidians, as a rear guard, to prevent the troops from straggling; and particularly, to restrain the Gauls, if weary of the labour, or of the length of the journey, as people of that nation want firmness to support such fatigues, from attempting either to slip away, or to stay behind. The troops in the van, though almost swallowed in mud, and frequently plunging entirely under water, yet followed their standards wherever their guides led the way, in spite of the deep gulphs formed by the river, and the steepness of their banks. But the Gauls could neither support themselves on their feet, nor, when they fell, raise themselves out of the gulphs; for they were destitute of spirits to support their bodies, and of hope, to support their spirits; while some, with difficulty, dragged on their enfeebled limbs, others whose spirits were exhausted by the long fatigue, having once fallen, lay there, and died among the cattle, of which great numbers also perished. But what, beyond everything else, utterly over-powered them, was the want of sleep, which they had now endured for four days and three nights; when, all places being covered by the waters, so that no dry spot could be found on which they might stretch their wearied limbs, they threw their baggage into the water in heaps, on the top of which they laid themselves down. The heaps of cattle, which lay dead in abundance along the whole course of their march, afforded them, in their necessity, a temporary bed, as they looked for no further accommodation for sleeping, than something raised above the water. Hannibal himself, having a complaint in his eyes, occasioned, at first, by the unwholesome weather of the spring, when changes are frequent from heat to cold, rode on the only elephant which he had remaining, in order to keep himself as

high as he could above the water; but, at length, the want of sleep, the damps of the night, and the air of the marshes, so disordered his head, that, as he had neither place, nor time, to make use of remedies, he lost one of his eyes.

At length, after great numbers of men and cattle had perished miserably, he got clear of the marshes; and, on the first dry ground at which he arrived, pitched his camp. Here, from scouts, whom he had sent forward, he learned, with certainty, that the Roman army lay round the walls of Arretium. He then employed the utmost diligence in enquiring into the disposition and the designs of the consul, the nature of the several parts of the country, the roads, and the sources from which provisions might be procured, and every other circumstance requisite to be known. As to the country, it was one of the most fertile in Italy; the Etrurian plains, which lie between Faesulae and Arretium, abounding with corn and cattle, and plenty of everything useful. The consul was inflated with presumption since his former consulate, and too regardless, not only of the laws and the dignity of the senate, but even of the gods. This head-strong self-sufficiency, natural to his disposition, Fortune had cherished, by the prosperous course of success which she had granted him, in his administration of affairs, both civil and military. There was, therefore, sufficient reason to suppose, that without regarding the sentiments of gods or men, he would act on all occasions with presumption and precipitancy; and the Carthaginian, in order the more effectually to dispose him to follow the bias of his natural imperfection, resolved to irritate and exasperate him. With this view, leaving the enemy on his left, and pointing his route towards Faesulae, he marched through the heart of Etruria, ravaging the country, and exhibiting to the consul, at a distance, a view of the greatest devastations that could be effected by fire and sword. Flaminius, even had the enemy lain quiet, would not have been content to remain inactive; but now, seeing the property of the allies plundered and destroyed before his eyes, and thinking that on him would fall the disgrace of Hannibal's over-running the middle of Italy, and marching, without opposition, to attack the very walls of Rome; notwithstanding that every other member of his council recommended salutary, rather than specious measures; that he should wait the arrival of his colleague, when they might enter on the business with joint forces, and with united spirit and judgment; and that, in the mean time, the enemy should be restrained from his unbounded license in plundering, by means of the cavalry and light auxiliaries; he burst away from the council in a rage, and displayed, at once, the signals both for marching and fighting. "We must lie here, then," said he, "under the walls of Arretium, because here is our native city and our household gods; let Hannibal slip out of our hands, ravage Italy, and, after wasting and burning all the rest, arrive at the walls of Rome; nor stir from hence until the senate summons Caius Flaminius from Arretium, as formerly Camillus from Veii." While he upbraided them in this manner, he, at the same time, ordered the standards to be raised with speed; and he himself having mounted on horseback, his horse, by a sudden plunge, displaced him from his seat, and threw him over his head. All present were greatly dismayed by such an inauspicious omen, at the opening of the campaign; and, to add to their uneasiness; an account was brought, that there was one of the standards which could not be pulled out of the ground, though the standard-bearer endeavoured it with his utmost strength. The consul, turning to the messenger, said, "Do you also bring a letter from the senate, forbidding me to act? Go, bid them dig up the standard, if fear has so benumbed their hands, that they cannot pull it out." The army then began to march, while the principal officers, besides, that, in their own judgments, they were averse to the design, were terrified at the two prodigies; but the generality of the soldiers rejoiced at the presumptuous conduct of the general; for they looked no farther than the confidence which he displayed, and never examined the grounds on which it was founded.

Hannibal devastated with all the horrors of war the country between Cortona and Lake Trasimene, seeking to infuriate the Romans into avenging the sufferings of their allies. They had now reached a spot made for an ambuscade, where the lake comes up close

under the hills of Cortona. Between them is nothing but a very narrow road, for which room seems to have been purposely left. Further on is some comparatively broad level ground. From this rise the hills, and here in the open plain Hannibal pitched a camp for himself and his African and Spanish troops only; his slingers and other light-armed troops he marched to the rear of the hills; his cavalry he stationed at the mouth of the defile, behind some rising ground which conveniently sheltered them. When the Romans had once entered the pass and the cavalry had barred the way, all would be hemmed in by the lake and the hills.

Flaminius had reached the lake at sunset the day before. On the morrow, without reconnoitring and while the light was still uncertain, he traversed the narrow pass. As his army began to deploy into the widening plain, he could see only that part of the enemy's force which was in front of him; he knew nothing of the ambuscade in his rear and above his head. The Carthaginian saw his wish accomplished. He had his enemy shut in by the lake and the hills, and surrounded by his own troops. He gave the signal for a general charge, and the attacking columns flung themselves on the nearest points. To the Romans the attack was all the more sudden and unexpected because the mist from the lake lay thicker on the plains than on the heights, while the hostile columns on the various hills had been quite visible to each other and had therefore advanced in concert. As for the Romans, with the shout of battle rising all round them, before they could see plainly they found themselves surrounded; and fighting began in their front and their flanks before they could form in order, get ready their arms, or draw their swords.

Amidst universal panic the consul showed all the courage that could be expected in circumstances so alarming. The broken ranks, in which every one was turning to catch the discordant shouts, he reformed as well as time and place permitted; and as far as his presence or his voice could reach, bade his men stand their ground and fight. "It is not by prayers," he cried, "or entreaties to the gods, but by strength and courage that you must win your way out. The sword cuts a path through the midst of the battle; and the less fear, there for the most part the less danger." But such was the uproar and confusion, neither encouragements nor commands could be heard; so far were the men from knowing their standards, their ranks, or their places, that they had scarcely presence of mind to snatch up their arms and address them to the fight, and some found them an overwhelming burden rather than a protection. So dense too was the mist, that the ear was of more service than the eye. The groans of the wounded, the sound of blows on body or armor, the mingled shouts of triumph or panic, made them turn this way and that an eager gaze. Some would rush in their flight on a dense knot of combatants, and become entangled in the mass; others returning to the battle would be carried away by the crowd of fugitives. But after a while, when charges had been vainly tried in every direction, when it was seen that the hills and the lake shut them in on either side, and the hostile lines in front and rear, when it was manifest that the only hope of safety lay in their own right hands and swords,—then every man began to look to himself for guidance and for encouragement, and there began afresh what was indeed a new battle. No battle was it with its three ranks of combatants, its vanguard before the standards and its second line fighting behind them, with every soldier in his own legion, cohort, or company: chance massed them together, and each man's impulse assigned him his post, whether in the van or rear. So fierce was their excitement, so intent were they on the battle, that not one of the combatants felt the earthquake which laid whole quarters of many Italian cities in ruins, changed the channels of rapid streams, drove the sea far up into rivers, and brought down enormous landslips from the hills.

For nearly three hours they fought, fiercely everywhere, but with special rage and fury round the consul. It was to him that the flower of the army attached themselves. He, wherever he found his troops hard pressed or distressed, was indefatigable in giving help; conspicuous in his splendid arms, the enemy assailed and his fellow Romans defended him with all their might. At last an Insubrian trooper (his name was Ducarius), recognizing him also by his face,

cried to his comrades, "See! this is the man who slaughtered our legions, and laid waste our fields and our city: I will offer him as a sacrifice to the shades of my countrymen whom he so foully slew." Putting spurs to his horse, he charged through the thickest of the enemy, struck down the armor-bearer who threw himself in the way of his furious advance, and ran the consul through with his lance. When he would have stripped the body, some veterans thrust their shields between and hindered him.

Then began the flight of a great part of the army. And now neither lake nor mountain checked their rush of panic; by every defile and height they sought blindly to escape, and arms and men were heaped upon each other. Many, finding no possibility of flight, waded into the shallows at the edge of the lake, advanced until they had only head and shoulders above the water, and at last drowned themselves. Some in the frenzy of panic endeavored to escape by swimming; but the endeavor was endless and hopeless, and they either sunk in the depths when their courage failed them, or they wearied themselves in vain till they could hardly struggle back to the shallows, where they were slaughtered in crowds by the enemy's cavalry which had now entered the water. Nearly six thousand men of the vanguard made a determined rush through the enemy, and got clear out of the defile, knowing nothing of what was happening behind them. Halting on some high ground, they could only hear the shouts of men and clashing of arms, but could not learn or see for the mist how the day was going. It was when the battle was decided, that the increasing heat of the sun scattered the mist and cleared the sky. The bright light that now rested on hill and plain showed a ruinous defeat and a Roman army shamefully routed. Fearing that they might be seen in the distance and that the cavalry might be sent against them, they took up their standards and hurried away with all the speed they could. The next day, finding their situation generally desperate, and starvation also imminent, they capitulated to Hannibal, who had overtaken them with the whole of his cavalry, and who pledged his word that if they would surrender their arms, they should go free, each man having a single garment. The promise was kept with Punic faith by Hannibal, who put them all in chains.

Such was the famous fight at Trasimene, memorable as few other disasters of the Roman people have been. Fifteen thousand men fell in the battle; ten thousand, flying in all directions over Etruria, made by different roads for Rome. Of the enemy, two thousand five fell in the battle. Many died afterwards of their wounds. Other authors speak of a loss on both sides many times greater. I am myself averse to the idle exaggeration to which writers are so commonly inclined; and I have here followed as my best authority Fabius, who was actually contemporary with the war. Hannibal released without ransom all the prisoners who claimed Latin citizenship; the Romans he imprisoned. He had the corpses of his own men separated from the vast heaps of dead, and buried. Careful search was also made for the body of Flaminius, to which he wished to pay due honor; but it could not be found.

TACITUS (55?–117? A.D.)

THE ANNALS

The Reign of Nero[1]

In the consulship of Caius Læcanius and Marcus Licinius [A. D. 64], Nero's passion for theatrical fame broke out with a degree of vehemence not to be resisted. He had hitherto performed in private only, during the sports of the Roman youth, called the JUVENALIA; but, upon those occasions, he was confined to his own palace or his gardens; a sphere too limited for such bright ambition, and so fine a voice. He glowed with impatience to present himself before the public eye, but had not yet the courage to make his first appearance at Rome. Naples was deemed a Greek city, and, for that reason, a proper place to begin his career of

[1] Translation by Arthur Murphy.

glory. With the laurels which he was there to acquire, he might pass over into Greece, and after gaining, by victory in song, the glorious crown which antiquity considered as a sacred prize, he might return to Rome, with his honors blooming round him, and by his celebrity inflame the curiosity of the populace. With this idea he pursued his plan. The theater at Naples was crowded with spectators. Not only the inhabitants of the city, but a prodigious multitude from all the municipal towns and colonies in the neighborhood, flocked together, attracted by the novelty of a spectacle so very extraordinary. All who followed the prince, to pay their court, or as persons belonging to his train, attended on the occasion. The menial servants, and even the common soldiers, were admitted to enjoy the pleasures of the day.

The theater, of course, was crowded. An accident happened, which men in general considered as an evil omen; with the emperor it passed for a certain sign of the favor and protection of the gods. As soon as the audience dispersed, the theater tumbled to pieces. No other mischief followed. Nero seized the opportunity to compose hymns of gratitude. He sung them himself, celebrating with melodious airs his happy escape from the ruin. Being now determined to cross the Adriatic, he stopped at Beneventum. At that place Vatinius entertained him with a show of gladiators. Of all the detestable characters that disgraced the court of Nero, this man was the most pernicious. He was bred up in a shoemaker's stall. Deformed in his person, he possessed a vein of ribaldry and vulgar humor, which qualified him to succeed as buffoon. In the character of a jester he recommended himself to notice, but soon forsook his scurrility for the trade of an informer; and having by the ruin of the worthiest citizens arrived at eminence in guilt, he rose to wealth and power, the most dangerous miscreant of that evil period!

Nero was a constant spectator of the sports exhibited at Beneventum; but even amidst his diversions his heart knew no pause from cruelty. He compelled Torquatus Silanus to put an end to his life, for no other reason, than because he united to the splendor of the Junian family the honor of being great-grandson to Augustus. The prosecutors, suborned for the business, alleged against him, that, having prodigally wasted his fortune in gifts and largesses, he had no resource left but war and civil commotion. With that design he retained about his person men of rank and distinction, employed in various offices: he had his secretaries, his treasurers, and paymasters, all in the style of imperial dignity, even then anticipating what his ambition aimed at. This charge being made in form, such of his freedmen as were known to be in the confidence of their master were seized, and loaded with fetters. Silanus saw that his doom was impending, and, to prevent the sentence of condemnation, opened the veins of both his arms. Nero, according to his custom, expressed himself in terms of lenity. "The guilt of Silanus," he said, "was manifest: and though, by an act of despair, he showed that his crimes admitted no defence, his life would have been spared, had he thought proper to trust to the clemency of his judge."

In a short time after, Nero, for reasons not sufficiently explained, resolved to defer his expedition into Greece. He returned to Rome, cherishing in imagination a new design to visit the eastern nations, and Egypt in particular. This project had been for some time settled in his mind. He announced it by a proclamation, in which he assured the people, that his absence would be of short duration, and, in the interval, the peace and good order of the commonwealth would be in no kind of danger. For the success of his voyage, he went to offer up prayers in the capitol. He proceeded thence to the temple of Vesta. Being there seized with a sudden tremor in every joint, arising either from a superstitious fear of the goddess, or from a troubled conscience, which never ceased to goad and persecute him, he renounced his enterprise altogether, artfully pretending that the love of his country, which he felt warm at his heart, was dearer to him than all other considerations. "I have seen," he said, "the dejected looks of the people; I have heard the murmurs of complaint: the idea of so long a voyage afflicts the citizens; and, indeed, how should it be otherwise, when the shortest excursion I could make was always sure to depress their

spirits? The sight of their prince has, at all times, been their comfort and their best support. In private families the pledges of natural affection can soften the resolutions of a father, and mould him to their purpose: the people of Rome have the same ascendant over the mind of their sovereign. I feel their influence: I yield to their wishes." With these and such like expressions he amused the multitude. Their love of public spectacles made them eager for his presence, and, above all, they dreaded, if he left the capital, a dearth of provisions. The senate and the leading men looked on with indifference, unable to decide which was most to be dreaded, his presence in the city, or his tyranny at a distance. They agreed at length (as in alarming cases fear is always in haste to conclude), that what happened was the worst evil that could befall them.

A dreadful calamity followed in a short time after, by some ascribed to chance and by others to the execrable wickedness of Nero. The authority of historians is on both sides, and which preponderates it is not easy to determine. It is, however, certain, that of all the disasters that ever befell the city of Rome from the rage of fire, this was the worst, the most violent, and destructive. The flame broke out in that part of the circus which adjoins, on one side, to Mount Palatine, and, on the other, to Mount Cælius. It caught a number of shops stored with combustible goods, and, gathering force from the winds, spread with rapidity from one end of the circus to the other. Neither the thick walls of houses, nor the enclosure of temples, nor any other building, could check the rapid progress of the flames. A dreadful conflagration followed. The level parts of the city were destroyed. The fire communicated to the higher buildings, and, again laying hold of inferior places, spread with a degree of velocity that nothing could resist. The form of the streets, long and narrow, with frequent windings, and no regular opening, according to the plan of ancient Rome, contributed to increase the mischief. The shrieks and lamentations of women, the infirmities of age, and the weakness of the young and tender, added misery to the dreadful scene. Some endeavored to provide for themselves, others to save their friends, in one part dragging along the lame and impotent, in another waiting to receive the tardy, or expecting relief themselves; they hurried, they lingered, they obstructed one another; they looked behind, and the fire broke out in front; they escaped from the flames, and in their place of refuge found no safety; the fire raged in every quarter; all were involved in one general conflagration.

The unhappy wretches fled to places remote, and thought themselves secure, but soon perceived the flames raging round them. Which way to turn, what to avoid or what to seek, no one could tell. They crowded the streets; they fell prostrate on the ground; they lay stretched in the fields, in consternation and dismay, resigned to their fate. Numbers lost their whole substance, even the tools and implements by which they gained their livelihood, and, in that distress, did not wish to survive. Others, wild with affliction for their friends and relations whom they could not save, embraced a voluntary death, and perished in the flames. During the whole of this dismal scene, no man dared to attempt anything that might check the violence of the dreadful calamity. A crew of incendiaries stood near at hand denouncing vengeance on all who offered to interfere. Some were so abandoned as to heap fuel on the flames. They threw in firebrands and flaming torches, proclaiming aloud, that they had authority for what they did. Whether, in fact, they had received such horrible orders, or, under that device, meant to plunder with greater licentiousness, cannot now be known.

During the whole of this terrible conflagration, Nero remained at Antium, without a thought of returning to the city, till the fire approached the building by which he had communicated the gardens of Mæcenas with the imperial palace. All help, however, was too late. The palace, the contiguous edifices, and every house adjoining, were laid in ruins. To relieve the unhappy people, wandering in distress without a place of shelter, he opened the Field of Mars, as also the magnificent buildings raised by Agrippa, and even his own imperial gardens. He ordered a number of sheds to be thrown up with all possible despatch, for the use of the populace. Household utensils and all kinds of necessary implements were brought from

Ostia, and other cities in the neighborhood. The price of grain was reduced to three sesterces. For acts like these, munificent and well-timed, Nero might hope for a return of popular favor; but his expectations were in vain; no man was touched with gratitude. A report prevailed that, while the city was in a blaze, Nero went to his own theater, and there, mounting the stage, sung the destruction of Troy, as a happy allusion to the present misfortune.

On the sixth day the fire was subdued at the foot of Mount Esquiline. This was effected by demolishing a number of buildings, and thereby leaving a void space, where for want of materials the flame expired. The minds of men had scarce begun to recover from their consternation, when the fire broke out a second time with no less fury than before. This happened, however, in a more open quarter, where fewer lives were lost; but the temples of the gods, the porticoes and buildings raised for the decoration of the city, were levelled to the ground. The popular odium was now more inflamed than ever, as this second alarm began in the house of Tigellinus, formerly the mansion of Æmilius. A suspicion prevailed, that to build a new city, and give it his own name, was the ambition of Nero. Of the fourteen quarters, into which Rome was divided, four only were left entire, three were reduced to ashes, and the remaining seven presented nothing better than a heap of shattered houses, half in ruins.

The number of houses, temples, and insulated mansions, destroyed by the fire cannot be ascertained. But the most venerable monuments of antiquity, which the worship of ages had rendered sacred, were laid in ruins: amongst these were the temple dedicated to the moon by Servius Tullius; the fane and the great altar consecrated by Evander, the Arcadian, to Hercules, his visitor and his guest; the chapel of Jupiter Stater, built by Romulus; the palace of Numa, and the temple of Vesta, with the tutelar gods of Rome. With these were consumed the trophies of so many victories, the inimitable works of the Grecian artists, with the precious monuments of literature and ancient genius, all at present remembered by men advanced in years, but irrecoverably lost. Not even the splendor, with which the new city rose out of the ruins of the old, could compensate for that lamented disaster. It did not escape observation, that the fire broke out on the fourteenth before the calends of July, a day remarkable for the conflagration kindled by the Senones, when those Barbarians took the city of Rome by storm, and burnt it to the ground. Men of reflection, who refined on everything with minute curiosity, calculated the number of years, months, and days, from the foundation of Rome to the firing of it by the Gauls; and from that calamity to the present they found the interval of time precisely the same.

Nero did not blush to convert to his own use the public ruins of his country. He built a magnificent palace, in which the objects that excited admiration were neither gold nor precious stones. Those decorations, long since introduced by luxury, were grown stale, and hackneyed to the eye. A different species of magnificence was now consulted: expansive lakes and fields of vast extent were intermixed with pleasing variety; woods and forests stretched to an immeasurable length, presenting gloom and solitude amidst scenes of open space, where the eye wandered with surprise over an unbounded prospect. This prodigious plan was carried on under the direction of two surveyors, whose names were Severus and Celer. Bold and original in their projects, these men undertook to conquer nature, and to perform wonders even beyond the imagination and the riches of the prince. They promised to form a navigable canal from the Lake Avernus to the mouth of the Tiber. The experiment, like the genius of the men, was bold and grand; but it was to be carried over a long tract of barren land, and, in some places, through opposing mountains. The country round was parched and dry, without one humid spot, except the Pomptinian marsh, from which water could be expected. A scheme so vast could not be accomplished without immoderate labor, and, if practicable, the end was in no proportion to the expense and labor. But the prodigious and almost impossible had charms for the enterprising spirit of Nero. He began to hew a passage through the hills that surround the Lake Avernus, and some traces of his deluded hopes are visible at this day.

The ground, which, after marking out his own domain, Nero left to the public, was not laid out for the new city in a hurry and without judgment, as was the case after the irruption of the Gauls. A regular plan was formed; the streets were made wide and long; the elevation of the houses was defined, with an open area before the doors, and porticoes to secure and adorn the front. The expense of the porticoes Nero undertook to defray out of his own revenue. He promised, besides, as soon as the work was finished, to clear the ground, and leave a clear space to every house, without any charge to the occupier. In order to excite a spirit of industry and emulation, he held forth rewards proportioned to the rank of each individual, provided the buildings were finished in a limited time. The rubbish, by his order, was removed to the marshes of Ostia, and the ships that brought corn up the river were to return loaded with the refuse of the workmen. Add to all this, the several houses, built on a new principle, were to be raised to a certain elevation, without beams or woodwork, on arches of stone from the quarries of Alba or Gabii; those materials being impervious, and of a nature to resist the force of fire. The springs of water, which had been before that time intercepted by individuals for their separate use, were no longer suffered to be diverted from their channel, but left to the care of commissioners, that the public might be properly supplied, and, in case of fire, have a reservoir at hand to stop the progress of the mischief.

It was also settled, that the houses should no longer be contiguous, with slight party-walls to divide them; but every house was to stand detached, surrounded and insulated by its own enclosure. These regulations, it must be admitted, were of public utility, and added much to the embellishment of the new city. But still the old plan of Rome was not without its advocates. It was thought more conducive to the health of the inhabitants. The narrowness of the streets and the elevation of the buildings served to exclude the rays of the sun; whereas the more open space, having neither shade nor shelter, left men exposed to the intense heat of the day.

These several regulations were, no doubt, the best that human wisdom could suggest.

The next care was to propitiate the gods. The Sibylline books were consulted, and the consequence was, that supplications were decreed to Vulcan, to Ceres, and Proserpine. A band of matrons offered their prayers and sacrifices to Juno, first in the capitol, and next on the nearest margin of the sea, where they supplied themselves with water, to sprinkle the temple and the statue of the goddess. A select number of women, who had husbands actually living, laid the deities on their sacred beds, and kept midnight vigils with the usual solemnity. But neither these religious ceremonies, nor the liberal donations of the prince could efface from the minds of men the prevailing opinion, that Rome was set on fire by his own orders. The infamy of that horrible transaction still adhered to him. In order, if possible, to remove the imputation, he determined to transfer the guilt to others. For this purpose he punished, with exquisite torture, a race of men detested for their evil practices, by vulgar appellation commonly called Christians.

The name was derived from Christ, who in the reign of Tiberius, suffered under Pontius Pilate, the procurator of Judæa. By that event the sect, of which he was the founder, received a blow, which, for a time, checked the growth of a dangerous superstition; but it revived soon after, and spread with recruited vigor, not only in Judæa, the soil that gave it birth, but even in the city of Rome, the common sink into which everything infamous and abominable flows like a torrent from all quarters of the world. Nero proceeded with his usual artifice. He found a set of profligate and abandoned wretches, who were induced to confess themselves guilty, and, on the evidence of such men, a number of Christians were convicted, not indeed, upon clear evidence of their having set the city on fire, but rather on account of their sullen hatred of the whole human race. They were put to death with exquisite cruelty, and to their sufferings Nero added mockery and derision. Some were covered with the skins of wild beasts, and left to be devoured by dogs; others were nailed to the cross; numbers were burnt alive; and many, covered over with inflammable matter, were lighted up, when the day declined, to serve as torches during the night.

For the convenience of seeing this tragic spectacle, the emperor lent his own gardens. He added the sports of the circus, and assisted in person, sometimes driving a curricle, and occasionally mixing with the rabble in his coachman's dress. At length the cruelty of these proceedings filled every breast with compassion. Humanity relented in favor of the Christians. The manners of that people were, no doubt, of a pernicious tendency, and their crimes called for the hand of justice: but it was evident, that they fell a sacrifice, not for the public good, but to glut the rage and cruelty of one man only.

Meanwhile, to supply the unbounded prodigality of the prince, all Italy was ravaged; the provinces were plundered; and the allies of Rome, with the several places that enjoyed the title of free cities, were put under contribution. The very gods were taxed. Their temples in the city were rifled of their treasures, and heaps of massy gold, which, through a series of ages, the virtue of the Roman people, either returning thanks for victories, or performing their vows made in the hour of distress, had dedicated to religious uses, were now produced to answer the demands of riot and extravagance. In Greece and Asia rapacity was not content with seizing the votive offerings that adorned the temples, but even the very statues of the gods were deemed lawful prey. To carry this impious robbery into execution, Acratus and Secundus Carinas were sent with a special commission: the former, one of Nero's freedmen, of a genius ready for any black design: the latter, a man of literature, with the Greek philosophy fluent in his mouth, and not one virtue at his heart. It was a report current at the time, that Seneca, wishing to throw from himself all responsibility for these impious acts, desired leave to retire to some part of Italy. Not being able to succeed in his request, he feigned a nervous disorder, and never stirred out of his room. If credit be due to some writers, a dose of poison was prepared for him by Cleonicus, one of his freedmen, by the instigation of Nero. The philosopher, however, warned by the same servant, whose courage failed him, or, perhaps, shielded from danger by his own wary disposition, escaped the snare. He lived at that very time on the most simple diet; wild apples, that grew in the woods, were his food; and water from the clear purling stream served to quench his thirst.

About the same time a body of gladiators, detained in custody at Prænestе, made an attempt to recover their liberty. The military guard was called out, and the tumult died away. The incident, notwithstanding, revived the memory of Spartacus. The calamities, that followed the daring enterprise of that adventurer, became the general topic, and filled the minds of all with dreadful apprehensions. Such is the genius of the populace, ever prone to sudden innovations, yet terrified at the approach of danger. In a few days after, advice was received, that the fleet had suffered by a violent storm. This was not an event of war, for there never was a period of such profound tranquillity; but Nero had ordered the ships, on a stated day, to assemble on the coast of Campania. The dangers of the sea never entered into his consideration. His orders were peremptory. The pilots, to mark their zeal, set sail, in tempestuous weather from the port of Formiæ. While they were endeavoring to double the cape of Misenum, a squall of wind from the south threw them on the coast of Cuma, where a number of the larger galleys, and almost all the smaller vessels, were dashed to pieces.

Towards the close of the year omens and prodigies filled the minds of the people with apprehensions of impending mischief. Such dreadful peals of thunder were never known. A comet appeared, and that phenomenon was a certain prelude to some bloody act to be committed by Nero. Monstrous births, such as men and beasts with double heads, were seen in the streets and public ways; and in the midst of sacrifices, which required victims big with young, the like conceptions fell from the entrails of animals slain at the altar. In the territory of Placentia, a calf was dropped with its head growing at the extreme part of the leg. The construction of the soothsayers was, that another head was preparing for the government of the world, but would prove weak, insufficient, and be soon detected, like the monstrous productions, which did not rest concealed in the womb, but came before their time, and lay exposed to public view near the high road.

FROISSART (1337–1410)

CHRONICLES

The Invasion of France by King Edward III, and the Battle of Crécy[1]

HOW THE KING OF ENGLAND RODE THROUGH NORMANDY

When the King of England arrived in the Hogue Saint-Vaast, the King issued out of his ship, and the first foot that he set on the ground he fell so rudely that the blood brast out of his nose. The knights that were about him took him up and said, "Sir, for God's sake enter again into your ship, and come not aland this day, for this is but an evil sign for us." Then the King answered quickly and said, "Wherefore? This is a good token for me, for the land desireth to have me." Of the which answer all his men were right joyful. So that day and night the King lodged on the sands, and in the mean time discharged the ships of their horses and other baggages; there the King made two marshals of his host, the one the Lord Godfrey of Harcourt and the other the Earl of Warwick, and the Earl of Arundel constable. And he ordained that the Earl of Huntingdon should keep the fleet of ships with a hundred men of arms and four hundred archers; and also he ordained three battles, one to go on his right hand, closing to the seaside, and the other on his left hand, and the King himself in the midst, and every night to lodge all in one field.

Thus they set forth as they were ordained, and they that went by the sea took all the ships that they found in their ways; and so long they went forth, what by sea and what by land, that they came to a good port and to a good town called Barfleur, the which incontinent was won, for they within gave up for fear of death. Howbeit, for all that, the town was robbed, and much gold and silver there found, and rich jewels; there was found so much riches, that the boys and villains of the host set nothing by good furred gowns; they made all the men of the town to issue out and to go into the ships, because they would not suffer them to be behind them for fear of rebelling again. After the town of Barfleur was thus taken and robbed without brenning, then they spread abroad in the country and did what they list, for there was not to resist them. At last they came to a great and a rich town called Cherbourg; the town they won and robbed it, and brent part thereof, but into the castle they could not come, it was so strong and well furnished with men of war.

OF THE GREAT ASSEMBLY THAT THE FRENCH KING MADE TO RESIST THE KING OF ENGLAND

Thus by the Englishmen was brent, exiled, robbed, wasted, and pilled the good plentiful country of Normandy. Then the French King sent for the Lord John of Hainault, who came to him with a great number; also the King sent for other men of arms, dukes, earls, barons, knights, and squires, and assembled together the greatest number of people that had been seen in France a hundred year before. He sent for men into so far countries, that it was long or they came together, wherefore the King of England did what him list in the mean season. The French King heard well what he did, and sware and said how they should never return again unfought withal, and that such hurts and damages as they had done should be dearly revenged; wherfore he had sent letters to his friends in the Empire, to such as were farthest off, and also to the gentle King of Bohemia and to the Lord Charles his son, who from thenceforth was called King of Almaine; he was made King by the aid of his father and the French King, and had taken on him the arms of the Empire: the French King desired them to come to him with all their powers, to the intent to fight with the King of England, who brent and wasted his country. These Princes and Lords made them ready with great number of men of arms, of Almains, Bohemians, and Luxemburgers, and so came to the French King. Also King Philip

[1] Translation by Lord Berners.

sent to the Duke of Lorraine, who came to serve him with three hundred spears; also there came the Earl (of) Salm in Saumois, the Earl of Sarrebruck, the Earl of Flanders, the Earl William of Namur, every man with a fair company.

Ye have heard therebefore of the order of the Englishmen; how they went in three battles, the marshals on the right hand and on the left, the King and Prince of Wales his son in the midst. They rode but small journeys, and every day took their lodgings between noon and three of the clock, and found the country so fruitful that they needed not to make no provision for their host, but all only for wine; and yet they found reasonably sufficient thereof. It was no marvel, though, they of the country were afraid; for before that time they had never seen men of war, nor they wist not what war or battle meant. They fled away as far as they might hear speaking of the Englishmen, and left their houses well stuffed, and granges full of corn; they wist not how to save and keep it. The King of England and the Prince had in their battle a three thousand men of arms and six thousand archers, and a ten thousand men afoot, beside them that rode with the marshals.

Then the King went toward Caen, the which was a greater town and full of drapery and other merchandise, and rich burgesses, noble ladies and damosels, and fair churches, and specially two great and rich abbeys, one of the Trinity, another of Saint Stephen; and on the one side of the town one of the fairest castles of all Normandy, and captain therein was Robert of Wargny, with three hundred Genoways, and in the town was the Earl of Eu and of Guines, Constable of France, and the Earl of Tancarville, with a good number of men of war. The King of England rode that day in good order and lodged all his battles together that night, a two leagues from Caen, in a town with a little haven called Austrehem, and thither came also all his navy of ships with the Earl of Huntingdon, who was governour of them.

The constable and other lords of France that night watched well the town of Caen, and in the morning armed them with all them of the town: then the constable ordained that none should issue out, but keep their defenses on the walls, gate, bridge, and river; and left the suburbs void, because they were not closed; for they thought they should have enough to do to defend the town, because it was not closed but with the river. They of the town said how they would issue out, for they were strong enough to fight with the King of England. When the constable saw their good wills, he said, "In the name of God be it, ye shall not fight without me." Then they issued out in good order, and made good face to fight and to defend them and to put their lives in adventure.

OF THE ORDER OF THE ENGLISHMEN AT CRESSY

On the Friday, as I said before, the King of England lay in the fields, for the country was plentiful of wines and other victual, and if need had been, they had provision following in carts and other carriages. That night the King made a supper to all his chief lords of his host and made them good cheer; and when they were all departed to take their rest, then the King entered into his oratory and kneeled down before the altar, praying God devoutly that if he fought the next day, that he might achieve the journey to His honor; then about midnight he laid them down to rest, and in the morning he rose betimes and heard mass, and the Prince his son with him, and the most part of his company, were confessed and houseled; and after the mass said, he commanded every man to be armed and to draw to the field to the same place before appointed. Then the King caused a park to be made by the woodside behind his host, and there was set all carts and carriages, and within the park were all their horses for every man was afoot; and into this park there was but one entry. Then he ordained three battles: In the first was the young Prince of Wales, with him the Earl of Warwick and Oxford, the Lord Godfrey of Harcourt, Sir Raynold Cobham, Sir Thomas Holland, the Lord Stafford, the Lord of Mohun, the Lord Delaware, Sir John Chandos, Sir Bartholomew de Burghersh, Sir Robert Nevill, the Lord Thomas Clifford, the Lord Bourchier, the Lord de Latimer, and divers other knights and squires that I cannot name; they were an eight hundred men of arms and two thousand archers, and a thou-

sand of other with the Welshmen; every lord drew to the field appointed under his own banner and pennon. In the second battle was the Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Arundel, the Lord Ros, the Lord Lucy, the Lord Willoughby, the Lord Basset, the Lord of Saint-Aubin, Sir Louis Tufton, the Lord of Multon, the Lord Lascelles and divers other, about an eight hundred men of arms and twelve hundred men of arms and archers. The third battle had the King; he had seven hundred men of arms and two thousand archers. Then the King leapt on a hobby, with a white rod in his hand, one of his marshals on the one hand and the other on the other hand: he rode from rank to rank desiring every man to take heed that day to his right and honor. He spake it so sweetly and with so good countenance and merry cheer, that all such as were discomfited took courage in the seeing and hearing of him. And when he had thus visited all his battles, it was then nine of the day; then he caused every man to eat and drink a little, and so they did at their leisure. And afterward they ordered again their battles; then every man lay down on the earth and by him his salet and bow, to be the more fresher when their enemies should come.

THE ORDER OF THE FRENCHMEN AT CRESSY, AND HOW THEY BEHELD THE DEMEANOR OF THE ENGLISHMEN

This Saturday the French King rose betimes and heard mass in Abbeville in his lodging in the abbey of St. Peter, and he departed after the sun-rising. When he was out of the town two leagues, approaching towards his enemies, some of his lords said to him, "Sir, it were good that ye ordered your battles, and let all your footmen pass somewhat on before, that they be not troubled with the horsemen." Then the King sent four knights, the Moine (of) Bazeilles, the Lord of Noyers, the Lord of Beaujeu, and the Lord d'Aubigny, to ride to aview the English host; and so they rode so near that they might well see part of their dealing. The Englishmen saw them well and knew well how they were come thither to aview them; they let them alone and made no countenance toward them, and let them return as they came. And when the French King saw these four knights return again, he tarried till they came to him and said, "Sir, what tidings?" These four knights each of them looked on other, for there was none would speak before his companion; finally the King said to (the) Moine, who pertained to the King of Bohemia and had done in his days so much that he was reputed for one of the valiantest knights of the world, "Sir, speak you." Then he said:—"Sir, I shall speak, sith it pleaseth you, under the correction of my fellows. Sir, we have ridden and seen the behaving of your enemies: know ye for truth they are rested in three battles abiding for you. Sir, I will counsel you as for my part, saving your displeasure, that you and all your company rest here and lodge for this night; for or they that be behind of your company be come hither, and or your battles be set in good order, it will be very late, and your people be weary and out of array, and ye shall find your enemies fresh and ready to receive you. Early in the morning ye may order your battles at more leisure and advise your enemies at more deliberation, and to regard well what way ye will assail them; for, sir, surely they will abide you.

Then the King commanded that it should be so done. Then his two marshals one rode before, another behind, saying to every banner, "Tarry and abide here in the name of God and St. Denis." They that were foremost tarried, but they that were behind would not tarry, but rode forth, and said how they would in no wise abide till they were as far forward as the foremost; and when they before saw them come on behind, then they rode forward again, so that the King nor his marshals could not rule them. So they rode without order or good array, till they came in sight of their enemies; and as soon as the foremost saw them they reculed then aback without good array, whereof they behind had marvel and were abashed, and thought that the foremost company had been fighting. Then they might have had leisure and room to have gone forward, if they had list; some went forth, and some abode still. The commons, of whom all the ways between Abbeville and Cressy were full, when they saw that they were near to their enemies, they took their swords and cried, "Down with

them! let us slay them all." There is not man, though he were present at the journey, that could imagine or shew the truth of the evil order that was among the French party, and yet they were a marvelous great number. That I write in this book I learned it specially of the Englishmen, who well beheld their dealing; and also certain knights of Sir John of Hainault's, who was always about King Philip, shewed me as they knew.

OF THE BATTLE OF CRESSY, AUGUST 26TH, 1346

THE Englishmen, who were in three battles lying on the ground to rest them, as soon as they saw the Frenchmen approach, they rose upon their feet fair and easily without any haste, and arranged their battles. The first, which was the Prince's battle, the archers there stood in manner of a herse and the men of arms in the bottom of the battle. The Earl of Northampton and the Earl of Arundel with the second battle were on a wing in good order, ready to comfort the Prince's battle, if need were.

The lords and knights of France came out to the assembly together in good order, for some came before and some came after, in such haste and evil order that one of them did trouble another. When the French King saw the Englishmen his blood changed, and said to his marshals, "Make the Genoways go on before, and begin the battle, in the name of God and St. Denis." There were of the Genoways' cross-bows about a fifteen thousand, but they were so weary of going afoot that day a six leagues armed with their cross-bows, that they said to their constables, "We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms: we have more need of rest." These words came to the Earl of Alençon, who said, "A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most need." Also the same season there fell a great rain and a clipse with a terrible thunder, and before the rain there came flying over both battles a great number of crows for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyen and on the Englishmen's backs. When the Genoways were assembled together and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry to abash the Englishmen, but they stood still and stirred not for all that; then the Genoways again the second time made another leap and a fell cry, and stept forward a little, and the Englishmen removed not one foot; thirdly, again they leapt and cried, and went forth till they came within shot; then they shot fiercely with their cross-bows. Then the English archers stept forth one pace and let fly their arrows so wholly (together) and so thick, that it seemed snow. When the Genoways felt the arrows piercing through heads, arms, and breasts, many of them cast down their cross-bows, and did cut their strings and returned discomfited. When the French King saw them fly away, he said, "Slay these rascals, for they shall let and trouble us without reason." Then ye should have seen the men of arms dash in among them and killed a great number of them; and ever still the Englishmen shot whereas they saw thickest press: the sharp arrows ran into the men of arms and into their horses, and many fell, horse and men, among the Genoways, and when they were down, they could not relieve again; the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also among the Englishmen there were certain rascals that went afoot with great knives, and they went in among the men of arms and slew and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights, and squires; whereof the King of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners.

The valiant King of Bohemia called Charles of Luxembourg, son to the noble Emperor Henry of Luxembourg, for all that he was nigh blind, when he understood the order of the battle, he said to them about him, "Where is the Lord Charles my son?" His men said, "Sir, we cannot tell; we think he be fighting." Then he said, "Sirs, ye are my men, my companions and friends in this journey: I require you bring me so far forward that I may strike one stroke with my sword." They said they would do his commandment, and to the intent that they should not lose him in the press, they tied all their reins of their bridles each to other and set the King before to accomplish his desire, and so they went on their

enemies. The Lord Charles of Bohemia his son, who wrote himself King of Almaine and bare the arms, he came in good order to the battle; but when he saw that the matter went awry on their party, he departed, I cannot tell you which way. The King his father was so far forward that he strake a stroke with his sword, yea, and more then four, and fought valiantly, and so did his company; and they adventured themselves so forward that they were there all slain, and the next day they were found in the place about the King, and all their horses tied each to other.

The Earl of Alençon came to the battle right ordinately and fought with the Englishmen, and the Earl of Flanders also on his part. These two lords with their companies coasted the English archers and came to the Prince's battle, and there fought valiantly long. The French King would fain have come thither, when he saw their banners, but there was a great hedge of archers before him. The same day the French King had given a great black courser to Sir John of Hainault, and he made the Lord Thierry of Senzeille to ride on him and to bear his banner. The same horse took the bridle in the teeth and brought him through all the currours of the Englishmen, and as he would have returned again, he fell in a great dike and was sore hurt, and had been there dead, an his page had not been, who followed him through all the battles and saw where his master lay in the dike, and had none other let but for his horse; for the Englishmen would not issue out of their battle for taking of any prisoner. Then the page alighted and relieved his master: then he went not back again the same way that they came; there was too many in his way.

This battle between Broye and Cressy this Saturday was right cruel and fell, and many a feat of arms done that came not to my knowledge. In the night divers knights and squires lost their masters, and sometime came on the Englishmen, who received them in such wise that they were ever nigh slain; for there was none taken to mercy nor to ransom, for so the Englishmen were determined.

In the morning the day of the battle certain Frenchmen and Almains perforce opened the archers of the Prince's battle, and came and fought with the men of arms hand to hand. Then the second battle of the Englishmen came to succor the Prince's battle, the which was time, for they had as then much ado; and they with the Prince sent a messenger to the King, who was on a little windmill hill. Then the knight said to the King, "Sir, the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of Oxford, Sir Raynold Cobham and other, such as be about the Prince your son, are fiercely fought withal and are sore handled; wherefore they desire you that you and your battle will come and aid them; for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they shall have much ado." Then the King said, "is my son dead, or hurt, or on the earth felled?" "No, sir," quoth the knight, "but he is hardly matched; wherefore he hath need of your aid." "Well," said the King, "return to him and to them that sent you hither, and say to them that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alive: and also say to them that they suffer him this day to win his spurs; for if God be pleased, I will this journey be his and the honor thereof, and to them that be about him." Then the knight returned again to them and shewed the King's words, the which greatly encouraged them, and repoined in that they had sent to the King as they did.

Sir Godfrey of Harcourt would gladly that the Earl of Harcourt, his brother, might have been saved; for he heard say by them that saw his banner how that he was there in the field on the French party: but Sir Godfrey could not come to him betimes, for he was slain or he could come at him, and so was also the Earl of Aumale his nephew. In another place the Earl of Alençon and the Earl of Flanders fought valiantly, every lord under his own banner; but finally they could not resist against the puissance of the Englishmen, and so there they were also slain, and divers other knights and squires. Also the Earl Louis of Blois, nephew to the French King, and the Duke of Lorraine, fought under their banners; but at last they were closed in among a company of Englishmen and Welshmen, and there were slain for all their prowess. Also there was slain the Earl of Auxerre, the Earl of Saint-Pol, and many other.

In the evening the French King, who had

left about him no more than a threescore persons, one and other, whereof Sir John of Hainault was one, who had remounted once the King, for his horse was slain with an arrow, then he said to the King, "Sir, depart hence, for it is time; lose not yourself willfully: if ye have loss at this time, ye shall recover it again another season." And so he took the King's horse by the bridle and led him away in a manner perforce. Then the King rode till he came to the castle of Broye. The gate was closed, because it was by that time dark: then the King called the captain, who came to the walls and said, "Who is that calleth there this time of night?" Then the King said, "Open your gate quickly, for this is the fortune of France." The captain knew then it was the King, and opened the gate and let down the bridge. Then the King entered, and he had with him but five barons, Sir John of Hainault, Sir Charles of Montmorency, the Lord of Beaujeu, the Lord d'Aubigny, and the Lord of Montsault. The King would not tarry there, but drank and departed thence about midnight, and so rode by such guides as knew the country till he came in the morning to Amiens, and there he rested.

This Saturday the Englishmen never departed from their battles for chasing of any man, but kept still their field, and ever defended themselves against all such as came to assail them. This battle ended about evensong time.

EDWARD GIBBON (1737–1794)

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

Character of Constantine

The character of the prince who removed the seat of empire, and introduced such important changes into the civil and religious constitution of his country, has fixed the attention and divided the opinions of mankind. By the grateful zeal of the Christians, the deliverer of the Church has been decorated with every attribute of a hero and even of a saint, while the discontent of the vanquished party has compared Constantine to the most abhorred of those tyrants who by their vice and weakness dishonored the imperial purple. The same passions have in some degree been perpetuated to succeeding generations, and the character of Constantine is considered, even in the present age, as an object either of satire or of panegyric. By the impartial union of those defects which are confessed by his warmest admirers, and of those virtues which are acknowledged by his most implacable enemies, we might hope to delineate a just portrait of that extraordinary man which the truth and candor of history should adopt without a blush. But it would soon appear, that the vain attempt to blend such discordant colors and to reconcile such inconsistent qualities must produce a figure monstrous rather than human, unless it is viewed in its proper and distinct lights, by a careful separation of the different periods of the reign of Constantine.

The person as well as the mind of Constantine had been enriched by nature with her choicest endowments. His stature was lofty, his countenance majestic, his deportment graceful, his strength and activity were displayed in every manly exercise, and from his earliest youth to a very advanced season of life he preserved the vigor of his constitution by a strict adherence to the domestic virtues of chastity and temperance. He delighted in the social intercourse of familiar conversation; and though he might sometimes indulge his disposition to raillery with less reserve than was required by the severe dignity of his station, the courtesy and liberality of his manners gained the hearts of all who approached him. The sincerity of his friendship has been suspected; yet he showed on some occasions that he was not incapable of a warm and lasting attachment. The disadvantage of an illiterate education had not prevented him from forming a just estimate of the value of learning; and the arts and sciences derived some encouragement from the munificent protection of Constantine. In the dispatch of business, his diligence was indefatigable;

and the active powers of his mind were almost continually exercised in reading, writing, or meditating, in giving audience to ambassadors, and in examining the complaints of his subjects. Even those who censured the propriety of his measures were compelled to acknowledge that he possessed magnanimity to conceive and patience to execute the most arduous designs, without being checked either by the prejudices of education or by the clamors of the multitude. In the field he infused his own intrepid spirit into the troops, whom he conducted with the talents of a consummate general; and to his abilities, rather than to his fortune, we may ascribe the signal victories which he obtained over the foreign and domestic foes of the republic. He loved glory as the reward, perhaps as the motive, of his labors. The boundless ambition which, from the moment of his accepting the purple at York, appears as the ruling passion of his soul, may be justified by the dangers of his own situation, by the character of his rivals, by the consciousness of superior merit, and by the prospect that his success would enable him to restore peace and order to the distracted empire. In his civil wars against Maxentius and Licinius he had engaged on his side the inclinations of the people, who compared the undissembled vices of those tyrants with the spirit of wisdom and justice which seemed to direct the general tenor of the administration of Constantine.

Had Constantine fallen on the banks of the Tiber, or even in the plains of Hadrianople, such is the character which, with a few exceptions, he might have transmitted to posterity. But the conclusion of his reign (according to the moderate and indeed tender sentence of a writer of the same age) degraded him from the rank which he had acquired among the most deserving of the Roman princes. In the life of Augustus we behold the tyrant of the republic converted, almost by imperceptible degrees, into the father of his country and of human kind. In that of Constantine we may contemplate a hero who had so long inspired his subjects with love and his enemies with terror, degenerating into a cruel and dissolute monarch, corrupted by his fortune or raised by conquest above the necessity of dissimulation. The general peace which he maintained during the last fourteen years of his reign was a period of apparent splendor rather than of real prosperity; and the old age of Constantine was disgraced by the opposite yet reconcilable vices of rapaciousness and prodigality. The accumulated treasures found in the palaces of Maxentius and Licinius were lavishly consumed; the various innovations introduced by the conqueror were attended with an increasing expense; the cost of his buildings, his court, and his festivals required an immediate and plentiful supply; and the oppression of the people was the only fund which could support the magnificence of the sovereign. His unworthy favorites, enriched by the boundless liberality of their master, usurped with impunity the privilege of rapine and corruption. A secret but universal decay was felt in every part of the public administration; and the Emperor himself, though he still retained the obedience, gradually lost the esteem of his subjects. The dress and manners which towards the decline of life he chose to affect, served only to degrade him in the eyes of mankind. The Asiatic pomp which had been adopted by the pride of Diocletian assumed an air of softness and effeminacy in the person of Constantine. He is represented with false hair of various colors, labouriously arranged by the skillful artists of the time; a diadem of a new and more expensive fashion; a profusion of gems and pearls, of collars and bracelets, and a variegated flowing robe of silk, most curiously embroidered with flowers of gold. In such apparel, scarcely to be excused by the youth and folly of Elagabulus, we are at a loss to discover the wisdom of an aged monarch and the simplicity of a Roman veteran. A mind thus relaxed by prosperity and indulgence was incapable of rising to that magnanimity which disdains suspicion and dares to forgive. The deaths of Maximian and Licinius may perhaps be justified by the maxims of policy as they are taught in the schools of tyrants; but an impartial narrative of the executions, or rather murders, which sullied the declining age of Constantine, will suggest to our most candid thoughts the idea of a prince who could sacrifice without reluctance the laws of justice and the feelings of nature, to the dictates either of his passions or of his interest.

The same fortune which so invariably followed the standard of Constantine seemed to secure the hopes and comforts of his domestic life. Those among his predecessors who had enjoyed the longest and most prosperous reigns, Augustus, Trajan, and Diocletian, had been disappointed of posterity; and the frequent revolutions had never allowed sufficient time for any imperial family to grow up and multiply under the shade of the purple. But the royalty of the Flavian line, which had been first ennobled by the Gothic Claudius, descended through several generations; and Constantine himself derived from his royal father the hereditary honors which he transmitted to his children. The Emperor had been twice married. Minervina, the obscure but lawful object of his youthful attachment, had left him only one son, who was called Crispus. By Fausta, the daughter of Maximian, he had three daughters, and three sons known by the kindred names of Constantine, Constantius, and Constans. The unamibitious brothers of the great Constantine, Julius Constantius, Dalmatius, and Hannibalianus, were permitted to enjoy the most honorable rank and the most affluent fortune that could be consistent with a private station. The youngest of the three lived without a name and died without posterity. His two elder brothers obtained in marriage the daughters of wealthy senators, and propagated new branches of the imperial race. Gallus and Julian afterwards became the most illustrious of the children of Julius Constantius the Patrician. The two sons of Dalmatius, who had been decorated with the vain title of censor, were named Dalmatius and Hannibalianus. The two sisters of the great Constantine, Anastasia and Eutropia, were bestowed on Optatus and Nepotianus, two senators of noble birth and of consular dignity. His third sister, Constantia, was distinguished by her preëminence of greatness and of misery. She remained the widow of the vanquished Licinius; and it was by her entreaties that an innocent boy, the offspring of their marriage, preserved for some time his life, the title of Caesar, and a precarious hope of the succession. Besides the females and the allies of the Flavian house, ten or twelve males to whom the language of modern courts would apply the title of princes of the blood, seemed, according to the order of their birth, to be destined either to inherit or to support the throne of Constantine. But in less than thirty years this numerous and increasing family was reduced to the persons of Constantius and Julian, who alone had survived a series of crimes and calamities such as the tragic poets have deplored in the devoted lines of Pelops and of Cadmus.

Death of Julian

While Julian struggled with the almost insuperable difficulties of his situation, the silent hours of the night were still devoted to study and contemplation. Whenever he closed his eyes in short and interrupted slumbers, his mind was agitated with painful anxiety; nor can it be thought surprising that the Genius of the Empire should once more appear before him, covering with a funeral veil his head and his horn of abundance, and slowly retiring from the imperial tent. The monarch started from his couch, and stepping forth to refresh his wearied spirits with the coolness of the midnight air, he beheld a fiery meteor which shot athwart the sky and suddenly vanished. Julian was convinced that he had seen the menacing countenance of the god of war; the council which he summoned of Tuscan Haruspices unanimously pronounced that he should abstain from action; but on this occasion necessity and reason were more prevalent than superstition, and the trumpets sounded at the break of day. The army marched through a hilly country, and the hills had been secretly occupied by the Persians. Julian led the van with the skill and attention of a consummate general; he was alarmed by the intelligence that his rear was suddenly attacked. The heat of the weather had tempted him to lay aside his cuirass; but he snatched a shield from one of his attendants and hastened with a sufficient reinforcement to the relief of the rear guard. A similar danger recalled the intrepid prince to the defense of the front; and as he galloped between the columns, the centre of the left was attacked and almost overpowered by a furious charge of the Persian cavalry and elephants. This huge body was soon defeated by the well-timed

evolution of the light infantry, who aimed their weapons, with dexterity and effect, against the backs of the horsemen and the legs of the elephants. The Barbarians fled; and Julian, who was foremost in every danger, animated the pursuit with his voice and gestures. His trembling guards, scattered and oppressed by the disorderly throng of friends and enemies, reminded their fearless sovereign that he was without armor, and conjured him to decline the fall of the impending ruin. As they exclaimed, a cloud of darts and arrows was charged from the flying squadrons; and a javelin, after razing the skin of his arm, transpierced the ribs and fixed in the inferior part of the liver. Julian attempted to draw the deadly weapon from his side, but his fingers were cut by the sharpness of the steel, and he fell senseless from his horse. His guards flew to his relief, and the wounded Emperor was gently raised from the ground and conveyed out of the tumult of the battle into an adjacent tent. The report of the melancholy event passed from rank to rank; but the grief of the Romans inspired them with invincible valor and the desire of revenge. The bloody and obstinate conflict was maintained by the two armies till they were separated by the total darkness of the night. The Persians derived some honor from the advantage which they obtained against the left wing, where Anatolius, master of the offices, was slain, and the praefect Sallust very narrowly escaped. But the event of the day was adverse to the Barbarians. They abandoned the field, their two generals Meranes and Nohordates, fifty nobles or satraps, and a multitude of their bravest soldiers; and the success of the Romans, if Julian had survived, might have been improved into a decisive and useful victory.

The first words that Julian uttered after his recovery from the fainting fit into which he had been thrown by loss of blood, were expressive of his martial spirit. He called for his horse and arms, and was impatient to rush into the battle. His remaining strength was exhausted by the painful effort, and the surgeons who examined his wound discovered the symptoms of approaching death. He employed the awful moments with the firm temper of a hero and a sage; the philosophers who had accompanied him in this fatal expedition compared the tent of Julian with the prison of Socrates; and the spectators whom duty or friendship or curiosity had assembled round his couch listened with respectful grief to the funeral oration of their dying emperor:—"Friends and fellow soldiers, the seasonable period of my departure is now arrived, and I discharge, with the cheerfulness of a ready debtor, the demands of nature. I have learned from philosophy how much the soul is more excellent than the body; and that the separation of the nobler substance should be the subject of joy rather than of affliction. I have learned from religion that an earthly death has often been the reward of piety; and I accept, as a favor of the gods, the mortal stroke that secures me from the danger of disgracing a character which has hitherto been supported by virtue and fortitude. I die without remorse, as I have lived without guilt. I am pleased to reflect on the innocence of my private life; and I can affirm with confidence that the supreme authority, that emanation of the Divine power, has been preserved in my hands pure and immaculate. Detesting the corrupt and destructive maxims of despotism, I have considered the happiness of the people as the end of government. Submitting my actions to the laws of prudence, of justice, and of moderation, I have trusted the event to the care of Providence. Peace was the object of my counsels as long as peace was consistent with the public welfare; but when the imperious voice of my country summoned me to arms, I exposed my person to the dangers of war with the clear foreknowledge (which I have acquired from the art of divination) that I was destined to fall by the sword. I now offer my tribute of gratitude to the Eternal Being, who has not suffered me to perish by the cruelty of a tyrant, by the secret dagger of conspiracy, or by the slow tortures of lingering disease. He has given me, in the midst of an honorable career, a splendid and glorious departure from this world; and I hold it equally absurd, equally base, to solicit or to decline the stroke of fate. Thus much I have attempted to say; but my strength fails me, and I feel the approach of death. I shall cautiously refrain from any word that may tend to influence your suffrages in the election of an emperor. My choice might be

imprudent or injudicious; and if it should not be ratified by the consent of the army, it might be fatal to the person whom I should recommend. I shall only, as a good citizen, express my hopes that the Romans may be blessed with the government of a virtuous sovereign." After this discourse, which Julian pronounced in a firm and gentle tone of voice, he distributed by a military testament the remains of his private fortune; and making some inquiry why Anatolius was not present, he understood from the answer of Sallust that Anatolius was killed, and bewailed with amiable inconsistency the loss of his friend. At the same time he reproved the immoderate grief of the spectators, and conjured them not to disgrace by unmanly tears the fate of a prince who in a few moments would be united with heaven and with the stars. The spectators were silent; and Julian entered into a metaphysical argument with the philosophers Priscus and Maximus on the nature of the soul. The efforts which he made, of mind as well as body, most probably hastened his death. His wound began to bleed with fresh violence; his respiration was embarrassed by the swelling of the veins; he called for a draught of cold water, and as soon as he had drunk it expired without pain, about the hour of midnight. Such was the end of that extraordinary man, in the thirty-second year of his age, after a reign of one year and about eight months from the death of Constantius. In his last moments he displayed, perhaps with some ostentation, the love of virtue and of fame which had been the ruling passions of his life.

The Fall of Rome

At the hour of midnight the Salarian gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet. Eleven hundred and sixty-three years after the foundation of Rome, the imperial city which had subdued and civilized so considerable a part of mankind was delivered to the licentious fury of the tribes of Germany and Scythia.

The proclamation of Alaric, when he forced his entrance into a vanquished city, discovered however some regard for the laws of humanity and religion. He encouraged his troops boldly to seize the rewards of valor, and to enrich themselves with the spoils of a wealthy and effeminate people; but he exhorted them at the same time to spare the lives of the unresisting citizens, and to respect the churches of the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul as holy and inviolable sanctuaries. Amidst the horrors of a nocturnal tumult, several of the Christian Goths displayed the fervor of a recent conversion; and some instances of their uncommon piety and moderation are related, and perhaps adorned, by the zeal of ecclesiastical writers. While the Barbarians roamed through the city in quest of prey, the humble dwelling of an aged virgin who had devoted her life to the service of the altar was forced open by one of the powerful Goths. He immediately demanded, though in civil language, all the gold and silver in her possession; and was astonished at the readiness with which she conducted him to a splendid hoard of massy plate of the richest materials and the most curious workmanship. The Barbarian viewed with wonder and delight this valuable acquisition, till he was interrupted by a serious admonition addressed to him in the following words: "These," said she, "are the consecrated vessels belonging to St. Peter; if you presume to touch them, the sacrilegious deed will remain on your conscience. For my part, I dare not keep what I am unable to defend." The Gothic captain, struck with reverential awe, dispatched a messenger to inform the King of the treasure which he had discovered, and received a peremptory order from Alaric that all the consecrated plate and ornaments should be transported, without damage or delay, to the Church of the Apostle. From the extremity, perhaps, of the Quirinal hill to the distant quarter of the Vatican, a numerous detachment of Goths, marching in order of battle through the principal streets, protected with glittering arms the long train of their devout companions, who bore aloft on their heads the sacred vessels of gold and silver; and the martial shouts of the Barbarians were mingled with the sound of religious psalmody. From all the adjacent houses a crowd of Christians hastened to join this edifying procession; and a multitude of fugitives, without distinction of age, or rank, or even of sect, had the good fortune

to escape to the secure and hospitable sanctuary of the Vatican. The learned work (Concerning the City of God) was professedly composed by St. Augustine to justify the ways of Providence in the destruction of the Roman greatness. He celebrates with peculiar satisfaction this memorable triumph of Christ, and insults his adversaries by challenging them to produce some similar example of a town taken by storm, in which the fabulous gods of antiquity had been able to protect either themselves or their deluded votaries.

In the sack of Rome, some rare and extraordinary examples of Barbarian virtue have been deservedly applauded. But the holy precincts of the Vatican and the Apostolic churches could receive a very small proportion of the Roman people; many thousand warriors, more especially of the Huns who served under the standard of Alaric, were strangers to the name, or at least to the faith of Christ; and we may suspect without any breach of charity or candor that in the hour of savage license, when every passion was inflamed and every restraint was removed, the precepts of the gospel seldom influenced the behavior of the Gothic Christians. The writers the best disposed to exaggerate their clemency have freely confessed that a cruel slaughter was made of the Romans, and that the streets of the city were filled with dead bodies, which remained without burial during the general consternation. The despair of the citizens was sometimes converted into fury; and whenever the Barbarians were provoked by opposition, they extended the promiscuous massacre to the feeble, the innocent, and the helpless. The private revenge of forty thousand slaves was exercised without pity or remorse; and the ignominious lashes which they had formerly received were washed away in the blood of the guilty or obnoxious families. The matrons and virgins of Rome were exposed to injuries more dreadful, in the apprehension of chastity, than death itself. . . .

The want of youth, or beauty, or chastity protected the greatest part of the Roman women from the danger of a rape. But avarice is an insatiate and universal passion, since the enjoyment of almost every object that can afford pleasure to the different tastes and tempers of mankind may be procured by the possession of wealth. In the pillage of Rome, a just preference was given to gold and jewels, which contain the greatest value in the smallest compass and weight; but after these portable riches had been removed by the more diligent robbers, the palaces of Rome were rudely stripped of their splendid and costly furniture. The sideboards of massy plate, and the variegated ward-robes of silk and purple, were irregularly piled in the wagons that always followed the march of a Gothic army. The most exquisite works of art were roughly handled or wantonly destroyed; many a statue was melted for the sake of the precious materials; and many a vase, in the division of the spoil, was shivered into fragments by the stroke of a battle-axe. The acquisition of riches served only to stimulate the avarice of the rapacious Barbarians, who proceeded by threats, by blows, and by tortures, to force from their prisoners the confession of hidden treasure. Visible splendor and expense were alleged as the proof of a plentiful fortune; the appearance of poverty was imputed to a parsimonious disposition; and the obstinacy of some misers, who endured the most cruel torments before they would discover the secret object of their affection, was fatal to many unhappy wretches, who expired under the lash for refusing to reveal their imaginary treasures. The edifices of Rome, though the damage has been much exaggerated, received some injury from the violence of the Goths. At their entrance through the Salarian gate, they fired the adjacent houses to guide their march and to distract the attention of the citizens; the flames, which encountered no obstacle in the disorder of the night, consumed many private and public buildings; and the ruins of the palace of Sallust remained, in the age of Justinian, a stately monument of the Gothic conflagration. Yet a contemporary historian has observed that fire could scarcely consume the enormous beams of solid brass, and that the strength of man was insufficient to subvert the foundations of ancient structures. Some truth may possibly be concealed in his devout assertion that the wrath of Heaven supplied the imperfections of hostile rage, and that the proud Forum of Rome, decorated with

the statues of so many gods and heroes, was leveled in the dust by the stroke of lightning. . . .

It was not easy to compute the multitudes who, from an honorable station and a prosperous future, were suddenly reduced to the miserable condition of captives and exiles. . . . The nations who invaded the Roman empire had driven before them into Italy whole troops of hungry and affrighted provincials, less apprehensive of servitude than of famine. The calamities of Rome and Italy dispersed the inhabitants to the most lonely, the most secure, the most distant places of refuge. . . . The Italian fugitives were dispersed through the provinces, along the coast of Egypt and Asia, as far as Constantinople and Jerusalem; and the village of Bethlehem, the solitary residences of St. Jerome and his female converts, was crowded with illustrious beggars of either sex and every age, who excited the public compassion by the remembrance of their past fortune. This awful catastrophe of Rome filled the astonished empire with grief and terror. So interesting a contrast of greatness and ruin disposed the fond credulity of the people to deplore, and even to exaggerate, the afflictions of the queen of cities. The clergy, who applied to recent events the lofty metaphors of Oriental prophecy, were sometimes tempted to confound the destruction of the capital and the dissolution of the globe.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY
(1800–1859)

HISTORY OF ENGLAND

Chapter IV
THE DEATH OF CHARLES II

The death of King Charles the Second took the nation by surprise. His frame was naturally strong, and did not appear to have suffered from excess. He had always been mindful of his health even in his pleasures; and his habits were such as promise a long life and a robust old age. Indolent as he was on all occasions which required tension of the mind, he was active and persevering in bodily exercise. He had, when young, been renowned as a tennis player, and was, even in the decline of life, an indefatigable walker. His ordinary pace was such that those who were admitted to the honor of his society found it difficult to keep up with him. He rose early, and generally passed three or four hours a day in the open air. He might be seen, before the dew was off the grass in St. James's park, striding among the trees, playing with his spaniels, and flinging corn to his ducks; and these exhibitions endeared him to the common people, who always love to see the great unbend.

At length, towards the close of the year 1684, he was prevented, by a slight attack of what was supposed to be gout, from rambling as usual. He now spent his mornings in his laboratory, where he amused himself with experiments on the properties of mercury. His temper seemed to have suffered from confinement. He had no apparent cause for disquiet. His kingdom was tranquil; he was not in pressing want of money; his power was greater than it had ever been; the party which had long thwarted him had been beaten down; but the cheerfulness which had supported him against adverse fortune had vanished in this season of prosperity. A trifle now sufficed to depress those elastic spirits which had borne up against defeat, exile, and penury. His irritation frequently showed itself by looks and words such as could hardly have been expected from a man so eminently distinguished by good humor and good breeding. It was not supposed, however, that his constitution was seriously impaired.

His palace had seldom presented a gayer or a more scandalous appearance than on the evening of Sunday the first of February, 1685. Some grave persons who had gone thither after the fashion of that age, to pay their duty to their sovereign and who had expected that, on such a day, his court would wear a decent aspect, were struck with astonishment and horror. The great gallery of Whitehall, an admirable relic of the

magnificence of the Tudors, was crowded with revellers and gamblers. The king sate there chatting and toying with three women, whose charms were the boast, and whose vices were the disgrace, of three nations. Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland, was there, no longer young, but still retaining some traces of that superb and voluptuous loveliness which twenty years before overcame the hearts of all men. There too was the Duchess of Portsmouth, whose soft and infantine features were lighted up with the vivacity of France. Hortensia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, and niece of the great Cardinal, completed the group. She had been early removed from her native Italy to the court where her uncle was supreme. His power and her own attractions had drawn a crowd of illustrious suitors round her. Her face was beautiful with the rich beauty of the south, her understanding quick, her manners graceful, her rank exalted, her possessions immense; but her ungovernable passions had turned all these blessings into curses. She had found the misery of an ill-assorted marriage intolerable, and fled from her husband, had abandoned her vast wealth, and, after having astonished Rome and Piedmont by her adventures, had fixed her abode in England. Her house was the favorite resort of men of wit and pleasure, who, for the sake of her smiles and her table, endured her frequent fits of insolence and ill humor. Rochester and Godolphin sometimes forgot the cares of state in her company. Barillon and Saint Evremond found in her drawing-room consolation for their long banishment from Paris. The learning of Vossius, the wit of Waller, were daily employed to flatter and amuse her. But her diseased mind required stronger stimulants, and sought them in gallantry, in basset, and in usquebaugh. While Charles flirted with his three sultanas, Hortensia's French page, a handsome boy, whose vocal performances were the delight of Whitehall, and were rewarded by numerous presents of rich clothes, ponies, and guineas, warbled some amorous verses. A party of twenty courtiers was seated at cards round a large table on which gold was heaped in mountains. Even then the king had complained that he did not feel quite well. He had no appetite for his supper; his rest that night was broken; but on the following morning he rose, as usual, early.

To that morning the contending factions in his council had, during some days, looked forward with anxiety. The struggle between Halifax and Rochester seemed to be approaching a decisive crisis. Halifax, not content with having already driven his rival from the board of Treasury, had undertaken to prove him guilty of such dishonesty or neglect in the conduct of the finances as ought to be punished by dismission from the public service. It was even whispered that the lord president would probably be sent to the Tower before night. The king had promised to inquire into the matter. The second of February had been fixed for the investigation; and several officers of the revenue had been ordered to attend with their books on that day. But a great turn of fortune was at hand.

Scarcely had Charles risen from his bed when his attendants perceived that his utterance was indistinct, and that his thoughts seemed to be wandering. Several men of rank had, as usual, assembled to see their sovereign shaved and dressed. He made no effort to converse with them in his usual gay style; but his ghastly look surprised and alarmed them. Soon his face grew black; his eyes turned in his head; he uttered a cry, staggered, and fell into the arms of Thomas Lord Bruce, eldest son of the Earl of Ailesbury. A physician who had charge of the royal retorts and crucibles happened to be present. He had no lancet; but he opened a vein with a penknife. The blood flowed freely; but the king was still insensible.

He was laid on his bed, where, during a short time, the Duchess of Portsmouth hung over him with the familiarity of a wife. But the alarm had been given. The queen and the Duchess of York were hastening to the room. The favorite concubine was forced to retire to her own apartments. Those apartments had been thrice pulled down and thrice rebuilt by her lover to gratify her caprice. The very furniture of the chimney was massy silver. Several fine paintings, which properly belonged to the queen, had been transferred to the dwelling of the mistress. The sideboards were piled with richly-wrought plate. In the niches stood cabinets, the master-pieces of Japanese

art. On the hangings, fresh from the looms of Paris, were depicted, in tints which no English tapestry could rival, birds of gorgeous plumage, landscapes, hunting matches, the lordly terrace of St. Germain's, the statues and fountains of Versailles. In the midst of this splendor, purchased by guilt and shame, the unhappy woman gave herself up to an agony of grief, which, to do her justice, was not wholly selfish.

And now the gates of Whitehall, which ordinarily stood open to all comers, were closed. But persons whose faces were known were still permitted to enter. The antechambers and galleries were soon filled to overflowing; and even the sick room was crowded with peers, privy councillors, and foreign ministers. All the medical men of note in London were summoned. So high did political animosities run that the presence of some Whig physician was regarded as an extraordinary circumstance. One Roman Catholic whose skill was then widely renowned, Doctor Thomas Short, was in attendance. Several of the prescriptions have been preserved. One of them is signed by fourteen doctors. The patient was bled largely. Hot iron was applied to his head. A loathsome volatile salt, extracted from human skulls, was forced into his mouth. He recovered his senses; but he was evidently in a situation of extreme danger.

The queen was for a time assiduous in her attendance. The Duke of York scarcely left his brother's bedside. The primate and four other bishops were then in London. They remained at Whitehall all day, and took it by turns to sit up at night in the king's room. The news of his illness filled the capital with sorrow and dismay. For his easy temper and affable manners had won the affection of a large part of the nation; and those who most disliked him preferred his unprincipled levity to the stern and earnest bigotry of his brother.

On the morning of Thursday the fifth of February, the London Gazette announced that his majesty was going on well, and was thought by the physicians to be out of danger. The bells of all the churches rang merrily; and preparations for bonfires were made in the streets. But in the evening it was known that a relapse had taken place, and that the medical attendants had given up all hope. The public mind was greatly disturbed, but there was no disposition to tumult. The Duke of York, who had already taken on himself to give orders, ascertained that the city was perfectly quiet, and that he might without difficulty be proclaimed as soon as his brother should expire.

The king was in great pain, and complained that he felt as if a fire was burning within him. Yet he bore up against his sufferings with a fortitude which did not seem to belong to his soft and luxurious nature. The sight of his misery affected his wife so much that she fainted, and was carried senseless to her chamber. The prelates who were in waiting had from the first exhorted him to prepare for his end. They now thought it their duty to address him in a still more urgent manner. William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, an honest and pious, though narrow-minded man, used great freedom. "It is time," he said, "to speak out; for, sir, you are about to appear before a Judge, who is no respecter of persons." The king answered not a word.

Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, then tried his powers of persuasion. He was a man of parts and learning, of quick sensibility and stainless virtue. His elaborate works have long been forgotten; but his morning and evening hymns are still repeated daily in thousands of dwellings Though like most of his order, zealous for monarchy, he was no sycophant. Before he became a bishop, he had maintained the honor of his gown by refusing, when the court was at Winchester, to let Eleanor Gwynn lodge in the house which he occupied there as a prebendary. The king had sense enough to respect so manly a spirit. Of all the prelates he liked Ken the best. It was to no purpose, however, that the good bishop now put forth all his eloquence. His solemn and pathetic exhortation awed and melted the bystanders to such a degree that some among them believed him to be filled with the same spirit which, in the old time, had, by the mouths of Nathan and Elias, called sinful princes to repentance. Charles, however, was unmoved. He made no objection, indeed, when the service for the Visitation of the Sick was read. In reply to the pressing questions of the divines, he

said that he was sorry for what he had done amiss; and he suffered the absolution to be pronounced over him according to the forms of the Church of England; but, when he was urged to declare that he died in the communion of that Church, he seemed not to hear what was said; and nothing could induce him to take the Eucharist from the hands of the bishops. A table with bread and wine was brought to his bedside, but in vain. Sometimes he said that there was no hurry, and sometimes that he was too weak.

Many attributed this apathy to contempt for divine things, and many to the stupor which often precedes death. But there were in the palace a few persons who knew better. Charles had never been a sincere member of the Established Church. His mind had long oscillated between Hobbism and Popery. When his health was good and his spirits high, he was a scoffer. In his few serious moments he was a Roman Catholic. The Duke of York was aware of this, but was entirely occupied with the care of his own interests. He had ordered the outports to be closed. He had posted detachments of the guards in different parts of the city. He had also procured the feeble signature of the dying king to an instrument by which some duties, granted only till the demise of the crown, were let to farm for a term of three years. These things occupied the attention of James to such a degree that, though, on ordinary occasions, he was indiscreetly and unseasonably eager to bring over proselytes to his church, he never reflected that his brother was in danger of dying without the last sacraments. This neglect was the more extraordinary because the Duchess of York had, at the request of the queen, suggested, on the morning on which the king was taken ill, the propriety of procuring spiritual assistance. For such assistance Charles was at last indebted to an agency very different from that of his pious wife and sister-in-law. A life of frivolity and vice had not extinguished in the Duchess of Portsmouth all sentiments of religion, or all that kindness which is the glory of her sex. The French ambassador Barillon, who had come to the palace to inquire after the king, paid her a visit. He found her in an agony of sorrow. She took him into a secret room, and poured out her whole heart to him. "I have," said she, "a thing of great moment to tell you. If it were known, my head would be in danger. The king is really and truly a Catholic; but he will die without being reconciled to the church. His bedchamber is full of Protestant clergymen. I cannot enter it without giving scandal. The duke is thinking only of himself. Speak to him. Remind him that there is a soul at stake. He is master now. He can clear the room. Go this instant, or it will be too late."

Barillon hastened to the bedchamber, took the duke aside, and delivered the message of the mistress. The conscience of James smote him. He started as if roused from sleep, and declared that nothing should prevent him from discharging the sacred duty which had been too long delayed. Several schemes were discussed and rejected. At last the duke commanded the crowd to stand aloof, went to the bed, stooped down, and whispered something which none of the spectators could hear, but which they supposed to be some question about affairs of state. Charles answered in an audible voice, "Yes, yes, with all my heart." None of the bystanders, except the French ambassador, guessed that the king was declaring his wish to be admitted into the bosom of the Church of Rome.

"Shall I bring a priest?" said the duke. "Do, brother," replied the sick man. "For God's sake do, and lose no time. But no; you will get into trouble." "If it costs me my life," said the duke, "I will fetch a priest."

To find a priest, however, for such a purpose, at a moment's notice, was not easy. For, as the law then stood, the person who admitted a proselyte into the Roman Catholic Church was guilty of a capital crime. The count of Castel Melhor, a Portuguese nobleman, who, driven by political troubles from his native land, had been hospitably received at the English court, undertook to procure a confessor. He had recourse to his countrymen who belonged to the queen's household; but he found that none of her chaplains knew English or French enough to shrive the king. The duke and Barillon were about to send to the Venetian minister for a clergyman, when they heard that a Benedictine monk, named John Huddleston,

happened to be at Whitehall. This man had, with great risk to himself, saved the king's life after the battle of Worcester, and had, on that account, been, ever since the Restoration, a privileged person. In the sharpest proclamations which were put forth against Popish priests, when false witnesses had inflamed the nation to fury, Huddleston had been excepted by name. He readily consented to put his life a second time in peril for his prince; but there was still a difficulty. The honest monk was so illiterate that he did not know what he ought to say on an occasion of such importance. He, however, obtained some hints, through the intervention of Castel Melhor, from a Portuguese ecclesiastic, and, thus instructed, was brought up the back stairs by Chiffinch, a confidential servant, who if the satires of that age are to be credited, had often introduced visitors of a very different description by the same entrance. The duke then, in the king's name, commanded all who were present to quit the room, except Lewis Duras, Earl of Feversham, and John Granville, Earl of Bath. Both these lords professed the Protestant religion; but James conceived that he could count on their fidelity. Feversham, a Frenchman of noble birth, and nephew of the great Turenne, held high rank in the English army, and was chamberlain to the queen. Bath was groom of the stole.

The duke's orders were obeyed; and even the physicians withdrew. The back door was then opened, and Father Huddleston entered. A cloak had been thrown over his sacred vestments, and his shaven crown was concealed by a flowing wig. "Sir," said the duke, "this good man once saved your life. He now comes to save your soul." Charles faintly answered, "He is welcome." Huddleston went through his part better than had been expected. He knelt by the bed, listened to the confession, pronounced the absolution and administered extreme unction. He asked if the king wished to receive the Lord's supper. "Surely," said Charles, "if I am not unworthy." The host was brought in. Charles feebly strove to rise and kneel before it. The priest bade him lie still, and assured him that God would accept the humiliation of the soul, and would not require the humiliation of the body. The king found so much difficulty in swallowing the bread that it was necessary to open the door and to procure a glass of water. This rite ended, the monk held up a crucifix before the penitent, charged him to fix his last thoughts on the sufferings of the Redeemer, and withdrew. The whole ceremony had occupied about three quarters of an hour; and, during that time, the courtiers who filled the outer room had communicated their suspicions to each other by whispers and significant glances. The door was at length thrown open, and the crowd again filled the chamber of death.

It was now late in the evening. The king seemed much relieved by what had passed. His natural children were brought to his bedside, the Dukes of Grafton, Southampton, and Northumberland, sons of the Duchess of Cleveland, the Duke of St. Alban's, son of Eleanor Gwynn, and the Duke of Richmond, son of the Duchess of Portsmouth. Charles blessed them all, but spoke with peculiar tenderness to Richmond. One face which should have been there was wanting. The eldest and best beloved child was an exile and a wanderer. His name was not once mentioned by his father.

During the night Charles earnestly recommended the Duchess of Portsmouth and her boy to the care of James. "And do not," he goodnaturedly added, "let poor Nelly starve." The queen sent excuses for her absence by Halifax. She said that she was too much disordered to resume her post by the couch, and implored pardon for any offence which she might unwittingly have given. "She ask my pardon, poor woman!" cried Charles; "I ask hers with all my heart."

The morning light began to peep through the windows of Whitehall; and Charles desired the attendants to pull aside the curtains, that he might have one more look at the day. He remarked that it was time to wind up a clock which stood near his bed. These little circumstances were long remembered, because they proved beyond dispute that when he declared himself a Roman Catholic, he was in full possession of his faculties. He apologized to those who had stood round him all night for the trouble which he had caused. He had been, he said, a most unconscionable time dying; but he hoped that they would excuse it. This was

the last glimpse of that exquisite urbanity, so often found potent, to charm away the resentment of a justly-incensed nation. Soon after dawn the speech of the dying man failed. Before ten his senses were gone. Great numbers had repaired to the churches at the hour of the morning service. When the prayer for the king was read, loud groans and sobs showed how deeply his people felt for him. At noon on Friday, the sixth of February, he passed away without a struggle.

At that time the common people throughout Europe, and nowhere more than in England, were in the habit of attributing the deaths of princes, especially when the prince was popular and the death unexpected, to the foulest and darkest kind of assassination. Thus James the First had been accused of poisoning Prince Henry. Thus Charles the First had been accused of poisoning James the First. Thus when, in the time of the Commonwealth, the Princess Elizabeth died at Carisbrook, it had been loudly asserted that Cromwell had stooped to the senseless and dastardly wickedness of mixing noxious drugs with the food of a young girl whom he had no conceivable motive to injure. A few years later, the rapid decomposition of Cromwell's own corpse was ascribed by many to a deadly potion administered in his medicine. The death of Charles the Second could scarcely fail to occasion similar rumors. The public ear had been repeatedly abused by stories of Popish plots against his life. There was, therefore, in many minds, a strong predisposition to suspicion, and there were some unlucky circumstances which, to minds so predisposed, might seem to indicate that a crime had been perpetrated. The fourteen doctors who deliberated on the king's case contradicted each other and themselves. Some of them thought that his fit was epileptic, and that he should be suffered to have his doze out. The majority pronounced him apoplectic, and tortured him during some hours like an Indian at a stake. Then it was determined to call his complaint a fever, and to administer doses of bark. One physician, however, protested against this course, and assured the queen that his brethren would kill the king among them. Nothing better than dissension and vacillation could be expected from such a multitude of advisers. But many of the vulgar not unnaturally concluded, from the perplexity of the great masters of the healing art, that the malady had some extraordinary origin. There is reason to believe that a horrible suspicion did actually cross the mind of Short, who, though skilful in his profession, seems to have been a nervous and fanciful man, and whose perceptions were probably confused by dread of the odious imputations to which he, as a Roman Catholic, was peculiarly exposed. We cannot, therefore, wonder that wild stories without number were repeated and believed by the common people. His majesty's tongue had swelled to the size of a neat's tongue. A cake of deleterious power had been found in his brain. There were blue spots on his breast. There were black spots on his shoulder. Something had been put into his snuff-box. Something had been put into his broth. Something had been put into his favorite dish of eggs and ambergris. The Duchess of Portsmouth had poisoned him in a cup of chocolate. The queen had poisoned him in a jar of dried pears. Such tales ought to be preserved; for they furnish us with a measure of the intelligence and virtue of the generation which eagerly devoured them. That no rumor of the same kind has ever, in the present age, found credit among us, even when lives on which great interests depended have been terminated by unforeseen attacks of disease, is to be attributed partly to the progress of medical and chemical science, but partly, also, it may be hoped, to the progress which the nation has made in good sense, justice, and humanity.

When all was over, James retired from the bedside to his closet, where, during a quarter of an hour, he remained alone. Meanwhile the privy councillors who were in the palace assembled. The new king came forth, and took his place at the head of the board. He commenced his reign, according to usage, by a speech to the council. He expressed his regret for the loss which he had just sustained, and promised to imitate the singular lenity which had distinguished the late reign. He was aware, he said, that he had been accused of a fondness for arbitrary power. But that was not the only falsehood which had been told of him. He was

resolved to maintain the established government both in church and state. The Church of England he knew to be eminently loyal. It should therefore always be his care to support and defend her. The laws of England, he also knew, were sufficient to make him as great a king as he could wish to be. He would not relinquish his own rights; but he would respect the rights of others. He had formerly risked his life in defence of his country, and he would still go as far as any man in support of her just liberties.

This speech was not, like modern speeches on similar occasions, carefully prepared by the adviser of the sovereign. It was the extemporaneous expression of the new king's feelings at a moment of great excitement. The members of the council broke forth into clamors of delight and gratitude. The lord president Rochester, in the name of his brethren, expressed a hope that his majesty's most welcome declaration would be made public. The solicitor-general, Heneage Finch, offered to act as clerk. He was a zealous Churchman, and, as such, was naturally desirous that there should be some permanent record of the gracious promises which had just been uttered. "Those promises," he said, "have made so deep an impression on me that I can repeat them word for word." He soon produced his report. James read it, approved of it, and ordered it to be published. At a later period he said that he had taken this step without due consideration, that his unpremeditated expressions touching the Church of England were too strong, and that Finch had, with a dexterity which at the time escaped notice, made them still stronger.

The king had been exhausted by long watching and by many violent emotions. He now retired to rest. The privy councillors, having respectfully accompanied him to his bedchamber, returned to their seats, and issued orders for the ceremony of proclamation. The guards were under arms, the heralds appeared in their gorgeous coats; and the pageant proceeded without any obstruction. Casks of wine were broken up in the streets, and all who passed were invited to drink to the health of the new sovereign. But, though an occasional shout was raised, the people were not in a joyous mood. Tears were seen in many eyes; and it was remarked that there was scarcely a housemaid in London who had not contrived to procure some fragment of black crepe in honor of King Charles.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795–1881)

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

BOOK V

CHAPTER V

LIKE A THUNDER-CLOUD

But the grand, and indeed substantially primary and generic aspect of the Consummation of Terror remains still to be looked at; nay blinkard History has for most part all but *over*looked this aspect, the soul of the whole; that which makes it terrible to the Enemies of France. Let Despotism and Cimmerian Coalitions consider. All French men and French things are in a State of Requisition; Fourteen Armies are got on foot; Patriotism, with all that it has of faculty in heart or in head, in soul or body or breeches-pocket, is rushing to the Frontiers, to prevail or die! Busy sits Carnot, in *Salut Public;* busy, for his share, in "organizing victory." Not swifter pulses that Guillotine, in dread systole-diastole in the Place de la Révolution, than smites the Sword of Patriotism, smiting Cimmeria back to its own borders, from the sacred soil.

In fact, the Government is what we can call Revolutionary; and some men are "*à la hauteur*," on a level with circumstances; and others are not *à la hauteur*,—so much the worse for them. But the Anarchy, we may say, has *organized* itself: Society is literally overset; its old forces working with mad activity, but in the inverse order; destructive and self-destructive.

Curious to see how all still refers itself to some head and fountain; not even an

Anarchy but must have a center to revolve round. It is now some six months since the Committee of *Salut Public* came into existence; some three months since Danton proposed that all power should be given it, and "a sum of fifty millions," and the "Government be declared Revolutionary." He himself, since that day, would take no hand in it, though again and again solicited; but sits private in his place on the Mountain. Since that day, the Nine, or if they should even rise to Twelve, have become permanent, always re-elected when their term runs out; *Salut Public*, *Sûreté Générale* have assumed their ulterior form and mode of operating.

Committee of Public Salvation, as supreme; of General Surety, as subaltern: these, like a Lesser and Greater Council, most harmonious hitherto, have become the center of all things. They ride this Whirlwind; they, raised by force of circumstances, insensibly, very strangely, thither to that dread height;—and guide it, and seem to guide it. Stranger set of Cloud-Compellers the Earth never saw. A Robespierre, a Billaud, a Collot, Couthon, Saint-Just; not to mention still meaner Amars, Vadiers, in *Sûreté Générale:* these are your Cloud-Compellers. Small intellectual talent is necessary: indeed where among them, except in the head of Carnot, busied organizing victory, would you find any? The talent is one of instinct rather. It is that of divining aright what this great dumb Whirlwind wishes and wills; that of willing, with more frenzy than any one, what all the world wills. To stand at no obstacles; to heed no considerations, human or divine, to know well that, of divine or human, there is one thing needful, Triumph of the Republic, Destruction of the enemies of the Republic! With this one spiritual endowment, and so few others, it is strange to see how a dumb inarticulately storming Whirlwind of things puts, as it were, its reins into your hand, and invites and compels you to be leader of it.

Hard by, sits a Municipality of Paris; all in red nightcaps since the fourth of November last: a set of men fully "on a level with circumstances," or even beyond it. Sleek Mayor Pache, studious to be safe in the middle; Chaumettes, Héberts, Varlets, and Henriot their great Commandant; not to speak of Vincent the War-clerk, of Momoros, Dobsents and such like: all intent to have Churches plundered, to have Reason adored, Suspects cut down, and the Revolution triumph. Perhaps carrying the matter *too* far? Danton was heard to grumble at the civic strophes; and to recommend prose and decency. Robespierre also grumbles that, in overturning Superstition, we did not mean to make a religion of Atheism. In fact, your Chaumette and Company constitute a kind of Hyper-Jacobinism, or rabid "Faction *des Enragés;*" which has given orthodox Patriotism some umbrage, of late months. To "know a Suspect on the streets;" what is this but bringing the *Law of the Suspect* itself into ill odor? Men half-frantic, men zealous over-much,—they toil there, in their red nightcaps, restlessly, rapidly, accomplishing what of Life is allotted them.

And the Forty-four Thousand other Townships, each with Revolutionary Committee, based on Jacobin Daughter-Society; enlightened by the spirit of Jacobinism; quickened by the Forty Sous a-day!—The French Constitution spurned always at anything like Two Chambers; and yet behold, has it not verily got Two Chambers? National Convention, elected, for one; Mother of Patriotism, self-elected, for another! Mother of Patriotism has her Debates reported in the *Moniteur*, as important state-procedures; which indisputably they are. A Second Chamber of Legislature we call this Mother-Society;—if perhaps it were not rather comparable to that old Scotch Body named *Lords of the Articles*, without whose origination, and signal given, the so-called Parliament could introduce no bill, could do no work? Robespierre himself, whose words are a law, opens his incorruptible lips copiously in the Jacobins Hall. Smaller Council of *Salut Public*, Greater Council of *Sûreté Générale*, all active Parties, come here to plead; to shape beforehand what decision they must arrive at, what destiny they have to expect. Now if a question arose, Which of those Two Chambers, Convention, or Lords of the Articles, was the *stronger?* Happily they as yet go hand in hand.

As for the National Convention, truly it has become a most composed Body. Quenched now the old effervescence: the

Seventy-three locked in ward; once noisy Friends of the Girondins sunk all into silent men of the Plain, called even "Frogs of the Marsh," *Crapauds du Marais!* Addresses come, Revolutionary Church-plunder comes; Deputations, with prose or strophes: these the Convention receives. But beyond this, the Convention has one thing mainly to do; to listen what *Salut Public* proposes, and say, Yea.

Bazire followed by Chabot, with some impetuosity, declared, one morning, that this was not the way of a Free Assembly. "There ought to be an Opposition side, a *Côté Droit*," cried Chabot: "if none else will form it, I will. People say to me, You will all get guillotined in your turn, first you and Bazire, then Danton, then Robespierre himself." So spake the Disfrocked, with a loud voice: next week, Bazire and he lie in the Abbaye; wending, one may fear, towards Tinville and the Axe; and "people say to me"—what seems to be proving true! Bazire's blood was all inflamed with Revolution Fever; with coffee and spasmodic dreams. Chabot, again, how happy with his rich Jew-Austrian wife, late Fräulein Frey! But he lies in Prison; and his two Jew-Austrian Brothers-in-Law, the Bankers Frey, lie with him; waiting the urn of doom. Let a National Convention, therefore, take warning, and know its function. Let the Convention, all as one man, set its shoulder to the work; not with bursts of Parliamentary eloquence, but in quite other and serviceabler ways!

Convention Commissioners, what we ought to call Representatives, "*Représentans* on mission," fly, like the Herald Mercury, to all points of the Territory; carrying your behests far and wide. In their "round hat, plumed with tricolor feathers, girt with flowing tricolor taffeta; in close frock, tricolor sash, sword and jack-boots," these men are powerfuller than King or Kaiser. They say to whomso they meet, Do; and he must do it: all men's goods are at their disposal; for France is as one huge City in Siege. They smite with Requisitions, and Forced-loan; they have the power of life and death. Saint-Just and Lebas order the rich classes of Strasburg to "strip off their shoes," and send them to the Armies, where as many as "ten-thousand pairs" are needed. Also, that within four-and-twenty hours, "a thousand beds" be got ready; wrapt in matting, and sent under way. For the time presses!—Like swift bolts, issuing from the fuliginous Olympus of *Salut Public*, rush these men, oftenest in pairs; scatter your thunder-orders over France; make France one enormous Revolutionary thunder-cloud.

Chapter VI

DO THY DUTY

Accordingly, alongside of these bonfires of Church balustrades, and sounds of fusillading and noyading, there rise quite another sort of fires and sounds: Smithy-fires and Proof-volleys for the manufacture of arms.

Cut off from Sweden and the world, the Republic must learn to make steel for itself; and, by aid of Chemists, she has learnt it. Towns that knew only iron, now know steel: from their new dungeons at Chantilly, Aristocrats may hear the rustle of our new steel furnace there. Do not bells transmute themselves into cannon; iron stancheons into the white-weapon (*arme blanche*), by sword-cutlery? The wheels of Langres scream, amid their spluttering fire-halo; grinding mere swords. The stithies of Charleville ring with gun-making. What say we, Charleville? Two hundred and fifty-eight Forges stand in the open spaces of Paris itself; a hundred and forty of them in the Esplanade of the Invalides, fifty-four in the Luxembourg Garden: so many Forges stand; grim Smiths beating and forging at lock and barrel there. The Clockmakers have come, requisitioned, to do the touch-holes, the hard-solder and file-work. Five great Barges swing at anchor on the Seine Stream, loud with boring; the great press-drills grating harsh thunder to the general ear and heart. And deft Stockmakers do gouge and rasp; and all men bestir themselves, according to their cunning:—in the language of hope, it is reckoned that "a thousand finished muskets can be delivered daily." Chemists of the Republic have taught us miracles of swift tanning: the cordwainer bores and stitches;—*not* of "wood and pasteboard," or he shall answer it to Tinville! The women sew tents and coats, the children scrape surgeons'-lint, the old men

sit in the market-places; able men are on march; all men in requisition: from Town to Town flutters, on the Heaven's winds, this Banner, THE FRENCH PEOPLE RISEN AGAINST TYRANTS.

All which is well. But now arises the question: What is to be done for saltpeter? Interrupted Commerce and the English Navy shut us out from saltpeter; and without saltpeter there is no gun-powder. Republican Science again sits meditative; discovers that saltpeter exists here and there, though in attenuated quantity; that old plaster of walls holds a sprinkling of it;—that the earth of the Paris Cellars holds a sprinkling of it, diffused through the common rubbish; that were these dug up and washed, saltpeter might be had. Whereupon, swiftly, see! the Citoyens, with up-shoved *bonnet rouge*, or with doffed bonnet, and hair toil-wetted; digging fiercely, each in his own cellar, for saltpeter. The Earth-heap rises at every door; the Citoyennes with hod and bucket carrying it up; the Citoyens, pith in every muscle, shovelling and digging: for life and saltpeter. Dig, my *braves;* and right well speed ye! What of saltpeter is essential the Republic shall not want.

Consummation of Sansculottism has many aspects and tints: but the brightest tint, really of a solar or stellar brightness, is this which the Armies give it. That same fervor of Jacobinism, which internally fills France with hatreds, suspicions, scaffolds and Reason-worship, does, on the Frontiers, show itself as a glorious *pro patria mori.* Ever since Dumouriez's defection, three Convention Representatives attend every General. Committee of *Salut* has sent them; often with this Laconic order only: "Do thy duty, *Fais ton devoir.*" It is strange, under what impediments the fire of Jacobinism, like other such fires, will burn. These soldiers have shoes of wood and pasteboard, or go booted in hay-ropes, in dead of winter; they skewer a bast mat round their shoulders, and are destitute of most things. What then? It is for Rights of Frenchhood, of Manhood, that they fight: the unquenchable spirit, here as elsewhere, works miracles. "With steel and bread," says the Convention Representative, "one may get to China." The Generals go fast to the guillotine; justly and unjustly. From which what inference? This, among others: That ill-success is death; that in victory alone is life! To conquer or die is no theatrical palabra, in these circumstances, but a practical truth and necessity. All Girondism, Halfness, Compromise is swept away. Forward, ye Soldiers of the Republic, captain and man! Dash, with your Gaelic impetuosity, on Austria, England, Prussia, Spain, Sardinia, Pitt, Cobourg, York, and the Devil and the World! Behind us is but the Guillotine; before us is Victory, Apotheosis and Millennium without end!

See, accordingly, on all Frontiers, how the Sons of Night, astonished after short triumph, do recoil;—the Sons of the Republic flying at them, with wild *Ça-ira* or Marseillese *Aux armes*, with the temple of cat-o'-mountain, or demon incarnate; which no Son of Night can stand! Spain, which came bursting through the Pyrenees, rustling with Bourbon banners, and went conquering here and there for a season, falters at such cat-o'-mountain welcome; draws itself in again; too happy now were the Pyrenees impassable. Not only does Dugommier, conqueror of Toulon, drive Spain back; he invades Spain. General Dugommier invades it by the Eastern Pyrenees; General Müller shall invade it by the Western. *Shall*, that is the word: Committee of *Salut Public* has said it; Representative Cavaignac, on mission there, must see it done. Impossible! cries Müller.—Infallible! answers Cavaignac. Difficulty, impossibility, is to no purpose. "The Committee is deaf on that side of its head," answers Cavaignac, "*n'entend pas de cette oreille là.* How many wantest thou, of men, of horses, cannons? Thou shalt have them. Conquerors, conquered or hanged, forward we must." Which things also, even as the Representatives spake them, were *done*. The Spring of the new Year sees Spain invaded: and redoubts are carried, and Passes and Heights of the most scarped description; Spanish Field-officerism struck mute at such cat-o'-mountain spirit, the cannon forgetting to fire. Swept are the Pyrenees; Town after Town flies open, burst by terror or the petard. In the course of another year, Spain will crave Peace; acknowledge its sins and the Republic; nay, in Madrid, there will be joy as for a victory, that even Peace is got.

Few things, we repeat, can be notabler than these Convention Representatives, with their power more than kingly. Nay at bottom are they not Kings, *Able-men*, of a sort; chosen from the Seven-hundred and Forty-nine French Kings; with this order, Do thy duty? Representative Levasseur, of small stature, by trade a mere pacific Surgeon-Accoucheur, has mutinies to quell; mad hosts (mad at the Doom of Custine) bellowing far and wide; he alone amid them, the one small Representative,—small, but as hard as flint, which also carries *fire* in it! So too, at Hondschooten, far in the afternoon, he declares that the Battle is not lost; that it must be gained; and fights, himself, with his own obstetric hand;—horse shot under him, or say on foot, "up to the haunches in tide-water;" cutting stoccado and passado there, in defiance of Water, Earth, Air and Fire, the choleric little Representative that he was! Whereby, as natural, Royal Highness of York had to withdraw,—occasionally at full gallop; like to be swallowed by the tide: and his Siege of Dunkirk became a dream, realizing only much loss of beautiful siege-artillery and of brave lives.

General Houchard, it would appear, stood behind a hedge on this Hondschooten occasion; wherefore they have since guillotined him. A new General Jourdan, late Sergeant Jourdan, commands in his stead: he, in long-winded Battles of Watigny, "murderous artillery-fire mingling itself with sound of Revolutionary battle-hymns," forces Austria behind the Sambre again; has hopes of purging the soil of Liberty. With hard wrestling, with artillerying and *ça-ira*-ing, it shall be done. In the course of a new Summer, Valenciennes will see itself beleaguered; Condé beleaguered; whatsoever is yet in the hands of Austria beleaguered and bombarded: nay, by Convention Decree, we even summon them *all* "either to surrender in twenty-four hours, or else be put to the sword;"—a high saying, which, though it remains unfulfilled, may show what spirit one is of.

Representative Drouet, as an Old-dragoon, could fight by a kind of second nature: but he was unlucky. Him, in a night-foray at Maubeuge, the Austrians took alive, in October last. They stript him almost naked, he says; making a show of him, as King-taker of Varennes. They flung him into carts; sent him far into the interior of Cimmeria, to "a Fortress called Spitzberg" on the Danube River; and left him there, at an elevation of perhaps a hundred and fifty feet, to his own bitter reflections. Reflections; and also devices! For the indomitable Old-dragoon constructs wing-machinery, of Paperkite; saws window-bars; determines to fly down. He will seize a boat, will follow the River's course; land somewhere in Crim Tartary, in the Black-Sea or Constantinople region: *à la* Sindbad! Authentic History, accordingly, looking far into Cimmeria, discerns dimly a phenomenon. In the dead night-watches, the Spitzberg sentry is near fainting with terror: —Is it a huge vague Portent descending through the night-air? It is a huge National Representative Old-dragoon, descending by Paperkite; too rapidly, alas! For Drouet had taken with him "a small provision-store, twenty pounds weight or thereby;" which proved accelerative: so he fell, fracturing his leg; and lay there, moaning, till day dawned, till you could discern clearly that he was not a Portent but a Representative.

Or see Saint-Just, in the Lines of Weissembourg, though physically of a timid apprehensive nature, how he charges with his "Alsatian Peasants armed hastily" for the nonce; the solemn face of him blazing into flame; his black hair and tri-color hat-taffeta flowing in the breeze! These our Lines of Weissembourg were indeed forced, and Prussia and the Emigrants rolled through: but we *re*-force the Lines of Weissembourg; and Prussia and the Emigrants roll back again still faster,—hurled with bayonet-charges and fiery *ça-ira*-ing.

Ci-devant Sergeant Pichegru, *ci-devant* Sergeant Hoche, risen now to be Generals, have done wonders here. Tall Pichegru was meant for the Church; was Teacher of Mathematics once, in Brienne School,—his remarkablest Pupil there was the Boy Napoleon Buonaparte. He then, not in the sweetest humor, enlisted, exchanging ferula for musket, and had got the length of the halberd, beyond which nothing could be hoped; when the Bastille barrier falling made passage for him, and he is here. Hoche bore a hand at the literal overturn of the Bastille; he was, as we saw, a Sergeant of the *Gardes*

Françaises, spending his pay in rushlights and cheap editions of books. How the Mountains are burst, and many an Enceladus is disemprisoned; and Captains founding on Four parchments of Nobility are blown with their parchments across the Rhine, into Lunar Limbo!

What high feats of arms, therefore, were done in these Fourteen Armies; and how, for love of Liberty and hope of Promotion, lowborn valor cut its desperate way to Generalship; and, from the central Carnot in *Salut Public* to the outmost drummer on the Frontiers, men strove for their Republic, let Readers fancy. The snows of Winter, the flowers of Summer continue to be stained with warlike blood. Gaelic impetuosity mounts ever higher with victory; spirit of Jacobinism weds itself to national vanity: the Soldiers of the Republic are becoming, as we prophesied, very Sons of Fire. Barefooted, barebacked: but with bread and iron you can get to China! It is one Nation against the whole world; but the Nation has that within her which the whole world will not conquer. Cimmeria, astonished, recoils faster or slower; all round the Republic there rises fiery, as it were, a magic ring of musket-volleying and *ça-ira*-ing. Majesty of Prussia, as Majesty of Spain, will by and by acknowledge his sins and the Republic; and make a Peace of Bâle.

Foreign Commerce, Colonies, Factories in the East and in the West, are fallen or falling into the hands of sea-ruling Pitt, enemy of human nature. Nevertheless what sound is this that we hear, on the first of June 1794; sound as of war-thunder borne from the Ocean too, of tone most piercing? War-thunders from off the Brest waters: Villaret-Joyeuse and English Howe, after long manœuvring, have ranked themselves there; and are belching fire. The enemies of human nature are on their own element, cannot be conquered; cannot be kept from conquering. Twelve hours of raging cannonade; sun now sinking westward through the battle-smoke: six French Ships taken, the Battle lost; what Ship soever can still sail, making off! But how is it, then, with that *Vengeur* Ship, she neither strikes nor makes off? She is lamed, she cannot make off; strike she will not. Fire rakes her fore and aft from victorious enemies; the *Vengeur* is sinking. Strong are ye, Tyrants of the sea; yet we also, are we weak? Lo! all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of tricolor that will yet run on rope, fly rustling aloft: the whole crew crowds to the upper deck; and with universal soul-maddening yell, shouts *Vive la République*,—sinking, sinking. She staggers, she lurches, her last drunk whirl; Ocean yawns abysmal; down rushes the *Vengeur*, carrying *Vive la République* along with her, unconquerable, into Eternity. Let foreign Despots think of that. There is an Unconquerable in man, when he stands on his Rights of Man: let Despots and Slaves and all people know this, and only them that stand on the Wrongs of Man tremble to know it.—So has History written, nothing doubting, of the sunk *Vengeur*.

——Reader! Mendez Pinto, Münchausen, Cagliostro, Psalmanazar have been great; but they are not the greatest. O Barrère, Barrère, Anacreon of the Guillotine! must inquisitive pictorial History, in a new edition, ask again, "How *is* it with the *Vengeur*," in this its glorious suicidal sinking; and, with resentful brush, dash a bend-sinister of contumelious lampblack through thee and it? Alas, alas! The *Vengeur*, after fighting bravely, did sink altogether as other ships do, her captain and above two hundred of her crew escaping gladly in British boats; and this same enormous inspiring Feat, and rumor "of sound most piercing," turns out to be an enormous inspiring Non-entity, extant nowhere save, as falsehood, in the brain of Barrère! Actually so. Founded, like the World itself, on *Nothing;* proved by Convention Report, by solemn Convention Decree and Decrees, and wooden "*Model of the Vengeur;*" believed, bewept, besung by the whole French People to this hour, it may be regarded as Barrère's masterpiece; the largest, most inspiring piece of *blague* manufactured, for some centuries, by any man or nation. As such, and not otherwise, be it henceforth memorable.

Chapter VII

FLAME-PICTURE

In this manner, mad-blazing with flame of all imaginable tints, from the red of

Tophet to the stellar-bright, blazes off this Consummation of Sansculottism.

But the hundredth part of the things that were done, and the thousandth part of the things that were projected and decreed to be done, would tire the tongue of History. Statue of the *Peuple Souverain*, high as Strasburg Steeple; which shall fling its shadow from the Pont Neuf over Jardin National and Convention Hall;—enormous, in Painter David's Head! With other the like enormous Statues not a few: realized in paper Decree. For, indeed, the Statue of Liberty herself is still but Plaster, in the Place de la Révolution. Then Equalization of Weights and Measures, with decimal division; Institutions, of Music and of much else; Institute in general; School of Arts, School of Mars, *Élèves de la Patrie*, Normal Schools: amid such Gun-boring, Altar-burning, Saltpeter-digging, and miraculous improvements in Tannery!

What, for example, is this that Engineer Chappe is doing, in the Park of Vincennes? In the Park of Vincennes; and onwards, they say, in the Park of Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau the assassinated Deputy; and still onwards to the Heights of Écouen and further, he has scaffolding set up, has posts driven in; wooden arms with elbow-joints are jerking and fugling in the air, in the most rapid mysterious manner! Citoyens ran up, suspicious. Yes, O Citoyens, we are signalling: it is a device this, worthy of the Republic; a thing for what we will call *Far-writing* without the aid of postbags; in Greek it shall be named Telegraph.—*Télégraphe sacré!* answers Citoyenism: For writing to Traitors, to Austria?—and tears it down. Chappe had to escape, and get a new Legislative Decree. Nevertheless he has accomplished it, the indefatigable Chappe: this his *Far-writer*, with its wooden arms and elbow-joints, can intelligibly signal; and lines of them are set up, to the North Frontiers and elsewhither. On an Autumn evening of the Year Two, Far-writer having just written that Condé Town has surrendered to us, we send from the Tuileries Convention-Hall this response in the shape of Decree: "The name of Condé is changed to *Nord-Libre*, North-Free. The Army of the North ceases not to merit well of the country."—To the admiration of men! For lo, in some half hour, while the Convention yet debates, there arrives this new answer: "I inform thee, *je t'annonce*, Citizen President, that the Decree of Convention, ordering change of the name Condé into *North-Free;* and the other, declaring that the Army of the North ceases not to merit well of the country; are transmitted and acknowledged by Telegraph. I have instructed my Officer at Lille to forward them to North-Free by express. *Signed*, CHAPPE."

Or see, over Fleurus in the Netherlands, where General Jourdan, having now swept the soil of Liberty, and advanced thus far, is just about to fight, and sweep or be swept, hangs there not in the Heaven's Vault, some Prodigy, seen by Austrian eyes and spy-glasses: in the similitude of an enormous Windbag, with netting and enormous Saucer depending from it? A Jove's Balance, O ye Austrian spy-glasses? One saucer-scale of a Jove's Balance; *your* poor Austrian scale having kicked itself quite aloft, out of sight? By Heaven, answer the spy-glasses, it is a Montgolfier, a Balloon, and they are making signals! Austrian cannon battery barks at this Montgolfier; harmless as dog at the Moon: the Montgolfier makes its signals; detects what Austrian ambuscade there may be, and descends at its ease.—What will not these devils incarnate contrive?

On the whole, is it not, O Reader, one of the strangest Flame-Pictures that ever painted itself; flaming off there, on its ground of Guillotine-black? And the nightly Theaters are Twenty-three; and the *Salons de danse* are Sixty; full of mere *Égalité*, *Fraternité* and *Carmagnole*. And Section Committee-rooms are Forty-eight, redolent of tobacco and brandy: vigorous with twenty-pence a-day, coercing the Suspect. And the Houses of Arrest are Twelve, for Paris alone; crowded and even crammed. And at all turns, you need your "Certificate of Civism;" be it for going out, or for coming in; nay without it you cannot, for money, get your daily ounces of bread. Dusky red-capped Bakers'-queues; wagging themselves; not in silence! For we still live by Maximum, in all things; waited on by these two, Scarcity and Confusion. The faces of men are darkened with suspicion; with suspecting, or being suspect. The streets lie unswept; the ways unmended. Law has shut her

Books; speaks little, save impromptu, through the throat of Tinville. Crimes go unpunished; not crimes against the Revolution. "The number of foundling children," as some compute, "is doubled."

How silent now sits Royalism; sits all Aristocratism; Respectability that kept its Gig! The honor now, and the safety, is to Poverty, not to Wealth. Your Citizen, who would be fashionable, walks abroad, with his Wife on his arm, in red wool nightcap, black-shag spencer, and carmagnole complete. Aristocratism crouches low, in what shelter is still left; submitting to all requisitions, vexations; too happy to escape with life. Ghastly châteaus stare on you by the wayside; disroofed, diswindowed; which the National Housebroker is peeling for the lead and ashlar. The old tenants hover disconsolate, over the Rhine with Condé; a spectacle to men. *Ci-devant* Seigneur, exquisite in palate, will become an exquisite Restaurateur Cook in Hamburg; *Ci-devant* Madame, exquisite in dress, a successful *Marchande des Modes* in London. In Newgate-Street, you meet M. le Marquis, with a rough deal on his shoulder, adze and jackplane under arm; he has taken to the joiner trade; it being necessary to live (*faut vivre*).—Higher than all Frenchmen the domestic Stockjobber flourishes,—in a day of Papermoney. The Farmer also flourishes: "Farmers' houses," says Mercier, "have become like Pawnbrokers' shops;" all manner of furniture, apparel, vessels of gold and silver accumulate themselves there: bread is precious. The Farmer's rent is Paper-money, and he alone of men has bread: Farmer is better than Landlord, and will himself become Landlord.

And daily, we say, like a black Specter, silently through that Life-tumult, passes the Revolution Cart; writing on the walls its MENE, MENE, *Thou art weighed, and found wanting!* A Specter with which one has grown familiar. Men have adjusted themselves: complaint issues not from that Death-tumbril. Weak women and *ci-devants*, their plumage and finery all tarnished, sit there; with a silent gaze, as if looking into the Infinite Black. The once light lip wears a curl of irony, uttering no word; and the Tumbril fares along. They may be guilty before Heaven, or not; they are guilty, we suppose, before the Revolution. Then, does not the Republic "coin money" of them, with its great axe? Red nightcaps howl dire approval: the rest of Paris looks on; if with a sigh, that is much: Fellow-creatures whom sighing cannot help; whom black Necessity and Tinville have clutched.

One other thing, or rather two other things, we will still mention; and no more: The Blond Perukes; the Tannery at Meudon. Great talk is of these *Perruques blondes:* O Reader, they are made from the Heads of Guillotined women! The locks of a Duchess, in this way, may come to cover the scalp of a Cordwainer; her blonde German Frankism, his black Gaelic poll, if it be bald. Or they may be worn affectionately, as relics; rendering one Suspect? Citizens use them, not without mockery; of a rather cannibal sort.

Still deeper into one's heart goes that Tannery at Meudon; not mentioned among the other miracles of tanning! "At Meudon," says Montgaillard with considerable calmness, "there was a Tannery of Human Skins; such of the Guillotined as seemed worth flaying: of which perfectly good washleather was made;" for breeches, and other uses. The skin of the men, he remarks, was superior in toughness (*consistance*) and quality to shamoy; that of the women was good for almost nothing, being so soft in texture!—History looking back over Cannibalism, through *Purchas's Pilgrims* and all early and late Records, will perhaps find no terrestrial Cannibalism of a sort, on the whole, so detestable. It is a manufactured, soft-feeling, quietly elegant sort; a sort *perfide!* Alas then, is man's civilization only a wrappage, through which the savage nature of him can still burst, infernal as ever? Nature still makes him; and has an Infernal in her as well as a Celestial.

BOOK VI

CHAPTER II

DANTON, NO WEAKNESS

DANTON, meanwhile, has been pressingly sent for from Arcis: he must return instantly, cried Camille, cried Phélippeaux and Friends, who scented danger in the wind. Danger enough! A Danton, a Robespierre, chief-

products of a victorious Revolution, are now arrived in immediate front of one another; must ascertain how they will live together, rule together. One conceives easily the deep mutual incompatibility that divided these two: with what terror of feminine hatred the poor sea-green Formula looked at the monstrous colossal Reality, and grew greener to behold him;—the Reality, again, struggling to think no ill of a chief-product of the Revolution; yet feeling at bottom that such chief-product was little other than a chief windbag, blown large by Popular air; not a man, with the heart of a man, but a poor spasmodic incorruptible pedant, with a logic-formula instead of heart; of Jesuit or Methodist-Parson nature; full of sincere-cant, incorruptibility, of virulence, poltroonery; barren as the eastwind! Two such chief-products are too much for one Revolution.

Friends, trembling at the results of a quarrel on their part, brought them to meet. "It is right," said Danton, swallowing much indignation, "to repress the Royalists: but we should not strike except where it is useful to the Republic; we should not confound the innocent and the guilty."—"And who told you," replied Robespierre with a poisonous look, "that one innocent person had perished?"—"*Quoi*," said Danton, turning round to Friend Pâris self-named Fabricius, Juryman in the Revolutionary Tribunal: "*Quoi*, not one innocent? What sayest thou of it, Fabricius?"—Friends, Westermann, this Pâris and others urged him to show himself, to ascend the Tribune and act. The man Danton was not prone to show himself; to act, or uproar for his own safety. A man of careless, large, hoping nature; a large nature that could rest: he would sit whole hours, they say, hearing Camille talk, and liked nothing so well. Friends urged him to fly; his Wife urged him: "Whither fly?" answered he: "If freed France cast me out, there are only dungeons for me elsewhere. One carries not his country with him at the sole of his shoe!" The man Danton sat still. Not even the arrestment of Friend Hérault, a member of *Salut*, yet arrested by *Salut*, can rouse Danton.—On the night of the 30th of March Juryman Pâris came rushing in; haste looking through his eyes: A clerk of the *Salut* Committee had told him Danton's warrant was made out, he is to be arrested this very night! Entreaties there are and trepidation, of poor Wife, of Pâris and Friends: Danton sat silent for a while; then answered, "*Ils n'oseraient*, They dare not;" and would take no measures. Murmuring "They dare not," he goes to sleep as usual.

And yet, on the morrow morning, strange rumor spreads over Paris City: Danton, Camille, Phélippeaux, Lacroix have been arrested overnight! It is verily so: the corridors of the Luxembourg were all crowded, Prisoners crowding forth to see this giant of the Revolution enter among them. "Messieurs," said Danton politely, "I hoped soon to have got you all out of this: but here I am myself; and one sees not where it will end."—Rumor may spread over Paris: the Convention clusters itself into groups, wide-eyed, whispering, "Danton arrested!" Who then is safe? Legendre, mounting the Tribune, utters, at his own peril, a feeble word for him; moving that he be heard at that Bar before indictment; but Robespierre frowns him down: "Did you hear Chabot, or Bazire? Would you have two weights and measures?" Legendre cowers low: Danton, like the others, must take his doom.

Danton's Prison-thoughts were curious to have, but are not given in any quantity: indeed few such remarkable men have been left so obscure to us as this Titan of the Revolution. He was heard to ejaculate: "This time twelvemonth, I was moving the creation of that same Revolutionary Tribunal. I crave pardon for it of God and man. They are all Brothers Cain; Brissot would have had me guillotined as Robespierre now will. I leave the whole business in a frightful welter (*gâchis épouvantable*): not one of them understands anything of government. Robespierre will follow me; I drag down Robespierre. O, it were better to be a poor fisherman than to meddle with governing of men."—Camille's young beautiful Wife, who had made him rich not in money alone, hovers round the Luxembourg, like a disembodied spirit, day and night. Camille's stolen letters to her still exist; stained with the mark of his tears. "I carry my head like a Saint-Sacrament?" so Saint-Just was heard to mutter: "perhaps he will carry his like a Saint-Dennis."

Unhappy Danton, thou still unhappier light Camille, once light *Procureur de la Lanterne*, ye also have arrived, then, at the Bourne of Creation, where, like Ulysses Polytlas at the limit and utmost Gades of his voyage, gazing into that dim Waste beyond Creation, a man does see *the Shade of his Mother*, pale, ineffectual;—and days when his Mother nursed and wrapped him are all-too sternly contrasted with this day! Danton, Camille, Hérault, Westermann, and the others, very strangely massed up with Bazires, Swindler Chabots, Fabre d'Eglantines, Banker Freys, a most motley Batch, "*Fournée*" as such things will be called, stand ranked at the Bar of Tinville. It is the 2d of April 1794. Danton has had but three days to lie in Prison; for the time presses.

What is your name? place of abode? and the like, Fouquier asks; according to formality. "My name is Danton," answers he; "a name tolerably known in the Revolution: my abode will soon be Annihilation (*dans le Néant*); but I shall live in the Pantheon of History." A man will endeavor to say something forcible, be it by nature or not! Hérault mentions epigrammatically that he "sat in this Hall, and was detested of Parlementeers." Camille makes answer, "My age is that of the *bon Sansculotte Jésus;* an age fatal to Revolutionists." O Camille, Camille! And yet in that Divine Transaction, let us say, there did lie, among other things, the fatallest Reproof ever uttered here below to Worldly Right-honorableness; "the highest fact," so devout Novalis calls it, "in the Rights of Man." Camille's real age, it would seem, is thirty-four. Danton is one year older.

Some five months ago, the Trial of the Twenty-two Girondins was the greatest that Fouquier had then done. But here is a still greater to do; a thing which tasks the whole faculty of Fouquier; which makes the very heart of him waver. For it is the voice of Danton that reverberates now from these domes; in passionate words, piercing with their wild sincerity, winged with wrath. Your best Witnesses he shivers into ruin at one stroke. He demands that the Committee-men themselves come as Witnesses, as Accusers; he "will cover them with ignominy." He raises his huge stature, he shakes his huge black head, fire flashes from the eyes of him,—piercing to all Republican hearts: so that the very Galleries, though we filled them by ticket, murmur sympathy; and are like to burst down, and raise the People, and deliver him! He complains loudly that he is classed with Chabots, with swindling Stock-jobbers; that his Indictment is a list of platitudes and horrors. "Danton hidden on the 10th of August?" reverberates he, with the roar of a lion in the toils: "where are the men that had to press Danton to show himself, that day? Where are these high-gifted souls of whom he borrowed energy? Let them appear, these Accusers of mine: I have all the clearness of my self-possession when I demand them. I will unmask the three shallow scoundrels," *les trois plats coquins*, Saint-Just, Couthon, Lebas, "who fawn on Robespierre, and lead him towards his destruction. Let them produce themselves here; I will plunge them into Nothingness, out of which they ought never to have risen." The agitated President agitates his bell; enjoins calmness, in a vehement manner: "What is it to thee how I defend myself?" cries the other: "the right of *dooming* me is thine always. The voice of a man speaking for his honor and his life may well drown the jingling of thy bell!" Thus Danton, higher and higher; till the lion voice of him "dies away in his throat:" speech will not utter what is in that man. The Galleries murmur ominously; the first day's Session is over.

O Tinville, President Herman, what will ye do? They have two days more of it, by strictest Revolutionary Law. The Galleries already murmur. If this Danton were to burst your meshwork!—Very curious indeed to consider. It turns on a hair: and what a Hoitytoity were *there*, Justice and Culprit changing places; and the whole History of France running changed! For in France there is this Danton only that could still try to govern France. He only, the wild amorphous Titan;—and perhaps that other olive-complexioned individual, the Artillery-Officer at Toulon, whom we left pushing his fortune in the South?

On the evening of the second day, matters looking not better but worse and worse, Fouquier and Herman, distraction in their aspect, rush over to *Salut Public*. What is

to be done? *Salut Public* rapidly concocts a new Decree; whereby if men "insult Justice," they may be "thrown out of the Debates." For indeed, withal, is there not "a Plot in the Luxembourg Prison?" *Ci-devant* General Dillon, and others of the Suspect, plotting with Camille's Wife to distribute *assignats;* to force the Prisons, overset the Republic? Citizen Laflotte, himself Suspect but desiring enfranchisement, has reported said Plot for us:—a report that may bear fruit! Enough, on the morrow morning, an obedient Convention passes this Decree. *Salut* rushes off with it to the aid of Tinville, reduced now almost to extremities. And so, *Hors de Débats*, Out of the Debates, ye insolents! Policemen do your duty! In such manner, with a dead-lift effort, *Salut*, Tinville, Herman, Leroi *Dix-Août*, and all stanch jurymen setting heart and shoulder to it, the Jury becomes "sufficiently instructed;" Sentence is passed, is sent by an Official, and torn and trampled on: *Death this day.* It is the 5th of April 1794. Camille's poor Wife may cease hovering about this Prison. Nay, let her kiss her poor children; and prepare to enter it, and to follow!—

Danton carried a high look in the Death-cart. Not so Camille; it is but one week, and all is so topsyturvied; angel Wife left weeping; love, riches, Revolutionary fame, left all at the Prison-gate; carnivorous Rabble now howling round. Palpable, and yet incredible; like a madman's dream! Camille struggles and writhes; his shoulders shuffle the loose coat off them, which hangs knotted, the hands tied: "Calm, my friend," said Danton; "heed not that vile canaille (*laissez là cette vile canaille*)." At the foot of the Scaffold, Danton was heard to ejaculate: "O my Wife, my well-beloved, I shall never see thee more then!"—but, interrupting himself: "Danton, no weakness!" He said to Hérault-Séchelles stepping forward to embrace him: "Our heads will meet *there*," in the Headsman's sack. His last words were to Samson the Headsman himself: "Thou wilt show my head to the people; it is worth showing."

So passes, like a gigantic mass, of valor, ostentation, fury, affection and wild revolutionary force and manhood, this Danton, to his unknown home. He was of Arcis-sur-Aube; born of "good farmer-people" there. He had many sins; but one worst sin he had not, that of Cant. No hollow Formalist, deceptive and self-deceptive, *ghastly* to the natural sense, was this; but a very Man: with all his dross he was a Man; fiery-real, from the great fire-bosom of Nature herself. He saved France from Brunswick; he walked straight his own wild road, whither it led him. He may live for some generations in the memory of men.

FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823–1893)

THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC

Chapter VII

ANGER OF THE INDIANS—THE CONSPIRACY

The country was scarcely transferred to the English when smothered murmurs of discontent began to be audible among the Indian tribes. From the head of the Potomac to Lake Superior, and from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, in every wigwam and hamlet of the forest, a deep-rooted hatred of the English increased with rapid growth. Nor is this to be wondered at. We have seen with what sagacious policy the French had labored to ingratiate themselves with the Indians; and the slaughter of the Monongahela, with the horrible devastation of the western frontier, the outrages perpetrated at Oswego, and the massacre at Fort William Henry, bore witness to the success of their efforts. Even the Delawares and Shawanoes, the faithful allies of William Penn, had at length been seduced by their blandishments; and the Iroquois, the ancient enemies of Canada, had half forgotten their former hostility, and well-nigh taken part against the British colonists. The remote nations of the west had also joined in the war, descending in their canoes for hundreds of miles, to fight against the enemies of France. All these tribes entertained towards

the English that rancorous enmity which an Indian always feels against those to whom he has been opposed in war.

Under these circumstances, it behooved the English to use the utmost care in their conduct towards the tribes. But even when the conflict with France was impending, and the alliance with the Indians of the last importance, they had treated them with indifference and neglect. They were not likely to adopt a different course now that their friendship seemed a matter of no consequence. In truth, the intentions of the English were soon apparent. In the zeal for retrenchment, which prevailed after the close of hostilities, the presents which it had always been customary to give the Indians, at stated intervals, were either withheld altogether, or doled out with a niggardly and reluctant hand; while, to make the matter worse, the agents and officers of government often appropriated the presents to themselves, and afterwards sold them at an exorbitant price to the Indians. When the French had possession of the remote forts, they were accustomed, with a wise liberality, to supply the surrounding Indians with guns, ammunition, and clothing, until the latter had forgotten the weapons and garments of their forefathers, and depended on the white men for support. The sudden withholding of these supplies was, therefore, a grievous calamity. Want, suffering, and death were the consequences, and this cause alone would have been enough to produce general discontent. But, unhappily, other grievances were superadded.

The English fur-trade had never been well regulated, and it was now in a worse condition than ever. Many of the traders, and those in their employ, were ruffians of the coarsest stamp, who vied with each other in rapacity, violence, and profligacy. They cheated, cursed, and plundered the Indians, and outraged their families; offering, when compared with the French traders, who were under better regulation, a most unfavorable example of the character of their nation.

The officers and soldiers of the garrisons did their full part in exciting the general resentment. Formerly, when the warriors came to the forts, they had been welcomed by the French with attention and respect. The inconvenience which their presence occasioned had been disregarded, and their peculiarities overlooked. But now they were received with cold looks and harsh words from the officers, and with oaths, menaces, and sometimes blows, from the reckless and brutal soldiers. When, after their troublesome and intrusive fashion, they were lounging everywhere about the fort, or lazily reclining in the shadow of the walls, they were met with muttered ejaculations of impatience or abrupt orders to depart, enforced, perhaps, by a touch from the butt of a sentinel's musket. These marks of contempt were unspeakably galling to their haughty spirit.

But what most contributed to the growing discontent of the tribes was the intrusion of settlers upon their lands, at all times a fruitful source of Indian hostility. Its effects, it is true, could only be felt by those whose country bordered upon the English settlements; but among these were the most powerful and influential of the tribes. The Delawares and Shawanoes, in particular, had by this time been roused to the highest pitch of exasperation. Their best lands had been invaded, and all remonstrance had been fruitless. They viewed with wrath and fear the steady progress of the white man, whose settlements had passed the Susquehanna, and were fast extending to the Alleghanies, eating away the forest like a spreading canker. The anger of the Delawares was abundantly shared by their ancient conquerors, the Six Nations. The threatened occupation of Wyoming by settlers from Connecticut gave great umbrage to the confederacy. The Senecas were more especially incensed at English intrusion, since, from their position, they were farthest removed from the soothing influence of Sir William Johnson, and most exposed to the seductions of the French, while the Mohawks, another member of the confederacy, were justly alarmed at seeing the better part of their lands patented out without their consent. Some Christian Indians of the Oneida tribe, in the simplicity of their hearts, sent an earnest petition to Sir William Johnson, that the English forts within the limits of the Six Nations might be removed, or, as the petition expresses it, *kicked out of the way*.

The discontent of the Indians gave great satisfaction to the French, who saw in it an

assurance of safe and bloody vengeance on their conquerors. Canada, it is true, was gone beyond hope of recovery; but they still might hope to revenge its loss. Interest, moreover, as well as passion, prompted them to inflame the resentment of the Indians; for most of the inhabitants of the French settlements upon the lakes and the Mississippi were engaged in the fur-trade, and, fearing the English as formidable rivals, they would gladly have seen them driven out of the country. Traders, *habitans*, *coureurs des bois*, and all other classes of this singular population, accordingly dispersed themselves among the villages of the Indians, or held councils with them in the secret places of the woods, urging them to take up arms against the English. They exhibited the conduct of the latter in its worst light, and spared neither misrepresentation nor falsehood. They told their excited hearers that the English had formed a deliberate scheme to root out the whole Indian race, and, with that design, had already begun to hem them in with settlements on the one hand, and a chain of forts on the other. Among other atrocious plans for their destruction, they had instigated the Cherokees to attack and destroy the tribes of the Ohio valley. These groundless calumnies found ready belief. The French declared, in addition, that the King of France had of late years fallen asleep; that, during his slumbers, the English had seized upon Canada; but that he was now awake again, and that his armies were advancing up the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, to drive out the intruders from the country of their red children. To these fabrications was added the more substantial encouragement of arms, ammunition, clothing, and provisions, which the French trading companies, if not the officers of the crown, distributed with a liberal hand.

The fierce passions of the Indians, excited by their wrongs, real or imagined, and exasperated by the representations of the French, were yet farther wrought upon by influences of another kind. A prophet rose among the Delawares. This man may serve as a counterpart to the famous Shawanoe prophet, who figured so conspicuously in the Indian outbreak under Tecumseh, immediately before the war with England in 1812. Many other parallel instances might be shown, as the great susceptibility of the Indians to religious and superstitious impressions renders the advent of a prophet among them no very rare occurrence. In the present instance, the inspired Delaware seems to have been rather an enthusiast than an impostor; or perhaps he combined both characters. The objects of his mission were not wholly political. By means of certain external observances, most of them sufficiently frivolous and absurd, his disciples were to strengthen and purify their natures, and make themselves acceptable to the Great Spirit, whose messenger he proclaimed himself to be. He also enjoined them to lay aside the weapons and clothing which they received from the white men, and return to the primitive life of their ancestors. By so doing, and by strictly observing his other precepts, the tribes would soon be restored to their ancient greatness and power, and be enabled to drive out the white men who infested their territory. The prophet had many followers. Indians came from far and near, and gathered together in large encampments to listen to his exhortations. His fame spread even to the nations of the northern lakes; but though his disciples followed most of his injunctions, flinging away flint and steel, and making copious use of emetics, with other observances equally troublesome, yet the requisition to abandon the use of firearms was too inconvenient to be complied with.

With so many causes to irritate their restless and warlike spirit, it could not be supposed that the Indians would long remain quiet. Accordingly, in the summer of the year 1761, Captain Campbell, then commanding at Detroit, received information that a deputation of Senecas had come to the neighboring village of the Wyandots for the purpose of instigating the latter to destroy him and his garrison. On further inquiry, the plot proved to be general, and Niagara, Fort Pitt, and other posts, were to share the fate of Detroit. Campbell instantly despatched messengers to Sir Jeffery Amherst, and the commanding officers of the different forts; and, by this timely discovery, the conspiracy was nipped in the bud. During the following summer, 1762, another similar design was detected and suppressed. They proved but the precursors of a tempest.

Within two years after the discovery of the first plot, a scheme was matured greater in extent, deeper and more comprehensive in design—such a one as was never, before or since, conceived or executed by a North American Indian. It was determined to attack all the English forts upon the same day; then, having destroyed their garrisons, to turn upon the defenceless frontier, and ravage and lay waste the settlements, until, as many of the Indians fondly believed, the English should all be driven into the sea, and the country restored to its primitive owners.

It is difficult to determine which tribe was first to raise the cry of war. There were many who might have done so, for all the savages in the backwoods were ripe for an outbreak, and the movement seemed almost simultaneous. The Delawares and Senecas were the most incensed, and Kiashuta, chief of the latter, was perhaps foremost to apply the torch; but, if this were the case, he touched fire to materials already on the point of igniting. It belonged to a greater chief than he to give method and order to what would else have been a wild burst of fury, and to convert desultory attacks into a formidable and protracted war. But for Pontiac, the whole might have ended in a few troublesome inroads upon the frontier, and a little whooping and yelling under the walls of Fort Pitt.

Pontiac, as already mentioned, was principal chief of the Ottawas. The Ottawas, Ojibwas, and Pottawattamies, had long been united in a loose kind of confederacy, of which he was the virtual head. Over those around him his authority was almost despotic, and his power extended far beyond the limits of the three united tribes. His influence was great among all the nations of the Illinois country; while, from the sources of the Ohio to those of the Mississippi, and, indeed, to the farthest boundaries of the widespread Algonquin race, his name was known and respected.

The fact that Pontiac was born the son of a chief would in no degree account for the extent of his power; for, among Indians, many a chief's son sinks back into insignificance, while the offspring of a common warrior may succeed to his place. Among all the wild tribes of the continent, personal merit is indispensable to gaining or preserving dignity. Courage, resolution, wisdom, address, and eloquence are sure passports to distinction. With all these Pontiac was pre-eminently endowed, and it was chiefly to them, urged to their highest activity by a vehement ambition, that he owed his greatness. His intellect was strong and capacious. He possessed commanding energy and force of mind, and in subtlety and craft could match the best of his wily race. But, though capable of acts of lofty magnanimity, he was a thorough savage, with a wider range of intellect than those around him, but sharing all their passions and prejudices, their fierceness and treachery. Yet his faults were the faults of his race; and they cannot eclipse his nobler qualities, the great powers and heroic virtues of his mind. His memory is still cherished among the remnants of many Algonquin tribes, and the celebrated Tecumseh adopted him for his model, proving himself no unworthy imitator.

Pontiac was now about fifty years old. Until Major Rogers came into the country, he had been, from motives probably both of interest and inclination, a firm friend of the French. Not long before the French war broke out, he had saved the garrison of Detroit from the imminent peril of an attack from some of the discontented tribes of the north. During the war, he had fought on the side of France. It is said that he commanded the Ottawas at the memorable defeat of Braddock; but, at all events, he was treated with much honor by the French officers, and received especial marks of esteem from the Marquis of Montcalm.

We have seen how, when the tide of affairs changed, the subtle and ambitious chief trimmed his bark to the current, and gave the hand of friendship to the English. That he was disappointed in their treatment of him, and in all the hopes that he had formed from their alliance, is sufficiently evident from one of his speeches. A new light soon began to dawn upon his untaught but powerful mind, and he saw the altered posture of affairs under its true aspect.

It was a momentous and gloomy crisis for the Indian race, for never before had they been exposed to such pressing and imminent danger. With the downfall of Canada, the Indian tribes had sunk at once from their position of power and importance. Hitherto

the two rival European nations had kept each other in check upon the American continent, and the Indian tribes had, in some measure, held the balance of power between them. To conciliate their good will and gain their alliance, to avoid offending them by injustice and encroachment, was the policy both of the French and English. But now the face of affairs was changed. The English had gained an undisputed ascendency, and the Indians, no longer important as allies, were treated as mere barbarians, who might be trampled upon with impunity. Abandoned to their own feeble resources and divided strength, the tribes must fast recede, and dwindle away before the steady progress of the colonial power. Already their best hunting-grounds were invaded, and from the eastern ridges of the Alleghanies they might see, from far and near, the smoke of the settlers' clearings, rising in tall columns from the dark-green bosom of the forest. The doom of the race was sealed, and no human power could avert it; but they, in their ignorance, believed otherwise, and vainly thought that, by a desperate effort, they might yet uproot and overthrow the growing strength of their destroyers.

It would be idle to suppose that the great mass of the Indians understood in its full extent, the danger which threatened their race. With them, the war was a mere outbreak of fury, and they turned against their enemies with as little reason or forecast as a panther when he leaps at the throat of the hunter. Goaded by wrongs and indignities, they struck for revenge, and relief from the evil of the moment. But the mind of Pontiac could embrace a wider and deeper view. The peril of the times was unfolded in its full extent before him, and he resolved to unite the tribes in one grand effort to avert it. He did not, like many of his people, entertain the absurd idea that the Indians, by their unaided strength, could drive the English into the sea. He adopted the only plan that was consistent with reason, that of restoring the French ascendency in the west, and once more opposing a check to British encroachment. With views like these, he lent a greedy ear to the plausible falsehoods of the Canadians, who assured him that the armies of King Louis were already advancing to recover Canada, and that the French and their red brethren, fighting side by side, would drive the English dogs back within their own narrow limits.

Revolving these thoughts, and remembering moreover that his own ambitious views might be advanced by the hostilities he meditated, Pontiac no longer hesitated. Revenge, ambition, and patriotism, wrought upon him alike, and he resolved on war. At the close of the year 1762, he sent out ambassadors to the different nations. They visited the country of the Ohio and its tributaries, passed northward to the region of the upper lakes, and the wild borders of the River Ottawa; and far southward towards the mouth of the Mississippi. Bearing with them the war-belt of wampum, broad and long, as the importance of the message demanded; and the tomahawk stained red, in token of war; they went from camp to camp, and village to village. Wherever they appeared, the sachems and old men assembled, to hear the words of the great Pontiac. Then the head chief of the embassy flung down the tomahawk on the ground before them, and holding the war-belt in his hand, delivered, with vehement gesture, word for word, the speech with which he was charged. It was heard everywhere with approbation; the belt was accepted, the hatchet snatched up, and the assembled chiefs stood pledged to take part in the war. The blow was to be struck at a certain time in the month of May following, to be indicated by the changes of the moon. The tribes were to rise together, each destroying the English garrison in its neighborhood, and then, with a general rush, the whole were to turn against the settlements of the frontier.

The tribes, thus banded together against the English, comprised, with a few unimportant exceptions, the whole Algonquin stock, to whom were united the Wyandots, the Senecas, and several tribes of the lower Mississippi. The Senecas were the only members of the Iroquois confederacy who joined in the league, the rest being kept quiet by the influence of Sir William Johnson, whose utmost exertions, however, were barely sufficient to allay their irritation.

While thus on the very eve of an outbreak, the Indians concealed their design with the

deep dissimulation of their race. The warriors still lounged about the forts, with calm, impenetrable faces, begging as heretofore for tobacco, gun-powder, and whiskey. Now and then, some slight intimation of danger would startle the garrisons from their security, and an English trader, coming in from the Indian villages, would report that, from their manner and behavior, he suspected them of mischievous designs. Some scoundrel half-breed would be heard boasting in his cups that before next summer he would have English hair to fringe his hunting frock. On one occasion, the plot was nearly discovered. Early in March, 1763, Ensign Holmes, commanding at Fort Miami, was told by a friendly Indian that the warriors in the neighboring village had lately received a war-belt, with a message urging them to destroy him and his garrison, and that this they were preparing to do. Holmes called the Indians together, and boldly charged them with their design. They did as Indians on such occasions have often done, confessed their fault with much apparent contrition, laid the blame on a neighboring tribe, and professed eternal friendship to their brethren the English. Holmes writes to report his discovery to Major Gladwyn, who, in his turn, sends the information to Sir Jeffery Amherst, expressing his opinion that there has been a general irritation among the Indians, but that the affair will soon blow over, and that, in the neighborhood of his own post, the savages were perfectly tranquil. Within cannon-shot of the deluded officer's palisades, was the village of Pontiac himself, the arch enemy of the English, and prime mover in the plot.

With the approach of spring, the Indians, coming in from their wintering grounds, began to appear in small parties about the different forts; but now they seldom entered them, encamping at a little distance in the woods. They were fast pushing their preparations for the meditated blow, and waiting with stifled eagerness for the appointed hour.

Chapter VIII

Indian Preparation

I interrupt the progress of the narrative to glance for a moment at the Indians in their military capacity, and observe how far they were qualified to prosecute the formidable war into which they were about to plunge.

A people living chiefly by the chase, and therefore, of necessity, thinly scattered over a great space, divided into numerous tribes, held together by no strong principle of cohesion, and with no central government to combine their strength, could act with little efficiency against such an enemy as was now opposed to them. Loose and disjointed as a whole, the government even of individual tribes, and of their smallest separate communities, was too feeble to deserve the name. There were, it is true, chiefs whose office was in a manner hereditary; but their authority was wholly of a moral nature, and enforced by no compulsory law. Their province was to advise, and not to command. Their influence, such as it was, is chiefly to be ascribed to the principle of *hero-worship*, natural to the Indian character, and to the reverence for age, which belongs to a state of society where a patriarchal element largely prevails. It was their office to declare war and make peace; but when war was declared, they had no power to carry the declaration into effect. The warriors fought if they chose to do so; but if, on the contrary, they preferred to remain quiet, no man could force them to lift the hatchet. The war-chief, whose part it was to lead them to battle, was a mere partisan, whom his bravery and exploits had led to distinction. If he thought proper, he sang his war-song and danced his war-dance, and as many of the young men as were disposed to follow him gathered around and enlisted themselves under him. Over these volunteers he had no legal authority, and they could desert him at any moment, with no other penalty than disgrace. When several war-parties, of different bands or tribes, were united in a common enterprise, their chiefs elected a leader, who was nominally to command the whole; but unless this leader was a man of high distinction, and endowed with great mental power, his commands were disregarded, and his authority was a cipher. Among his followers was every latent element of discord, pride, jealousy, and ancient half-smothered feuds, ready at any moment to break out, and tear the whole asunder. His warriors would

often desert in bodies; and many an Indian army, before reaching the enemy's country, has been known to dwindle away until it was reduced to a mere scalping party.

To twist a rope of sand would be as easy a task as to form a permanent and effective army of such materials. The wild love of freedom, and impatience of all control, which mark the Indian race, render them utterly intolerant of military discipline. Partly from their individual character, and partly from this absence of subordination, spring results highly unfavorable to the efficiency of continued and extended military operation. Indian warriors, when acting in large masses, are to the last degree wayward, capricious, and unstable; infirm of purpose as a mob of children, and devoid of providence and foresight. To provide supplies for a campaign forms no part of their system. Hence the blow must be struck at once, or not struck at all; and to postpone victory is to insure defeat. It is when acting in small, detached parties, that the Indian warrior puts forth his energies, and displays his admirable address, endurance, and intrepidity. It is then that he becomes a truly formidable enemy. Fired with the hope of winning scalps, he is staunch as a blood-hound. No hardship can divert him from his purpose, and no danger subdue his patient and cautious courage.

From their inveterate passion for war, the Indians are always prompt enough to engage in it; and on the present occasion, the prevailing irritation afforded ample assurance that they would not remain idle. While there was little risk that they would capture any strong and well-defended fort, or carry any important position, there was, on the other hand, every reason to apprehend widespread havoc, and a destructive war of detail. That the war might be carried on with vigor and effect, it was the part of the Indian leaders to work upon the passions of their people, and keep alive their irritation; to whet their native appetite for blood and glory, and cheer them on to the attack; to guard against all that might quench their ardor, or abate their fierceness; to avoid pitched battles; never to fight except under advantage; and to avail themselves of all the aid which surprise, craft, and treachery could afford. The very circumstances which unfitted the Indians for continued and concentrated attack were, in another view, highly advantageous, by preventing the enemy from assailing them with vital effect. It was no easy task to penetrate tangled woods in search of a foe, alert and active as a lynx, who would seldom stand and fight, whose deadly shot and triumphant whoop were the first and often the last tokens of his presence, and who, at the approach of a hostile force, would vanish into the black recesses of forests and pine swamps, only to renew his attacks afresh with unabated ardor. There were no forts to capture, no magazines to destroy, and little property to seize upon. No species of warfare could be more perilous and harassing in its prosecution, or less satisfactory in its results.

The English colonies at this time were but ill fitted to bear the brunt of the impending war. The army which had conquered Canada was now broken up and dissolved; the provincials were disbanded, and most of the regulars sent home. A few fragments of regiments, miserably wasted by war and sickness, had just arrived from the West Indies; and of these, several were already ordered to England, to be discharged. There remained barely troops enough to furnish feeble garrisons for the various forts on the the frontier and in the Indian country. At the head of this dilapidated army was Sir Jeffrey Amherst, the able and resolute soldier who had achieved the reduction of Canada. He was a man well fitted for the emergency; cautious, bold, active, far-sighted, and endowed with a singular power of breathing his own energy and zeal into those who served under him. The command could not have been in better hands; and the results of the war, lamentable as they were, would have been much more disastrous, but for his promptness and vigor, and, above all, his judicious selection of those to whom he confided the execution of his orders.

While the war was on the eve of breaking out, an event occurred which had afterwards an important effect upon its progress—the signing of the treaty of peace at Paris, on the tenth of February, 1763. By this treaty France resigned her claims to the territories east of the Mississippi, and that great river now became the western boundary of the British colonial possessions. In portioning

out her new acquisitions into separate governments, England left the valley of the Ohio and the adjacent regions as an Indian domain, and by the proclamation of the seventh of October following, the intrusion of settlers upon these lands was strictly prohibited. Could these just and necessary measures have been sooner adopted, it is probable that the Indian war might have been prevented, or, at all events, rendered less general and violent, for the treaty would have made it apparent that the French could never repossess themselves of Canada, and have proved the futility of every hope which the Indians entertained of assistance from that quarter, while, at the same time, the royal proclamation would have greatly tended to tranquilize their minds, by removing the chief cause of irritation. But the remedy came too late. While the sovereigns of France, England, and Spain were signing the treaty at Paris, countless Indian warriors in the American forests were singing the war-song, and whetting their scalping-knives.

Throughout the western wilderness, in a hundred camps and villages, were celebrated the savage rites of war. Warriors, women, and children were alike eager and excited; magicians consulted their oracles, and prepared charms to insure success; while the war-chief, his body painted black from head to foot, withdrawing from the people, concealed himself among rocks and caverns, or in the dark recesses of the forest. Here, fasting and praying, he calls day and night upon the Great Spirit, consulting his dreams, to draw from them auguries of good or evil; and if, perchance, a vision of the great war-eagle seems to hover over him with expanded wings, he exults in the full conviction of triumph. When a few days have elapsed, he emerges from his retreat, and the people discover him descending from the woods, and approaching their camp, black as a demon of war, and shrunken with fasting and vigil. They flock around and listen to his wild harangue. He calls on them to avenge the blood of their slaughtered relatives; he assures them that the Great Spirit is on their side, and that victory is certain. With exulting cries they disperse to their wigwams, to array themselves in the savage decorations of the war-dress. An old man now passes through the camp, and invites the warriors to a feast in the name of the chief. They gather from all quarters to his wigwam, where they find him seated, no longer covered with black, but adorned with the startling and fantastic blazonry of the war-paint. Those who join in the feast pledge themselves, by so doing, to follow him against the enemy. The guests seat themselves on the ground, in a circle around the wigwam, and the flesh of dogs is placed in wooden dishes before them, while the chief, though goaded by the pangs of his long, unbroken fast, sits smoking his pipe with unmoved countenance, and takes no part in the feast.

Night has now closed in, and the rough clearing is illumined by the blaze of fires and burning pine-knots, casting their deep red glare upon the dusky boughs of the tall surrounding pine-trees, and upon the wild multitude who, fluttering with feathers and bedaubed with paint, have gathered for the celebration of the war-dance. A painted post is driven into the ground, and the crowd form a wide circle around it. The chief leaps into the vacant space, brandishing his hatchet as if rushing upon an enemy, and, in a loud, vehement tone, chants his own exploits and those of his ancestors, enacting the deeds which he describes, yelling the war-whoop, throwing himself into all the postures of actual fight, striking the post as if it were an enemy, and tearing the scalp from the head of the imaginary victim. Warrior after warrior follows his example, until the whole assembly, as if fired with sudden frenzy, rush together into the ring, leaping, stamping, and whooping, brandishing knives and hatchets in the firelight, hacking and stabbing the air, and working themselves into the fury of battle, while at intervals they all break forth into a burst of ferocious yells, which sounds for miles away over the lonely, midnight forest.

In the morning, the warriors prepare to depart. They leave the camp in single file, still decorated in all their finery of paint, feathers, and scalp-locks; and, as they enter the woods, the chief fires his gun, the warrior behind follows his example, and the discharges pass in slow succession from front to rear, the salute concluding with a general whoop. They encamp at no great distance

from the village, and divest themselves of their much-valued ornaments, which are carried back by the women, who have followed them for this purpose. The warriors pursue their journey, clad in the rough attire of hard service, and move silently and stealthily through the forest towards the hapless garrison, or defenceless settlement, which they have marked as their prey.

The woods were now filled with war-parties such as this, and soon the first tokens of the approaching tempest began to alarm the unhappy settlers of the frontier. At first, some trader or hunter, weak and emaciated, would come in from the forest, and relate that his companions had been butchered in the Indian villages, and that he alone had escaped. Next succeeded vague and uncertain rumors of forts attacked and garrisons slaughtered; and soon after, a report gained ground that every post throughout the Indian country had been taken, and every soldier killed. Close upon these tidings came the enemy himself. The Indian war-parties broke out of the woods like gangs of wolves, murdering, burning, and laying waste, while hundreds of terror-stricken families, abandoning their homes, fled for refuge towards the older settlements, and all was misery and ruin.

Passing over, for the present, this portion of the war, we will penetrate at once into the heart of the Indian country, and observe those passages of the conflict which took place under the auspices of Pontiac himself— the siege of Detroit, and the capture of the interior posts and garrisons.

Chapter IX

THE COUNCIL AT THE RIVER ECORCES

To begin the war was reserved by Pontiac as his own peculiar privilege. With the first opening of spring his preparations were complete. His light-footed messengers, with their wampum belts and gifts of tobacco, visited many a lonely hunting-camp in the gloom of the northern woods, and called chiefs and warriors to attend the general meeting. The appointed spot was on the banks of the little River Ecorces, not far from Detroit. Thither went Pontiac himself with his squaws and his children. Band after band came straggling in from every side, until the meadow was thickly dotted with their slender wigwams. Here were idle warriors smoking and laughing in groups, or beguiling the lazy hours with gambling, with feasting, or with doubtful stories of their own martial exploits. Here were youthful gallants, bedizened with all the foppery of beads, feathers, and hawk's bills, but held as yet in light esteem, since they had slain no enemy, and taken no scalp. Here also were young damsels, radiant with bears' oil, ruddy with vermilion, and versed in all the arts of forest coquetry; shrivelled hags, with limbs of wire, and voices like those of screech-owls; and troops of naked children, with small, black, mischievous eyes, roaming along the outskirts of the woods.

The great Roman historian observes of the ancient Germans, that when summoned to a public meeting, they would lag behind the appointed time in order to show their independence. The remark holds true, and perhaps with greater emphasis, of the American Indians; and thus it happened, that several days elapsed before the assembly was complete. In such a motley concourse of barbarians, where different bands and different tribes were mustered on one common camping ground, it would need all the art of a prudent leader to prevent their dormant jealousies from starting into open strife. No people are more prompt to quarrel, and none more prone, in the fierce excitement of the present, to forget the purpose of the future; yet, through good fortune, or the wisdom of Pontiac, no rupture occurred; and at length the last loiterer appeared, and further delay was needless.

The council took place on the twenty-seventh of April. On that morning, several old men, the heralds of the camp, passed to and fro among the lodges, calling the warriors, in a loud voice, to attend the meeting. In accordance with the summons, they came issuing from their cabins—the tall, naked figures of the wild Ojibwas, with quivers slung at their backs, and light war-clubs resting in the hollow of their arms; Ottawas, wrapped close in their gaudy blankets; Wyandots, fluttering in painted shirts, their heads adorned with feathers, and their leggings garnished with bells. All were soon seated in a wide circle upon the grass, row

within row, a grave and silent assembly. Each savage countenance seemed carved in wood, and none could have detected the deep and fiery passions hidden beneath that immovable exterior. Pipes with ornamented stems were lighted, and passed from hand to hand.

Then Pontiac rose, and walked forward into the midst of the council. According to Canadian tradition, he was not above the middle height, though his muscular figure was cast in a mould of remarkable symmetry and vigor. His complexion was darker than is usual with his race, and his features, though by no means regular, had a bold and stern expression, while his habitual bearing was imperious and peremptory, like that of a man accustomed to sweep away all opposition by the force of his impetuous will. His ordinary attire was that of the primitive savage—a scanty cincture girt about his loins, and his long black hair flowing loosely at his back; but on occasions like this he was wont to appear as befitted his power and character, and he stood before the council plumed and painted in the full costume of war.

Looking round upon his wild auditors, he began to speak, with fierce gesture, and loud, impassioned voice; and at every pause, deep guttural ejaculations of assent and approval responded to his words. He inveighed against the arrogance, rapacity, and injustice of the English, and contrasted them with the French, whom they had driven from the soil. He declared that the British commandant had treated him with neglect and contempt; that the soldiers of the garrison had foully abused the Indians; and that one of them had struck a follower of his own. He represented the danger that would arise from the supremacy of the English. They had expelled the French, and now they only waited for a pretext to turn upon the Indians and destroy them. Then, holding out a broad belt of wampum, he told the council that he had received it from their great father the King of France, in token that he had heard the voice of his red children; that his sleep was at an end; and that his great war-canoes would soon sail up the St. Lawrence, to win back Canada, and wreak vengeance on his enemies. The Indians and their French brethren should fight once more side by side, as they had always fought: they should strike the English as they had struck them many moons ago, when their great army marched down the Monongahela, and they had shot them from their ambush, like a flock of pigeons in the woods.

Having roused in his warlike listeners their native thirst for blood and vengeance, he next addressed himself to their superstition, and told the following tale. Its precise origin is not easy to determine. It is possible that the Delaware prophet, mentioned in a former chapter, may have had some part in it; or it might have been the offspring of Pontiac's heated imagination, during his period of fasting and dreaming. That he deliberately invented it for the sake of the effect it would produce, is the least probable conclusion of all; for it evidently proceeds from the superstitious mind of an Indian, brooding upon the evil days in which his lot was cast, and turning for relief to the mysterious Author of his being. It is, at all events, a characteristic specimen of the Indian legendary tales, and, like many of them, bears an allegoric significancy. Yet he who endeavors to interpret an Indian allegory through all its erratic windings and puerile inconsistencies, has undertaken no easy or enviable task.

"A Delaware Indian," said Pontiac, "conceived an eager desire to learn wisdom from the Master of Life; but, being ignorant where to find him, he had recourse to fasting, dreaming, and magical incantations. By these means it was revealed to him, that, by moving forward in a straight, undeviating course, he would reach the abode of the Great Spirit. He told his purpose to no one, and having provided the equipments of a hunter—gun, powder-horn, ammunition, and a kettle for preparing his food—he set forth on his errand. For some time he journeyed on in high hope and confidence. On the evening of the eighth day, he stopped by the side of a brook at the edge of a small prairie, where he began to make ready his evening meal, when, looking up, he saw three large openings in the woods on the opposite side of the meadow, and three well-beaten paths which entered them. He was much surprised; but his wonder increased, when, after it had grown dark, the three paths were more clearly visible than ever. Remembering

the important object of his journey, he could neither rest nor sleep; and, leaving his fire, he crossed the meadow, and entered the largest of the three openings. He had advanced but a short distance into the forest, when a bright flame sprang out of the ground before him, and arrested his steps. In great amazement he turned back, and entered the second path, where the same wonderful phenomenon again encountered him; and now, in terror and bewilderment, yet still resolved to persevere, he pursued the last of the three paths. On this he journeyed a whole day without interruption, when at length, emerging from the forest, he saw before him a vast mountain, of dazzling whiteness. So precipitous was the ascent, that the Indian thought it hopeless to go farther, and looked around him in despair: at that moment he saw, seated at some distance above, the figure of a beautiful woman arrayed in white, who arose as he looked upon her, and thus accosted him: 'How can you hope, encumbered as you are, to succeed in your design? Go down to the foot of the mountain, throw away your gun, your ammunition, your provisions, and your clothing; wash yourself in the stream which flows there, and you will then be prepared to stand before the Master of Life.' The Indian obeyed, and again began to ascend among the rocks, while the woman, seeing him still discouraged, laughed at his faintness of heart, and told him that, if he wished for success, he must climb by the aid of one hand and one foot only. After great toil and suffering, he at length found himself at the summit. The woman had disappeared, and he was left alone. A rich and beautiful plain lay before him, and at a little distance he saw three great villages, far superior to the squalid dwellings of the Delawares. As he approached the largest, and stood hesitating whether he should enter, a man gorgeously attired stepped forth, and, taking him by the hand, welcomed him to the celestial abode. He then conducted him into the presence of the Great Spirit, where the Indian stood confounded at the unspeakable splendor which surrounded him. The Great Spirit bade him be seated, and thus addressed him:

"'I am the Maker of heaven and earth, the trees, lakes, rivers, and all things else. I am the Maker of mankind; and because I love you, you must do my will. The land on which you live I have made for you, and not for others. Why do you suffer the white man to dwell among you? My children, you have forgotten the customs and traditions of your forefathers. Why do you not clothe yourselves in skins, as they did, and use the bows and arrows, and the stone-pointed lances, which they used? You have bought guns, knives, kettles, and blankets from the white men, until you can no longer do without them; and, what is worse, you have drunk the poison fire-water, which turns you into fools. Fling all these things away; live as your wise forefathers did before you. And as for these English—these dogs dressed in red, who have come to rob you of your hunting-grounds, and drive away the game—you must lift the hatchet against them. Wipe them from the face of the earth, and then you will win my favor back again, and once more be happy and prosperous. The children of your great father, the King of France, are not like the English. Never forget that they are your brethren. They are very dear to me, for they love the red men, and understand the true mode of worshipping me.'

"The Great Spirit next gave his hearer various precepts of morality and religion, such as the prohibition to marry more than one wife, and a warning against the practice of magic, which is worshipping the devil. A prayer, embodying the substance of all that he had heard, was then presented to the Delaware. It was cut in hieroglyphics upon a wooden stick, after the custom of his people, and he was directed to send copies of it to all the Indian villages.

"The adventurer now departed, and, returning to the earth, reported all the wonders he had seen in the celestial regions."

Such was the tale told by Pontiac to the council; and it is worthy of notice, that not he alone, but many of the greatest men who have arisen among the Indians, have been opponents of civilization, and staunch advocates of primitive barbarism. Red Jacket and Tecumseh would gladly have brought back their people to the wild simplicity of their original condition. There is nothing progressive in the rigid, inflexible nature of an Indian. He will not open his mind to

the idea of improvement, and nearly every change that has been forced upon him has been a change for the worse.

Many other speeches were doubtless made in the council, but no record of them has been preserved. All present were eager to attack the British fort, and Pontiac told them, in conclusion, that on the second of May he would gain admittance with a party of his warriors, on pretence of dancing the calumet dance before the garrison; that they would take note of the strength of the fortification, and, this information gained, he would summon another council to determine the mode of attack.

The assembly now dissolved, and all the evening the women were employed in loading the canoes, which were drawn up on the bank of the stream. The encampments broke up at so early an hour, that when the sun rose, the savage swarm had melted away; the secluded scene was restored to its wonted silence and solitude, and nothing remained but the slender framework of several hundred cabins, with fragments of broken utensils, pieces of cloth, and scraps of hide, scattered over the trampled grass, while the smouldering embers of numberless fires mingled their dark smoke with the white mist which rose from the little river.

Every spring, after the winter hunt was over, the Indians were accustomed to return to their villages, or permanent encampments, in the vicinity of Detroit; and, accordingly, after the council had broken up, they made their appearance as usual about the fort. On the first of May, Pontiac came to the gate with forty men of the Ottawa tribe, and asked permission to enter and dance the calumet dance before the officers of the garrison. After some hesitation he was admitted; and proceeding to the corner of the street where stood the house of the commandant, Major Gladwyn, he and thirty of his warriors began their dance, each recounting his own valiant exploits, and boasting himself the bravest of mankind. The officers and men gathered around them; while, in the meantime, the remaining ten of the Ottawas strolled about the fort, observing everything it contained. When the dance was over, they all quietly withdrew, not a suspicion of their sinister design having arisen in the minds of the English.

After a few days had elapsed, Pontiac's messengers again passed among the Indian cabins, calling the principal chiefs to another council, in the Pottawattamie village. Here there was a large structure of bark, erected for the public use on occasions like the present. A hundred chiefs were seated around this dusky council-house, the fire in the center shedding its fitful light upon their dark, naked forms, while the sacred pipe passed from hand to hand. To prevent interruption, Pontiac had stationed young men, as sentinels, near the house. He once more addressed the chiefs, inciting them to hostility against the English, and concluding by the proposal of his plan for destroying Detroit. It was as follows: Pontiac would demand a council with the commandant concerning matters of great importance; and on this pretext he flattered himself that he and his principal chiefs would gain ready admittance within the fort. They were all to carry weapons concealed beneath their blankets. While in the act of addressing the commandant in the council-room, Pontiac was to make a certain signal, upon which the chiefs were to raise the war-whoop, rush upon the officers present, and strike them down. The other Indians, waiting meanwhile at the gate, or loitering among the houses, on hearing the yells and firing within the building, were to assail the astonished and half-armed soldiers; and thus Detroit would fall an easy prey.

In opening this plan of treachery, Pontiac spoke rather as a counsellor than as a commander. Haughty as he was, he had too much sagacity to wound the pride of a body of men over whom he had no other control than that derived from his personal character and influence. No one was hardy enough to venture opposition to the proposal of their great leader. His plan was eagerly adopted. Deep, hoarse ejaculations of applause echoed his speech; and, gathering their blankets around them, the chiefs withdrew to their respective villages, to prepare for the destruction of the unhappy little garrison.

BIOGRAPHY

BIOGRAPHY

THE word biography, composed of the Greek, *βίος*, life, and *γράφη*, writing, means that kind of history which limits itself to an individual, or as Dryden says, to "the history of particular men's lives." Its scope does not comprehend the movements of races or the activities of nations; it is circumscribed by the birth and death of its subject; its central interest is one person, to whom other persons and events must be subordinated. The prevailing conception of biography as a true account of the character and adventures of an individual is of comparatively recent origin. Not until the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries does biography in this sense begin to appear.

Plutarch (46?–120? A. D.), the biographer of the ancient world, was a Greek who lived during the happiest times of Roman imperialism. He studied at Athens, visited Egypt, lectured at Rome, and spent the remainder of his days in his native land in various civic and literary pursuits. Widely read in Greek and Roman literature, and deeply interested in philosophy and ethics, he wrote some sixty essays upon moral and philosophical subjects. He is famous, however, as the father of biography. His forty-six parallel lives, authentic biographies in pairs, taking together a Greek and a Roman, are the result of much research and learning. As a biographer, however, Plutarch falls short of complete satisfaction, because he is interested not so much in the men themselves, as in the example they afford of weakness and strength. Under the influence of Aristotelean ethics, Plutarch portrays his heroes as living illustrations of vices which his readers should eschew, and of virtues which they should emulate. The memoirs, therefore, are analyses of character, of motives for action, of wickedness punished, and goodness rewarded. His method, however, is, on the whole, judicial; he does not permit himself to be led away into extravagant panegyric or abuse. Without these *Lives* our knowledge of the ancient world would be much impaired; without them Shakespeare could not have written his Roman plays, nor succeeding historians their histories of Greece and Rome.

As the memoirs of Plutarch reveal the prepossessions of the pagan world, so the biography of St. Francis of Assisi by Bonaventura (1221–1274) reflects the ideals of a totally different civilization—that of the Middle Ages throughout which the medieval church ruled with almost unbroken sway. As would be expected, Bonaventura is not, like Plutarch, rational and judicial, but apologetic and laudatory. To him St. Francis is the living exemplification of the ascetic virtues—poverty, chastity, and obedience; of the denial of the sensual world for the glory of God and the soul; and of the beneficent and wonder-working powers of divine healing which the author himself received at St. Francis' hands.

No greater contrast could be found than that between Bonaventura's life of St. Francis and the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini (1500–1571). In the lives of these men we perceive the difference between the saintly ideal of medievalism and the lusty paganism of the Renaissance. Of all the clever rascals of the Italian Renaissance, Benvenuto Cellini is the most engaging. For in addition to immortalizing himself as a goldsmith and a sculptor, and adding splendor to the courts of Cosimo de Medici and the King of France, he wrote one of the three or four best autobiographies in world literature. It is a story replete with the ambitions, adventures, quarrels, and chicanery of a Florentine youth active in the lower strata of vulgarity and license as well as in the aesthetic and political life of ducal and pontifical courts. He narrates with unrestrained gusto a life full of bravado, of escapades often to his discredit, and sometimes elaborated by his imagination. He is always the hero of his story; whether he relegates to himself some of the Pope's golden jewels, drags his mistress around by the hair, escapes from the Castle of St. Angelo, or erects his world-famous Perseus in the Loggia di Lanzi. As a first rate goldsmith, a fair sculptor, a perennial vagabond,

a hot tempered courtier at home with princes and popes, he gives us with great vivacity of style our most complete and unvarnished picture not only of himself but of the Italian Renaissance.

James Boswell (1740–1795) is the first biographer to let the subject reveal himself. He prepared for his unrivalled biography by attaching himself for several years to his hero, Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great conversationalist and literary dictator of the last half of the eighteenth century. Out of faithful transcripts of events and conversations, with an eye to the trivial as well as the important, he revealed the mind and the manners, the opinions on all sorts of subjects, the eccentricities and prejudices of his hero as well as his piety and robust common sense.

The account of the early life of Benjamin Franklin (1706–1790) written by himself for the pleasure and instruction of youth has also secured a place among distinguished biographies. Herein is delineated the growth of his inquiring mind, which made him in no small degree both a pioneer in the experimental method, and a practical inventor. We observe also his constant application of common sense to every problem, a quality which later made him a skilful diplomat in the service of his country. His frank, good natured revelations of his failings and virtues, his amusing system for correcting his faults, his constant emphasis upon thrift and prudence, are some of the qualities that make his autobiography one of the interesting revelations of human nature.

PLUTARCH (46?–120? A. D.)

ANTONY

ANTONY grew up a very beautiful youth, but, by the worst of misfortunes, he fell into the acquaintance and friendship of Curio, a man abandoned to his pleasures; who, to make Antony's dependence upon him a matter of greater necessity, plunged him into a life of drinking and dissipation, and led him through a course of such extravagance, that he ran, at that early age, into debt to the amount of two hundred and fifty talents. For this sum, Curio became his surety; on hearing which, the elder Curio, his father, drove Antony out of his house. After this, for some short time, he took part with Clodius, the most insolent and outrageous demagogue of the time, in his course of violence and disorder; but, getting weary, before long, of his madness, and apprehensive of the powerful party forming against him, he left Italy, and travelled into Greece, where he spent his time in military exercises and in the study of eloquence. He took most to what was called the Asiatic taste in speaking, which was then at its height, and was, in many ways, suitable to his ostentatious, vaunting temper, full of empty flourishes and unsteady efforts for glory.

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He had also a very good and noble appearance; his beard was well grown, his forehead large, and his nose aquiline, giving him altogether a bold, masculine look, that reminded people of the faces of Hercules in paintings and sculptures. It was, moreover, an ancient tradition, that Antonys were descended from Hercules, by a son of his called Anton; and this opinion he thought to give credit to, by the similarity of his person just mentioned, and also by the fashion of his dress. For, whenever he had to appear before large numbers, he wore his tunic girt low about the hips, a broadsword on his side, and over all a large, coarse mantle. What might seem to some very insupportable, his vaunting, his raillery, his drinking in public, sitting down by the men as they were taking their food, and eating, as he stood, off the common soldiers' tables, made him the delight and pleasure of the army. In love affairs, also, he was very agreeable; he gained many friends by the assistance he gave them in theirs, and took other people's raillery upon his own with good-humor. And his generous ways, his open and lavish hand in gifts and favors to his friends and fellow-soldiers, did a great deal for him in his first advance to power, and, after he had become great, long maintained his fortunes,

when a thousand follies were hastening their overthrow.

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However, Caesar, by dealing gently with his errors, seems to have succeeded in curing him of a good deal of his folly and extravagance. He gave up his former courses, and took a wife, Fulvia, the widow of Clodius the demagogue, a woman not born for spinning or housewifery, nor one that could be content with ruling a private husband, but prepared to govern a first magistrate, or give orders to a commander-in-chief. So that Cleopatra had great obligations to her for having taught Antony to be so good a servant, he coming to her hands tame and broken into entire obedience to the commands of a mistress. He used to play all sorts of sportive, boyish tricks, to keep Fulvia in good-humor. As, for example, when Caesar, after his victory in Spain, was on his return, Antony, among the rest, went out to meet him; and, a rumor being spread that Caesar was killed and the enemy marching into Italy, he returned to Rome, and, disguising himself, came to her by night muffled up as a servant that brought letters from Antony. She, with great impatience, before she received the letter, asks if Antony were well, and instead of an answer he gives her the letter; and, as she was opening it, took her about the neck and kissed her.

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Antony was so captivated by Cleopatra, that, while Fulvia his wife maintained his quarrels in Rome against Caesar by actual force of arms, and the Parthian troops, commanded by Labienus (the King's generals having made him commander-in-chief), were assembled in Mesopotamia, and ready to enter Syria, he could yet suffer himself to be carried away by her to Alexandria, there to keep holiday, like a boy, in play and diversion, squandering and fooling away in enjoyments that most costly, as Antiphon says, of all valuables, time. They had a sort of company, to which they gave a particular name, calling it that of the Inimitable Livers. The members entertained one another daily in turn, with an extravagance of expenditure beyond measures or belief. Philotas, a physician of Amphissa, who was at that time a student of medicine in Alexandria, used to tell my grandfather Lamprias, that, having some acquaintance with one of the royal cooks, he was invited by him, being a young man, to come and see the sumptuous preparations for supper. So he was taken into the kitchen, where he admired the prodigious variety of all things; but particularly, seeing eight wild boars roasting whole, says he, "Surely you have a great number of guests." The cook laughed at his simplicity, and told him there were not above twelve to sup, but that every dish was to be served up just roasted to a turn, and if anything was but one minute ill-timed, it was spoiled; "And," said he, "maybe Antony will sup just now, maybe not this hour, maybe he will call for wine, or begin to talk, and will put it off. So that," he continued, "it is not one, but many suppers must be had in readiness, as it is impossible to guess at his hour." This was Philotas's story; who related besides, that he afterwards came to be one of the medical attendants of Antony's eldest son by Fulvia, and used to be invited pretty often, among other companions, to his table, when he was not supping with his father. One day another physician had talked loudly, and given great disturbance to the company, whose mouth Philotas stopped with this sophistical syllogism: "In some states of fever the patient should take cold water; every one who has a fever is in some state of fever; therefore in a fever cold water should always be taken." The man was quite struck dumb, and Antony's son, very much pleased, laughed aloud, and said, "Philotas, I make you a present of all you see there," pointing to a sideboard covered with plate. Philotas thanked him much, but was far enough from ever imagining that a boy of his age could dispose of things of that value. Soon after, however, the plate was all brought to him, and he was desired to set his mark upon it; and when he put it away from him, and was afraid to accept the present, "What ails the man?" said he that brought it; "do you know that he who gives you this is Antony's son, who is free to give it, if it were all gold? but if you will be advised by me, I would counsel you to accept of the value in money from us; for there may be amongst the rest some antique or famous piece of workmanship, which Antony

would be sorry to part with." These anecdotes my grandfather told me Philotas used frequently to relate.

There was much simplicity in his character; he was slow to see his faults, but, when he did see them was extremely repentant, and ready to ask pardon of those he had injured; prodigal in his acts of reparation, and severe in his punishments, but his generosity was much more extravagant than his severity; his raillery was sharp and insulting, but the edge of it was taken off by his readiness to submit to any kind of repartee; for he was as well contented to be rallied, as he was pleased to rally others. And this freedom of speech was, indeed, the cause of many of his disasters. He never imagined that those who used so much liberty in their mirth would flatter or deceive him in business of consequence, not knowing how common it is with parasites to mix their flattery with boldness, as confectioners do their sweetmeats with something biting, to prevent the sense of satiety. Their freedom and impertinence at table were designed expressly to give to their obsequiousness in council the air of being not complaisance, but conviction.

Such being his temper, the last and crowning mischief that could befall him came in the love of Cleopatra, to awaken and kindle to fury passions that as yet lay still and dormant in his nature, and to stifle and finally corrupt any elements that yet made resistance in him, of goodness and a sound judgment. He fell into the snare thus. When making preparation for the Parthian war, he sent to command her to make her personal appearance in Cilicia, to answer an accusation, that she had given great assistance, in the late wars, to Cassius. Dellius, who was sent on this message, had no sooner seen her face, and remarked her adroitness and subtlety in speech, but he felt convinced that Antony would not so much as think of giving any molestation to a woman like this; on the contrary she would be the first in favor with him. So he set himself at once to pay his court to the Egyptian, and gave her his advice, "to go," in the Homeric style, to Cilicia, "in her best attire," and bade her fear nothing from Antony, the gentlest and kindest of soldiers. She had some faith in the words of Dellius, but more in her own attractions, which, having formerly recommended her to Caesar and the young Cnaeus Pompey, she did not doubt might prove yet more successful with Antony. Their acquaintance was with her when a girl, young, and ignorant of the world, but she was to meet Antony in the time of life when women's beauty is most splendid, and their intellects are in full maturity. She made great preparation for her journey, of money, gifts, and ornaments of value, such as so wealthy a kingdom might afford, but she brought with her her surest hopes in her own magic arts and charms.

She received several letters, both from Antony and from his friends, to summon her, but she took no account of these orders; and at last, as if in mockery of them, she came sailing up the river Cydnus, in a barge with gilded stern and outspread sails of purple, while oars of silver beat time to the music of flutes and fifes and harps. She herself lay all along, under a canopy of cloth of gold, dressed as Venus in a picture, and beautiful young boys, like painted Cupids, stood on each side to fan her. Her maids were dressed like Sea Nymphs and Graces, some steering at the rudder, some working at the ropes. The perfumes diffused themselves from the vessel to the shore, which was covered with multitudes, part following the galley up the river on either bank, part running out of the city to see the sight. The market-place was quite emptied, and Antony at last was left alone sitting upon the tribunal; while the word went through all the multitude, that Venus was come to feast with Bacchus, for the common good of Asia. On her arrival, Antony sent to invite her to supper. She thought it fitter he should come to her; so, willing to show his good-humor and courtesy, he complied, and went. He found the preparations to receive him magnificent beyond expression, but nothing so admirable as the great number of lights; for on a sudden there was let down altogether so great a number of branches with lights in them so ingeniously disposed, some in squares, and some in circles, that the whole thing was a spectacle that has seldom been equalled for beauty.

The next day, Antony invited her to supper, and was very desirous to outdo her as well in magnificence as contrivance; but he found he was altogether beaten in both, and

was so well convinced of it, that he was himself the first to jest and mock at his poverty of wit, and his rustic awkwardness. She, perceiving that his raillery was broad and gross, and savored more of the soldier than the courtier, rejoined in the same taste, and fell into it at once, without any sort of reluctance or reserve. For her actual beauty, it is said, was not in itself so remarkable that none could be compared with her, or that no one could see her without being struck by it, but the contact of her presence, if you lived with her, was irresistible; the attraction of her person, joining with the charm of her conversation, and the character that attended all she said or did, was something bewitching. It was a pleasure merely to hear the sound of her voice, with which, like an instrument of many strings, she could pass from one language to another; so that there were few of the barbarian nations that she answered by an interpreter; to most of them she spoke herself, as to the Aethiophians, Troglodytes, Hebrews, Arabians, Syrians, Medes, Parthians, and many others, whose language she had learnt; which was all the more surprising, because most of the kings her predecessors scarcely gave themselves the trouble to acquire the Egyptian tongue, and several of them quite abandoned the Macedonian.

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Plato admits four sorts of flattery, but she had a thousand. Were Antony serious or disposed to mirth, she had at any moment some new delight or charm to meet his wishes; at every turn she was upon him, and let him escape her neither by day nor by night. She played at dice with him, drank with him, hunted with him; and when he exercised in arms, she was there to see. At night she would go rambling with him to disturb and torment people at their doors and windows, dressed like a servant-woman, for Antony also went in servant's disguise, and from these expeditions he often came home very scurvily answered, and sometimes even beaten severely, though most people guessed who it was. However, the Alexandrians in general liked it all well enough, and joined good humoredly and kindly in his frolic and play, saying they were much obliged to Antony for acting his tragic parts at Rome, and keeping his comedy for them. It would be trifling without end to be particular in his follies, but his fishing must not be forgotten. He went out one day to angle with Cleopatra, and, being so unfortunate as to catch nothing in the presence of his mistress, he gave secret orders to the fishermen to dive under water, and put fishes that had been already taken upon his hooks; and these he drew so fast that the Egyptian perceived it. But, feigning great admiration, she told everybody how dexterous Antony was, and invited them next day to come and see him again. So, when a number of them had come on board the fishing boats, as soon as he had let down his hook, one of her servants was beforehand with his divers, and fixed upon his hook a salted fish from Pontus. Antony, feeling his line give, drew up the prey, and when, as may be imagined, great laughter ensued, "Leave," said Cleopatra, "the fishing-rod, general, to us poor sovereigns of Pharos and Canopus; your game is cities, provinces, and kingdoms."

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After this Antony sent a new challenge to Caesar, to fight him hand to hand; who made him answer that he might find several other ways to end his life; and he, considering with himself that he could not die more honorably than in battle, resolved to make an effort both by land and sea. At supper, it is said, he bade his servants help him freely, and pour him out wine plentifully, since tomorrow, perhaps, they should not do the same, but be servants to a new master, whilst he should lie on the ground, a dead corpse, and nothing. His friends that were about him wept to hear him talk so; which he perceiving, told them he would not lead them to a battle in which he expected rather an honorable death than either safety or victory. That night, it is related, about the middle of it, when the whole city was in a deep silence and general sadness, expecting the event of the next day, on a sudden was heard the sound of all sorts of instruments, and voices singing in tune, and the cry of a crowd of people shouting and dancing, like a troop of bacchanals on its way. This tumultuous procession seemed to take its course right through the middle of the city

to the gate nearest the enemy; here it became loudest, and suddenly passed out. People who reflected considered this to signify that Bacchus, the god whom Antony had always made it his study to copy and imitate, had now forsaken him.

As soon as it was light, he marched his infantry out of the city, and posted them upon a rising ground, from whence he saw his fleet make up to the enemy. There he stood in expectation of the event; but, as soon as the fleets came near to one another, his men saluted Caesar's with their oars; and, on their responding, the whole body of the ships, forming into a single fleet, rowed up direct to the city. Antony had no sooner seen this, but the horse deserted him, and went over to Caesar; and his foot being defeated, he retired into the city, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him to the enemies he had made for her sake. She, being afraid lest in his fury and despair he might do her a mischief, fled to her monument, and letting down the falling doors, which were strong with bars and bolts, she sent messengers who should tell Antony she was dead. He, believing it, cried out, "Now, Antony, why delay longer? Fate has snatched away the only pretext for which you could say you desired yet to live." Going into his chamber, and there loosening and opening his coat of armor, "I am not," said he, "troubled, Cleopatra, to be at present bereaved of you, for I shall soon be with you; but it distresses me that so great a general should be found of a tardier courage than a woman." He had a faithful servant, whose name was Eros; he had engaged him formerly to kill him when he should think it necessary, and now he put him to his promise. Eros drew his sword, as designing to kill him, but, suddenly turning round, he slew himself. And as he fell dead at his feet, "It is well done, Eros," said Antony; "You show your master how to do what you had not the heart to do yourself;" and so he ran himself into the belly, and laid himself upon the couch. The wound, however, was not immediately mortal; and the flow of blood ceasing when he lay down, presently he came to himself, and entreated those that were about him to put him out of his pain; but they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and struggling, until Diomede, Cleopatra's secretary, came to him, having orders from her to bring him into the monument.

When he understood that she was alive, he eagerly gave order to the servants to take him up, and in their arms was carried to the door of the building. Cleopatra would not open the door, but, looking from a sort of window, she let down ropes and cords, to which Antony was fastened; and she and her two women, the only persons she had allowed to enter the monument, drew him up. Those that were present say that nothing was ever more sad than this spectacle, to see Antony, covered all over with blood and just expiring, thus drawn up, still holding the little force he had left. As, indeed, it was no easy task for the women; and Cleopatra, with all her force, clinging to the rope, and straining with her head to the ground, with difficulty pulled him up, while those below encouraged her with their cries, and joined in all her effort and anxiety. When she had got him up, she laid him on the bed, tearing all her clothes, which she spread upon him; and, beating her breasts with her hands, lacerating herself, and disfiguring her own face with the blood from his wounds, she called him her lord, her husband, her emperor, and seemed to have pretty nearly forgotten all her own evils, she was so intent upon his misfortunes. Antony, stopping her lamentations as well as he could, called for wine to drink, either that he was thirsty, or that he imagined that it might put him the sooner out of pain. When he had drunk, he advised her to bring her own affairs, so far as might be honorably done, to a safe conclusion, and that, among all the friends of Caesar, she should rely on Proculeius; that she should not pity him in this last turn of fate, but rather rejoice for him in remembrance of his past happiness, who had been of all men the most illustrious and powerful, and, in the end, had fallen not ignobly, a Roman by a Roman overcome.

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There was a young man of distinction among Caesar's companions, named Cornelius Dolabella. He was not without a certain tenderness for Cleopatra, and sent her word privately, as she had besought him to do, that Caesar was about to return

through Syria, and that she and her children were to be sent on within three days. When she understood this, she made her request to Caesar that he would be pleased to permit her to make oblations to the departed Antony; which being granted, she ordered herself to be carried to the place where he was buried, and there, accompanied by her women, she embraced his tomb with tears in her eyes, and spoke in this manner: "O, dearest Antony," said she, "it is not long since that with these hands I buried you; then they were free, now I am a captive, and pay these last duties to you with a guard upon me, for fear that my just griefs and sorrows should impair my servile body, and make it less fit to appear in their triumph over you. No further offerings or libations expect from me, these are the last honors that Cleopatra can pay your memory, for she is to be hurried away far from you. Nothing could part us whilst we lived, but death seems to threaten to divide us. You, a Roman born, have found a grave in Egypt; I, an Egyptian, am to seek that favor, and none but that, in your country. But if the gods below, with whom you are now, either can or will do any thing (since those above have betrayed us), suffer not your living wife to be abandoned; let me not be led in triumph to your shame, but hide me and bury me here with you, since, amongst all my bitter misfortunes, nothing has afflicted me like this brief time that I have lived away from you."

Having made these lamentations, crowning the tomb with garlands and kissing it, she gave orders to prepare her a bath, and, coming out of the bath, she lay down and made a sumptuous meal. And a country fellow brought her a little basket, which the guards intercepting and asking what it was, the fellow put the leaves which lay uppermost aside, and showed them it was full of figs; and on their admiring the largeness and beauty of the figs, he laughed, and invited them to take some, which they refused, and, suspecting nothing, bade him carry them in. After her repast, Cleopatra sent to Caesar a letter which she had written and sealed; and, putting everybody out of the monument but her two women, she shut the doors. Caesar, opening her letter, and finding pathetic prayers and entreaties that she might be buried in the same tomb with Antony, soon guessed what was doing. At first he was going himself in all haste, but, changing his mind, he sent others to see. The thing had been quickly done. The messengers came at full speed, and found the guards apprehensive of nothing; but on opening the doors, they saw her stone-dead, lying upon a bed of gold, set out in all her royal ornaments. Iras, one of her women, lay dying at her feet, and Charmion, just ready to fall, scarce able to hold up her head, was adjusting her mistress's diadem. And when one that came in said angrily, "Was this well done of your lady, Charmion?" "Extremely well," she answered, "and as became the descendant of so many kings"; and as she said this, she fell down dead by the bedside.

BONAVENTURA (1221–1274)

LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS[1]

Chapter III

OF THE FOUNDING OF HIS RELIGION, AND SANCTION OF THE RULE

Now Francis, the servant of God, abiding at the Church of the Virgin Mother of God, with continuous sighing besought her that had conceived the Word full of grace and truth that she would deign to become his advocate; and, by the merits of the Mother of Mercy, he did himself conceive and give birth unto the spirit of Gospel truth. For while on a day he was devoutly hearing the Mass of the Apostles, that Gospel was read aloud wherein Christ gave unto His disciples that were sent forth to preach the Gospel pattern for their life, to wit, that they should possess neither gold, nor silver, nor money in their purses, nor scrip for their journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves. Hearing this, and understanding it, and committing it unto memory,

[1]Translation by E. Gurney Salter.

the lover of Apostolic poverty was at once filled with joy unspeakable. "This," saith he, "is what I desire, yea, this is what I long for with my whole heart." Forthwith he loosed his shoes from off his feet, laid down his staff, cast aside his purse and his money, contented him with one scanty tunic, and, throwing aside his belt, took a rope for girdle, applying all the care of his heart to discover how best he might fulfil that which he had heard, and conform himself in all things unto the rule of Apostolic godliness.

From this time forward, the man of God began, by divine impulse, to become a jealous imitator of Gospel poverty and to invite others unto penitence. His words were not empty, nor meet for laughter, but full of the might of the Holy Spirit, penetrating the heart's core, and smiting all that heard them with mighty amaze. In all his preaching, he would bring tidings of peace, saying: "The Lord give you peace," and thus he would greet the folk at the beginning of his discourses. This greeting he had learnt by revelation from the Lord, even as he himself did afterward testify. Whence it befell, according unto the prophet's words, that he—himself inspired by the spirit of the prophets—brought tidings of peace, and preached salvation, and by salutary admonitions allied many unto the true peace who aforetime were at enmity with Christ, far from salvation.

Accordingly, as many remarked in the man of God alike the truth of his simple teaching and of his life, certain of them began by his ensample to turn their thoughts unto penitence, and, renouncing all, to join themselves unto him in habit and life. The first of these was that honour-worthy man, Bernard, who, being made a partaker in the divine calling, earned the title of the first-born son of the blessed Father, both by being first in time, and by being of an especial holiness. For he, having proved the saintliness of the servant of Christ, was minded after his ensample to utterly despise the world, and sought counsel from him how he might accomplish this. Hearing this, the servant of God was filled with consolation by reason of his first off-spring conceived of the Holy Spirit. "From God," saith he, "behoveth us seek this counsel." Forthwith, when it was morning, they entered into the church of Saint Nicholas, and, having first prayed, Francis, the worshipper of the Trinity, did thrice open the book of the Gospels, seeking by a threefold witness from God to strengthen the holy purpose of Bernard. In the first opening of the book was discovered that saying: "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor." In the second: "Take nothing for your journey." And in the third: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me." "This," saith the holy man, "is our life and Rule, and that of all that shall be minded to join our fellowship. Do thou go, then, if thou wilt be perfect, and fulfil that which thou hast heard."

Not long after, five men were called by the same Spirit, and thus the sons of Francis numbered six; the third place among them fell unto the holy Father Giles, a man verily filled with God and worthy to be famed in remembrance. For he became afterward noted for the practice of lofty virtues, even as the servant of the Lord had foretold concerning him, and, albeit he was ignorant and simple, he was exalted unto the peak of sublime contemplation. For while for a long space of time he was continuously absorbed in uplifting of the heart unto God, he was so often snatched up unto Him in ecstasies,—even as I myself beheld with the witness of mine own eyes,—as that he might be deemed to live among men an angelic rather than a mortal life.

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Now when the servant of Christ perceived that the number of the Brethren was gradually increasing, he wrote for himself and for his Brethren a Rule for their life, in simple words. Herein the observance of the Holy Gospel was set as the inseparable foundation, and some few other points were added that seemed necessary for a consistent manner of life. But he was fain that what he had written should be approved by the Supreme Pontiff, wherefore he purposed to approach the Apostolic See with that his company of simple men, relying only on the divine guidance. God from on high had regard unto his desire, and fortified the minds of his companions, that were afeared at the thought of

his simpleness, by a vision shewn unto the man of God after this wise. It seemed unto him that he was walking along a certain road, near by which stood a very lofty tree. When he had drawn nigh unto it, and was standing beneath it, wondering at its height, on a sudden he was so raised on high by the divine might as that he touched the top of the tree, and bent down its highest branches unto its roots right easily. The portent of this vision Francis, filled with the Spirit of God, understood to refer unto the stooping of the Apostolic See unto his desire; wherefore he was gladdened in spirit, and his Brethren were strengthened in the Lord, and thus he set forth with them on the journey.

Now when he had come unto the Roman Curia, and had been introduced into the presence of the Supreme Pontiff, he expounded unto him his intent, humbly and earnestly beseeching him to sanction the Rule aforesaid for their life. And the Vicar of Christ, the lord Innocent the Third, a man exceeding renowned for wisdom, beholding in the man of God the wondrous purity of a simple soul, constancy unto his purpose, and the enkindled fervour of a holy will, was disposed to give unto the suppliant his fatherly sanction. Howbeit, he delayed to perform that which the little poor one of Christ asked, by reason that unto some of the Cardinals this seemed a thing untried, and too hard for human strength. But there was present among the Cardinals an honour-worthy man, the lord John of Saint Paul, Bishop of Sabina, a lover of all holiness, and an helper of the poor men of Christ. He, inflamed by the Divine Spirit, said unto the Supreme Pontiff, and unto his colleagues: "If we refuse the request of this poor man as a thing too hard, and untried, when his petition is that the pattern of Gospel life may be sanctioned for him, let us beware lest we stumble at the Gospel of Christ. For if any man saith that in the observance of Gospel perfection, and the vowing thereof, there is contained aught that is untried, or contrary unto reason, or impossible to observe, he is clearly seen to blaspheme against Christ, the author of the Gospel." When these arguments had been set forth, the successor of the Apostle Peter, turning unto the poor man of Christ, said: "Pray unto Christ, my son, that He may shew us His will through thee, and when we know it more surely, we will more confidently assent unto thy holy desires."

Then the servant of God Almighty, betaking himself wholly unto prayer, gained by devout intercession that which he might set forth outwardly, and the Pope feel inwardly. For when he had narrated a parable of a rich King that had of free will espoused a fair woman that was poor, and how the children she bare shewed the likeness of the King that begat them, and so were brought up at his table, even as he had learnt this of the Lord,—he added, as an interpretation thereof: "It is not to be feared that the sons and heirs of the everlasting King will perish of hunger, even they that have been born of a poor mother in the likeness of the King, Christ, by the power of the Holy Spirit, and that shall themselves beget sons through the spirit of Poverty in a little poor Religion. For if the King of heaven hath promised an everlasting kingdom unto them that follow Him, how much more shall He provide for them those things that He bestoweth alike on the good and on the evil?" When the Vicar of Christ had diligently hearkened unto this parable, and the interpretation thereof, he marvelled greatly, and perceived that Christ had of a truth spoken through a man. Moreover, he maintained, by the inspiration of the Divine Spirit, that a vision that at that time was shewn unto him from heaven would be fulfilled in Francis. For in a dream he saw, as he recounted, the Lateran Basilica about to fall, when a little poor man, of mean stature and humble aspect, propped it with his own back, and thus saved it from falling. "Verily," saith he, "he it is that by his work and teaching shall sustain the Church of Christ." From this vision, he was filled with an especial devotion unto him, and in all ways disposed himself unto his supplication, and ever loved the servant of Christ with an especial affection. Then and there he granted his request, and promised at a later day to bestow yet more upon him. He sanctioned the Rule, and gave him a command to preach repentance, and made all the lay Brethren that had accompanied the servant of God wear narrow tonsures, that they might preach the word of God without hindrance.

Chapter V

Of the austerity of his life, and of how all created things afforded him comfort

When therefore the man of God, Francis, perceived that by his ensample many were incited to bear the Cross of Christ with fervour of soul, he himself was incited, like a good leader of the army of Christ, to reach unto the palm of victory by the heights of unconquered valour. For, considering that saying of the Apostle: "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts," and being fain to wear the armour of the Cross upon his body, he restrained his sensual appetites with such strict discipline as that he would barely take what was necessary to support life. For he was wont to say that it was difficult to satisfy the needs of the body without yielding unto the inclinations of the senses. Wherefore he would hardly, and but seldom, allow himself cooked food when in health, and, when he did allow it, he would either sprinkle it with ashes, or by pouring water thereupon would as far as possible destroy its savour and taste. Of his drinking of wine what shall I say, when even of water he would scarce drink what he needed, while parched with burning thirst? He was always discovering methods of more rigorous abstinence, and would daily make progress in their use, and albeit he had already attained the summit of perfection, yet, like a novice, he was ever making trial of some new method, chastising the lusts of the flesh by afflicting it. Howbeit, when he went forth abroad, he adapted himself,—as the Gospel biddeth,—unto them that entertained him, in the quality of their meats, yet only so as that, on his return unto his own abode, he strictly observed the sparing frugality of abstinence. In this wise he shewed himself harsh toward his own self, gracious toward his neighbour, and in all things subject unto the Gospel of Christ, and did thus set an ensample of edification, not alone by his abstinence, but even in what he ate. The bare ground for the most part served as a couch unto his wearied body, and he would often sleep sitting, with a log or a stone placed under his head, and, clad in one poor tunic, he served the Lord in cold and nakedness.

Once when he was asked how in such scant clothing he could protect him from the bitterness of the winter's cold, he made answer in fervour of spirit: "If through our yearning for the heavenly fatherland we have been inwardly kindled by its flame, we can easily endure this bodily cold." He abhorred softness in clothing, and loved harshness, declaring that for this John the Baptist had been praised by the Divine lips. In sooth, if ever he perceived smoothness in a tunic that was given him, he had it lined with small cords, for he would say that, according unto the Word of Truth, it was not in poor men's huts, but in Kings' houses, that softness of raiment was to be sought. And he had learnt by sure experience that the devils be afeared of hardness, but that by luxury and softness they be the more keenly incited to tempt men.

Accordingly, one night when by reason of an infirmity in his head and eyes he had, contrary unto his wont, a pillow of feathers placed beneath his head, the devil entered thereinto, and vexed him until the morning hour, distracting him in divers ways from his exercise of holy prayer; until, calling his companion, he made the pillow and the devil withal be carried afar from the cell. But as the Brother was leaving the cell, carrying the pillow, he lost the power and use of all his limbs, until, at the voice of the holy Father, who perceived this in spirit, his former powers of mind and body were fully restored unto him.

Stern in discipline, Francis stood continually upon the watch-tower, having especial care unto that purity that should be maintained in both the inner and the outer man. Wherefore, in the early days of his conversion, he was wont in the winter season to plunge into a ditch full of snow, that he might both utterly subdue the foe within him, and might preserve his white robe of chastity from the fire of lust. He would maintain that it was beyond compare more tolerable for a spiritual man to bear intense cold in his body, than to feel the heat of carnal lust, were it but a little, in his mind.

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And not only did he teach that the appetites of the body must be mortified, and its impulses bridled, but also that the outer

senses, through the which death entereth into the soul, must be guarded with the utmost watchfulness. He bade that intimate intercourse with women, holding converse with them, and looking upon them—the which be unto many an occasion of falling—should be zealously shunned, declaring that by such things a weak spirit is broken, and a strong one ofttimes weakened. He said that one who held converse with women—unless he were of an especial uprightness—could as little avoid contamination therefrom as he could, in the words of Scripture, go upon hot coals and his feet not be burned. He himself so turned away his eyes that they might not behold vanity after this sort that he knew the features of scarce any woman,—thus he once told a companion. For he thought it was not safe to dwell on the appearance of their persons, that might either rekindle a spark of the vanquished flesh, or spot the radiance of a chaste mind. For he maintained that converse with women was a vain toy, except only for confession or the briefest instruction, such as made for salvation, and was in accord with decorum. "What dealings," saith he, "should a Religious have with a woman, except when she seeketh, with devout supplication, after holy penitence, or counsel anent a better life? In overweening confidence, the enemy is less dreaded, and the devil, if so be that he can have a hair of his own in a man, soon maketh it wax into a beam."

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Now on a time when he was counselled by the physicians, and urgently importuned by the Brethren, to permit himself to be succoured by the remedy of a cautery, the man of God did humbly assent thereunto, forasmuch as he perceived it to be alike salutary and arduous. The surgeon, then, was summoned, and, having come, laid his iron instrument in the fire to prepare for the cautery. Then the servant of Christ,—consoling his body that at the sight shuddered in fear,—began to address the fire as a friend, saying: "My brother fire, the Most High hath created thee beyond all other creatures mightly in thine enviable glory, fair, and useful. Be thou clement unto me in this hour, and courteous. I beseech the great Lord, Who created thee, that He temper thy heat unto me, so that I may be able to bear thy gentle burning." His prayer ended, he made the sign of the Cross over the iron instrument, that was glowing at white heat from the fire, and then waited fearlessly. The hissing iron was impressed on the tender flesh, and the cautery drawn from the ear unto the eyebrow. How much suffering the fire caused him, the holy man himself told: "Praise the Most High," saith he unto the Brethren, "for that of a truth I say unto you, I felt neither the heat of the fire, nor any pain in my flesh." And, turning unto the surgeon, "If," saith he, "the cautery be not well made, impress it again." The surgeon, finding such mighty valour of spirit in his frail body, marvelled, and exalted this divine miracle, saying: "I tell ye, Brethren, I have seen strange things to-day." For, by reason that Francis had attained unto such purity that his flesh was in harmony with his spirit, and his spirit with God, in marvellous agreement, it was ordained by the divine ruling that the creature that serveth its Maker should be wondrously subject unto his will and command.

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On another time, while the man of God, with a Brother for a companion, was making his way to preach between Lombardy and the March of Treviso, and was nigh the Po, the shadowy darkness of night surprised them. And since their way was beset by many and great dangers by reason of the darkness, the river, and the marshes, his companion said unto the holy man: "Pray, Father, that we be delivered from instant peril." Unto whom the man of God made answer with great confidence: "God is able, if it be his sweet will, to put to flight the thick darkness, and to grant the blessing of light." Scarce had he ended his speech ere, lo! such a great light began to shine around them with heavenly radiance that, while for others it was dark night, they could see in the clear light not their road only, but many things round about. By the leading of this light they were guided in body and consoled in spirit, until they arrived safely, singing divine hymns and lauds, at their place of lodging that was some long way distant. Consider how wondrous was the purity of this man, how great his merits, that

at his beck the fire should temper its heat, water should change its flavor, angelic music should afford him solace, and light from heaven leading; thus it was evident that the whole frame of the world was obedient unto the consecrated senses of the holy man.

Chapter XII

OF THE EFFICACY OF HIS PREACHING, AND OF HIS GIFT OF HEALING

The truly faithful servant and minister of Christ, Francis, that he might faithfully and perfectly fulfil all things, strove most chiefly to exercise those virtues that he knew, by the guidance of the Holy Spirit, were most pleasing unto his God. Wherefore it came to pass that he fell into great striving with himself by reason of a doubt, the which that he might end,—on his return after many days of prayer,—he set before the Brethren that were his intimates. "What," saith he, "do ye counsel, Brethren, what do ye commend? Shall I devote myself unto prayer, or shall I go about preaching? Of a truth, I that am little, and simple, and rude in speech have received more grace of prayer than of speaking. Now in prayer, there seemeth to be the gain and heaping up of graces, in preaching, a certain giving out of the gifts received from heaven; in prayer, again, a cleansing of the inward feelings, and an union with the one, true, and highest good, together with a strengthening of virtue; in preaching, the spiritual feet wax dusty, and many things distract a man, and discipline is relaxed. Finally, in prayer, we speak with God and hear Him, and live as it were the life of Angels, while we converse with Angels; in preaching, we must needs practise much condescension toward men and living among them as fellowmen must think, see, say, and hear such things as pertain unto men. Yet one thing is there-at set against these, the which in God's sight would seem to weigh more than they all, to wit, that the only-begotten Son of God, Who is the highest wisdom, left His Father's bosom for the salvation of souls, that instructing the world by His ensample, He might preach the word of salvation unto men, whom He both redeemed at the cost of His sacred Blood, and cleansed in a laver and gave them to drink, keeping back naught of Himself, but for our salvation freely bestowing all. And forasmuch as we ought to do all things after the pattern of those things that was shewn us in Him as on the lofty mount, it seemeth that it might be more acceptable unto God that, laying aside leisure, I should go forth unto the work." And albeit for many days he pondered over such sayings with the Brethren, he could not of a surety discern whether of the twain he should choose as more truly pleasing unto Christ. For albeit he had known many wondrous things through the spirit of prophecy, he was not able thereby to resolve this question clearly, the providence of God better ordaining, so that the merit of preaching might be made evident by an heavenly oracle, and the humility of Christ's servant be kept intact.

He, true Brother Minor, was not ashamed to ask little things from those less than himself, albeit he had learnt great things from the greatest Teacher. For with an especial zeal he was wont to enquire after what way and manner of life he might most perfectly serve God according unto His will. This was his highest philosophy, this his highest desire, so long as he lived, so that he would enquire of wise and simple, of perfect and imperfect, of young and old, in what wise he might with most holiness attain unto the summit of perfection. Therefore, calling unto him twain of the Brethren, he sent them unto Brother Silvester,—he that had seen the Cross proceeding from his mouth, and was at that time giving himself up unto continuous prayer in the mountain above Assisi,—that he might seek an answer from God concerning this doubt, and announce it unto him from the Lord. This same bidding he laid upon the holy virgin Clare, that through some of the purer and simpler of the virgins that were living under her rule, yea, and through her own prayers united with those of the other Sisters, she might ascertain the will of the Lord touching this matter. The reverend priest and the virgin vowed unto God were marvellously in agreement concerning this, the Holy Spirit revealing it unto them, to wit, that it was the divine will that the herald of Christ should go forth to preach. When, therefore, the Brethren returned, and, according unto what they had heard, pointed out the will

of God, Francis forthwith rose and girded himself, and without any delay set forth on his journey. And with such fervour did he go, to fulfil the divine behest, and with such speed did he hasten on his way, that he seemed—the hand of the Lord being upon him—to have put on new power from heaven.

When he drew nigh unto Bevagna he came unto a spot wherein a great multitude of birds of divers species were gathered together. When the holy man of God perceived them, he ran with all speed unto the place and greeted them as if they shared in human understanding. They on their part all awaited him and turned toward him, those that were perched on bushes bending their heads as he drew nigh them, and looking on him in unwonted wise, while he came right among them, and diligently exhorted them all to hear the word of God, saying: "My brothers the birds, much ought ye to praise your Creator, Who hath clothed you with feathers and given you wings to fly, and hath made over unto you the pure air, and careth for you without your taking thought for yourselves." While he was speaking unto them these and other like words, the little birds—behaving themselves in wondrous wise—began to stretch their necks, to spread their wings, to open their beaks, and to look intently on him. He, with wondrous fervour of spirit, passed in and out among them, touching them with his habit, nor did one of them move from the spot until he had made the sign of the Cross over them and given them leave; then, with the blessing of the man of God, they all flew away together. All these things were witnessed by his companions that stood awaiting him by the way. Returning unto them, the simple and holy man began to blame himself for neglect in that he had not afore then preached unto the birds.

Thence, while going among the neighbouring places to preach, he came unto a town named Alviano, where, when the folk were gathered together and silence had been bidden, he could yet scarce be heard by reason of the swallows that were there building their nests, and twittering with shrill cries. The man of God, in the hearing of all, addressed them, and said: "My sisters the swallows, 'tis now time that I too should speak, seeing that until now ye have said your say. Hearken unto the word of God, and keep silence, until the preaching of the Lord be ended." Then they, as though gifted with understanding, on a sudden fell silent, nor moved from the spot until the whole preaching was finished. All they that saw it were filled with amazement, and glorified God. The report of this marvel spread on all sides, and kindled in many reverence for the Saint, and devotion unto the faith.

Again, in the city of Parma, a scholar of good disposition that with his comrades was busily intent on study, was troubled by the importunate twittering of a certain swallow, and began to say unto his comrades: "This swallow is one of those that troubled the man of God, Francis, on a time when he was preaching, until he bade them be silent." Then, turning unto the swallow, with all confidence he said: In the name of Francis, the servant of God, I bid thee come hither to me forthwith, and keep silence." Then the bird, hearing the name Francis, like one instructed by the teaching of the man of God, at once fell silent, and withal gave herself up into his hands as though into safe keeping. The scholar, in amazement, forthwith set her free again, and heard her twittering no more.

On another time, when the servant of God was preaching on the seashore at Gaëta, crowds gathered about him out of devotion, that they might touch him; whereupon the servant of Christ, shrinking from such homage of the folk, leapt alone into a little boat that was lying by the beach. And the boat, as though impelled by a reasoning power from within, without any rowing put out unto some distance from land, while all beheld it and marvelled. But when it was withdrawn some little distance into deep water, it stayed motionless among the waves, while the holy man preached unto the waiting crowds upon the shore. When the discourse was ended, and the miracle perceived, and his blessing given, the throng gave place, in order that they might no more disturb him, and the little boat of its own guidance put in again unto land.

Who then could be of so obstinate and wicked mind as to despise the preaching of Francis, by whose wondrous might it came to pass that not only creatures lacking reason were amenable unto his correction, but

that even lifeless objects, as though they had life, ministered unto him while preaching?

Chapter XIII

of the sacred stigmata

It was the custom of that angelic man, Francis, never to be slothful in good, but rather, like the heavenly spirits on Jacob's ladder, to be ever ascending toward God, or stooping toward his neighbour. For he had learnt so wisely to apportion the time granted unto him for merit that one part thereof he would spend in labouring for the profit of his neighbours, the other he would devote unto the peaceful ecstasies of contemplation. Wherefore, when according unto the demands of time and place he had stooped to secure the salvation of others, he would leave behind the disturbances of throngs, and seek a hidden solitude and a place for silence, wherein, giving himself up more freely unto the Lord, he might brush off any dust that was clinging unto him from his converse with men. Accordingly, two years before he yielded his spirit unto heaven, the divine counsel leading him, he was brought after many and varied toils unto an high mountain apart, that is called Mount Alverna. When, according unto his wont he began to keep a Lent there, fasting, in honour of Saint Michael Archangel, he was filled unto overflowing, and as never before, with the sweetness of heavenly contemplation, and was kindled with a yet more burning flame of heavenly longings, and began to feel the gifts of the divine bestowal heaped upon him. He was borne into the heights, not like a curious examiner of the divine majesty that is weighed down by the glory thereof, but even as a faithful and wise servant, searching out the will of God, unto whom it was ever his fervent and chief desire to conform himself in every way.

Thus by the divine oracle it was instilled into his mind that by opening of the Book of the Gospels it should be revealed unto him of Christ what would be most pleasing unto God in him and from him. Wherefore, having first prayed very devoutly, he took the holy Book of the Gospels from the altar, and made it be opened, in the name of the Holy Trinity, by his companion, a man devoted unto God, and holy. As in the threefold opening of the Book, the Lord's Passion was each time discovered, Francis, full of the Spirit of God, verily understood that, like as he had imitated Christ in the deeds of his life, so it behoved him to be made like unto Him in the trials and sufferings of His Passion before that he should depart from this world. And, albeit by reason of the great austerity of his past life, and continual sustaining of the Lord's Cross, he was now frail in body, he was no whit afeared, but was the more valorously inspired to endure a martyrdom. For in him the all-powerful kindling of love of the good Jesu had increased into coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame, so that many waters could not quench his love, so strong it was.

When, therefore, by seraphic glow of longing he had been uplifted toward God, and by his sweet compassion had been transformed into the likeness of Him Who of His exceeding love endured to be crucified,—on a certain morning about the Feast of the Exaltation of Holy Cross, while he was praying on the side of the mountain, he beheld a Seraph having six wings, flaming and resplendent, coming down from the heights of heaven. When in his flight most swift he had reached the space of air nigh the man of God, there appeared betwixt the wings the Figure of a Man crucified, having his hands and feet stretched forth in the shape of a Cross, and fastened unto a Cross. Two wings were raised above His head, twain were spread forth to fly, while twain hid His whole body. Beholding this, Francis was mightily astonied, and joy, mingled with sorrow, filled his heart. He rejoiced at the gracious aspect wherewith he saw Christ, under the guise of the Seraph, regard him, but His crucifixion pierced his soul with a sword of pitying grief. He marvelled exceedingly at the appearance of a vision so unfathomable, knowing that the infirmity of the Passion doth in no wise accord with the immortality of a Seraphic spirit. At length he understood therefrom, the Lord revealing it unto him, that this vision had been thus presented unto his gaze by the divine providence, that the friend of Christ might have foreknowledge that he was to be wholly transformed into the likeness of Christ Crucified, not by martyrdom of body, but by enkindling of heart. Ac-

cordingly, as the vision disappeared, it left in his heart a wondrous glow, but on his flesh also it imprinted a no less wondrous likeness of its tokens. For forthwith there began to appear in his hands and feet the marks of the nails, even as he had just beheld them in that Figure of the Crucified. For his hands and feet seemed to be pierced through the midst with nails, the heads of the nails shewing in the palms of the hands, and upper side of the feet, and their points shewing on the other side; the heads of the nails were round and black in the hands and feet, while the points were long, bent, and as it were turned back, being formed of the flesh itself, and protruding therefrom. The right side, moreover, was—as if it had been pierced by a lance—seamed with a ruddy scar, wherefrom oftimes welled the sacred blood, staining his habit and breeches.

Now the servant of Christ perceived that the stigmata thus manifestly imprinted on his flesh could not be hidden from his intimate friends; nevertheless, fearing to make public the holy secret of the Lord, he was set in a great strife of questioning, to wit, whether he should tell that which he had seen, or should keep it silent. Wherefore he called some of the Brethren, and, speaking unto them in general terms, set before them his doubt, and asked their counsel. Then one of the Brethren, Illuminato by name, and illuminated by grace, perceiving that he had beheld some marvellous things, inasmuch as that he seemed almost stricken dumb with amaze, said unto the holy man: "Brother, thou knowest that at times the divine secrets are shewn unto thee not only for thine own sake, but for the sake of others also. Wherefore, meseemeth thou wouldst have reason to fear lest thou shouldst be judged guilty of hiding thy talent, didst thou keep hidden that which thou hast received, which same would be profitable unto many." At this speech, the holy man was moved, so that, albeit at other times he was wont to say, "My secret to me," he did then with much fear narrate in order the vision aforesaid, adding that He who had appeared unto him had said some words the which, so long as he lived, he would never reveal unto any man. Verily we must believe that those utterances of that holy Seraph marvellously appearing on the Cross were so secret that perchance it was not lawful for a man to utter them.

BENVENUTO CELLINI (1500–1571)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY[1]

THERE was upon guard at the Porta al Prato, a Lombard captain, a robust, gigantic man, who spoke in a very rough, brutal manner, and was exceedingly ignorant and presumptuous. This man questioning me concerning what I was about, I, with great mildness, showed him my plans, and found it a very difficult matter to make him conceive the method I intended to observe in my operations. The stupid mortal now shook his head, now turned himself one way and now another, often changed the position of his legs, twisted his moustaches, which were very long, frequently pulled the vizor of his cap over his eyes, and muttered an imprecation, telling me he did not understand this puzzling affair of mine. Being at last quite tired of the fool, I desired him to leave it to me, who did understand it: so I turned my back on him to go back to my work. This man began menacing me with his head; and with his left hand, which he placed upon the pommel of his sword, he raised its point somewhat and said: "Ho la! master, so you want to bring me to the verge of bloodshed." I immediately answered him in a violent passion (for he had quite exasperated me): "It will be less trouble to me to run you through the body than to make the bastion for this gate." So we both at the same instant clapped our hands to our swords; but scarce had we drawn, when a considerable number of gentlemen, as well Florentines as courtiers from other parts of the country, came and interposed. Most of them blamed my adversary, telling him that he was in the wrong, that I was a man capable of making him pay dear for what he did, and that if the duke came to know what had passed between

[1]Translation by Roscoe.

us, the captain would have reason to repent it. He then went about his business, and I began to work at my bastion.

When I had settled in what manner it was to be erected, I repaired to the other little gate of Arno, where I met with a captain from Cesena, one of the politest men I ever knew of his profession. In his behaviour he had all the gentleness of a lady, and yet upon occasion he showed himself to be one of the bravest and most formidable men living. This gentleman observed my manner of proceeding so attentively that I could not help taking notice of it: he desired to know what I was about, and I with great complaisance explained my plan to him. In a word, we vied with each other in politeness and civilities, and I acquitted myself much better in making this bastion than the other. When I had almost finished my bastions, Piero Strozzi's men made an irruption into the district of Prato, which threw the inhabitants into such a panic that they all instantly quitted it: on which account all the carriages of that country were loaded, every man removing with his effects to the city. As the number of carts occasioned their obstructing each other, upon observing the great confusion, I bade the guards at the gate take care there happened no disturbance there, as had been the case at the gates of Turin, for if they should have occasion to let down the portcullis, it might very possibly be unable to do its office, and remain suspended upon one of those carts. That fool of a captain, hearing these words, began to give me abusive language. I answered him in the same style, so that we had a worse quarrel than before: we were, however, parted. Having completed my bastions, I received a good round sum of crowns that I little expected, which proved of great service to me, and I returned with alacrity to finish my Perseus.

. . . . . .

I returned to the Loggia where I had already had the Perseus set up, and went on with it under all the difficulties that have been already enumerated; that is to say, without money, and with so many other cross accidents that one half of them would have discouraged a man of the most determined resolution. I, however, went on in my accustomed way, and one morning, having heard mass at San Piero Scheraggio, I saw Bernardone the broker and worthless goldsmith whom the duke had promoted to the place of master of the mint, as he was coming out of the church. Scarcely had he passed the doors when this hog let out four blasts which might have been heard at San Miniato. At this I said: "O pig, poltroon, ass, is this the sound of your filthy wits?" and then I ran for a cudgel; but Bernardone fled directly to the mint. I stood some time, however, at my door, and ordered one of my boys to wait in the street, and make me a sign as soon as he saw the brute. After I had waited a considerable time, I began to grow tired and as my passion had subsided a little, I took it into consideration that blows are never under control, and that the consequences of such an affair might prove dangerous. I therefore resolved to take a different sort of revenge, and as this had happened within a day or two of the festival of our St. John, I wrote some verses and posted them up on a corner of the church. . . . They ran as follows:

Here lies Bernardone, ass and pig,
Spy, thief, and broker, in whom placed
Pandora her worst ills, and then transferred them
From him to that blockhead, Maestro Buaccio.

These verses soon became known at the palace; the duke and duchess laughed heartily, and crowds of people gathered about the church, who were greatly diverted with the adventure. As they looked towards the mint, and fixed their eyes upon Bernadone, his son Maestro Baccio perceiving it, in a violent passion ran and tore the paper, and Bernardone, biting his finger, threatened the people with his shrill voice, which sounded through his nose, making a great clamour.

The duke, being informed that my statue of Perseus would bear inspection as a finished piece, came one day to see it, and showed by many evident signs that it gave him the highest satisfaction imaginable; so, turning to some noblemen in his retinue, he expressed himself as follows: "Although this work appears to us exceedingly beautiful, it has still to be approved of by the people; therefore, my friend Benvenuto, before you have quite done with it, I should be obliged to you if you would for half a day throw open the gate

before the large square that we may see what the populace think of it; for there can be no doubt but that, when it is viewed in an open place, it must make a very different appearance from what it does when seen in this confined manner." I answered to this, very humbly: "Depend upon it, my lord, it will appear half as well again. Does not your excellency remember having seen it in the garden of my house, in which spacious place it appeared to so great advantage that through the garden of the Innocents Bandinello came to see it; and notwithstanding his natural malevolence, put some constraint upon himself to praise my performance, though he never spoke well of anybody in his life before? I perceive that your excellence listens too much to his insinuations." When I expressed myself thus, he smiled somewhat scornfully; and, still in the mildest terms, he begged me to oblige him. He left me, and I began to prepare to exhibit my statue; but, as it wanted a little gilding, varnish, and other things of the same kind, which are generally left to the time of putting the last hand to a work, I muttered, grumbled, and complained, cursing the hour that I first thought of going to Florence. I was indeed by this time sensible of my great loss in leaving France, and did not see or know what I had to hope from the Duke of Florence, because all I had done for him from the first to the last had been to my own loss; so, with great discontent, I exhibited my statue the next day.

But it so pleased God that as soon as ever my work was beheld by the populace, they set up so loud a shout of applause that I began to be somewhat consoled. And the people never stopped putting up sonnets on the door posts where hung a little drapery, whilst I gave it the finishing touches. I say that the very day on which I exhibited my work there were above twenty sonnets set up, containing the most hyperbolical praises of it. Even after I had covered it again, every day a number of sonnets were pinned up, with Latin and Greek verses; for it was then vacation at the University of Pisa, and all the learned men and scholars belonging to that place vied with each other in writing encomiums on my performance. But what gave me the highest satisfaction, and encouraged me to hope most from the duke, was that even those of the profession—I mean sculptors and painters—emulated each other in commending me; and amongst others the admirable painter Jacopo da Pontormo, whom I esteemed above all the rest, and his friend, the excellent painter Bronzino, whom I valued still more. The latter, not satisfied with causing several panegyrics upon me to be posted up, sent them to my house by his friend Sandrino. In these I was so highly praised, and in so elegant a style, that it afforded me some consolation. So I covered up the statue again, and made all the haste I could to put the last hand to it.

The duke, though he had heard of the compliments paid me at this brief view by this excellent school, said he was very glad I had met with so favourable a reception, for it would doubtless make me the more expeditious as well as more careful in putting the last hand to my work; but that I should not flatter myself, that when it was placed in such a manner as to be seen on all sides, the people would speak as advantageously of it as at present: on the contrary, they would then discover all the blemishes which it really had, and find many others which it had not; so that I must put on the armour of patience. These words Bandinello had said to the duke, when he spoke of the works of Andrea Verrocchio, who made the beautiful statues of Christ and San Tommaso in bronze, which are to be seen in the front of Orsanmichele, and of many other works, and even of the admirable David of the divine Michael Angelo Buonarroti, declaring that they appeared to advantage only when seen from the front; then he spoke of his own Hercules and Cacus, and the many satirical verses that were posted up against him, and he spoke ill of the populace. The duke, who put too much confidence in him, made him express himself in the above manner concerning my statue; and he no doubt thought it would have had much the same end, because the envious Bandinello was constantly insinuating something against it. One time, when that villain Bernardone the broker happened to be present, he, to add weight to the words of Bandinello, said to the duke: "You must know, my lord, that to make large figures is quite a different thing from working small ones; I do not say but that

Benvenuto has been happy enough in the latter, but you will find his great statue will have different success." With these insinuations he mixed many more equally malicious, performing his odious office of a spy, in which he told many untruths.

Now, as it pleased my glorious Lord and immortal God, I completely finished my work, and on a Thursday morning exhibited it fully. Just before the break of day so great a crowd gathered about it, that it is almost impossible for me to give the reader an idea of their number, and they all seemed to vie with each other who should praise it most. The duke stood at a lower window of the palace, just over the gate, and being half-concealed inside, heard all that was said concerning the work. After he had listened several hours, he left the window, highly pleased, and turning to his favourite, Signor Sforza, spoke to him thus: "Sforza, go to Benvenuto, and tell him from me that he has given me higher satisfaction than I ever expected. Let him know, at the same time, that I shall reward him in such a manner as will excite his surprise; so bid him be of good cheer." Signor Sforza came to me with this glorious embassy, by which I was highly rejoiced. And this day, because of this good news, and because the people pointed me out, now for this and now for that, as something marvellous and new. . . . There happened to be then in Florence two gentlemen who were sent from the viceroy of Sicily to our duke upon business: these two worthy personages came up to me, with great eagerness and animation, in the great square, where I was shown to them, and, cap in hand, made me a long harangue which would have been too great a panegyric even for a pope. I behaved as modestly as it was possible for me on the occasion; but they continued so long paying me compliments that I at last begged they would leave the square, because the populace crowded about to stare at me more than at my statue of Perseus. During their ceremonies and compliments, they went so far as to propose to me to go with them to Sicily, telling me that I should have no objection to their terms; at the same time they told me that Brother Giovanangiolo, of the order of the Servites, had made them a fountain adorned with a variety of figures, which were vastly inferior to my Perseus, though they had made his fortune. Without letting them finish all they would have said on the occasion, I interrupted them in these terms: "I am very much surprised, gentlemen, that you should propose to me to quit the service of a duke who is a greater lover and encourager of men of genius than any prince that ever lived; especially as I have at the same time the advantage of being in my own country, the first school in the world for the polite arts, and all works of ingenuity. If the love of gain had been my ruling passion, I might have stayed in France, in the service of that great king Francis who allowed me a pension of a thousand crowns a year, and paid me for every piece of work I did for him besides, inasmuch that annually I had above four thousand crowns coming in to me, and I left in Paris the works of four years." Thus I put a stop to their proposal, and returned them thanks for the praise they bestowed on me, the greatest reward that can be conferred for laudable undertakings. I added that they had so inflamed my zeal to signalise myself that I hoped in a few years to exhibit another work, which I flattered myself would give the school of Florence still greater satisfaction than it had received from my present performance. The two gentlemen were for renewing the conversation; but making them a low bow, I very respectfully took my leave.

Having let two days pass, and perceiving that my fame increased continually, I went to pay the duke a visit, who said to me with great complaisance: "My friend Benvenuto, you have given me the highest satisfaction imaginable; but I have promised to reward you in such a manner shall excite your surprise, and, what is more, I am resolved not to defer it so much as a day." Upon receiving these great assurances, I raised up all my mental and corporeal faculties to God, and returned Him my sincere and hearty thanks; at the same instant I shed tears of joy, and kissing the hem of his excellency's garment, addressed him thus: "My most noble Lord, liberal patron of the arts, and of those that cultivate them, I beg it as a favour of your excellency that you would give me leave to retire for a week to return thanks to God; for I know how hard I have worked, and am sensible that my

faith has prevailed with God to grant me his assistance. On account of this, and every other miraculous succour afforded me by the Divine power, I propose going a pilgrimage for a week, to express my acknowledgment of the immortal God, who ever assists those who sincerely call upon Him." The duke then asked me whither I intended to go: I made answer "that I should the next day set out, and go first to Vallombrosa, then to Camaldoli, and the Hermitage, and afterwards continue my pilgrimage to the baths of Santa Maria, and perhaps as far as Sestile, for I had been informed that there were fine antiquities in that place. I should then return by San Francesco della Vernia, and, never ceasing to give thanks to God, should come home joyfully to serve his excellency." The duke thereupon said to me, with great cheerfulness, "Go, and return quickly: I am pleased with your intention; but give me a couplet in remembrance of you, and leave the rest to me." I immediately composed four lines, in which I returned his excellency thanks for his promised favours, and gave them to Signor Sforza, who put them into the duke's hand in my name. The latter, after perusing them, gave them again to Signor Sforza, with these words, "Be sure you show them to me every day; for if Benvenuto should, upon his return, find that I had neglected his business, he would be the death of me, beyond all doubt." His excellency then laughed, and told Signor Sforza he must be sure to put him in mind of it. These very words the latter repeated to me in the evening, laughing all the time, while he expressed much pleasure at the high esteem in which I was held by the duke. And he said to me, with great good humour, "Benvenuto, go, and return; for I envy you."

JAMES BOSWELL (1740–1795)

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

Boswell's First Meeting with Johnson

Mr. Thomas Davies, the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russell-street, Covent-Garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us.

At last, on Monday, the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back-parlor, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him, through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us,—he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of *Horatio*, when he addresses *Hamlet* on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my Lord, it comes!" I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from."—"From Scotland," cried Davies, roguishly. "Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression, "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed

himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir," said he, with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done; and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardor been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me from ever making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited; and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation, of which I preserved the following short minute, without marking the questions and observations by which it was produced.

"People," he remarked, "may be taken in once, who imagine that an author is greater in private life than other men. Uncommon parts require uncommon opportunities for their exertion.

"In barbarous society, superiority of parts is of real consequence. Great strength or great wisdom is of much value to an individual. But in more polished times there are people to do everything for money; and then there are a number of other superiorities, such as those of birth, and fortune, and rank, that dissipate men's attention, and leave no extraordinary share of respect for personal and intellectual superiority. This is wisely ordered by Providence, to preserve some equality among mankind."

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigor of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that, though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, "Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well."

A few days afterwards I called on Davies, and asked him if he thought I might take the liberty of waiting on Mr. Johnson at his chambers in the Temple. He said I certainly might, and that Mr. Johnson would take it as a compliment. So, on Tuesday, the 24th of May, after having been enlivened by the witty sallies of Messieurs Thornton, Wilkes, Churchill, and Lloyd, with whom I had passed the morning, I boldly repaired to Johnson. His chambers were on the first floor of No. 1, Inner Temple-lane, and I entered them with an impression given me by the Reverend Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having "found the Giant in his den;" an expression which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself. Dr. Blair had been presented to him by Dr. James Fordyce. At this time the controversy concerning the pieces published by Mr. James Macpherson, as translations of Ossian, was at its height. Johnson had all along denied their authenticity; and, what was still more provoking to their admirers, maintained that they had no merit. The subject having been introduced by Dr. Fordyce, Dr. Blair, relying on the internal evidence of their antiquity, asked Dr. Johnson whether he thought any man of a modern age could have written such poems? Johnson replied, "Yes, sir, many men, many women, and many children." Johnson, at this time, did not know that Dr. Blair had just published a Dissertation, not only defending their authenticity, but seriously ranking them with the poems of Homer and Virgil; and when he was afterwards informed of this circumstance, he expressed some displeasure at Dr. Fordyce's having suggested the topic, and said, "I am not sorry that they got thus much for their

pains. Sir, it was like leading one to talk of a book, when the author is concealed behind the door."

He received me very courteously; but it must be confessed that his apartment, and furniture, and morning dress, were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty: he had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up, and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment that he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away, I also rose; but he said to me, "Nay, don't go." "Sir," said I, "I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you." He seemed pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely paid him, and answered, "Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me." I have preserved the following short minute of what passed this day:—

"Madness frequently discovers itself merely by unnecessary deviation from the usual modes of the world. My poor friend Smart showed the disturbance of his mind, by falling upon his knees, and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place. Now, although, rationally speaking, it is greater madness not to pray at all, than to pray as Smart did, I am afraid there are so many who do not pray, that their understanding is not called in question."

Concerning this unfortunate poet, Christopher Smart, who was confined in a madhouse, he had, at another time, the following conversation with Dr. Burney. BURNEY: "How does poor Smart do, sir; is he likely to recover?"—JOHNSON: "It seems as if his mind had ceased to struggle with the disease: for he grows fat upon it."—BURNEY: "Perhaps, sir, that may be from want of exercise."—JOHNSON: "No, sir; he has partly as much exercise as he used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the ale-house; but he was *carried* back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him, and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it."

Johnson continued: "Mankind have a great aversion to intellectual labor; but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it."

"The morality of an action depends on the motive from which we act. If I fling half-a-crown to a beggar, with intention to break his head, and he picks it up and buys victuals with it, the physical effect is good; but, with respect to me, the action is very wrong. So religious exercises, if not performed with an intention to please God, avail us nothing. As our Saviour says of those who perform them from other motives, 'Verily they have their reward.'"

Talking of Garrick, he said, "He is the first man in the world for sprightly conversation."

When I rose a second time, he again pressed me to stay, which I did.

He told me, that he generally went abroad at four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask if he did not think it wrong to live thus, and not make more use of his great talents. He owned it a bad habit. On reviewing, at the distance of many years, my journal of this period, I wonder how, at my first visit, I ventured to talk to him so freely, and that he bore it with so much indulgence.

Before we parted, he was so good as to promise to favor me with his company one evening at my lodgings; and, as I took my leave, shook me cordially by the hand. It is almost needless to add that I felt no little elation at having now so happily established an acquaintance of which I had been so long ambitious.

My readers will, I trust, excuse me for being thus minutely circumstantial, when it is considered that the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson was to me a most valuable acquisition, and laid the foundation of whatever instruction and entertainment they may receive from my collections concerning the great subject of the work which they are now perusing.

I did not visit him again till Monday,

June 13, at which time I recollect no part of his conversation, except, that when I told him I had been to see Johnson ride upon three horses, he said, "Such a man, sir, should be encouraged; for his performances show the extent of the human powers in one instance, and thus tend to raise our opinion of the faculties of man. He shows what may be attained by persevering application; so that every man may hope, that by giving as much application, although, perhaps, he may never ride three horses at a time, or dance upon a wire, yet he may be equally expert in whatever profession he has chosen to pursue."

He again shook me by the hand at parting, and asked me why I did not come oftener to him. Trusting that I was now in his good graces, I answered, that he had not given me much encouragement, and reminded him of the check I had received from him at our first interview. "Poh, poh!" said he, with a complacent smile, "never mind these things. Come to me as often as you can. I shall be glad to see you."

I had learnt that his place of frequent resort was the Mitre tavern in Fleet-street, where he loved to sit up late, and I begged I might be allowed to pass an evening with him there soon, which he promised I should. A few days afterwards I met him near Temple-bar about one o'clock in the morning, and asked if he would then go to the Mitre. "Sir," said he, "it is too late, they won't let us in. But I'll go with you another night, with all my heart."

A revolution of some importance in my plan of life had just taken place: for instead of procuring a commission in the foot guards, which was my own inclination, I had, in compliance with my father's wishes, agreed to study the law, and was soon to set out for Utrecht, to hear the lectures of an excellent civilian in that University, and then to proceed on my travels. Though very desirous of obtaining Dr. Johnson's advice and instructions on the mode of pursuing my studies, I was at this time so occupied, shall I call it? or so dissipated by the amusements of London, that our next meeting was not till Saturday, June 25, when happening to dine at Clifton's eating-house, in Butcher-row, I was surprised to perceive Johnson come in and take his seat at another table. The mode of dining, or rather being fed, at such houses in London, is well known to many to be particularly unsocial, as there is no ordinary, or united company, but each person has his own mess, and is under no obligation to hold any intercourse with any one. A liberal and full-minded man, however, who loves to talk, will break through this churlish and unsocial restraint. Johnson and an Irish gentleman got into a dispute concerning the cause of some part of mankind being black. "Why, sir," said Johnson, "it has been accounted for in three ways: either by supposing that they are the posterity of Ham, who was cursed, or that God at first created two kinds of men, one black, and another white, or that, by the heat of the sun, the skin is scorched, and so acquires a sooty hue. This matter has been much canvassed among naturalists, but has never been brought to any certain issue." What the Irishman said is totally obliterated from my mind; but I remember that he became very warm and intemperate in his expressions; upon which Johnson rose, and quietly walked away. When he had retired, his antagonist took his revenge, as he thought, by saying, "He has a most ungainly figure, and an affectation of pomposity unworthy of a man of genius."

Johnson had not observed that I was in the room. I followed him, however, and he agreed to meet me in the evening at the Mitre. I called on him, and we went thither at nine. We had a good supper, and port wine, of which he then sometimes drank a bottle. The orthodox high-church sound of the Mitre,—the figure and manner of the celebrated Samuel Johnson,—the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation, and the pride, arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations, and a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what I had ever before experienced.

Johnson's Interview with the King

In February, 1767, there happened one of the most remarkable incidents of Johnson's life, which gratified his monarchical enthusiasm, and which he loved to relate

with all its circumstances, when requested by his friends. This was his being honored by a private conversation with his Majesty, in the library at the Queen's house. He had frequently visited those splendid rooms, and noble collection of books, which he used to say was more numerous and curious than he supposed any person could have made in the time which the king had employed. Mr. Barnard, the librarian, took care that he should have every accommodation that could contribute to his ease and convenience, while indulging his literary taste in that place—so that he had here a very agreeable resource at leisure hours.

His Majesty having been informed of his occasional visits, was pleased to signify a desire that he should be told when Dr. Johnson came next to the library. Accordingly, the next time that Johnson did come, as soon as he was fairly engaged with a book, on which, while he sat by the fire, he seemed quite intent, Mr. Barnard stole round to the apartment where the king was, and, in obedience to his Majesty's commands, mentioned that Dr. Johnson was then in the library. His Majesty said he was at leisure, and would go to him: upon which Mr. Barnard took one of the candles that stood on the king's table, and lighted his Majesty through a suite of rooms, till they came to a private door into the library, of which his Majesty had the key. Being entered, Mr. Barnard stepped forward hastily to Dr. Johnson, who was still in a profound study, and whispered him, "Sir, here is the king." Johnson started up, and stood still. His Majesty approached him, and at once was courteously easy.

His Majesty began by observing, that he understood he came sometimes to the library: and then mentioned his having heard that the Doctor had been lately at Oxford, asked him if he was not fond of going thither. To which Johnson answered, that he was indeed fond of going to Oxford sometimes, but was likewise glad to come back again. The king then asked him what they were doing at Oxford. Johnson answered, he could not much commend their diligence, but that in some respects they were mended, for they had put their press under better regulations, and were at that time printing Polybius. He was then asked whether there were better libraries at Oxford or Cambridge. He answered, he believed the Bodleian was larger than any they had at Cambridge; at the same time adding, "I hope, whether we have more books or not than they have at Cambridge, we shall make as good use of them as they do." Being asked whether All-Souls or Christ-Church library was the largest, he answered, "All-Souls library is the largest we have, except the Bodleian." "Ay," said the king, "that is the public library."

His Majesty inquired if he was then writing anything. He answered, he was not, for he had pretty well told the world what he knew, and must now read to acquire more knowledge. The king, as it should seem with a view to urge him to rely on his own stores as an original writer, and to continue his labors, then said, "I do not think you borrow much from anybody." Johnson said, he thought he had already done his part as a writer. "I should have thought so too," said the king, "if you had not written so well."—Johnson observed to me, upon this, that "no man could have paid a handsomer compliment; and it was fit for a king to pay. It was decisive." When asked by another friend, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's whether he made any reply to this high compliment, he answered, "No, sir. When the king had said it, it was to be so. It was not for me to bandy civilities with my sovereign." Perhaps no man who had spent his whole life in courts could have shown a more nice and dignified sense of true politeness than Johnson did in this instance.

His Majesty having observed to him that he supposed he must have read a great deal, Johnson answered, that he thought more than he read; that he had read a great deal in the early part of his life, but having fallen into ill-health, he had not been able to read much, compared with others; for instance, he said he had not read much, compared with Dr. Warburton. Upon which the king said, that he heard Dr. Warburton was a man of such general knowledge, that you could scarce talk with him on any subject on which he was not qualified to speak; and that his learning resembled Garrick's acting, in its universality. His Majesty then talked of the controversy between Warburton and Lowth,

which he seems to have read, and asked Johnson what he thought of it. Johnson answered, "Warburton has most general, most scholastic learning: Lowth is the more correct scholar. I do not know which of them calls names best." The king was pleased to say he was of the same opinion: adding, "You do not think, then, Dr. Johnson, that there was much argument in the case." Johnson said, he did not think there was. "Why, truly," said the king, "when once it comes to calling names, argument is pretty well at an end."

His Majesty then asked him what he thought of Lord Lyttelton's history, which was then just published. Johnson said, he thought his style pretty good, but that he had blamed Henry the Second rather too much. "Why," said the king, "they seldom do these things by halves." "No, sir," answered Johnson, "not to kings." But fearing to be misunderstood, he proceeded to explain himself; and immediately subjoined, "That for those who spoke worse of kings than they deserved, he could find no excuse; but that he could more easily conceive how some might speak better of them than they deserved, without any ill intention; for, as kings had much in their power to give, those who were favored by them would frequently, from gratitude, exaggerate their praises; and as this proceeded from a good motive, it was certainly excusable, as far as error could be excusable."

The king then asked him what he thought of Dr. Hill. Johnson answered, that he was an ingenious man, but had no veracity; and immediately mentioned, as an instance of it, an assertion of that writer, that he had seen objects magnified to a much greater degree by using three or four microscopes at a time than by using one. "Now," added Johnson, "every one acquainted with microscopes knows, that the more of them he looks through, the less the object will appear." "Why," replied the king, "this is not only telling an untruth, but telling it clumsily; for, if that be the case, every one who can look through a microscope will be able to detect him."

"I now," said Johnson to his friends, when relating what had passed, "began to consider that I was depreciating this man in the estimation of his sovereign, and thought it was time for me to say something that might be more favorable." He added, therefore, that Dr. Hill was, notwithstanding, a very curious observer; and if he would have been contented to tell the world no more than he knew, he might have been a very considerable man, and needed not to have recourse to such mean expedients to raise his reputation.

The king then talked of literary journals, mentioned particularly the *Journal des savans*, and asked Johnson if it was well done. Johnson said, it was formerly very well done, and gave some account of the persons who began it, and carried it on for some years; enlarging, at the same time, on the nature and use of such works. The king asked him if it was well done now. Johnson answered, he had no reason to think that it was. The king then asked him if there were any other literary journals published in this kingdom, except the *Monthly* and *Critical Reviews;* and on being answered there was no other, his Majesty asked which of them was the best; Johnson answered, that the *Monthly Review* was done with most care, the *Critical* upon the best principles; adding, that the authors of the *Monthly Review* were enemies to the Church. This the king said he was sorry to hear.

The conversation next turned on the Philosophical Transactions, when Johnson observed that they had now a better method of arranging their materials than formerly. "Ay," said the king, "they are obliged to Dr. Johnson for that:" for his Majesty had heard and remembered the circumstance, which Johnson himself had forgot.

His Majesty expressed a desire to have the literary biography of this country ably executed, and proposed to Dr. Johnson to undertake it. Johnson signified his readiness to comply with his Majesty's wishes.

During the whole of this interview, Johnson talked to his Majesty with profound respect, but still in his firm manly manner with a sonorous voice, and never in that subdued tone which is commonly used at the levee and in the drawing-room. After the king withdrew Johnson showed himself highly pleased with his Majesty's conversation, and gracious behavior. He said to Mr. Barnard, "Sir, they may talk of the king as they will; but he is the finest gentleman I

have ever seen." And he afterwards observed to Mr. Langton, "Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we may suppose Louis the Fourteenth or Charles the Second."

Johnson's Conversations

In 1769, so far as I can discover, the public was favored with nothing of Johnson's composition, either for himself or any of his friends. His "Meditations" too strongly prove that he suffered much both in body and mind; yet was he perpetually striving against *evil*, and nobly endeavoring to advance his intellectual and devotional improvement.

His Majesty having the preceding year instituted the Royal Academy of Arts in London, Johnson had now the honor of being appointed Professor in Ancient Literature.

I came to London in the autumn, and having informed him that I was going to be married in a few months, I wished to have as much of his conversation as I could before engaging in a state of life which would probably keep me more in Scotland, and prevent me seeing him so often as when I was a single man; but I found he was at Brighthelmstone with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. After his return to town, we met frequently, and I continued the practice of making notes of his conversation, though not with so much assiduity as I wish I had done. At this time, indeed, I had a sufficient excuse for not being able to appropriate so much time to my journal; for General Paoli, after Corsica had been overpowered by the monarchy of France, was now no longer at the head of his brave countrymen, but having with difficulty escaped from his native island, had sought an asylum in Great Britain; and it was my duty, as well as my pleasure, to attend much upon him. Such particulars of Johnson's conversation at this period as I have committed to writing, I shall here introduce, without any strict attention to methodical arrangement. Sometimes short notes of different days shall be blended together, and sometimes a day may seem important enough to be separately distinguished.

He said, he would not have Sunday kept with rigid severity and gloom, but with a gravity and simplicity of behavior.

He would not admit the importance of the question concerning the legality of general warrants. "Such a power," he observed, "must be vested in every government, to answer particular cases of necessity; and there can be no just complaint but when it is abused, for which those who administer government must be answerable. It is a matter of such indifference, a matter about which the people care so very little, that were a man to be sent over Britain to offer them an exemption from it at a halfpenny apiece, very few would purchase it." This was a specimen of that laxity of talking, which I had heard him fairly acknowledge; for, surely, while the power of granting general warrants was supposed to be legal, and the apprehension of them hung over our heads, we did not possess that security of freedom, congenial to our happy constitution, and which, by the intrepid exertions of Mr. Wilkes, has been happily established.

He said, "The duration of Parliament, whether for seven years or the life of the King, appears to me so immaterial, that I would not give half-a-crown to turn the scale one way or the other. The *habeas corpus* is the single advantage which our government has over that of other countries."

On the 30th of September we dined together at the Mitre. I attempted to argue for the superior happiness of the savage life, upon the usual fanciful topics. Johnson: "Sir, there can be nothing more false. The savages have no bodily advantages beyond those of civilized men. They have not better health; and as to care or mental uneasiness, they are not above it, but below it, like bears. No, sir; you are not to talk such paradox: let me have no more on't. It cannot entertain, far less can it instruct. Lord Monboddo, one of your Scotch judges, talked a great deal of such nonsense. I suffered *him*, but I will not suffer *you*." Boswell: "But, sir, does not Rousseau talk such nonsense?" Johnson: "True, sir; but Rousseau *knows* he is talking nonsense, and laughs at the world for staring at him." Boswell: "How so, sir?" Johnson: "Why, sir, a man who talks nonsense so well, must know that he is talking nonsense. But I am *afraid* (chuck-

ling and laughing) Monboddo, does *not* know that he is talking nonsense." BOSWELL: "Is it wrong then, sir, to affect singularity, in order to make people stare?" JOHNSON: "Yes, if you do it by propagating error; and, indeed, it is wrong in any way. There is in human nature a general inclination to make people stare; and every wise man has himself to cure of it, and does cure himself. If you wish to make people stare by doing better than others, why make them stare till they stare their eyes out. But consider how easy it is to make people stare by being absurd. I may do it by going into a drawing room without my shoes. You remember the gentleman in 'The Spectator,' who had a commission of lunacy taken out against him for his extreme singularity, such as never wearing a wig, but a night-cap. Now, sir, abstractedly, the night-cap was best: but, relatively, the advantage was over-balanced by his making the boys run after him."

Talking of a London life, he said, "The happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say, there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we now sit, than in all the rest of the kingdom." BOSWELL: "The only disadvantage is the great distance at which people live from one another." JOHNSON: "Yes sir; but that is occasioned by the largeness of it, which is the cause of all the other advantages." BOSWELL: "Sometimes I have been in the humor of wishing to retire to a desert." JOHNSON: "Sir, you have desert enough in Scotland."

Although I had promised myself a great deal of instructive conversation with him on the conduct of the married state, of which I had then a near prospect, he did not say much upon that topic. Mr. Seward heard him once say, that "a man has a very bad chance for happiness in that state, unless he marries a woman of very strong and fixed principles of religion." He maintained to me, contrary to the common notion, that a woman would not be the worse wife for being learned; in which, from all that I have observed of *Artemisias*, I humbly differed from him.

When I censured a gentleman of my acquaintance for marrying a second time, as it showed a disregard of his first wife, he said, "Not at all, sir. On the contrary, were he not to marry again, it might be concluded that his first wife had given him a disgust to marriage; but by taking a second wife he pays the highest compliment to the first, by showing that she made him so happy as a married man, that he wishes to be so a second time." So ingenious a turn did he give to this delicate question. And yet, on another occasion, he owned that he once had almost asked a promise of Mrs. Johnson that she would not marry again, but had checked himself. I presume that her having been married before had, at times, given him some uneasiness; for I remember his observing upon the marriage of one of our common friends, "He has done a very foolish thing; he has married a widow, when he might have had a maid."

We drank tea with Mrs. Williams. I had last year the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Thrale at Dr. Johnson's one morning, and had conversation enough with her to admire her talents, and to show her that I was as Johnsonian as herself. Dr. Johnson had probably been kind enough to speak well of me, for this evening he delivered me a very polite card from Mr. Thrale and her, inviting me to Streatham.

On the 6th of October I complied with his obliging invitation, and found, at an elegant villa, six miles from town, every circumstance that can make society pleasing. Johnson, though quite at home, was yet looked up to with an awe, tempered by affection, and seemed to be equally the care of his host and hostess. I rejoiced at seeing him so happy.

He played off his wit against Scotland with a good-humored pleasantry, which gave me, though no bigot to national prejudices, an opportunity for a little contest with him. I having said that England was obliged to us for gardeners, almost all their good gardeners being Scotchmen—JOHNSON: "Why, sir, that is because gardening is much more necessary among you than with us, which makes so many of your people learn it. It is *all* gardening with you. Things which grow wild here, must be cultivated with great care in Scotland. Pray now," throwing himself back in his chair, and laughing, "are you ever able to bring the *sloe* to perfection?"

I boasted that we had the honor of being the first to abolish the unhospitable, troublesome, and ungracious custom of giving veils to servants. JOHNSON: "Sir, you abolished veils because you were too poor to be able to give them."

Mrs. Thrale disputed with him on the merit of Prior. He attacked him powerfully; said he wrote of love like a man who had never felt it: his love verses were college verses; and he repeated the song, "Alexis shunn'd his fellow swains," etc., in so ludicrous a manner, as to make us all wonder how any one could have been pleased with such fantastical stuff. Mrs. Thrale stood to her gun with great courage in defence of amorous ditties, which Johnson despised, till he at last silenced her by saying, "My dear lady, talk no more of this. Nonsense can be defended but by nonsense."

Mrs. Thrale then praised Garrick's talents for light, gay poetry; and, as a specimen, repeated his song in "Florizel and Perdita," and dwelt with peculiar pleasure on this line:

I'd smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

JOHNSON: "Nay, my dear lady, this will never do. Poor David! Smile with the simple. What folly is that? And who would feed with the poor that can help it? No, no; let me smile with the wise, and feed with the rich."

Talking of history, Johnson said, "We may know historical facts to be true, as we may know facts in common life to be true. Motives are generally unknown. We cannot trust to the characters we find in history, unless when they are drawn by those who knew the persons; as those, for instance, by Sallust and by Lord Clarendon."

He would not allow much merit to Whitfield's oratory. "His popularity, sir," said he, "is chiefly owing to the peculiarity of his manner. He would be followed by crowds were he to wear a night-cap in the pulpit, or were he to preach from a tree."

I know not from what spirit of contradiction he burst out into a violent declamation against the Corsicans, of whose heroism I talked in high terms. "Sir," said he, "what is all this rout about the Corsicans? They have been at war with the Genoese for upwards of twenty years, and have never yet taken their fortified towns. They might have battered down their walls and reduced them to powder in twenty years. They might have pulled the walls in pieces, and cracked the stones with their teeth in twenty years." It was in vain to argue with him upon the want of artillery; he was not to be resisted for the moment.

On the evening of October 10th, I presented Dr. Johnson to General Paoli. I had greatly wished that two men, for whom I had the highest esteem, should meet. They met with a manly ease, mutually conscious of their own abilities, and of the abilities of each other. The General spoke Italian, and Dr. Johnson English, and understood one another very well, with a little aid of interpretation from me, in which I compared myself to an isthmus which joins two great continents. Upon Johnson's approach, the General said, "From what I have read of your works, sir, and from what Mr. Boswell has told me of you, I have long held you in great veneration." The General talked of languages being formed on the particular notions and manners of a people, without knowing which, we cannot know the language. We may know the direct signification of single words; but by these no beauty of expression, no sally of genius, no wit is conveyed to the mind. All this must be by allusion to other ideas. "Sir," said Johnson, "you talk of language, as if you had never done anything else but study it, instead of governing a nation." The General said, "*Questo è un troppo gran complimento:*" this is too great a compliment. Johnson answered, "I should have thought so, sir, if I had not heard you talk." The General asked him what he thought of the spirit of infidelity which was so prevalent. JOHNSON: "Sir, this gloom of infidelity, I hope, is only a transient cloud passing through the hemisphere, which will soon be dissipated, and the sun break forth with his usual splendor." "You think then," said the General, "that they will change their principles like their clothes." JOHNSON: "Why, sir, if they bestow no more thought on principles than on dress, it must be so." The General said, that "a great part of the fashionable infidelity was owing to a desire of showing courage. Men who have no opportunity of showing it as to things in this life, take death and futurity as objects on

which to display it." JOHNSON: "That is mighty foolish affectation. Fear is one of the passions of human nature, of which it is impossible to divest it. You remember that the Emperor Charles V. when he read upon the tombstone of a Spanish nobleman, 'Here lies one who never knew fear,' wittily said, 'Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers.'"

Dr. Johnson went home with me, and drank tea till late in the night. He said, "General Paoli had the loftiest port of any man he had ever seen." He denied that military men were always the best bred men. "Perfect good breeding," he observed, "consists in having no particular mark of any profession, but a general elegance of manners; whereas, in a military man, you can commonly distinguish the *brand* of a soldier, *l'homme d'épée*."

Dr. Johnson shunned to-night any discussion of the perplexed question of fate and free will, which I attempted to agitate: "Sir," said he, "we *know* our will is free, and *there's* an end on't."

He honored me with his company at dinner on the 16th of October, at my lodgings in Old Bond-street with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Bickerstaff, and Mr. Thomas Davies. Garrick played round him with a fond vivacity, taking hold of the breasts of his coat, and, looking up in his face with a lively archness, complimented him on the good health which he seemed then to enjoy; while the sage, shaking his head, beheld him with a gentle complacency. One of the company not being come at the appointed hour, I proposed, as usual upon such occasions, to order dinner to be served; adding, "Ought six people to be kept waiting for one?" "Why, yes," answered Johnson, with a delicate humanity, "if the one will suffer more by your sitting down than the six will do by waiting." Goldsmith, to divert the tedious minutes, strutted about bragging of his dress, and I believe was seriously vain of it, for his mind was wonderfully prone to such impressions. "Come, come," said Garrick, "talk no more of that. You are perhaps the worst—eh, eh!" Goldsmith was eagerly attempting to interrupt him, when Garrick went on, laughing ironically, "Nay, you will always *look* like a gentleman; but I am talking of being well or *ill drest*." "Well, let me tell you," said Goldsmith, "when my tailor brought home my bloom-colored coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a favor to beg of you. When anybody asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water-lane.'" JOHNSON: "Why, sir, that was because he knew the strange color would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat even of so absurd a color."

After dinner our conversation first turned upon Pope. Johnson said, his characters of men were admirably drawn, those of women not so well. He repeated to us, in his forcible melodious manner, the concluding lines of the Dunciad. While he was talking loudly in praise of those lines, one of the company ventured to say, "Too fine for such a poem:—a poem on what?" JOHNSON (with a disdainful look): "Why, on *dunces*. It was worth while being a dunce then. Ah, sir, hadst *thou* lived in those days! It is not worth while being a dunce now, when there are no wits." Bickerstaff observed, as a peculiar circumstance, that Pope's fame was higher when he was alive than it was then. Johnson said, his Pastorals were poor things, though the versification was fine. He told us, with high satisfaction, the anecdote of Pope's inquiring who was the author of his "London," and saying, he will be soon *déterré*. He observed, that in Dryden's poetry there were passages drawn from a profundity which Pope could never reach. He repeated some fine lines on love, by the former (which I have now forgotten), and gave great applause to the character of Zimri. Goldsmith said, that Pope's character of Addison showed a deep knowledge of the human heart. Johnson said, that the description of the temple, in "The Mourning Bride,"[1] was the finest poetical passage he had ever read; he recollected none in Shakespeare equal to it.—"But," said Garrick, all alarmed for "the God of his idolatry," "we know not the extent and

[1] Act II, sc. 3.

"How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable.
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight."

variety of his powers. We are to suppose there are such passages in his works. Shakespeare must not suffer from the badness of our memories." Johnson, diverted by his enthusiastic jealousy, went on with great ardor: "No, sir; Congreve has *nature;*" (smiling on the tragic eagerness of Garrick); but composing himself, he added, "Sir, this is not comparing Congreve on the whole with Shakespeare on the whole; but only maintaining that Congreve has one finer passage than any that can be found in Shakespeare. Sir, a man may have no more than ten guineas in the world, but he may have those ten guineas in one piece; and so may have a finer piece than a man who has ten thousand pounds: but then he has only one ten-guinea piece.—What I mean is, that you can show me no passage, where there is simply a description of material objects, without any intermixture of moral notions, which produces such an effect." Mr. Murphy mentioned Shakespeare's description of the night before the battle of Agincourt; but it was observed it had *men* in it. Mr. Davies suggested the speech of Juliet, in which she figures herself awaking in the tomb of her ancestors. Some one mentioned the description of Dover Cliff. JOHNSON: "No, sir; it should be all precipice —all vacuum. The crows impede your fall. The diminished appearance of the boats, and other circumstances, are all very good description; but do not impress the mind at once with the horrible idea of immense height. The impression is divided; you pass on by computation, from one stage of the tremendous space to another. Had the girl in 'The Mourning Bride,' said, she could not cast her shoe to the top of one of the pillars in the temple, it would not have aided the idea, but weakened it."

Mrs. Montague, a lady distinguished for having written an Essay on Shakespeare, being mentioned—REYNOLDS: "I think that essay does her honor." JOHNSON: "Yes, sir; it does *her* honor, but it would do nobody else honor. I have, indeed, not read it all. But when I take up the end of a web, and find it packthread, I do not expect, by looking further, to find embroidery. Sir, I will venture to say, there is not one sentence of true criticism in her book." GARRICK: "But, sir. surely it shows how much Voltaire has mistaken Shakespeare, which nobody else has done." JOHNSON: "Sir, nobody else has thought it worth while. And what merit is there in that? You may as well praise a schoolmaster for whipping a boy who has construed ill. No, sir, there is no real criticism in it: none showing the beauty of thought, as formed on the workings of the human heart."

Johnson proceeded: "The Scotchman has taken the right method in his 'Elements of Criticism.' I do not mean that he has taught us anything; but he has told us old things in a new way." MURPHY: "He seems to have read a great deal of French criticism, and wants to make it his own; as if he had been for years anatomizing the heart of man, and peeping into every cranny of it." GOLDSMITH: "It is easier to write that book than to read it." JOHNSON: "We have an example of true criticism in Burke's 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful;' and, if I recollect, there is also Du Bos; and Bouhours, who shows all beauty to depend on truth. There is no great merit in telling how many plays have ghosts in them and how this ghost is better than that. You must show how terror is impressed on the human heart.—In the description of night in Macbeth, the beetle and the bat detract from the general idea of darkness,—inspissated gloom."

Politics being mentioned, he said, "This petitioning is a new mode of distressing government, and a mighty easy one. I will undertake to get petitions either against quarter guineas or half guineas, with the help of a little hot wine. There must be no yielding to encourage this. The object is not important enough. We are not to blow up half a dozen palaces, because one cottage is burning."

The conversation then took another turn. JOHNSON: "The ballad of Hardy-knute has no great merit, if it be really ancient. People talk of nature. But mere obvious nature may be exhibited with very little power of mind."

On Thursday, October 19, I passed the evening with him at his house. He advised me to complete a Dictionary of words peculiar to Scotland, of which I showed him a specimen. "Sir," said he, "Ray has made a collection of north country words. By collecting those of your country, you will do a

useful thing towards the history of the language." He bade me also go on with collections which I was making upon the antiquities of Scotland. "Make a large book—a folio." BOSWELL: "But of what use will it be, sir?" JOHNSON: "Never mind the use, do it."

I complained that he had not mentioned Garrick in his Preface to Shakespeare: and asked him if he did not admire him. JOHNSON: "Yes, as 'a poor player, who frets and struts his hours upon the stage'—as a shadow." BOSWELL: "But has he not brought Shakespeare into notice?" JOHNSON: "Sir, to allow that, would be to lampoon the age. Many of Shakespeare's plays are the worse for being acted: Macbeth, for instance." BOSWELL: "What, sir! is nothing gained by decoration and action? Indeed, I do wish that you had mentioned Garrick." JOHNSON: "My dear sir, had I mentioned him, I must have mentioned many more: Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Cibber,—nay, and Mr. Cibber too: he, too, altered Shakespeare." BOSWELL: "You have read his apology, sir?" JOHNSON: "Yes, it is very entertaining. But as for Cibber himself, taking from his conversation all that he ought not to have said, he was a poor creature. I remember when he brought me one of his Odes to have my opinion of it, I could not bear such nonsense, and would not let him read it to the end: so little respect had I for *that great man!* (laughing). Yet I remember Richardson wondering that I could treat him with familiarity."

I mentioned to him that I had seen the execution of several convicts at Tyburn, two days before, and that none of them seemed to be under any concern. JOHNSON: "Most of them, sir, have never thought at all." BOSWELL: "But is not the fear of death natural to man?" JOHNSON: "So much so, sir, that the whole of life is but keeping away the thoughts of it." He then, in a low and earnest tone, talked of his meditating upon the awful hour of his own dissolution, and in what manner he should conduct himself upon that occasion: "I know not," said he, "whether I wish to have a friend by me, or have it all between God and myself." Talking of our feeling for the distresses of others—JOHNSON: "Why, sir, there is much noise made about it, but it is greatly exaggerated. No, sir, we have a certain degree of feeling to prompt us to do good; more than that, providence does not intend. It would be misery to no purpose." BOSWELL: "But suppose now, sir, that one of your intimate friends were apprehended for an offence for which he might be hanged." JOHNSON: "I should do what I could to bail him, and give him any other assistance; but if he were once fairly hanged, I should not suffer." BOSWELL: "Would you eat your dinner that day, sir?" JOHNSON: "Yes, sir, and eat it as if he were eating with me. Why, there's Baretti, who is to be tried for his life to-morrow: friends have risen up for him on every side: yet if he should be hanged, none of them will eat a slice of plum pudding the less. Sir, that sympathetic feeling goes a very little way in depressing the mind."

I told him that I had dined lately at Foote's, who showed me a letter which he had received from Tom Davies, telling him that he had not been able to sleep from the concern he felt on account of "*this sad affair of Baretti*," begging of him to try if he could suggest any thing that might be of service; and, at the same time, recommending to him an industrious young man who kept a pickle shop. JOHNSON: "Ay, sir, here you have a specimen of human sympathy: a friend hanged, and a cucumber pickled. We know not whether Baretti or the pickleman has kept Davies from sleep: nor does he know himself. And as to his not sleeping, sir, Tom Davies is a very great man; Tom has been upon the stage, and knows how to do those things: I have not been upon the stage, and cannot do those things." BOSWELL: "I have often blamed myself, sir, for not feeling for others as sensibly as many say they do." JOHNSON: "Sir, don't be duped by them any more. You will find those very feeling people are not very ready to do you good. They *pay* you by *feeling*."

BOSWELL: "Foote has a great deal of humor." JOHNSON: "Yes, sir." BOSWELL: "He has a singular talent of exhibiting character." JOHNSON: "Sir, it is not a talent—it is a vice: it is what others abstain from. It is not comedy, which exhibits the character of a species, as that of a miser gathered from many misers: it is farce, which exhibits individuals." BOSWELL: "Did not

he think of exhibiting you, sir?" JOHNSON: "Sir, fear restrained him; he knew I would have broken his bones. I would have saved him the trouble of cutting off a leg; I would not have left him a leg to cut off." BOSWELL: "Pray, sir, is not Foote an infidel?" JOHNSON: "I do not know, sir, that the fellow is an infidel; but if he be an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel; that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject." BOSWELL: "I suppose, sir, he has thought superficially, and seized the first notion which occurred to his mind." JOHNSON: "Why then, sir, still he is like a dog, that snatches the piece next him. Did you never observe that dogs have not the power of comparing? A dog will take a small bit of meat as readily as a large, when both are before him."

He again talked of the passage in Congreve with high commendation, and said, "Shakespeare never has six lines together without a fault. Perhaps you may find seven; but this does not refute my general assertion. If I come to an orchard and say there's no fruit here, and then comes a poring man, who finds two apples and pears, and tells me, 'Sir, you are mistaken, I have found both apples and pears,' I should laugh at him: what would that be to the purpose?"

Next day, October 20, he appeared for the only time I suppose in his life, as a witness in a court of justice, being called to give evidence to the character of Mr. Baretti, who having stabbed a man in the street, was arraigned at the Old Bailey for murder. Never did such a constellation of genius enlighten the awful Sessions-house, emphatically called Justice-hall: Mr. Burke, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Beauclerk, and Dr. Johnson; and undoubtedly their favorable testimony had due weight with the court and Jury. Johnson gave his evidence in a slow, deliberate, and distinct manner, which was uncommonly impressive. It is well known that Mr. Baretti was acquitted.

On the 26th of October, we dined together at the Mitre Tavern. Talking of trade, he observed, "It is a mistaken notion that a vast deal of money is brought into a nation by trade. It is not so. Commodities come from commodities; but trade produces no capital accession of wealth. However, though there should be little profit in money, there is a considerable profit in pleasure, as it gives to one nation the productions of another; as we have wines and fruits and many other foreign articles brought to us." BOSWELL: "Yes, sir, and there is a profit in pleasure, by its furnishing occupation to such numbers of mankind." JOHNSON: "Why, sir, you cannot call that pleasure to which all are averse, and which none begin but with the hope of leaving off; a thing which men dislike before they have tried it, and when they have tried it." BOSWELL: "But, sir, the mind must be employed, and we grow weary when idle." JOHNSON: "That is, sir, because others being busy, we want company; but if we were all idle, there would be no growing weary; we should all entertain one another. There is, indeed, this in trade:—it gives men an opportunity of improving their situation. If there were no trade, many who are poor would always remain poor. But no man loves labor for itself." BOSWELL: "Yes, sir, I know a person who does. He is a very laborious judge, and he loves the labor." JOHNSON: "Sir, that is because he loves respect and distinction. Could he have them without labor, he would like it less." BOSWELL: "He tells me he likes it for itself."—"Why, sir, he fancies so, because he is not accustomed to abstract."

We went home to his house to tea. Mrs. Williams made it with sufficient dexterity, notwithstanding her blindness, though her manner of satisfying herself that the cups were full enough appeared to me a little awkward; for I fancied she put her finger down a certain way, till she felt the tea touch it.[1] In my first elation at being allowed the privilege of attending Dr. Johnson at his late visits to this lady, which was like being *è secretioribus consiliis*, I willingly drank cup after cup, as if it had been the Heliconian spring. But as the charm of novelty went off, I grew more fastidious; and besides, I discovered that she was of a peevish temper.

There was a pretty large circle this evening. Dr. Johnson was in very good humor, lively, and ready to talk upon all subjects. Dominicetti being mentioned, he would not

[1] I have since had reason to think that I was mistaken; for I have been informed by a lady, who was long intimate with her, and likely to be a more accurate observer of such matters, that she had acquired such a niceness of touch as to know, by the feeling on the outside of the cup, how near it was to being full.—BOSWELL.

allow him any merit. "There is nothing in all this boasted system. No, sir; medicated baths can be no better than warm water; their only effect can be that of tepid moisture." One of the company took the other side, maintaining that medicines of various sorts, and some too of most powerful effect, are introduced into the human frame by the medium of the pores; and, therefore, when warm water is impregnated with salutiferous substances, it may produce great effects as a bath. This appeared to me very satisfactory. Johnson did not answer it; but talking for victory, and determined to be master of the field, he had recourse to the device which Goldsmith imputed to him in the witty words of one of Cibber's comedies: "There is no arguing with Johnson; for when his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt-end of it." He turned to the gentlemen, "Well, sir, go to Dominicetti, and get thyself fumigated; but be sure that the steam be directed to thy *head*, for *that* is the *peccant part*." This produced a triumphant roar of laughter from the motley assembly of philosophers, printers, and dependents, male and female.

Boswell: "Do you think, sir, that what is called natural affection is born with us? It seems to me to be the effect of habit, or of gratitude for kindness. No child has it for a parent whom it has not seen." Johnson: "Why, sir, I think there is an instinctive natural affection in parents towards their children."

Russia being mentioned as likely to become a great empire, by the rapid increase of population:—Johnson: "Why, sir, I see no prospect of their propagating more. They can have no more children than they can get. I know of no way to make them breed more than they do. It is not from reason and prudence that people marry, but from inclination. A man is poor: he thinks, 'I cannot be worse, and so I'll e'en take Peggy.'" Boswell: "But have not nations been more populous at one period than another?" Johnson: "Yes, sir, but that has been owing to the people being less thinned at one period than another, whether by emigrations, war, or pestilence, not by their being more or less prolific. Births at all times bear the same proportion to the same number of people." Boswell: "But to consider the state of our own country: does not throwing a number of farms into one hand hurt population?" Johnson: "Why no, sir; the same quantity of food being produced, will be consumed by the same numbers of mouths, though the people may be disposed of in different ways. We see, if corn be dear and butchers' meat cheap, the farmers all apply themselves to the raising of corn, till it becomes plentiful and cheap, and then butchers' meat becomes dear; so that an equality is always preserved. No, sir, let fanciful men do as they will, depend upon it, it is difficult to disturb the system of life." Boswell: "But, sir, is it not a very bad thing for landlords to oppress their tenants, by raising their rents?" Johnson: "Very bad. But, sir, it can never have any general influence; it may distress some individuals. For, consider this: landlords cannot do without tenants. Now, tenants will not give more for land than land is worth. If they can make more of their money by keeping a shop, or any other way, they'll do it, and so oblige landlords to let lands come back to a reasonable rent, in order that they may get tenants. Land in England is an article of commerce. A tenant who pays his landlord his rent, thinks himself no more obliged to him than you think yourself obliged to a man in whose shop you buy a piece of goods. He knows the landlord does not let him have his land for less than he can get from others, in the same manner as the shopkeeper sells his goods. No shopkeeper sells a yard of ribbon for sixpence when sevenpence is the current price." Boswell: "But, sir, is it not better that tenants should be dependent on landlords?" Johnson: "Why, sir, as there are many more tenants than landlords, perhaps, strictly speaking, we should wish not. But if you please you may let your lands cheap, and so get the value, part in money and part in homage. I should agree with you in that." Boswell: "So, sir, you laugh at schemes of political improvement." Johnson: "Why, sir, most schemes of political improvement are very laughable things."

He observed, "Providence has wisely ordered that the more numerous men are, the more difficult it is for them to agree in anything, and so they are governed. There is no doubt, that if the poor should

reason, 'We'll be the poor no longer, we'll make the rich take their turn,' they could easily do it, were it not that they can't agree. So the common soldiers, though so much more numerous than their officers, are governed by them for the same reason."

He said, "Mankind have a strong attachment to the habitations to which they have been accustomed. You see the inhabitants of Norway do not with one consent quit it, and go to some part of America, where there is a mild climate, and where they may have the same produce from land, with the tenth part of the labor. No, sir; their affection for their old dwellings, and the terror of a general change, keep them at home. Thus, we see many of the finest spots in the world thinly inhabited, and many rugged spots well inhabited."

I had hired a Bohemian as my servant while I remained in London, and being much pleased with him, I asked Dr. Johnson whether his being a Roman Catholic should prevent my taking him with me to Scotland." JOHNSON: "Why no, sir. If *he* has no objection, you can have none." BOSWELL: "So, sir, you are no great enemy to the Roman Catholic religion." JOHNSON: "No more, sir, than to the Presbyterian religion." BOSWELL: "You are joking." JOHNSON: "No, sir, I really think so. Nay, sir, of the two, I prefer the Popish." BOSWELL: "How so, sir?" JOHNSON: "Why, sir, the Presbyterians have no church, no apostolical ordination." BOSWELL: "And do you think that absolutely essential, sir?" JOHNSON: "Why, sir, as it was an apostolical institution, I think it is dangerous to be without it. And, sir, the Presbyterians have no public worship: they have no form of prayer in which they know they are to join. They go to hear a man pray, and are to judge whether they will join with him." BOSWELL: "But, sir, their doctrine is the same with that of the Church of England. Their confession of faith, and the thirty-nine articles, contain the same points, even the doctrine of predestination." JOHNSON: "Why yes, sir; predestination was a part of the clamor of the times, so it is mentioned in our articles, but with as little positiveness as could be." BOSWELL: "Is it necessary, sir, to believe all the thirty-nine articles?" JOHNSON: "Why sir, that is a question which has been much agitated. Some have thought it necessary that they should all be believed; others have considered them to be only articles of peace; that is to say, you are not to preach against them." I proceeded: "What do you think, sir, of purgatory, as believed by the Roman Catholics?" JOHNSON: "Why, sir, it is a very harmless doctrine. They are of opinion that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment, nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of blessed spirits; and therefore that God is graciously pleased to allow of a middle state, where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering. You see, sir, there is nothing unreasonable in this." BOSWELL: "But then, sir, their masses for the dead?" JOHNSON: "Why, sir, if it be once established that there are souls in purgatory, it is as proper to pray for *them*, as for our brethren of mankind who are yet in this life." BOSWELL: "The Idolatry of the Mass?" JOHNSON: "Sir, there is no idolatry in the Mass. They believe God to be there, and they adore him." BOSWELL: "The worship of Saints?" JOHNSON: "Sir, they do not worship Saints; they invoke them: they only ask their prayers. I am talking all this time of the *doctrines* of the Church of Rome. I grant you that, in *practice*, purgatory is made a lucrative imposition, and that people do become idolatrous as they recommend themselves to the tutelary protection of particular saints. I think their giving the sacrament only in one kind is criminal, because it is contrary to the express institution of CHRIST, and I wonder how the Council of Trent admitted it." BOSWELL: "Confession?" JOHNSON: "Why, I don't know but that is a good thing. The Scripture says, 'Confess your faults one to another,' and the priests confess as well as the laity. Then it must be considered that their absolution is only upon repentance, and often upon penance also. You think your sins may be forgiven without penance, upon repentance alone."

I thus ventured to mention all the common objections against the Roman Catholic Church, that I might hear so great a man upon them. What he said is here accurately recorded. But it is not improbable that if one had taken the other side, he might have reasoned differently.

When we were alone, I introduced the subject of death, and endeavored to maintain that the fear of it might be got over. I told him that David Hume said to me, he was no more uneasy to think he should *not be* after his life, than that he *had not been* before he began to exist. JOHNSON: "Sir, if he really thinks so, his perceptions are disturbed; he is mad. If he does not think so, he lies. He may tell you he holds his finger in the flame of a candle, without feeling pain; would you believe him? When he dies, he at least gives up all he has." BOSWELL: "Foote, sir, told me, that when he was very ill he was not afraid to die." JOHNSON: "It is not true, sir. Hold a pistol to Foote's breast, or to Hume's breast, and threaten to kill them, and you'll see how they behave." BOSWELL: "But may we not fortify our minds for the approach of death?"—Here I am sensible I was in the wrong, to bring before his view what he ever looked upon with horror; for although when in a celestial frame of mind in his "Vanity of Human Wishes," he had supposed death to be "kind Nature's signal for retreat," from this state of being to "a happier seat," his thoughts upon this awful change were in general full of dismal apprehensions. To my questions he answered in a passion, "No sir, let it alone. It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives. The act of dying is not of importance, it lasts so short a time." He added (with an earnest look), "A man knows it must be so, and submits. It will do him no good to whine."

I attempted to continue the conversation. He was so provoked that he said: "Give us no more of this:" and was thrown into such a state of agitation that he expressed himself in a way that alarmed and distressed me; showed an impatience that I should leave him, and when I was going away, called to me sternly, "Don't let us meet to-morrow."

I went home exceedingly uneasy. All the harsh observations which I had ever heard made upon his character crowded into my mind: and I seemed to myself like the man who had put his head into the lion's mouth a great many times with perfect safety, but at last had it bit off.

Next morning I sent him a note, stating that I might have been in the wrong, but it was not intentionally; he was therefore, I could not help thinking, too severe upon me. That, notwithstanding our agreement not to meet that day, I would call on him in my way to the city, and stay five minutes by my watch. "You are," said I, "in my mind, since last night, surrounded with cloud and storm. Let me have a glimpse of sunshine, and go about my affairs in serenity and cheerfulness."

Upon entering his study, I was glad that he was not alone, which would have made our meeting more awkward. There were with him Mr. Steevens and Mr. Tyers, both of whom I now saw for the first time. My note had, on his own reflection, softened him, for he received me very complacently; so that I unexpectedly found myself at ease, and joined in the conversation.

Johnson spoke unfavorably of a certain pretty voluminous author, saying, "He used to write anonymous books, and then other books commending those books, in which there was something of rascality."

I whispered him, "Well, sir, you are now in good humor." JOHNSON: "Yes, sir." I was going to leave him, and had got as far as the staircase. He stopped me, and smiling, said, "Get you gone *in*:" a curious mode of inviting me to stay, which I accordingly did for some time longer.

This little incidental quarrel and reconciliation, which, perhaps, I may be thought to have detailed too minutely, must be esteemed as one of many proofs which his friends had, that though he might be charged with *bad humor* at times, he was always a *good-natured* man; and I have heard Sir Joshua Reynolds, a nice and delicate observer of manners, particularly remark, that when upon any occasion Johnson had been rough to any person in company, he took the first opportunity of reconciliation, by drinking to him, or addressing his discourse to him; but if he found his dignified indirect overtures sullenly neglected, he was quite indifferent, and considered himself as having done all that he ought to do, and the other as now in the wrong.

Being to set out for Scotland on the 10th of November, I wrote to him at Streatham, begging that he would meet me in town on the 9th: but if this should be very inconvenient to him, I would go thither. I was detained in town till it was too late on the 9th,

so went to him early in the morning of the 10th of November. "Now," said he, "that you are going to marry, do not expect more from life than life will afford. You may often find yourself out of humor, and you may often think your wife not studious enough to please you; and yet you may have reason to consider yourself as upon the whole very happily married."

Talking of marriage in general, he observed, "Our marriage service is too refined. It is calculated only for the best kind of marriages; whereas, we should have a form for matches of convenience, of which there are many." He agreed with me that there was no absolute necessity for having the marriage ceremony performed by a regular clergyman, for this was not commanded in scripture.

Dinner with John Wilkes

I AM now to record a very curious incident in Dr. Johnson's life, which fell under my observation; of which *pars magna fui*, and which I am persuaded will, with the liberal-minded, be much to his credit.

My desire of being acquainted with celebrated men of every description, had made me, much about the same time, obtain an introduction to Dr. Samuel Johnson and to John Wilkes, Esq.[1] Two men more different could perhaps not be selected out of mankind. They had even attacked one another with some asperity in their writings; yet I lived in habits of friendship with both. I could fully relish the excellence of each; for I have ever delighted in that intellectual chemistry which can separate good qualities from evil in the same person.

My worthy booksellers and friends, Messieurs Dilly in the Poultry, at whose hospitable and well-covered table I have seen a greater number of literary men, than at any other, except that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, had invited me to meet Mr. Wilkes and some other gentlemen, on Wednesday, May 15. "Pray," said I, "let us have Dr. Johnson."—"What, with Mr. Wilkes? Not for the world," said Mr. Edward Dilly; "Dr. Johnson would never forgive me,"—"Come," said I, "if you'll let me negotiate for you, I will be answerable that all shall go well." Dilly: "Nay, if you will take it upon you, I am sure I shall be very happy to see them both here."

Notwithstanding the high veneration which I entertained for Dr. Johnson, I was sensible that he was sometimes a little actuated by the spirit of contradiction, and by means of that I hoped I should gain my point. I was persuaded, that if I had come upon him with a direct proposal, "Sir, will you dine in company with Jack Wilkes?" he would have flown into a passion, and would probably have answered, "Dine with Jack Wilkes, sir, I'd as soon dine with Jack Ketch." I therefore, while we were sitting quietly by ourselves at his house in an evening, took occasion to open my plan thus:—"Mr. Dilly, sir, sends his respectful compliments to you, and would be happy if you would do him the honor to dine with him on Wednesday next along with me, as I must soon go to Scotland." Johnson: "Sir, I am obliged to Mr. Dilly. I will wait upon him.—" Boswell: "Provided, sir, I suppose, that the company which he is to have is agreeable to you." Johnson: "What do you mean, sir? What do you take me for? Do you think that I am so ignorant of the world, as to imagine that I am to prescribe to a gentleman what company he is to have at his table?" Boswell: "I beg your pardon, sir, for wishing to prevent you from meeting people whom you might not like. Perhaps he may have some of what he calls his patriotic friends with him." Johnson: "Well, sir, and what then? What care *I* for his *patriotic friends?* Poh!" Boswell: "I should not be surprised to find Jack Wilkes there." Johnson: "And if Jack Wilkes *should* be there, what is that to *me*, sir? My dear friend, let us have no more of this. I am sorry to be angry with you; but really it is treating me strangely to talk to me as if I could not meet any company whatever, occasionally."

Thus I secured him, and told Dilly that he would find him very well pleased to be one of his guests on the day appointed.

Upon the much-expected Wednesday, I called on him about half an hour before dinner, as I often did when we were to dine out together to see that he was ready in time, and to accompany him.

[1] A member of Parliament whom Johnson considered a demagogue and a man whose influence was subversive of established institutions.

When we entered Mr. Dilly's drawing-room, he found himself in the midst of a company he did not know. I kept myself snug and silent, watching how he would conduct himself. I observed him whispering to Mr. Dilly, "Who is that gentleman, sir?"—"Mr. Arthur Lee."—JOHNSON: "Too, too, too," (under his breath,) which was one of his habitual mutterings. Mr. Arthur Lee could not but be very obnoxious to Johnson, for he was not only a *patriot* but an *American*. He was afterwards minister from the United States at the Court of Madrid. "And who is the gentleman in lace?"—"Mr. Wilkes, sir." This information confounded him still more; he had some difficulty to restrain himself, and taking up a book sat down upon a window-seat and read, or at least kept his eye intently upon it for some time, till he composed himself. His feelings, I dare say, were awkward enough. But he no doubt recollected having rated me, for supposing that he could be at all disconcerted by any company, and he, therefore, resolutely set himself to behave quite as an easy man of the world, who could adapt himself at once to the disposition and manners of those whom he might chance to meet.

The cheering sound of "Dinner is upon the table," dissolved his reverie, and we *all* sat down without any symptom of ill-humor. There were present—beside Mr. Wilkes, and Mr. Arthur Lee, who was an old companion of mine when he studied physic at Edinburgh—Mr. (now Sir John) Miller, Dr. Lettsom, and Mr. Slater the druggist. Mr. Wilkes placed himself next to Dr. Johnson, and behaved to him with so much attention and politeness, that he gained upon him insensibly. No man eat more heartily than Johnson, or loved better what was nice and delicate. Mr. Wilkes was very assiduous in helping him to some fine veal. "Pray give me leave, sir;—It is better here—A little of the brown—Some fat, sir—A little of the stuffing—Some gravy—Let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter—Allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange; or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest."—"Sir, sir, I am obliged to you, sir," cried Johnson, bowing, and turning his head to him with a look for some time of "surly virtue," but, in a short while, of complacency.

Foote being mentioned, Johnson said, "He is not a good mimic." One of the company added, "A merry Andrew, a buffoon?" JOHNSON: "But he has wit, too, and is not deficient in ideas, or in fertility and variety of imagery, and not empty of reading; he has knowledge enough to fill up his part. One species of wit he has in an eminent degree, that of escape. You drive him into a corner with both hands; but he's gone, sir, when you think you have got him—like an animal that jumps over your head. Then he has a great range for wit; he never lets truth stand between him and a jest, and he is sometimes mighty coarse. Garrick is under many restraints from which Foote is free." WILKES: "Garrick's wit is more like Lord Chesterfield's." JOHNSON: "The first time I was in company with Foote, was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it's very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him; but the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back upon my chair, and fairly laugh it out. No, sir, he was irresistible. He upon one occasion experienced, in an extraordinary degree, the efficacy of his powers of entertaining. Amongst the many and various modes which he tried of getting money, he became a partner with a small-beer brewer, and he was to have a share of the profits for procuring customers amongst his numerous acquaintance. Fitzherbert was one who took his small-beer; but it was so bad that the servants resolved not to drink it. They were at some loss how to notify their resolution, being afraid of offending their master, who they knew liked Foote much as a companion. At last they fixed upon a little black boy, who was rather a favorite, to be their deputy, and deliver their remonstrance; and having invested him with the whole authority of the kitchen, he was to inform Mr. Fitzherbert, in all their names, upon a certain day, that they would drink Foote's small-beer no longer. On that day Foote happened to dine at Fitzherbert's, and this boy served at table; he was so delighted with Foote's stories, and merriment, and grimace, that when he went down stairs he told them, 'This is the finest man I have

ever seen. I will not deliver your message. I will drink his small-beer.'"

Talking of the great difficulty of obtaining authentic information for biography, Johnson told us, "When I was a young fellow I wanted to write the 'Life of Dryden,' and in order to get materials I applied to the only two persons then alive who had seen him; these were old Swinney, and old Cibber. Swinney's information was no more than this, 'That at Will's coffee house Dryden had a particular chair for himself, which was set by the fire in winter, and was then called his winter-chair; and it was carried out for him to the balcony in summer, and was then called his summer-chair.' Cibber could tell no more but 'That he remembered him a decent old man, arbiter of critical disputes at Will's.' You are to consider that Cibber was then at a great distance from Dryden, had perhaps, one leg only in the room, and durst not draw in the other." BOSWELL: "But Cibber was a man of observation?" JOHNSON: "I think not." BOSWELL: "You will allow his 'Apology' to be well done." JOHNSON: "Very well done, to be sure, sir. That book is a striking proof of the justice of Pope's remark:

> Each might his several province well command,
> Would all but stoop to what they understand."

BOSWELL: "And his plays are good." JOHNSON: "Yes; but that was his trade; *l'esprit du corps;* he had been all his life among players and play-writers. I wondered that he had so little to say in conversation, for he had kept the best company, and learnt all that can be got by the ear. He abused Pindar to me, and then showed me an ode of his own, with an absurd couplet making a linnet soar on an eagle's wing. I told him, that when the ancients made a simile, they always made it like something real."

Mr. Wilkes remarked, that "among all the bold flights of Shakespeare's imagination, the boldest was making Birnamwood march to Dunsinane, creating a wood where there was never a shrub; a wood in Scotland! ha! ha! ha!" And he also observed, that "the clannish slavery of the Highlands of Scotland was the single exception to Milton's remark of 'The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty,' being worshipped in all hilly countries. When I was at Inverary," said he, "on a visit to my old friend, Archibald Duke of Argyle, his dependents congratulated me on being such a favorite of his Grace. I said, 'It is, then, gentlemen, truly lucky for me; for if I had displeased the Duke, and he had wished it, there is not a Campbell among you but would have been ready to bring John Wilkes's head to him in a charger. It would have been only

> Off with his head! So much for *Aylesbury*.

I was then member for Aylesbury."

Mr. Arthur Lee mentioned some Scotch who had taken possession of a barren part of America, and wondered why they should choose it. JOHNSON: "Why, sir, all barrenness is comparative. The *Scotch* would not know it to be barren." BOSWELL: "Come, come, he is flattering the English. You have now been in Scotland, sir, and say if you did not see meat and drink enough there." JOHNSON: "Why yes, sir; meat and drink enough to give the inhabitants sufficient strength to run away from home." All these quick and lively sallies were said sportively, quite in jest, and with a smile, which showed that he meant only wit. Upon this topic, he and Mr. Wilkes could perfectly assimilate; here was a bond of union between them, and I was conscious that as both of them had visited Caledonia, both were fully satisfied of the strange narrow ignorance of those who imagine that it is a land of famine. But they amused themselves with persevering in the old jokes.

After dinner we had an accession of Mrs. Knowles, the Quaker lady, well known for her various talents, and of Mr. Alderman Lee. . . .

Mr. Wilkes held a candle to show a fine print of a beautiful female figure which hung in the room, and pointed out the elegant contour of the bosom, with the finger of an arch connoisseur. He afterwards, in a conversation with me, waggishly insisted, that all the time Johnson showed visible signs of a fervent admiration of the corresponding charms of the fair Quaker.

I attended Dr. Johnson home, and had the satisfaction to hear him tell Mrs. Williams how much he had been pleased with Mr. Wilkes's company, and what an agreeable day he had passed.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706–1790)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Concerning Militia and the Founding of a College

I had, on the whole, abundant reason to be satisfied with my being established in Pennsylvania. There were, however, two things that I regretted, there being no provision for defence, nor for a complete education of youth; no militia, nor any college. I therefore, in 1743, drew up a proposal for establishing an academy; and at that time, thinking the Reverend Mr. Peters, who was out of employ, a fit person to superintend such an institution, I communicated the project to him; but he, having more profitable views in the service of the proprietaries, which succeeded, declined the undertaking; and, not knowing another at that time suitable for such a trust, I let the scheme lie a while dormant. I succeeded better the next year, 1744, in proposing and establishing a Philosophical Society. The paper I wrote for that purpose will be found among my writings, when collected.

With respect to defence, Spain having been several years at war against Great Britain, and being at length joined by France, which brought us into great danger, and the labored and long-continued endeavor of our governor, Thomas, to prevail with our Quaker Assembly to pass a militia law, and make other provisions for the security of the province, having proved abortive, I determined to try what might be done by a voluntary association of the people. To promote this, I first wrote and published a pamphlet, entitled *Plain Truth*, in which I stated our defenceless situation in strong lights, with the necessity of union and discipline for our defence, and promised to propose in a few days an association, to be generally signed for that purpose. The pamphlet had a sudden and surprising effect. I was called upon for the instrument of association, and having settled the draft of it with a few friends, I appointed a meeting of the citizens in the large building before mentioned. The house was pretty full; I had prepared a number of printed copies, and provided pens and ink dispersed all over the room. I harangued them a little on the subject, read the paper, and explained it, and then distributed the copies, which were eagerly signed, not the least objection being made.

When the company separated, and the papers were collected, we found above twelve hundred hands; and other copies being dispersed in the country, the subscribers amounted at length to upward of ten thousand. These all furnished themselves as soon as they could with arms, formed themselves into companies and regiments, chose their own officers, and met every week to be instructed in the manual exercise, and other parts of military discipline. The women, by subscriptions among themselves, provided silk colors, which they presented to the companies, painted with different devices and mottoes, which I supplied.

The officers of the companies composing the Philadelphia regiment, being met, chose me for their colonel; but, conceiving myself unfit, I declined that station, and recommended Mr. Lawrence, a fine person, and man of influence, who was accordingly appointed. I then proposed a lottery to defray the expense of building a battery below the town, and furnishing it with cannon. It filled expeditiously, and the battery was soon erected, the merlons being framed of logs and filled with earth. We bought some old cannon from Boston, but these not being sufficient, we wrote to England for more, soliciting, at the same time, our proprietaries for some assistance, though without much expectation of obtaining it.

Meanwhile Colonel Lawrence, William Allen, Abram Taylor, Esquire, and myself were sent to New York by the associators, commissioned to borrow some cannon of Governor Clinton. He at first refused us peremptorily; but at dinner with his council, where there was great drinking of Madeira wine, as the custom of that place then was, he softened by degrees, and said he would lend us six. After a few more bumpers he advanced to ten; and at length he very good-naturedly conceded eighteen. They were

fine cannon, eighteen-pounders, with their carriages, which we soon transported and mounted on our battery, where the associators kept a nightly guard while the war lasted, and among the rest I regularly took my turn of duty there as a common soldier.

My activity in these operations was agreeable to the governor and council; they took me into confidence, and I was consulted by them in every measure wherein their concurrence was thought useful to the association. Calling in the aid of religion, I proposed to them the proclaiming a fast, to promote reformation, and implore the blessing of Heaven on our undertaking. They embraced the motion; but, as it was the first fast ever thought of in the province, the secretary had no precedent from which to draw the proclamation. My education in New England, where a fast is proclaimed every year, was here of some advantage: I drew it in the accustomed style; it was translated into German, printed in both languages, and divulged through the province. This gave the clergy of the different sects an opportunity of influencing their congregations to join in the association, and it would probably have been general among all but Quakers if the peace had not soon intervened.

It was thought by some of my friends that, by my activity in these affairs, I should offend that sect, and thereby lose my interest in the Assembly of the province, where they formed a great majority. A young gentleman, who had likewise some friends in the House, and wished to succeed me as their clerk, acquainted me that it was decided to displace me at the next election; and he, therefore, in good will, advised me to resign, as more consistent with my honor than being turned out. My answer to him was, that I had read or heard of some public man who made it a rule never to ask for an office, and never to refuse one when offered to him. "I approve," says I, "of his rule, and will practise it with a small addition: I shall never *ask*, never *refuse*, nor ever *resign* an office. If they will have my office of clerk to dispose of to another, they shall take it from me. I will not, by giving it up, lose my right of some time or other making reprisals on my adversaries." I heard, however, no more of this; I was chosen again unanimously as usual at the next election. Possibly, as they disliked my late intimacy with the members of council, who had joined the governors in all the disputes about military preparations, with which the House had long been harassed, they might have been pleased if I would voluntarily have left them; but they did not care to displace me on account merely of my zeal for the association, and they could not well give another reason.

Indeed, I had some cause to believe that the defence of the country was not disagreeable to any of them, provided they were not required to assist in it. And I found that a much greater number of them than I could have imagined, though against offensive war, were clearly for the defensive. Many pamphlets *pro* and *con* were published on the subject, and some by good Quakers, in favor of defense, which I believe convinced most of their younger people.

A transaction in our fire company gave me some insight into their prevailing sentiments. It had been proposed that we should encourage the scheme for building a battery by laying out the present stock, then about sixty pounds, in tickets of the lottery. By our rules, no money could be disposed of till the next meeting after the proposal. The company consisted of thirty members, of which twenty-two were Quakers, and eight only of other persuasions. We eight punctually attended the meeting; but though we thought that some of the Quakers would join us, we were by no means sure of a majority. Only one Quaker, Mr. James Morris, appeared to oppose the measure. He expressed much sorrow that it had ever been proposed, as he said *Friends* were all against it, and it would create such discord as might break up the company. We told him that we saw no reason for that; we were the minority, and if *Friends* were against the measure, and outvoted us, we must and should, agreeably to the usage of all societies, submit. When the hour for business arrived it was moved to put the vote; he allowed we might then do it by the rules, but, as he could assure us that a number of members intended to be present for the purpose of opposing it, it would be but candid to allow a little time for their appearing.

While we were disputing this, a waiter

came to tell me two gentlemen below desired to speak with me. I went down, and found they were two of our Quaker members. They told me there were eight of them assembled at a tavern just by; that they were determined to come and vote with us if there should be occasion, which they hoped would not be the case, and desired we would not call for their assistance if we could do without it, as their voting for such a measure might embroil them with their elders and friends. Being thus secure of a majority, I went up, and after a little seeming hesitation, agreed to a delay of another hour. This Mr. Morris allowed to be extremely fair. Not one of his opposing friends appeared, at which he expressed great surprise; and at the expiration of the hour, we carried the resolution eight to one; and as, of the twenty-two Quakers, eight were ready to vote with us, and thirteen, by their absence, manifested that they were not inclined to oppose the measure, I afterwards estimated the proportion of Quakers sincerely against defense as one to twenty-one only; for these were all regular members of that society, and in good reputation among them, and had due notice of what was proposed at that meeting.

The honorable and learned Mr. Logan, who had always been of that sect, was one who wrote an address to them, declaring his approbation of defensive war, and supporting his opinion by many strong arguments. He put into my hands sixty pounds to be laid out in lottery tickets for the battery, with directions to apply what prizes might be drawn wholly to that service. He told me the following anecdote of his old master, William Penn, respecting defense. He came over from England, when a young man, with that proprietary, and as his secretary. It was war time, and their ship was chased by an armed vessel, supposed to be an enemy. Their captain prepared for defense; but told William Penn, and his company of Quakers, that he did not expect their assistance, and they might retire into the cabin, which they did, except James Logan, who chose to stay upon deck, and was quartered to a gun. The supposed enemy proved a friend, so there was no fighting; but when the secretary went down to communicate the intelligence, William Penn rebuked him severely for staying upon deck, and undertaking to assist in defending the vessel, contrary to the principles of *Friends*, especially as it had not been required by the captain. This reproof, being before all the company, piqued the secretary, who answered, "*I being thy servant, why did thee not order me to come down? But thee was willing enough that I should stay and help to fight the ship when thee thought there was danger.*"

My being many years in the Assembly, the majority of which were constantly Quakers, gave me frequent opportunities of seeing the embarrassment given them by their principle against war, whenever application was made to them, by order of the crown, to grant aids for military purposes. They were unwilling to offend government, on the one hand, by a direct refusal; and their friends, the body of the Quakers, on the other, by a compliance contrary to their principles; hence a variety of evasions to avoid complying, and modes of disguising the compliance when it became unavoidable. The common mode at last was, to grant money under the phrase of its being "*for the king's use*," and never to inquire how it was applied.

But if the demand was not directly from the crown, that phrase was found not so proper, and some other was to be invented. As, when powder was wanting (I think it was for the garrison at Louisburg), and the government of New England solicited a grant of some from Pennsylvania, which was much urged on the House by Governor Thomas, they could not grant money to buy powder, because that was an ingredient of war; but they voted an aid to New England of three thousand pounds, to be put into the hands of the governor, and appropriated it for the purchasing of bread, flour, wheat, or *other grain*. Some of the council, desirous of giving the House still further embarrassment, advised the governor not to accept provision, as not being the thing he had demanded; but he replied, "I shall take the money, for I understand very well their meaning; other grain is gunpowder," which he accordingly bought, and they never objected to it.

It was in allusion to this fact that when, in our fire company, we feared the success of our proposal in favor of the lottery, and I had said to my friend Mr. Syng, one of our members, "If we fail, let us move the pur-

chase of a fire-engine with the money; the Quakers can have no objection to that; and then, if you nominate me and I you as a committee for that purpose, we will buy a great gun, which is certainly a *fire-engine*." "I see," says he, "you have improved by being so long in the Assembly; your equivocal project would be just a match for their wheat or *other grain*."

These embarrassments that the Quakers suffered from having established and published it as one of their principles that no kind of war was lawful, and which, being once published, they could not afterwards, however they might change their minds, easily get rid of, reminds me of what I think a more prudent conduct in another sect among us, that of the Dunkers. I was acquainted with one of its founders, Michael Welfare, soon after it appeared. He complained to me that they were grievously calumniated by the zealots of other persuasions, and charged with abominable principles and practices, to which they were utter strangers. I told him this had always been the case with new sects, and that, to put a stop to such abuse, I imagined it might be well to publish the articles of their belief, and the rules of their discipline. He said that it had been proposed among them, but not agreed to, for this reason: "When we were first drawn together as a society," says he, "it has pleased God to enlighten our minds so far as to see that some doctrines, which we once esteemed truths, were errors; and that others, which we had esteemed errors, were real truths. From time to time He had been pleased to afford us farther light, and our principles have been improving, and our errors diminishing. Now we are not sure that we are arrived at the end of this progression, and at the perfection of spiritual or theological knowledge; and we fear that, if we should once print our confession of faith, we should feel ourselves as if bound and confined by it, and perhaps be unwilling to receive farther improvement, and our successors still more so, as conceiving what we their elders and founders had done, to be something sacred, never to be departed from."

This modesty in a sect is perhaps a singular instance in the history of mankind, every other sect supposing itself in possession of all truth, and that those who differ are so far in the wrong; like a man travelling in foggy weather, those at some distance before him on the road he sees wrapped up in the fog, as well as those behind him, and also the people in the fields on each side, but near him all appears clear, though in truth he is as much in the fog as any of them. To avoid this kind of embarrassment, the Quakers have of late years been gradually declining the public service in the Assembly and in the magistracy, choosing rather to quit their power than their principle.

In order of time, I should have mentioned before, that having, in 1742, invented an open stove for the better warming of rooms, and at the same time saving fuel, as the fresh air admitted was warmed in entering, I made a present of the model to Mr. Robert Grace, one of my early friends, who, having an iron-furnace, found the casting of the plates for these stoves a profitable thing, as they were growing in demand. To promote that demand, I wrote and published a pamphlet, entitled "*An Account of the new-invented Pennsylvania Fireplaces; wherein their Construction and Manner of Operation is particularly explained; their Advantages above every other Method of warming Rooms demonstrated; and all Objections that have been raised against the Use of them answered and obviated*," etc. This pamphlet had a good effect. Governor Thomas was so pleased with the construction of this stove, as described in it, that he offered to give me a patent for the sole vending of them for a term of years; but I declined it from a principle which has ever weighed with me on such occasions, viz., *That, as we enjoy great advantages from the inventions of others, we should be glad of an opportunity to serve others by any invention of ours; and this we should do freely and generously.*

An ironmonger in London, however, assuming a good deal of my pamphlet, and working it up into his own, and making some small changes in the machine, which rather hurt its operation, got a patent for it there, and made, as I was told, a little fortune by it. And this is not the only instance of patents taken out for my inventions by others, though not always with the same success, which I never contested, as having no desire of profiting by patents myself, and

hating disputes. The use of these fireplaces in very many houses, both of this and the neighboring colonies, has been, and is, a great saving of wood to the inhabitants.

Peace being concluded, and the association business therefore at an end, I turned my thoughts again to the affair of establishing an academy. The first step I took was to associate in the design a number of active friends, of whom the Junto furnished a good part; the next was to write and publish a pamphlet, entitled *Proposals relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania.* This I distributed among the principal inhabitants gratis; and as soon as I could suppose their minds a little prepared by the perusal of it, I set on foot a subscription for opening and supporting an academy; it was to be paid in quotas yearly for five years; by so dividing it, I judged the subscription might be larger, and I believe it was so, amounting to no less, if I remember right, than five thousand pounds.

In the introduction to these proposals, I stated their publication, not as an act of mine, but of some *public-spirited gentlemen,* avoiding as much as I could, according to my usual rule, the presenting myself to the public as the author of any scheme for their benefit.

The subscribers, to carry the project into immediate execution, chose out of their number twenty-four trustees, and appointed Mr. Francis, then attorney-general, and myself to draw up constitutions for the government of the academy; which being done and signed, a house was hired, masters engaged, and the schools opened, I think, in the same year, 1749.

The scholars increasing fast, the house was soon found too small, and we were looking out for a piece of ground, properly situated, with intention to build, when Providence threw into our way a large house ready built, which, with a few alterations, might well serve our purpose. This was the building before mentioned, erected by the hearers of Mr. Whitefield, and was obtained for us in the following manner.

It is to be noted that the contributions to this building being made by people of different sects, care was taken in the nomination of trustees, in whom the building and ground was to be vested, that a predominacy should not be given to any sect, lest in time that predominancy might be a means of appropriating the whole to the use of such sect, contrary to the original intention. It was therefore that one of each sect was appointed, viz., one Church-of-England man, one Presbyterian, one Baptist, one Moravian, etc., those, in case of vacancy by death, were to fill it by election from among the contributors. The Moravian happened not to please his colleagues, and on his death they resolved to have no other of that sect. The difficulty then was, how to avoid having two of some other sect, by means of the new choice.

Several persons were named, and for that reason not agreed to. At length one mentioned me, with the observation that I was merely an honest man, and of no sect at all, which prevailed with them to choose me. The enthusiasm which existed when the house was built had long since abated, and its trustees had not been able to procure fresh contributions for paying the ground-rent, and discharging some other debts the building had occasioned, which embarrassed them greatly. Being now a member of both sets of trustees, that for the building and that for the academy, I had a good opportunity of negotiating with both, and brought them finally to an agreement, by which the trustees for the building were to cede it to those of the academy, the latter undertaking to discharge the debt, to keep forever open in the building a large hall for occasional preachers, according to the original intention, and maintain a free school for the instruction of poor children. Writings were accordingly drawn, and on paying the debts the trustees of the academy were put in possession of the premises; and by dividing the great and lofty hall into stories, and different rooms above and below for the several schools, and purchasing some additional ground, the whole was soon made fit for our purpose, and the scholars removed into the building. The care and trouble of agreeing with the workmen, purchasing materials, and superintending the work, fell upon me; and I went through it the more cheerfully, as it did not then interfere with my private business, having the year before taken a very able, industrious, and honest partner, Mr. David Hall, with whose

character I was well acquainted, as he had worked for me four years. He took off my hands all care of the printing office, paying me punctually my share of the profits. This partnership continued eighteen years, successfully for us both.

The trustees of the academy, after a while, were incorporated by a charter from the governor; their funds were increased by contributions in Britain and grants of land from the proprietaries, to which the Assembly has since made considerable addition; and thus was established the present University of Philadelphia. I have been continued one of its trustees from the beginning, now near forty years, and have had the very great pleasure of seeing a number of the youth who have received their education in it, distinguished by their improved abilities, serviceable in public stations, and ornaments to their country.

Public Subscriptions

In 1751, Dr. Thomas Bond, a particular friend of mine, conceived the idea of establishing a hospital in Philadelphia (a very beneficent design, which has been ascribed to me, but was originally his) for the reception and cure of poor sick persons, whether inhabitants of the province or strangers. He was zealous and active in endeavoring to procure subscriptions for it, but the proposal being a novelty in America, and at first not well understood, he met but with small success.

At length he came to me with the compliment that he found there was no such thing as carrying a public-spirited project through without my being concerned in it. "For," says he, "I am often asked by those to whom I propose subscribing, Have you consulted Franklin upon this business? And what does he think of it? And when I tell them that I have not (supposing it rather out of your line), they do not subscribe, but say they will consider of it." I inquired into the nature and probable utility of his scheme, and receiving from him a very satisfactory explanation, I not only subscribed to it myself, but engaged heartily in the design of procuring subscriptions from others. Previously, however, to the solicitation I endeavored to prepare the minds of the people by writing on the subject in the newspapers, which was my usual custom in such cases, but which he had omitted.

The subscriptions afterwards were more free and generous; but, beginning to flag, I saw they would be insufficient without some assistance from the Assembly, and therefore proposed to petition for it, which was done. The country members did not at first relish the project; they objected that it could only be serviceable to the city, and therefore the citizens alone should be at the expense of it; and they doubted whether the citizens themselves generally approved of it. My allegation on the contrary, that it met with such approbation as to leave no doubt of our being able to raise two thousand pounds by voluntary donations, they considered as a most extravagant supposition and utterly impossible.

On this I formed my plan; and, asking leave to bring in a bill for incorporating the contributors according to the prayer of their petition, and granting them a blank sum of money, which leave was obtained chiefly on the consideration that the House could throw the bill out if they did not like it, I drew it so as to make the important clause a conditional one, viz., "And be it enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that when the said contributors shall have met and chosen their managers and treasurer, *and shall have raised by their contributions a capital stock of* ——— *value* (the yearly interest of which is to be applied to the accommodating of the sick poor in the said hospital, free of charge for diet, attendance, advice, and medicines), *and shall make the same appear to the satisfaction of the speaker of the Assembly for the time-being*, that *then* it shall and may be lawful for the said speaker, and he is hereby required, to sign an order on the provincial treasurer for the payment of two thousand pounds, in two yearly payments, to the treasurer of the said hospital, to be applied to the founding, building, and finishing of the same."

This condition carried the bill through; for the members who had opposed the grant, and now conceived they might have the credit of being charitable without the expense, agreed to its passage; and then, in soliciting subscriptions among the people, we urged the conditional promise of the law

as an additional motive to give, since every man's donation would be doubled; thus the clause worked both ways. The subscriptions accordingly soon exceeded the requisite sum, and we claimed and received the public gift, which enabled us to carry the design into execution. A convenient and handsome building was soon erected; the institution has by constant experience been found useful, and flourishes to this day; and I do not remember any of my political manœuvres, the success of which gave me at the time more pleasure, or wherein, after thinking of it, I more easily excused myself for having made some use of cunning.

It was about this time that another projector, the Rev. Gilbert Tennent, came to me with a request that I would assist him in procuring a subscription for erecting a new meeting-house. It was to be for the use of a congregation he had gathered among the Presbyterians, who were originally disciples of Mr. Whitefield. Unwilling to make myself disagreeable to my fellow-citizens by too frequently soliciting their contributions, I absolutely refused. He then desired I would furnish him with a list of the names of persons I knew by experience to be generous and public-spirited. I thought it would be unbecoming in me, after their kind compliance with my solicitations, to mark them out to be worried by other beggars, and therefore refused also to give such a list. He then desired I would at least give him my advice. "That I will readily do," said I; "and, in the first place, I advise you to apply to all those whom you know will give something; next, to those whom you are uncertain whether they will give anything or not, and show them the list of those who have given; and, lastly, do not neglect those who you are sure will give nothing, for in some of them you may be mistaken." He laughed and thanked me, and said he would take my advice. He did so, for he asked of *everybody*, and he obtained a much larger sum than he expected, with which he erected the capacious and very elegant meeting-house that stands in Arch Street.

Improving City Streets

Our city, though laid out with a beautiful regularity, the streets large, straight, and crossing each other at right angles, had the disgrace of suffering those streets to remain long unpaved, and in wet weather the wheels of heavy carriages ploughed them into a quagmire, so that it was difficult to cross them; and in dry weather the dust was offensive. I had lived near what was called the Jersey Market, and saw with pain the inhabitants wading in mud while purchasing their provisions. A strip of ground down the middle of that market was at length paved with brick, so that, being once in the market, they had firm footing, but were often over shoes in dirt to get there. By talking and writing on the subject, I was at length instrumental in getting the street paved with stone between the market and the bricked foot pavement, that was on each side next the houses. This, for some time, gave an easy access to the market dry-shod; but the rest of the street not being paved, whenever a carriage came out of the mud upon this pavement, it shook off and left its dirt upon it, and it was soon covered with mire, which was not removed, the city as yet having no scavengers.

After some inquiry, I found a poor, industrious man, who was willing to undertake keeping the pavement clean, by sweeping it twice a week, carrying off the dirt from before all the neighbors' doors, for the sum of sixpence per month, to be paid by each house. I then wrote and printed a paper setting forth the advantages to the neighborhood that might be obtained by this small expense; the greater ease in keeping our houses clean, so much dirt not being brought in by people's feet; the benefit to the shops by more custom, etc., etc., as buyers could more easily get at them; and by not having, in windy weather, the dust blown in upon their goods, etc., etc. I sent one of these papers to each house, and in a day or two went round to see who would subscribe an agreement to pay these sixpences; it was unanimously signed, and for a time well executed. All the inhabitants of the city were delighted with the cleanliness of the pavement that surrounded the market, it being a convenience to all, and this raised a general desire to have all the streets paved, and made the people more willing to submit to a tax for that purpose.

After some time I drew a bill for paving

the city, and brought it into the Assembly. It was just before I went to England, in 1757, and did not pass till I was gone, and then with an alteration in the mode of assessment, which I thought not for the better, but with an additional provision for lighting as well as paving the streets, which was a great improvement. It was by a private person, the late Mr. John Clifton, his giving a sample of the utility of lamps, by placing one at his door, that the people were first impressed with the idea of enlighting all the city. The honor of this public benefit has also been ascribed to me, but it belongs truly to that gentleman. I did but follow his example, and have only some merit to claim respecting the form of our lamps, as differing from the globe lamps we were at first supplied with from London. Those we found inconvenient in these respects: they admitted no air below; the smoke, therefore, did not readily go out above, but circulated in the globe, lodged on its inside, and soon obstructed the light they were intended to afford; giving, besides, the daily trouble of wiping them clean; and an accidental stroke on one of them would demolish it and render it totally useless. I therefore suggested the composing them of four flat panes, with a long funnel above to draw up the smoke, and crevices admitting air below, to facilitate the ascent of the smoke; by this means they were kept clean, and did not grow dark in a few hours, as the London lamps do, but continued bright till morning, and an accidental stroke would generally break but a single pane, easily repaired.

I have sometimes wondered that the Londoners did not, from the effect holes in the bottom of the globe lamps used at Vauxhall have in keeping them clean, learn to have such holes in their street lamps. But, these holes being made for another purpose, viz., to communicate flame more suddenly to the wick by a little flax hanging down through them, the other use, of letting in air, seems not to have been thought of; and therefore, after the lamps have been lit a few hours, the streets of London are very poorly illuminated.

The mention of these improvements puts me in mind of one I proposed, when in London, to Dr. Fothergill, who was among the best men I have known, and a great promoter of useful projects. I had observed that the streets, when dry, were never swept, and the light dust carried away; but it was suffered to accumulate till wet weather reduced it to mud, and then, after lying some days so deep on the pavement that there was no crossing but in paths kept clean by poor people with brooms, it was with great labor raked together and thrown up into carts open above, the sides of which suffered some of the slush at every jolt on the pavement to shake out and fall, sometimes to the annoyance of foot-passengers. The reason given for not sweeping the dusty streets was, that the dust would fly into the windows of shops and houses.

An accidental occurrence had instructed me how much sweeping might be done in a little time. I found at my door in Craven Street, one morning, a poor woman sweeping my pavement with a birch broom; she appeared very pale and feeble, as just come out of a fit of sickness. I asked who employed her to sweep there; she said, "Nobody; but I am very poor and in distress, and I sweeps before gentlefolkses doors, and hopes they will give me something." I bid her sweep the whole street clean, and I would give her a shilling; this was at nine o'clock; at twelve she came for the shilling. From the slowness I saw at first in her working I could scarce believe that the work was done so soon, and sent my servant to examine it, who reported that the whole street was swept perfectly clean, and all the dust placed in the gutter, which was in the middle; and the next rain washed it quite away, so that the pavement and even the kennel were perfectly clean.

I then judged that, if that feeble woman could sweep such a street in three hours, a strong, active man might have done it in half the time. And here let me remark the convenience of having but one gutter in such a narrow street, running down its middle, instead of two, one on each side, near the footway; for where all the rain that falls on a street runs from the sides and meets in the middle, it forms there a current strong enough to wash away all the mud it meets with; but when divided into two channels, it is often too weak to cleanse either, and only makes the mud it finds more fluid, so that the wheels of carriages and feet of

horses throw and dash it upon the foot-pavement, which is thereby rendered foul and slippery, and sometimes splash it upon those who are walking. My proposal, communicated to the good doctor, was as follows:

"For the more effectual cleaning and keeping clean the streets of London and Westminster, it is proposed that the several watchmen be contracted with to have the dust swept up in dry seasons, and the mud raked up at other times, each in the several streets and lanes of his round; that they be furnished with brooms and other proper instruments for these purposes, to be kept at their respective stands, ready to furnish the poor people they may employ in the service.

"That in the dry summer months the dust be all swept up into heaps at proper distances, before the shops and windows of houses are usually opened, when the scavengers, with close-covered carts, shall also carry it all away.

"That the mud, when raked up, be not left in heaps to be spread abroad again by the wheels of carriages and trampling of horses, but that the scavengers be provided with bodies of carts, not placed high upon wheels, but low upon sliders with lattice bottoms, which, being covered with straw, will retain the mud thrown into them, and permit the water to drain from it, whereby it will become much lighter, water making the greatest part of its weight; these bodies of carts to be placed at convenient distances, and the mud brought to them in wheelbarrows; they remaining where placed till the mud is drained, and then horses brought to draw them away."

I have since had doubts of the practicability of the latter part of this proposal, on account of the narrowness of some streets, and the difficulty of placing the draining-sleds so as not to encumber too much the passage; but I am still of opinion that the former, requiring the dust to be swept up and carried away before the shops are open, is very practicable in the summer, when the days are long; for, in walking through the Strand and Fleet Street one morning at seven o'clock, I observed there was not one shop open, though it had been daylight and the sun up above three hours; the inhabitants of London choosing voluntarily to live much by candle-light, and sleep by sunshine, and yet often complain, a little absurdly, of the duty on candles, and the high price of tallow.

Some may think these trifling matters not worth minding or relating; but when they consider that though dust blown into the eyes of a single person, or into a single shop on a windy day, is but of small importance, yet the great number of the instances in a populous city, and its frequent repetitions give it weight and consequence, perhaps they will not censure very severely those who bestow some attention to affairs of this seemingly low nature. Human felicity is produced not so much by great pieces of good fortune that seldom happen, as by little advantages that occur every day. Thus, if you teach a poor young man to shave himself, and keep his razor in order, you may contribute more to the happiness of his life than in giving him a thousand guineas. The money may be soon spent, the regret only remaining of having foolishly consumed it; but in the other case, he escapes the frequent vexation of waiting for barbers, and of their sometimes dirty fingers, offensive breaths, and dull razors; he shaves when most convenient to him, and enjoys daily the pleasure of its being done with a good instrument. With these sentiments I have hazarded the few preceding pages, hoping they may afford hints which sometime or other may be useful to a city I love, having lived many years in it very happily, and perhaps to some of our towns in America.

THE LETTER

THE LETTER

The familiar letter attains its highest development during periods when social life is most varied and complex. The first centuries B. C. and A. D. in Rome, the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in France, and the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in England were such periods. Those men, and women, who are most broadly cultivated, who are wont to observe most keenly the passing show where men congregate and display their vanities, who have cultivated an amused cynicism as they gossip about the life they know best—the letters of such as these comprise the supreme examples of the "gentlest art."

The familiar letter, to effect its purpose, requires a peculiar talent. It must, first of all, forego the requirements of formal art, for the sake of an immediate and intimate expression of the writer's personality. It must possess sympathy, that is to say, an identification with one reader's interest; it must express in sprightly fashion the writer's intimate concern with his subject; and it must bring vividly before the reader's mind in a friendly way the whole *mise en scène* of the little drama which is the writer's peculiar life.

This art of letter-writing suddenly rose to its full perfection in the hands of the great humanist Cicero (106–43 B. C.), whose epistles to his friend Atticus and others of his intimates have, in many respects, never been surpassed. His mastery of familiar style and his notable descriptions of great events have made these one of the precious legacies from antiquity. Several generations later Pliny the Younger (61–113 A. D.) continued the tradition of the familiar letter, portraying in varied colors the Rome of his day. Without these two eminent practitioners of the art, our knowledge of the daily social life of their times would be far less rich than it is today. In fact, this depiction of the manners and thoughts of an age, together with the revelation of the author's personality, constitute the great value letters of the past possess for succeeding ages.

The France of the Golden Age of elegance, artifice, and formal splendor is pictured vividly in the fascinating letters of Madame de Sévigné (1626–1696), whose half-amused, half-cynical comment upon the doings of court life vies with the memoirs of Saint-Simon as a revelation of immense attraction. So, too, the comments of Voltaire (1695–1778), during the Age of Enlightenment, express the spirit of a very different period of French letters. His flaming espousal of justice, his cynical disillusionment concerning conduct, and the contentment he found in "cultivating his own garden" beside Swiss waters make up the substance of these remarkable letters.

England, too, possessed exceptional letter-writers, especially during that brilliant period when common-sense ruled and social life received its intensest development—the eighteenth century. Horace Walpole (1717–1797), the cynical and witty court fop, entertained his friends with gossip of the court, of distinguished personages of the day, and of social life in France. Lord Chesterfield (1694–1773), in letters written to his natural son with the intent of training him for life in the great world, expressed in better form than is found almost anywhere else the ideal of an age of formal elegance, of external conformity, and neo-classical restriction. It is true that these letters do not strike toward the roots of any genuine morality, but they reveal in remarkable fashion the common-sense and the good breeding which also characterized the Augustan age of life and letters. The poet Thomas Gray (1716–1771) and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1690–1762) were other letter writers of note during this period in which the art of communication was intensively cultivated. William Cowper (1731–1800) was both poet and letter writer of real charm. He tells of his life by the quiet English country-side in language of much ease and purity of sentiment.

Of the many English letter writers of the nineteenth century Charles Lamb (1775–1834) has properly remained dearest to the

heart of the reader. The gentle Elia, the author of the *Essays*, is just as whimsical and fantastic in his private letters as in his other work.

The familiar letter requires a talent different from that manifesting itself in a more formal art. In it, so to speak, the writer appears in dressing-gown and slippers, at ease with himself and on familiar terms with his correspondent. He needs time, and leisure, and a knowledge that his friend desires the kind of chat he is capable of uttering when he has relaxed from the business of the day. Possibly this is the reason why, in this age of intense bustle and rapid communication, the art of the familiar letter is becoming a relic of other and less busy times.

CICERO[1] (106–43 B. C.)

TO TIRO

NOTWITHSTANDING that I feel the want of your services, in every place and upon all occasions; yet, be assured, your illness gives me far less concern on my own account, than on yours. However, since it has terminated, as Curius informs me, in a quartan ague; I hope, if you are not wanting in proper care, that it will prove a means of more firmly establishing your health. Be so just then to the regard you owe me, as not to suffer any other concern to employ your thoughts but what relates to your recovery. I am sensible, at the same time, how much you suffer, but believe me, all will be well, whenever you are so. I would by no means therefore have you in so much haste to return to me, as to expose yourself to the dangers of a winter-voyage; nor indeed to the dangers of a sea-sickness, before you shall have sufficiently recovered your strength.

I arrived in the suburbs of Rome on the fourth of January: and nothing could be more to my honour, than the manner in which I was met on my approach to the city. But I am unhappily fallen into the very midst of public dissension, or rather indeed, I find myself surrounded with the flames of a civil war. It was my earnest desire to have composed these dangerous ferments: and I probably might, if the passions of some in both parties, who are equally eager for war, had not rendered my endeavours ineffectual. My friend Caesar has written a very warm and menacing letter to the senate. He has the assurance, notwithstanding their express prohibition, to continue at the head of his army and in the government of his province: to which very extraordinary measures he has been instigated by Curio. The latter, in conjunction with Quintus Cassius and Mark Antony, without the least violence having been offered to them, have withdrawn themselves to Caesar. They took this step immediately after the senate had given it in charge to the consuls, the praetors, and the tribunes of the people, together with those of us who are invested with proconsular power, to take care of the interests of the republic. And never, in truth, were our liberties in more imminent danger: as those who are disaffected to the commonwealth never were headed by a chief more capable, or better prepared to support them. We are raising forces with all possible diligence, under the authority and with the assistance of Pompey: who now begins, somewhat too late I fear, to be apprehensive of Caesar's power. In the midst however of these alarming commotions, the senate demanded, in a very full house, that a triumph should be immediately decreed to me. But the consul Lentulus, in order to appropriate to himself a greater share in conferring this honour, told them, that he would propose it himself in proper form, as soon as he should have dispatched the affairs that were necessary in the present conjuncture. In the meantime, I act with great moderation: and this conduct renders my influence with both parties so much the stronger. The several districts of Italy are assigned to our respective protections: and Capua is the department I have taken for mine.

I thought it proper to give you this general information of public affairs: to

[1] Translation by W. Melmoth.

which I will only add my request, that you would take care of your health, and write to me by every opportunity. Again and again I bid you farewell.

TO TIRO

You will easily judge of our distress when I tell you, that myself and every friend of the republic have abandoned Rome, and even our country, to all the cruel devastations of fire and sword. Our affairs indeed are in so desperate a situation, that nothing less than the powerful interposition of some favourable divinity, or some happy turn of chance, can secure us from utter ruin. It has been the perpetual purpose of all my speeches, my votes, and my actions, ever since I returned to Rome, to preserve the public tranquillity. But an invincible rage for war had unaccountably seized not only the enemies, but even those who are esteemed the friends of the commonwealth: and it was in vain I remonstrated, that nothing was more to be dreaded than a civil war. Caesar, in the meantime, unmindful of his former character and honours, and driven, it should seem, by a sort of phrenzy, has taken possession of Ariminum, Pisaurum, Ancona, and Arretum. In consequence of this, we have all deserted the city: but how prudently, or how heroically, it now avails not to examine. Thus you see our wretched situation! Caesar, however, has offered us the following conditions: in the first place, that Pompey shall retire to his government in Spain; in the next, that the army we have raised shall be disbanded, and our garrisons evacuated. Upon these terms he promises to deliver up the farther Gaul into the hands of Domitius, and the nearer into those of Confidius Nonianus, the persons to whom these provinces have been respectively allotted. He farther engages to resign his right of suing for the consulship in his absence, and is willing to return to Rome in order to appear as a candidate in the regular form. We have accepted these propositions, provided he withdraws his forces from the several towns above mentioned, that the senate may securely assemble themselves at Rome in order to pass a decree for that purpose. If he should think proper to comply with this proposal, there are hopes of peace; not indeed of a very honourable one, as the terms are imposed upon us: yet anything is preferable to our present circumstances. But if he should refuse to stand to his overtures, we are prepared for an engagement: but an engagement which Caesar, after having incurred the general odium of retracting his own conditions, will scarce be able to sustain. The only difficulty will be, to intercept his march to Rome. And this we have a prospect of effecting, as we have raised a very considerable body of troops: and we imagine that he will scarce venture to advance, lest he should lose the two Gauls; every part of those provinces, excepting only the Transpadani, being utterly averse to him. There are likewise six of our legions from Spain, commanded by Afranius and Petreius, and supported by a very powerful body of auxiliaries, that lie in his rear. In short, if he should be so mad as to approach, there is great probability of his being defeated, if we can but preserve Rome from falling into his hands. It has given a very considerable blow to his cause, that Labienus, who had great credit in his army, refused to be an associate with him in his impious enterprise. This illustrious person had not only deserted Caesar, but joined himself with us: and it is said, that many others of the same party intend to follow his example.

I have still under my protection all the coast that extends itself from Formiae. I did not choose to enter more deeply at present into the opposition against Caesar, that my exhortations, in order to engage him to an accommodation, might be attended with the greater weight. If war, however, must, after all, be our lot, it will be impossible for me, I perceive, to decline the command of some part of our forces. To this uneasy reflection, I must add another: my son-in-law Dolabella has taken party with Caesar.

I was willing to give you this general information of public affairs: but suffer it not, I charge you, to make impressions upon your mind, to the disadvantage of your health. I have strongly recommended you to Aulus Vario, whose disposition to serve you, as well as whose particular friendship to myself, I have thoroughly experienced. I have entreated him to be careful both of your health and of your voyage, and, in a word, to receive you entirely under his protection. I

have full confidence that he will comply with my request, as he gave me his promise for that purpose in the most obliging manner.

As I could not enjoy the satisfaction of your company at a season when I most wanted your faithful services, I beg you would not now hasten your return, nor undertake your voyage either during the winter, or before you are perfectly recovered. For, be assured, I shall not think I see you too late, if I see you safe and well. I have heard nothing of you since the letter I received by Marcus Volusinus: but indeed I do not wonder at it, as I imagine the severity of the winter has likewise prevented my letters from reaching your hands. Take care of yourself, I conjure you, and do not sail till your health and the season shall be favourable. My son is at Formiae: but Terentia and Tullia are still at Rome. Farewell.

CAPUA, January the 29th

TO TERENTIA, TO MY DEAREST TULLIA, AND TO MY SON

IMAGINE not, my Terentia, that I write longer letters to others than to yourself: be assured at least, if ever I do, it is merely because those I receive from them require a more particular answer. The truth of it is, I am always at a loss what to write: and as there is nothing in the present dejection of my mind, that I perform with greater reluctance in general; so I never attempt it with regard to you and my dearest daughter, that it does not cost me a flood of tears. For how can I think of you without being pierced with grief in the reflection, that I have made those completely miserable whom I ought, and wished, to have rendered perfectly happy? And I should have rendered them so, if I had acted with less timidity.

Piso's behaviour towards us in this season of our affliction, has greatly endeared him to my heart: and I have, as well as I was able in the present discomposure of my mind, both acknowledged his good offices and exhorted him to continue them.

I perceive you depend much upon the new tribunes: and if Pompey perseveres in his present disposition, I am inclined to think that your hopes will not be disappointed; though I must confess, I have some fears with respect to Crassus. In the meanwhile I have the satisfaction to find, what indeed I had reason to expect, that you act with great spirit and tenderness in all my concerns. But I lament it should be my cruel fate to expose you to so many calamities, whilst you are thus generously endeavouring to ease the weight of mine. Be assured it was with the utmost grief I read the account which Publius sent me, of the opprobrious manner in which you were dragged from the temple of Vesta, to the office of Valerius. Sad reverse indeed! That thou, the dearest object of my fondest desires, that my Terentia, to whom such numbers were wont to look up for relief, should be herself a spectacle of the most affecting distress! and that I, who have saved so many others from ruin, should have ruined both myself and my family by my own indiscretion!

As to what you mention with regard to the Area belonging to my house, I shall never look upon myself as restored to my country, till that spot of ground is again in my possession. But that is a point that does not depend upon ourselves. Let me rather express my concern for what does; and lament that, distressed as your circumstances already are, you should engage yourself in a share of those expenses which are incurred upon my account. Be assured, if ever I should return to Rome, I shall easily recover my estate: but should fortune continue to persecute me, will you, thou dear unhappy woman, will you fondly throw away in gaining friends to a desperate cause, the last scanty remains of your broken fortunes! I conjure you then, my dearest Terentia, not to involve yourself in any charges of that kind: let them be borne by those who are able, if they are willing, to support the weight. In a word, if you have any affection for me, let not your anxiety upon my account injure your health: which, alas! is already but too much impaired. Believe me, you are the perpetual subject of my waking and sleeping thoughts: and as I know the assiduity you exert in my behalf, I have a thousand fears lest your strength should not be equal to so continued a fatigue. I am sensible at the same time that my affairs

depend entirely upon your assistance: and therefore that they may be attended with the success you hope and so zealously endeavour to obtain, let me earnestly entreat you to take care of your health.

I know not whom to write to, unless to those who first write to me, or whom you particularly mention in your letters. As you and Tullia are of opinion that I should not retreat farther from Italy, I have laid aside that design. Let me hear from you both as often as possible, particularly if there should be any fairer prospect of my return. Farewell, ye dearest objects of my most tender affection, Farewell!

THESSALONICA, Oct. the 5th

TO CAIUS CASSIUS

BELIEVE me, my Cassius, the republic is the perpetual subject of my meditations; or to express the same thing in other words, you and Marcus Brutus are never out of my thoughts. It is upon you two indeed, together with Decimus Brutus, that all our hopes depend. Mine are somewhat raised by the glorious conduct of Dolabella, in suppressing the late insurrection: which had spread so wide, and gathered every day such additional strength, that it seemed to threaten destruction to the whole city. But this mob is now so totally quelled, that I think we have nothing farther to fear from any future attempt of the same kind. Many other fears, however, and very considerable ones too, still remain with us: and it entirely rests upon you, in conjunction with your illustrious associates, to remove them. Yet where to advise you to begin for that purpose, I must acknowledge myself at a loss. To say truth, it is the tyrant alone, and not the tyranny, from which we seem to be delivered: for although the man indeed is destroyed, we still servilely maintain all his despotic ordinances. We do more: and under the pretence of carrying his designs into execution, we approve of measures which even he himself would never have pursued. And the misfortune, is, that I know not where this extravagance will end. When I reflect on the laws that are enacted, on the immunities that are granted, on the immense largesses that are distributed, on the exiles that are recalled, and on the fictitious decrees that are published, the only effect that seems to have been produced by Caesar's death is, that it has extinguished the sense of our servitude, and the abhorrence of that detestable usurper: as all the disorders into which he threw the republic still continue. These are the evils, therefore, which it is incumbent upon you and your patriot coadjutors to redress: for let not my friends imagine, that they have yet completed their work. The obligations, it is true, which the republic has already received from you, are far greater than I could have ventured to hope: still however her demands are not entirely satisfied; and she promises herself yet higher services from such brave and generous benefactors. You have revenged her injuries, by the death of her oppressor: but you have done nothing more. For tell me, what has she yet recovered of her former dignity and lustre? Does she not obey the will of that tyrant now he is dead, whom she could not endure when living? And do we not, instead of repealing his public laws, authenticate even his private memorandums? You will tell me, perhaps (and you may tell me the truth), that I concurred in passing a decree for that purpose. It was in compliance, however, with public circumstances: a regard to which is of much consequence in political deliberations of every kind. But there are some, however, who have most immoderately and ungratefully abused the concessions we found it thus necessary to make.

I hope very speedily to discuss this and many other points with you in person. In the meantime be persuaded, that the affection I have ever borne to my country, as well as my particular friendship to yourself, renders the advancement of your credit and esteem with the public extremely my concern. Farewell.

PLINY THE YOUNGER (61–113? A. D.)

TO SOCIUS SENECIO: THE LAST CROP OF POETS[1]

FROM THE *Letters*

THIS year has produced a plentiful crop of poets: during the whole month of April, scarcely a day has passed on which we have not been entertained with the recital of some poem. It is a pleasure to me to find that a taste for polite literature still exists, and that men of genius do come forward and make themselves known, notwithstanding the lazy attendance they get for their pains. The greater part of the audience sit in the lounging-places, gossip away their time there, and are perpetually sending to inquire whether the author has made his entrance yet, whether he has got through the preface, or whether he has almost finished the piece. Then at length they saunter in with an air of the greatest indifference; nor do they condescend to stay through the recital, but go out before it is over, some slyly and stealthily, others again with perfect freedom and unconcern. And yet our fathers can remember how Claudius Caesar walking one day in the palace, and hearing a great shouting, inquired the cause; and being informed that Nonianus was reciting a composition of his, went immediately to the place, and agreeably surprised the author with his presence. But now, were one to bespeak the attendance of the idlest man living, and remind him of the appointment ever so often, or ever so long beforehand, either he would not come at all, or if he did, would grumble about having "lost a day!" for no other reason but because he had not lost it. So much the more do those authors deserve our encouragement and applause who have resolution to persevere in their studies, and to read out their compositions in spite of this apathy or arrogance on the part of their audience. Myself indeed, I scarcely ever miss being present upon any occasion; though, to tell the truth, the authors have generally been friends of mine, as indeed there are few men of literary tastes who are not. It is this which has kept me in town longer than I had intended. I am now, however, at liberty to go back into the country and write something myself: which I do not intend reciting, lest I should seem rather to have lent than given my attendance to these recitations of my friends; for in these, as in all other good offices, the obligation ceases the moment you seem to expect a return. Farewell.

[1]Translation by Alfred Church and W. J. Brodribb.

TO TACITUS: THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS

FROM THE *Letters*

YOUR request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered forever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works: yet I am persuaded the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to render his name immortal. Happy I esteem those to be to whom by provision of the gods has been granted the ability either to do such actions as are worthy of being related or to relate them in a manner worthy of being read: but peculiarly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents; in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings and your history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, that I execute your commands; and should indeed have claimed the task if you had not enjoined it. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just taken a turn in the

sun, and after bathing himself in cold water, and making a light luncheon, gone back to his books: he immediately arose and went out upon a rising ground, from whence he might get a better sight of this very uncommon appearance. A cloud, from which mountain was uncertain at this distance (but it was found afterwards to come from Mount Vesuvius), was ascending, the appearance of which I cannot give you a more exact description of than by likening it to that of a pine-tree; for it shot up to a great height in the form of a very tall trunk, which spread itself out at the top into a sort of branches,—occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in the manner I have mentioned; it appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted, according as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This phenomenon seemed, to a man of such learning and research as my uncle, extraordinary and worth further looking into. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me leave, if I liked, to accompany him. I said I had rather go on with my work; and it so happened he had himself given me something to write out. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for, her villa lying at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way of escape but by sea; she earnestly entreated him therefore to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first intention, and what he had begun from a philosophical, he now carried out in a noble and generous spirit. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but the several other towns which lay thickly strewn along that beautiful coast. Hastening then to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his course direct to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and all the phenomena of that dreadful scene. He was now so close to the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones and black pieces of burning rock; they were in danger too not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should turn back again; to which the pilot advising him, "Fortune," said he, "favors the brave: steer to where Pomponianus is." Pomponianus was then at Stabiae, separated by a bay which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms with the shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within sight of it, and indeed extremely near if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind, which was blowing dead in-shore, should go down. It was favorable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation: he embraced him tenderly, encouraging and urging him to keep up his spirits; and the more effectually to soothe his fears by seeming unconcerned himself, ordered a bath to be got ready, and then, after having bathed, sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is just as heroic) with every appearance of it. Meanwhile broad flames shone out in several places from Mount Vesuvius, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still brighter and clearer. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames: after this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little disquieted as to fall into a sound sleep; for his breathing, which on account of his corpulence was rather heavy and sonorous, was heard by the attendants outside. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer it would have been impossible for him to make his way out. So he was awoke and got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were feeling too anxious to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses—which now rocked from side to side

with frequent and violent concussions, as though shaken from their very foundations—or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers and threatened destruction. In this choice of dangers they resolved for the fields; a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into it by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defense against the storm of stones that fell round them. It was now day everywhere else, but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the thickest night; which however was in some degree alleviated by torches and other lights of various kinds. They thought proper to go farther down upon the shore to see if they might safely put out to sea, but found the waves still running extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle, laying himself down upon a sail-cloth, which was spread for him, called twice for some cold water, which he drank; when immediately the flames, preceded by a strong whiff of sulphur, dispersed the rest of the party and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapor; having always had a weak throat, which was often inflamed. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, in the dress in which he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. . . . Farewell.

TO THE EMPEROR TRAJAN: OF THE CHRISTIANS

From the *Letters*

It is my invariable rule, sir, to refer to you in all matters where I feel doubtful; for who is more capable of removing my scruples, or informing my ignorance? Having never been present at any trials concerning those who profess Christianity, I am unacquainted not only with the nature of their crimes, or the measure of their punishment, but how far it is proper to enter into an examination concerning them. Whether, therefore, any difference is usually made with respect to ages, or no distinction is to be observed between the young and the adult; whether repentance entitles them to a pardon, or if a man has been once a Christian it avails nothing to desist from his error; whether the very profession of Christianity, unattended with any criminal act, or only the crimes themselves inherent in the profession, are punishable,—on all these points I am in great doubt. In the mean while, the method I have observed towards those who have been brought before me as Christians is this: I asked them whether they were Christians; if they admitted it, I repeated the question twice and threatened them with punishment; if they persisted, I ordered them to be at once punished,—for I was persuaded, whatever the nature of their opinions might be, a contumacious and inflexible obstinacy certainly deserved correction. There were others also brought before me possessed with the same infatuation; but being Roman citizens, I directed them to be sent to Rome. But this crime spreading (as is usually the case), while it was actually under prosecution several instances of the same nature occurred. An anonymous information was laid before me, containing a charge against several persons, who upon examination denied they were Christians, or had ever been so. They repeated after me an invocation to the gods, and offered religious rites with wine and incense before your statue (which for that purpose I had ordered to be brought, together with those of the gods), and even reviled the name of Christ; whereas there is no forcing, it is said, those who are really Christians into any of these compliances: I thought it proper, therefore, to discharge them. Some among those who were accused by a witness in person at first confessed themselves Christians, but immediately after denied it; the rest owned indeed that they had been of that number formerly, but had now (some above three, others more, and a few above twenty years ago) renounced that error. They all worshiped your statue and the images of the gods, uttering imprecations at the same time against the name of Christ. They affirmed that the whole of their guilt, or their error.

was, that they met on a stated day before it was light, and addressed a form of prayer to Christ as to a divinity, binding themselves by a solemn oath, not for the purpose of any wicked design, but never to commit any fraud, theft, or adultery, never to falsify their word, nor deny a trust when they should be called on to deliver it up; after which it was their custom to separate, and then reassemble, to eat in common a harmless meal. From this custom, however, they desisted after the publication of my edict, by which, according to your commands, I forbade the meeting of any assemblies. After receiving this account I judged it so much the more necessary to endeavor to extort the real truth, by putting two female slaves to the torture, who were said to officiate in their religious rites; but all I could discover was evidence of an absurd and extravagant superstition. I deemed it expedient therefore to adjourn all further proceedings, in order to consult you. For it appears to be a matter highly deserving your consideration more especially as great numbers must be involved in the danger of these prosecutions, which have already extended, and are still likely to extend, to persons of all ranks and ages, and even of both sexes. In fact, this contagious superstition is not confined to the cities only, but has spread its infection among the neighboring villages and country. Nevertheless, it still seems possible to restrain its progress. The temples, at least, which were once almost deserted, begin now to be frequented; and the sacred rites, after a long intermission, are again revived; while there is a general demand for the victims, which till lately found very few purchasers. From all this it is easy to conjure what numbers might be reclaimed if a general pardon were granted to those who shall repent of their error.

[The answer of the Emperor to Pliny was as follows:—

You have adopted the right course, my dearest Secundus, in investigating the charge against the Christians who were brought before you. It is not possible to lay down any general rule for all such cases. Do not go out of your way to look for them. If indeed they should be brought before you, and the crime is proved, they must be punished; with the restriction, however, that where the party denies he is a Christian, and shall make it evident that he is not, by invoking our gods, let him (notwithstanding any former suspicion) be pardoned upon his repentance. Anonymous informations ought not to be received in any sort of prosecution. It is introducing a very dangerous precedent, and is quite foreign to the spirit of our age.]

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ (1626–1696)

PARIS, Wednesday, March 16th, 1672.

YOU ask me, my dear child, if I am as much in love with life as ever. I confess it has many troubles; but I am still more disinclined to die. Indeed, I am so unhappy because everything must end in death, that I should ask nothing better than to turn back if it were possible. I am involved in a perplexing engagement: entering upon life without my own consent, I must at last leave it. The thought overwhelms me. How shall I go? Where? By what gate? When will it be? In what manner? Shall I suffer a thousand thousand griefs, and die despairing? Shall I be delirious? Shall I perish by an accident? How shall I stand before God? What shall I have to offer him? Will fear. will necessity, turn my heart to him? Shall I feel no emotion save fear? What can I hope? Am I worthy of Paradise? Am I fit for hell? What an alternative! What a perplexity! Nothing is so foolish as to be uncertain about one's salvation: but then, nothing is so natural; and the careless life which I lead is the easiest thing in the world to comprehend.

I am overpowered by these thoughts; and death appears to me so horrible, that I hate life rather because it leads thither, than for the thorns with which it is sown. You will say that then I want to live forever. Not at all: but if I had been consulted, I should have preferred to die in my nurse's arms,—it would have saved me from so many annoyances, and secured salvation very easily and very certainly. But let us talk of something else.

LAMBESC, Tuesday, December 20th, 1672

WHEN one reckons without Providence, one must reckon twice. I was all dressed at eight o'clock; had taken my coffee, heard mass, made all my adieus; the packs were loaded, the bells of the mules reminded me that it was time to mount my litter; my room was full of people, all of whom begged me not to start because it had rained so much during the last few days,—since yesterday continually,—and at this very moment more violently than ever. I resisted sturdily all this persuasion, out of regard to the resolution I had taken, and because of all that I wrote to you yesterday by the post, assuring you that I should arrive on Thursday. Suddenly M. de Grignan appeared in his dressing-gown and spoke seriously to me of the fool-hardiness of my enterprise: saying that my muleteer could never follow my litter, that my mules would fall into the ditches, that my people would be too drenched to help me;—so that in a moment I changed my mind, and yielded completely to these wise remonstrances. Therefore, my child, boxes are being unloaded, mules unharnessed, lackeys and maids are drying their clothes, after having merely crossed the court-yard, and I am sending you a messenger,—knowing your goodness and your anxiety, and wishing also to quiet my own uneasiness,—because I am alarmed about your health; and this man will either return and bring me news of you, or will meet me on the road. In a word, my dear child, he will arrive at Grignan on Thursday instead of me; and I shall start whenever it pleases the heavens and M. de Grignan. The latter governs me with good intentions, and understands all the reasons which make me desire so passionately to be at Grignan. If M. de La Garde could be ignorant of all this, I should be glad; for he will exult in the pleasure of having foretold the very embarrassment in which I am placed. But let him beware of the vainglory which may accompany the gift of prophecy on which he piques himself. Finally, my child, here I am! don't expect me at all. I shall surprise you, and take no risks, for fear of troubling you and also myself. Adieu, my dearest and loveliest. I assure you that I am greatly afflicted to be kept a prisoner at Lambesc; but how could one foresee such rains as have not been known in this country for a hundred years?

MONTELIMART, Thursday, October 5th, 1673

THIS is a terrible day, my dear child. I confess to you I can bear no more. I have left you in a state which increases my grief. I think of all the steps you are taking away from me, and those I take away from you, and how impossible that walking in this manner we shall ever meet again. My heart is at rest when it is near you; that is its natural state, and the only one which can give it peace. What happened this morning gave me keen sorrow, and a pang of which your philosophy can divine the reason. I have felt and shall long feel them. My heart and my imagination are filled with you. I cannot think of you without weeping, and of you I am always thinking: so that my present state is unendurable; as it is so extreme, I hope its violence may not last. I am seeking for you everywhere, and I find that all things are wanting since I have not you. My eyes, which for fourteen months have gazed upon you, find you no more. The happy time that is past makes the present unhappy—at least until I am a little accustomed to it; but I shall never be so wonted to it as not to wish ardently to see and embrace you again. I cannot expect more of the future than of the past. I know what your absence has made me suffer. I am henceforth still more to be pitied, because I have made the habit of seeing you necessary to me. It seems to me that I did not embrace you enough when we parted: why should I have refrained? I have never told you often enough what happiness your tenderness gives me. I have never enough commended you to M. de Grignan, nor thanked him enough for all his courtesy and friendship towards me. In a word, I only live for you, my child. God give me the grace some day to love him as I love you. Adieu, my beloved child: love me always. Alas! we must be content now with letters.

PARIS, Friday, January 25th, 1674

M. DE GRIGNAN is right in saying that Madame de Thiange no longer wears rouge or low dresses. You would hardly recognize her in this disguise, but nothing is more certain. She is often with Madame de Longue-

ville, and quite on the higher plane of devotion. She is always very good company, and not at all a recluse. The other day I was near her at dinner: a servant handed her a large glass of wine; she said to me, "Madame, this man does not know that I am religious," —which made us all laugh. She speaks very naturally of her good intentions, and of her change of mind; takes care of what she says of her neighbor, and when some unkind word escapes her, she stops short, and cries out against her evil habit. As for me, I find her more amiable than ever. People are willing to wager that the Princesse d'Harcourt will not be *dévote* a year from now,—having been made lady of the palace,—and that she will use rouge again; for rouge is the law and the prophets,—Christianity itself turns upon rouge. As for the Duchesse d'Aumont, her fad is to bury the dead: it is said that on the frontier, the Duchesse de Charost killed people for her with her badly compounded remedies, and that the other promptly buried them. The Marquise d'Auxelles is very amusing in relating all that, but La Marans is better still. I met Madame de Schomberg, who told me very seriously that she was a *dévote* of the first rank, both as regards retreats and penitence: going no longer into society, and even declining religious amusements. This is what is called "worshiping God in spirit and in truth," with the simplicity of the Early Church.

The ladies of the palace are under strict discipline: the King has had an explanation with them, and desires that the Queen should always have them in attendance. Madame de Richelieu, although she no longer waits at table, is always present at the Queen's dinner, with four ladies who serve in turn. The Comtesse d'Ayen, the sixth, is in dread of this office, and of not going every day to vespers, to the sermon, or to *salut*. Indeed, nothing in this world is so saintly. As to the Marquise de Castelnau, she is fair, fresh, and consoled. *L'Eclair*, people say, has only changed apartments, at which the first floor is ill pleased. Madame de Louvigny does not seem sufficiently pleased with her good fortune. She cannot be pardoned for not loving her husband as much as she did at first,—which is certainly the first occasion on which the public has been scandalized at such a fault. Madame de Brissac is lovely, and dwells in the shadow of the late Princesse de Conti. Her affairs with her father are in arbitration; and poor M. d'Arnusson says he has never seen a woman so honest and so frank. Madame de Cresqueu is very much as you have seen her. She has had made a skirt of black velvet, with heavy embroidery of gold and silver, and a mantle of flame-colored tissue, with gold and silver. This costume cost enormous sums: but although she was really resplendent, people thought her dressed like an actress; and she was so unmercifully laughed at that she did not dare to wear it again.

La Manierosa is somewhat chagrined at not being lady of the palace. Madame de Dura, who does not wish the honor, ridicules her. La Troche is, as you have known her, passionately devoted to your interests. The ladies of the palace have been slandered in a way that made me laugh. I said, "Let us revenge ourselves by abusing them." Guilleragues said yesterday that Pelisson abused the privilege which men possess of being ugly.

VOLTAIRE (1694–1778)

TO MADAME DU DEFFAND

Country Life

From the *Correspondence*

I owe life and health to the course I have taken. If I dared I would believe myself wise, so happy am I. I have lived only since the day I chose my retreat; every other kind of life would now be insupportable to me. Paris is necessary to you; to me it would be deadly: every one must remain in his element. I am very sorry that mine is incompatible with yours, and it is assuredly my only affliction. You wished also to try

the country: it is not suitable to you. The taste for proprietorship and labor is absolutely necessary when you live in the country. I have very extensive possessions, which I cultivate. I make more account of your drawing-room than of my grain-fields and my pastures; but it was my destiny to end my career between drills, cows, and Genevese.

VOLTAIRE TO ROUSSEAU

FROM THE *Correspondence*

I HAVE received, monsieur, your new book against the human race; I thank you for it. You will please men to whom you tell truths which concern them, but you will not correct them. One could not paint in stronger colors the horrors of human society, from which our ignorance and our weakness expect so many consolations. No one has ever employed so much intellect in the attempt to prove us beasts. A desire seizes us to walk on four paws, when we read your work. Nevertheless, as it is more than sixty years since I lost the habit, I feel, unfortunately, that it is impossible for me to resume it; and I leave that natural mode of walking to those who are more worthy of it than you and I. Nor can I embark to go among the savages of Canada: first because the maladies with which I am afflicted detain me near the greatest physician in Europe, and I should not find the same succor among the Missouris; secondly because war has broken out in that country, and the example of our nation has rendered the savages almost as wicked as we are. I limit myself to be a peaceful savage in the solitude which I have chosen in your country, where you ought to be.

I agree with you that literature and the sciences have sometimes been the cause of much evil. The enemies of Tasso rendered his life a tissue of misfortunes; those of Galileo made him groan in prison at the age of seventy years for having known the motion of the earth, and what was more shameful, they compelled him to retract. No sooner had your friends begun the *Dictionnaire Encyclopédique* than those who presumed to be their rivals called them deists, atheists, and even Jansenists.

If I dared to reckon myself among those whose labors have been recompensed by persecution alone, I should show you men in a rage to destroy me, from the day that I gave the tragedy of *Œdipe;* I should show you a library of ridiculous calumnies printed against me; an ex-Jesuit priest, whom I saved from capital punishment, paying me by defamatory libels for the service which I had rendered him; I should show you a man still more culpable, printing my own work upon the *Age of Louis XIV*, with notes, in which the most brutal ignorance poured forth the most infamous impostures; . . . I should show you society infested with this kind of men, unknown to all antiquity, who, not being able to embrace an honest calling, whether that of workman or of lackey, and knowing unfortunately how to read and write, become courtiers of literature, live upon our works, steal manuscripts, disfigure them, and sell them; . . . I should paint you ingratitude, imposture, and rapine pursuing me for forty years, even to the foot of the Alps, even to the brink of my tomb. But what shall I conclude from all these tribulations? That I ought not to complain; that Pope, Descartes, Bayle, Camoens, and a hundred others, have experienced the same injustice and greater; that this destiny is that of almost all those whom the love of letters has too powerfully influenced.

Confess, monsieur, that these are trifling private misfortunes, which the community scarcely perceives. What does it matter to the human race that some hornets pillage the honey of some bees? Men of letters make a great noise about all these little quarrels; the rest of the world does not know them, or laughs at them.

Of all the bitternesses spread over human life, these are the least fatal. The thorns attached to literature and to the reputation which it gives are flowers compared with other evils, which in all times have overwhelmed the earth. Admit that neither Cicero, nor Varro, nor Lucretius, nor Virgil, nor Horace, had the least share in the proscriptions. Marius was an ignorant man; the barbarous Sylla, the debauched Antony, the imbecile Lepidus, read little of Plato and Socrates; and as to that tyrant without courage, Octavius Cepias, surnamed so unworthily Augustus, he was

merely a detestable assassin while he was deprived of the society of men of letters.

Confess that Petrarch and Boccaccio did not cause the intestine troubles of Italy; confess that the badinage of Marot did not cause the massacre of St. Bartholomew, nor the tragedy of *The Cid* the trouble of the Fronde. Great crimes have seldom been committed except by celebrated ignoramuses. That which makes, and will always make, of this world a vale of tears, is the insatiable cupidity and the indomitable pride of men, from Thomas Kouli-kan who did not know how to read, to a clerk of the tax office who knows only how to cipher. Literature nourishes the soul, rectifies it, consoles it: it was of service to you, monsieur, at the time when you wrote against it. You are like Achilles who inveighed against glory, and like Father Malebranche whose brilliant imagination wrote against imagination.

If any one ought to complain of literature, it is myself, since at all times and in all places it has served to persecute me: but we must love it, despite the abuse which is made of it, as we must love society, the agreeableness of which is corrupted by so many wicked men; as we must love our country, whatever injustice we suffer in it; as we must love and serve the Supreme Being, notwithstanding the superstitions and fanaticism which so often dishonor his worship.

M. Chappius informs me that your health is very bad: you should come to re-establish it in your native air, to enjoy liberty, to drink with me the milk of our cows, and browse our herbs. I am very philosophically, and with the most tender esteem, etc.

GREATNESS AND UTILITY

From *Letters on the English*

Whoever arrives in Paris from the depths of a remote province, with money to spend and a name in *ac* or *ille*, can talk about "a man like me," "a man of my quality," and hold a merchant in sovereign contempt. The merchant again so constantly hears his business spoken of with disdain that he is fool enough to blush for it. Yet is there not a question which is the more useful to a State,—a thickly be-powdered lord who knows exactly at what time the King rises and what time he goes to bed, and gives himself mighty airs of greatness while he plays the part of a slave in a minister's ante-room; or the merchant who enriches his country, gives orders from his counting-house at Surat or Cairo, and contributes to the happiness of a whole globe?

Not long ago a distinguished company was discussing the trite and frivolous question who was the greatest man, Caesar, Alexander, Tamerlane, or Cromwell. Somebody answered that it was undoubtedly Isaac Newton. He was right; for if true greatness consists in having received from heaven a powerful understanding, and in using it to enlighten one's self and all others, then such a one as Newton, who is hardly to be met with once in ten centuries, is in truth the great man. . . . It is to him who masters our minds by the force of truth, not to those who enslave men by violence; it is to him who understands the universe, not to those who disfigure it,—that we owe our reverence!

HORACE WALPOLE (1717–1797)

COCK-LANE GHOST AND LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

From *Letters to Sir Horace Mann*

I am ashamed to tell you that we are again dipped into an egregious scene of folly. The reigning fashion is a ghost,—a ghost that would not pass muster in the paltriest convent in the Apennine. It only knocks and scratches; does not pretend to appear or to speak. The clergy give it their benediction; and all the world, whether believers or infidels, go to hear it. I, in which number you may guess, go to-morrow; for it is as much the mode to visit the ghost as the Prince of Mecklenburg, who is just arrived. I have not seen him yet, though I left my name for him. But I will tell you who is come too,—

Lady Mary Wortley. I went last night to visit her; I give you my honor (and you who know her would credit it me without it), the following is a faithful description. I found her in a little miserable bedchamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles, and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-laced hood, wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair or want of hair. No handkerchief, but up to her chin a kind of horseman's riding-coat, calling itself a *pet-en-l'air*, made of a dark green (green I think it had been) brocade, with colored and silver flowers, and lined with furs; boddice laced, a foul dimity petticoat sprig'd, velvet muffeteens on her arms, gray stockings and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I could have imagined: I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she needed have taken it for flattery; but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her languages as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. She entertained me at the first with nothing but the dearness of provisions at Helvoet. With nothing but an Italian, a French, and a Prussian, all men-servants,—and something she calls an old secretary, but whose age till he appears will be doubtful,—she receives all the world, who go to homage her as Queen Mother, and crams them into this kennel. The Duchess of Hamilton, who came in just after me, was so astonished and diverted that she could not speak to her for laughing. She says that she has left all her clothes at Venice.

THE ENGLISH CLIMATE

FROM *Letter to George Montagu, Esq.*

STRAWBERRY HILL, June 15th, 1768.

No, I cannot be so false as to say I am glad you are pleased with your situation. You are so apt to take root, that it requires ten years to dig you out again when you once begin to settle. As you go pitching your tent up and down, I wish you were still more a Tartar, and shifted your quarters perpetually. Yes, I will come and see you; but tell me first, when do your Duke and Duchess (the Argylls) travel to the North? I know that he is a very amiable lad, and I do not know that she is not as amiable a laddess, but I had rather see their house comfortable when they are not there.

I perceive the deluge fell upon you before it reached us. It began here but on Monday last, and then rained near eight-and-forty hours without intermission. My poor hay has not a dry thread to its back. I have had a fire these three days. In short, every summer one lives in a state of mutiny and murmur, and I have found the reason: it is because we will affect to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learnt their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters. They talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cooling breezes, and we get sore throats and agues with attempting to realize these visions. Master Damon writes a song, and invites Miss Chloe to enjoy the cool of the evening, and the deuce a bit have we of any such thing as a cool evening. Zephyr is a northeast wind, that makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose till it is red and blue; and then they cry, This is a bad summer! as if we ever had any other. The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other. We ruin ourselves with inviting over foreign trees, and making our houses clamber up hills to look at prospects. How our ancestors would laugh at us, who knew there was no being comfortable unless you had a high hill before your nose, and a thick warm wood at your back! Taste is too freezing a commodity for us, and, depend upon it, will go out of fashion again.

There is indeed a natural warmth in this country, which, as you say, I am very glad not to enjoy any longer; I mean the hot-house in St. Stephen's chapel. My own sagacity makes me very vain, though there is very little merit in it. I had seen so much of all parties, that I had little esteem left for any; it is most indifferent to me who is in or who is out, or which is set in the pillory, Mr. Wilkes or my Lord Mansfield. I see the country going to ruin, and no man with brains enough to save it. That is mortifying; but what signifies who has the undoing it? I seldom suffer myself to think on this subject: my patriotism could do no good, and my philosophy can make me be at peace.

I am sorry you are likely to lose your poor cousin lady Hinchinbrook; I heard a very bad account of her when I was last in town. Your letter to Madame Roland shall be taken care of; but as you are so scrupulous of making me pay postage, I must remember not to overcharge you, as I can frank my idle letters no longer; therefore, good night!

P. S.—I was in town last week and found Mr. Chute still confined. He had a return in his shoulder, but I think it more rheumatism than gout!

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD (1694–1773)

LETTERS TO HIS SON, PHILIP STANHOPE

October 9, 1747.

. . . People will, in a great degree, and not without reason, form their opinion of you upon that which they have of your friends; and there is a Spanish proverb which says very justly, "Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are." One may fairly suppose that a man who makes a knave or a fool his friend has something very bad to do or to conceal. But, at the same time that you carefully decline the friendship of knaves and fools, if it can be called friendship, there is no occasion to make either of them your enemies, wantonly and unprovoked; for they are numerous bodies, and I would rather choose a secure neutrality, than alliance, or war, with either of them. You may be a declared enemy to their vices and follies, without being marked out by them as a personal one. Their enmity is the next dangerous thing to their friendship. Have a real reserve with almost everybody, and have a seeming reserve with almost nobody; for it is very disagreeable to seem reserved, and very dangerous not to be so. Few people find the true medium; many are ridiculously mysterious and reserved upon trifles, and many imprudently communicative of all they know.

The next thing to the choice of your friends is the choice of your company. Endeavor, as much as you can, to keep company with people above you. There you rise, as much as you sink with people below you; for (as I have mentioned before) you are whatever the company you keep is. Do not mistake, when I say company above you, and think that I mean with regard to their birth; that is the least consideration; but I mean with regard to their merit, and the light in which the world considers them.

There are two sorts of good company: one, which is called the *beau monde*, and consists of those people who have the lead in courts, and in the gay part of life; the other consists of those who are distinguished by some peculiar merit, or who excel in some particular and valuable art or science. For my own part, I used to think myself in company as much above me, when I was with Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, as if I had been with all the princes in Europe. . . .

You may possibly ask me whether a man has it always in his power to get into the best company? and how? I say, Yes, he has, by deserving it; provided he is but in circumstances which enable him to appear upon the footing of a gentleman. Merit and good breeding will make their way everywhere. Knowledge will introduce him, and good breeding will endear him, to the best companies; for, as I have often told you, politeness and good breeding are absolutely necessary to adorn any or all other good qualities or talents. Without them no knowledge, no perfection whatsoever, is seen in its best light. The scholar, without good breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher a cynic; the soldier a brute; and every man disagreeable. . . .

LVII

February 22, 1748.

. . . Some learned men, proud of their knowledge, only speak to decide, and give judgment without appeal. The consequence of which is, that mankind, provoked by the insult and injured by the oppression, revolt; and, in order to shake off the tyranny, even call the lawful authority in question. The

more you know, the modester you should be; and (by the by) that modesty is the surest way of gratifying your vanity. Even where you are sure, seem doubtful; represent, but do not pronounce; and, if you would convince others, seem open to conviction yourself.

Others, to show their learning, or often from the prejudices of a school education, where they hear nothing else, are always talking of the Ancients as something more than men, and of the Moderns as something less. They are never without a classic or two in their pockets; they stick to the old good sense; they read none of the modern trash; and will show you plainly that no improvement has been made, in any one art or science, these last seventeen hundred years. I would by no means have you disown your acquaintance with the ancients, but still less would I have you brag of an exclusive intimacy with them. Speak of the moderns without contempt, and of the ancients without idolatry; judge them all by their merits, but not by their age; and, if you happen to have an Elzevir classic in your pocket, neither show it nor mention it.

Some great scholars, most absurdly, draw all their maxims, both for public and private life, from what they call parallel cases in the ancient authors; without considering that, in the first place, there never were, since the creation of the world, two cases exactly parallel, and, in the next place, that there never was a case stated, or even known, by an historian, with every one of its circumstances,—which, however, ought to be known in order to be reasoned from. Reason upon the case itself, and the several circumstances that attend it, and act accordingly; but not from the authority of ancient poets or historians. Take into your consideration, if you please, cases seemingly analogous but take them as helps only, not as guides. We are really so prejudiced by our educations, that, as the ancients deified their heroes, we deify their madmen; of which, with all due regard to antiquity, I take Leonidas and Curtius to have been two distinguished ones. And yet a solid pedant would, in a speech in Parliament relative to a tax of twopence a pound upon some commodity or other, quote those two heroes as examples of what we ought to do and suffer for our country. I have known these absurdities carried so far by people of injudicious learning, that I should not be surprised if some of them were to propose, while we are at war with the Gauls, that a number of geese should be kept in the Tower, upon account of the infinite advantage which Rome received, in a parallel case, from a certain number of geese in the Capitol. This way of reasoning and this way of speaking will always form a poor politician and a puerile declaimer.

There is another species of learned men who, though less dogmatical and supercilious, are not less impertinent. These are the communicative and shining pedants, who adorn their conversation, even with women, by happy quotations of Greek and Latin, and who have contracted such a familiarity with the Greek and Roman authors that they call them by certain names or epithets denoting intimacy. As "old Homer," "that sly rogue Horace," "Maro" instead of Virgil, and "Naso" instead of Ovid. These are often imitated by coxcombs, who have no learning at all, but who have got some names and some scraps of ancient authors by heart, which they improperly and impertinently retail in all companies, in hopes of passing for scholars. If, therefore, you would avoid the accusation of pedantry on the one hand, or the suspicion of ignorance on the other, abstain from learned ostentation. Speak the language of the company you are in; speak it purely, and unlarded with any other. Never seem wiser nor more learned than the people you are with. Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and do not merely pull it out and strike it merely to show you have one. If you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it; but do not proclaim it hourly and unasked, like the watchman.

Upon the whole, remember that learning (I mean Greek and Roman learning) is the most useful and necessary ornament, which it is shameful not to be master of; but, at the same time, most carefully avoid those errors and abuses which I have mentioned, and which too often attend it. Remember, too, that great modern knowledge is still more necessary than ancient, and that you had better know perfectly the present than

the old state of Europe; though I would have you well acquainted with both. . . .

LXXVI

September 5, 1748.

. . . As WOMEN are a considerable, or at least a pretty numerous part of company, and as their suffrage goes a great way towards establishing a man's character in the fashionable part of the world (which is of great importance to the fortune and figure he proposes to make in it), it is necessary to please them. I will therefore, upon this subject, let you into certain arcana, that will be very useful for you to know, but which you must with the utmost care conceal, and never seem to know. Women, then, are only children of a larger growth; they have an entertaining tattle and sometimes wit, but for solid, reasoning good sense, I never in my life knew one that had it, or acted consequentially for four-and-twenty hours together. Some little passion or humor always breaks in upon their best resolutions. Their beauty neglected or controverted, their age increased, or their supposed understandings depreciated, instantly kindles their little passions, and overturns any system of consequential conduct that in their most reasonable moments they might have been capable of forming. A man of sense only trifles with them, plays with them, humors and flatters them, as he does with a sprightly, forward child; but he neither consults them about, nor trusts them with, serious matters, though he often makes them believe that he does, which is the thing in the world that they are proud of; for they love mightily to be dabbling in business (which, by the way, they always spoil), and, being justly distrustful that men in general look upon them in a trifling light, they almost adore that man who talks more seriously to them, and who seems to consult and trust them;—I say, who seems, for weak men really do, but wise ones only seem to do it. No flattery is either too high or too low for them. They will greedily swallow the highest, and gratefully accept of the lowest; and you may safely flatter any woman, from her understanding down to the exquisite taste of her fan. Women who are either indisputably beautiful or indisputably ugly are best flattered upon the score of their understandings; but those who are in a state of mediocrity are best flattered upon their beauty, or at least their graces; for every woman who is not absolutely ugly thinks herself handsome, but, not hearing often that she is so, is the more grateful and the more obliged to the few who tell her so; whereas a decided and conscious beauty looks upon every tribute paid to her beauty only as her due, but wants to shine and to be considered on the side of her understanding; and a woman who is ugly enough to know that she is so, knows that she has nothing left for it but her understanding, which is consequently—and probably in more senses than one—her weak side.

But these are secrets which you must keep inviolably, if you would not, like Orpheus, be torn to pieces by the whole sex. On the contrary, a man who thinks of living in the great world must be gallant, polite, and attentive to please the women. They have, from the weakness of men, more or less influence in all courts; they absolutely stamp every man's character in the *beau monde*, and make it either current, or cry it down and stop it in payments. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary to manage, please, and flatter them, and never to discover the least marks of contempt, which is what they never forgive. . . .

These are some of the hints which my long experience in the great world enables me to give you, and which, if you attend to them, may prove useful to you in your journey through it. . . .

LXXXI

October 19, 1748.

. . . I NEED not, I believe, advise you to adapt your conversation to the people you are conversing with; for I suppose you would not, without this caution, have talked upon the same subject and in the same manner to a minister of state, a bishop, a philosopher, a captain, and a woman. A man of the world must, like the chameleon, be able to take every different hue, which is by no means a criminal or abject, but a necessary, complaisance, for it relates only to manners, and not to morals.

One word only as to swearing, and that I hope and believe is more than is necessary.

You may sometimes hear some people in good company interlard their discourse with oaths, by way of embellishment, as they think; but you must observe, too, that those who do so are never those who contribute in any degree to give that company the denomination of good company. They are always subalterns, or people of low education; for that practice, besides that it has no one temptation to plead, is as silly and illiberal as it is wicked.

Loud laughter is the mirth of the mob, who are only pleased with silly things; for true wit or good sense never excited a laugh since the creation of the world. A man of parts and fashion is therefore only seen to smile, but never heard to laugh. . . .

CXVII

(1749)

. . . MEN have possibly as much vanity as women, though of another kind; and both art and good breeding require that, instead of mortifying, you should please and flatter it, by words and looks of approbation. Suppose—which is by no means improbable—that, at your return to England, I should place you near the person of some one of the Royal Family. In that situation good breeding, engaging address, adorned with all the graces that dwell at courts, would very probably make you a favorite, and, from a favorite, a minister; but all the knowledge and learning in the world, without them, never would. The penetration of princes seldom goes deeper than the surface. It is the exterior that always engages their hearts, and I would never advise you to give yourself much trouble about their understandings. Princes in general (I mean those Porphyrogenets who are born and bred in purple) are about the pitch of women, bred up like them, and are to be addressed and gained in the same manner. They always see, they seldom weigh. Your lustre, not your solidity, must take them; your inside will afterwards support and secure what your outside has acquired. With weak people (and they undoubtedly are three parts in four of mankind), good breeding, address, and manners are everything; they can go no deeper. But let me assure you that they are a great deal, even with people of the best understandings.

CXXIV

December 19, 1749.

. . . WE MUST not suppose that because man is a rational animal he will therefore always act rationally; or, because he has such or such a predominant passion, that he will act invariably and consequentially in the pursuit of it. No; we are complicated machines; and though we have one main-spring that gives motion to the whole, we have an infinity of little wheels which, in their turns, retard, precipitate, and sometimes stop that motion. Let us exemplify: I will suppose ambition to be—as it commonly is—the predominant passion of a minister of state, and I will suppose that minister an able one. Will he, therefore, invariably pursue the object of that predominant passion? May I be sure that he will do so and so, because he ought? Nothing less. Sickness or low spirits may damp this predominant passion; humor and peevishness may triumph over it; inferior passions may at times surprise it and prevail. Is this ambitious statesman amorous? Indiscreet and unguarded confidences, made in tender moments, to his wife or his mistress, may defeat all his schemes. Is he avaricious? Some great lucrative object suddenly presenting itself may unravel all the work of his ambition. Is he passionate? Contradiction and provocation (sometimes, it may be, too, artfully intended) may extort rash and inconsiderate expressions or actions, destructive of his main object. Is he vain and open to flattery? An artful flattering favorite may mislead him. And even laziness may, at certain moments, make him neglect or omit the necessary steps to that height which he wants to arrive at. Seek first, then, for the predominant passion of the character which you mean to engage and influence, and address yourself to it, but without defying or despising the inferior passions; get them in your interest too, for now and then they will have their turns. In many cases you may not have it in your power to contribute to the gratification of the prevailing passion; then take the next best to your aid. There are many avenues to every man, and when you cannot get at him through the great one, try the serpentine ones, and you will arrive at last. . . .

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709–1784)

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD[1]

February 7, 1755.

My Lord, I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of "The World," that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor, which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre;*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in "Virgil" grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I shall conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord, your lordship's most humble,
Most obedient servant,
Sam Johnson.

[1] When Samuel Johnson, uncouth and unkempt, solicited Lord Chesterfield for a subscription for his projected "Dictionary of the English Language," the needy but sensitive scholar was rebuffed at his Lordship's door. Later the elegant gentleman endeavored to gain credit by some faint praise of the book after its author had won fame in the world, but this manly letter spoke out plainly, forever breaking the hold of the patron upon the world of letters.

WILLIAM COWPER (1731–1800)

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON

Weston Lodge, June 5, 1788.

My dear Friend—

It is a comfort to me that you are so kind as to make allowance for me, in consideration of my being so busy a man. The truth is that, could I write with both hands, and with both at the same time, verse with one and prose with the other, I should not even so be able to dispatch both my poetry and my arrears of correspondence faster than I have need. The only opportunities that I can find for conversing with distant friends are in the early hour (and that sometimes

reduced to half a one) before breakfast. Neither am I exempt from hindrances, which, while they last, are insurmountable; especially one, by which I have been occasionally a sufferer all my life. I mean an inflammation of the eyes; a malady under which I have lately laboured, and from which I am at this moment only in a small degree relieved. The last sudden change of the weather, from heat almost insupportable to a cold as severe as is commonly felt in midwinter, would have disabled me entirely for all sorts of scribbling, had I not favoured the weak part a little, and given my eyes a respite.

It is certain that we do not live far from Olney, but small as the distance is, it has too often the effect of a separation between the Beans and us. He is a man with whom, when I can converse at all, I can converse on terms perfectly agreeable to myself; who does not distress me with forms, nor yet disgust me by the neglect of them; whose manners are easy and natural, and his observations always sensible. I often, therefore, wish them nearer neighbours.

We have heard nothing of the Powleys since they left us, a fortnight ago, and should be uneasy at their silence on such an occasion, did we not know that she cannot write, and that he, on his first return to his parish after a long absence, may possibly find it difficult. Her we found much improved in her health and spirits, and him, as always, affectionate and obliging. It was an agreeable visit, and, as it was ordered for me, I happened to have better spirits than I have enjoyed at any time since.

I shall rejoice if your friend Mr. Philips, influenced by what you told him of my present engagements, shall waive his application to me for a poem on the slave trade. I account myself honoured by his intention to solicit me on the subject, and it would give me pain to refuse him, which inevitably I shall be constrained to do. The more I have considered it, the more I have convinced myself that it is not a promising theme for verse. General censure on the iniquity of the practice will avail nothing. The world has been overwhelmed with such remarks already, and to particularize all the horrors of it were an employment for the mind both of the poet and his readers, of which they would necessarily soon grow weary. For my own part, I cannot contemplate the subject very nearly without a degree of abhorrence that affects my spirits, and sinks them below the pitch requisite for success in verse. Lady Hesketh recommended it to me some months since, and then I declined it for these reasons, and for others which need not be mentioned here.

I return you many thanks for all your intelligence concerning the success of the gospel in far countries, and shall rejoice in a sight of Mr. Van Lier's letter, which, being so voluminous, I think you should bring with you, when you take your flight to Weston, rather than commit to any other conveyance.

Remember that it is now summer, and that the summer flies fast, and that we shall be happy to see you and yours as speedily and for as long a time as you can afford. We are sorry, truly so, that Mrs. Newton is so frequently and so much indisposed. Accept our best love to you both, and believe me, my dear friend,

Affectionately yours,
W. C.

TO THE REV. WALTER BAGOT

Weston, June 17, 1788.

My dear Walter—

You think me, no doubt, a tardy correspondent, and such I am, but not willingly. Many hindrances have intervened, and the most difficult to surmount have been those which the east and north-east winds have occasioned, breathing winter upon the roses of June, and inflaming my eyes, ten times more sensible of the inconvenience than they. The vegetables of England seem, like our animals, of a hardier and bolder nature than those of other countries. In France and Italy flowers blow because it is warm, but here in spite of the cold. The season however is somewhat mended at present, and my eyes with it. Finding myself this morning in perfect ease of body, I seize the welcome opportunity to do something at least towards the discharge of my arrears to you.

I am glad that you liked my song, and, if I liked the other myself so well as that I sent you, I would transcribe for you them

also. But I sent that, because I accounted it the best. Slavery, and especially negro slavery, because the cruellest, is an odious and disgusting subject. Twice or thrice I have been assailed with entreaties to write a poem on that theme. But, besides that it would be in some sort treason against Homer to abandon him for any other matter, I felt myself so much hurt in my spirits the moment I entered on the contemplation of it, that I have at last determined absolutely to have nothing more to do with it. There are some scenes of horror on which my imagination can dwell not without some complacence. But, then they are such scenes as God, not man, produces. In earth-quakes, high winds, tempestuous seas, there is the grand as well as the terrible. But, when man is active to disturb, there is such meanness in the design and such cruelty in the execution, that I both hate and despise the whole operation, and feel it a degradation of Poetry to employ her in the description of it. I hope also, that the generality of my countrymen have more generosity in their nature than to want the fiddle of verse to go before them in the performance of an act to which they are invited by the loudest calls of humanity.

Breakfast calls, and then Homer,

Ever yours,

W. C.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706–1790)

MODEL OF A LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION OF A PERSON YOU ARE UNACQUAINTED WITH

PARIS, 2 April, 1777.

SIR,

THE bearer of this, who is going to America, presses me to give him a letter of recommendation, though I know nothing of him, not even his name. This may seem extraordinary, but I assure you it is not uncommon here. Sometimes, indeed, one unknown person brings another equally unknown, to recommend him; and sometimes they recommend one another! As to this gentleman, I must refer you to himself for his character and merits, with which he is certainly better acquainted than I can possibly be. I recommend him, however, to those civilities, which every stranger, of whom one knows no harm, has a right to; and I request you will do him all the good offices, and show him all the favor, that, on further acquaintance, you shall find him to deserve. I have the honor to be, etc.

CHARLES LAMB (1775–1834)

TO THOMAS MANNING

24th Sept., 1802, LONDON.

MY DEAR MANNING,—

SINCE the date of my last letter I have been a traveller. A strong desire seized me of visiting remote regions. My first impulse was to go and see Paris. It was a trivial objection to my aspiring mind, that I did not understand a word of the language, since I certainly intend sometime in my life to see Paris, and equally certainly intend never to learn the language; therefore that could be no objection. However, I am very glad I did not go, because you had left Paris (I see) before I could have set out. I believe Stoddart promising to go with me another year, prevented that plan. My next scheme (for to my restless, ambitious mind London was become a bed of thorns) was to visit the far-famed peak in Derbyshire, where the Devil sits, they say, without breeches. *This* my purer mind rejected as indelicate. And my final resolve was, a tour to the Lakes. I set out with Mary to Keswick, without giving Coleridge any notice, for my time, being precious, did not admit of it. He received us with all the hospitality in the world, and gave up his time to show us all the wonders of the

country. He dwells upon a small hill by the side of Keswick, in a comfortable house, quite enveloped on all sides by a net of mountains: great floundering bears and monsters they seemed, all couchant and asleep. We got in in the evening, travelling in a post-chaise from Penrith, in the midst of a gorgeous sunshine, which transmuted all the mountains into colors, purple, &c., &c. We thought we had got into fairyland. But that went off (as it never came again; while we stayed we had no more fine sunsets;) and we entered Coleridge's comfortable study just in the dusk, when the mountains were all dark with clouds upon their heads. Such an impression I never received from objects of sight before, nor do I suppose I can ever again. Glorious creatures, fine old fellows, Skiddaw, &c., I never shall forget ye, how ye lay about that night, like an intrenchment; gone to bed, as it seemed, for the night, but promising that ye were to be seen in the morning. Coleridge had got a blazing fire in his study; which is a large, antique, ill-shaped room, with an old-fashioned organ, never played upon, big enough for a church, shelves of scattered folios, an Æolian harp, and an old sofa, half bed, &c. And all looking out upon the last fading view of Skiddaw, and his broad-breasted brethren: what a night! Here we stayed three full weeks, in which time I visited Wordsworth's cottage, where we stayed a day or two with the Clarksons, (good people, and most hospitable, at whose house we tarried one day and night,) and saw Lloyd. The Wordsworths were gone to Calais. They have since been in London, and past much time with us: he is now gone into Yorkshire to be married. So we have seen Keswick, Grasmere, Ambleside, Ulswater, (where the Clarksons live,) and a place at the other end of Ulswater; I forget the name: to which we travelled on a very sultry day, over the middle of Helvellyn. We have clambered up to the top of Skiddaw, and I have waded up the bed of Lodore. In fine, I have satisfied myself that there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic*, which I very much suspected before: they make such a spluttering about it, and toss their splendid epithets around them, till they give as dim a light as at four o'clock next morning the lamps do after an illumination. Mary was excessively tired when she got about half-way up Skiddaw, but we came to a cold rill (than which nothing can be imagined more cold, running over cold stones,) and with the reinforcement of a draught of cold water, she surmounted it most manfully. Oh, its fine black head, and the bleak air atop of it, with a prospect of mountains all about and about, making you giddy; and then Scotland afar off, and the border countries so famous in song and ballad! It was a day that will stand out, like a mountain, I am sure, in my life. But I am returned, (I have now been come home near three weeks: I was a month out,) and you cannot conceive the degradation I felt at first, from being accustomed to wander free as air among mountains, and bathe in rivers without being controlled by anyone, to come home and *work*. I felt very *little*. I had been dreaming I was a very great man. But that is going off, and I find I shall conform in time to that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me. Besides, after all, Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in for good and all than amidst Skiddaw. Still, I turn back to those great places where I wandered about, participating in their greatness. After all, I could not *live* in Skiddaw. I could spend a year, two, three years among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away, I know. Still, Skiddaw is a fine creature. My habits are changing, I think, *i.e.*, from drunk to sober. Whether I shall be happy or not remains to be proved. I shall certainly be more happy in a morning; but whether I shall not sacrifice the fat, and the marrow, and the kidneys, *i.e.*, the night, glorious care-drowning night, that heals all our wrongs, pours wine into our mortifications, changes the scene from indifferent and flat to bright and brilliant! O Manning, if I should have formed a diabolical resolution, by the time you come to England, of not admitting any spirituous liquors into my house, will you be my guest on such shameworthy terms? Is life, with such limitations, worth trying? The truth is, that my liquors bring a nest of friendly harpies about my house, who consume me. This is a pitiful tale to be read at St. Gothard, but it is just now nearest my heart. Fenwick is a ruined

man. He is hiding himself from his creditors, and has sent his wife and children into the country. Fell, my other drunken companion, (that has been: *nam hic cæstus artemque repono*,) is turned editor of a Naval Chronicle. Godwin continues a steady friend, though the same facility does not remain of visiting him often. That —— has detached Marshall from his house; Marshall, the man who went to sleep when the "Ancient Mariner" was reading; the old, steady, unalterable friend of the Professor. Holcroft is not yet come to town. I expect to see him and will deliver your message. Things come crowding in to say, and no room for 'em. Some things are too little to be told, *i.e.*, to have a preference; some are too big and circumstantial. Thanks for yours, which was most delicious. Would I had been with you, benighted, &c.! I fear my head is turned with wandering. I shall never be the same acquiescent being. Farewell. Write again quickly, for I shall not like to hazard a letter, not knowing where the fates have carried you. Farewell, my dear fellow.

C. Lamb.

TO THOMAS MANNING

[A HOAXING LETTER]

Dec. 25th, 1815.

Dear old friend and absentee,—

This is Christmas Day 1815 with us; what it may be with you I don't know, the 12th of June next year perhaps; and if it should be the consecrated season with you, I don't see how you can keep it. You have no turkeys; you would not desecrate the festival by offering up a withered Chinese Bantam, instead of the savory grand Norfolcian holocaust, that smokes all around my nostrils at this moment from a thousand firesides. Then what puddings have you? Where will you get holly to stick in your churches, or churches to stick your dried tea-leaves (that must be the substitute) in? What memorials you can have of the holy time, I see not. A chopped missionary or two may keep up the thin idea of Lent and the wilderness; but what standing evidence have you of the Nativity? 'Tis our rosy-cheeked, home-stalled divines, whose faces shine to the tune of "Unto us a child is born," faces fragrant with the mince-pies of half a century, that alone can authenticate the cheerful mystery. I feel my bowels refreshed with the holy tide; my zeal is great against the unedified heathen. Down with the Pagodas—down with the idols—Ching-chong-fo—and his foolish priesthood! Come out of Babylon, O my friend! for her time is come; and the child that is native, and the Proselyte of her gates, shall kindle and smoke together! And in sober sense what makes you so long from among us, Manning? You must not expect to see the same England again which you left.

Empires have been overturned, crowns trodden into dust, the face of the western world quite changed. Your friends have all got old—those you left blooming; myself, (who am one of the few that remember you,) those golden hairs which you recollect my taking a pride in, turned to silvery and grey. Mary has been dead and buried many years: she desired to be buried in the silk gown you sent her. Rickman, that you remember active and strong, now walks out supported by a servant maid and a stick. Martin Burney is a very old man. The other day an aged woman knocked at my door, and pretended to my acquaintance. It was long before I had the most distant cognition of her; but at last, together, we made her out to be Louisa, the daughter of Mrs. Topham, formerly Mrs. Morton, who had been Mrs. Reynolds, formerly Mrs. Kenney, whose first husband was Holcroft, the dramatic writer of the last century. St. Paul's church is a heap of ruins; the Monument isn't half so high as you knew it, divers parts being successively taken down which the ravages of time had rendered dangerous; the horse at Charing Cross is gone, no one knows whither; and all this has taken place while you have been settling whether Hoching-tong should be spelt with a—, or a—. For aught I see you might almost as well remain where you are, and not come like a Struldbrug into a world where few were born when you went away. Scarce here and there one will be able to make out your face. All your opinions will be out of date, your jokes obsolete, your puns rejected with fastidiousness as wit of the last age. Your way of mathematics has already given way to a new

method, which after all is I believe the old doctrine of Maclaurin, new-vamped up with what he borrowed of the negative quantity of fluxions from Euler.

Poor Godwin! I was passing his tomb the other day in Cripplegate churchyard. There are some verses upon it written by Miss——, which if I thought good enough I would send you. He was one of those who would have hailed your return, not with boisterous shouts and clamors, but with the complacent gratulations of a philosopher anxious to promote knowledge as leading to happiness; but his systems and his theories are ten feet deep in Cripplegate mould. Coleridge is just dead, having lived just long enough to close the eyes of Wordsworth, who paid the debt to Nature but a week or two before. Poor Col., but two days before he died he wrote to a bookseller, proposing an epic poem on the "Wanderings of Cain," in twenty-four books. It is said he has left behind him more than forty thousand treatises in criticism, metaphysics, and divinity, but few of them in a state of completion. They are now destined, perhaps, to wrap up spices. You see what mutations the busy hand of Time has produced, while you have consumed in foolish voluntary exile that time which might have gladdened your friends—benefited your country; but reproaches are useless. Gather up the wretched reliques, my friend, as fast as you can, and come to your old home. I will rub my eyes and try to recognise you. We will shake withered hands together, and talk of old things—of St. Mary's Church and the barber's opposite, where the young students in mathematics used to assemble. Poor Crips, that kept it afterwards, set up a fruiterer's shop in Trumpington Street, and for aught I know resides there still, for I saw the name up in the last journey I took there with my sister just before she died. I suppose you heard that I had left the India House, and gone into the Fishmongers' Almshouses over the bridge. I have a little cabin there, small and homely, but you shall be welcome to it. You like oysters, and to open them yourself; I'll get you some if you come in oyster time. Marshall, Godwin's old friend, is still alive, and talks of the faces you used to make.

Come as soon as you can.

C. Lamb.

TO THE SAME

[CORRECTING THE PRECEDING]

Dec. 26th, 1815.

Dear Manning,—

Following your brother's example, I have just ventured one letter to Canton, and am now hazarding another (not exactly a duplicate) to St. Helena. The first was full of unprobable romantic fictions, fitting the remoteness of the mission it goes upon; in the present I mean to confine myself nearer to truth as you come nearer home. A correspondence with the uttermost parts of the earth necessarily involves in it some heat of fancy, it sets the brain agoing, but I can think on the half-way house tranquilly. Your friends then are not all dead or grown forgetful of you through old age, as that lying letter asserted, anticipating rather what must happen if you kept tarrying on forever on the skirts of creation, as there seemed a danger of your doing; but they are all tolerably well and in full and perfect comprehension of what is meant by Manning's coming home again. Mrs. Kenny never lets her tongue run riot more than in remembrances of you. Fanny expends herself in phrases that can only be justified by her romantic nature. Mary reserves a portion of your silk, not to be buried in, (as the false nuncio asserts) but to make up spick and span into a bran-new gown to wear when you come. I am the same as when you knew me, almost to a surfeiting identity. This very night I am going to *leave off tobacco!* Surely there must be some other world in which this unconquerable purpose shall be realized. The soul hath not her generous aspirings implanted in her in vain. One that you knew, and I think the only one of those friends we knew much of in common, has died in earnest. Poor Priscilla! Her brother Robert is also dead, and several of the grown-up brothers and sisters, in the compass of a very few years. Death has not otherwise meddled much in families that I know. Not but he has his eye upon us, and is whetting his feathered dart every instant, as you see him truly pictured in that impressive moral picture, "The good man at the hour of death." I have in trust to put in the post four letters from Diss, and one from Lynn, to St. Helena, which I

hope will accompany this safe, and one from Lynn, and the one before spoken of from me, to Canton. But we all hope that these letters may be waste paper. I don't know why I have forborne writing so long; but it is such a forlorn hope to send a scrap of paper straggling over wide oceans! And yet I know, when you come home, I shall have you sitting before me at our fireside just as if you had never been away. In such an instant does the return of a person dissipate all the weight of imaginary perplexity from distance of time and space! I'll promise you good oysters. Cory is dead that kept the shop opposite St. Dunstan's; but the tougher materials of the shop survive the perishing frame of its keeper. Oysters continue to flourish there under as good auspices. Poor Cory! But if you will absent yourself twenty years together, you must not expect numerically the same population to congratulate your return which wetted the sea-beach with their tears when you went away. Have you recovered the breathless stone-staring astonishment into which you must have been thrown upon learning at landing that an Emperor of France was living at St. Helena? What an event in the solitude of the seas! like finding a fish's bone at the top of Plinlimmon; but these things are nothing in our western world. Novelties cease to affect. Come and try what your presence can.

God bless you.—Your old friend,

C. Lamb.

TO P. G. PATMORE

Londres, Julie 19, 1827.

Dear P.,—

I am so poorly. I have been to a funeral, where I made a pun, to the consternation of the rest of the mourners. And we had wine. I can't describe to you the howl which the widow set up at proper intervals. Dash could, for it was not unlike what he makes.

The letter I sent you was one directed to the care of E. W——, India House, for Mrs. H. *Which* Mrs. H—— I don't yet know; but A—— has taken it to France on speculation. Really it is embarrassing. There is Mrs. present H., Mrs. late H., and Mrs. John H., and to which of the three Mrs. Wigginses it appertains, I know not. I wanted to open it, but 't is transportation.

I am sorry you are plagued about your book. I would strongly recommend you to take for one story Massinger's *Old Law*. It is exquisite. I can think of no other.

Dash is frightful this morning. He whines and stands up on his hind legs. He misses Becky, who is gone to town. I took him to Barnet the other day, and he couldn't eat his vittles after it. Pray God his intellectuals be not slipping.

Mary is gone out for some soles. I suppose 't is no use to ask you to come and partake of 'em; else there is a steam vessel.

I am doing a tragi-comedy in two acts, and have got on tolerably; but it will be refused, or worse. I never had luck with anything my name was put to.

O, I am so poorly! I *waked* it at my cousin's the bookbinder, who is now with God; or, if he is not, 't is no fault of mine.

We hope the frank wines do not disagree with Mrs. P——. By the way, I like her.

Did you ever taste frogs? Get them if you can. They are like little Lilliput rabbits, only a thought nicer.

How sick I am!—not of the world, but of the widow's shrub. She's sworn under £6,000, but I think she perjured herself. She howls in E *la*, and I comfort her in B flat. You understand music?

If you hav'n't got Massinger, you have nothing to do but go to the first Bibliothèque you can light upon at Boulogne, and ask for it (Gifford's edition); and if they hav'n't got it you can have "Athalie" par Monsieur Racine, and make the best of it. But that *Old Law* is delicious.

"No shrimps!" (that's in answer to Mary's question about how the soles are to be done).

I am uncertain where this wandering letter may reach you. What you mean by Poste Restante, God knows. Do you mean I must pay the postage? So I do, to Dover.

We had a merry passage with the widow at the Commons. She was howling—part howling and part giving directions to the proctor—when crash! down went my sister through a crazy chair, and made the clerks grin, and I grinned, and the widow tittered, and then I knew that she was not incon-

solable. Mary was more frightened than hurt.

She'd make a good match for any body (by she I mean the widow).

> If he bring but a *relict* away,
> He is happy, nor heard to complain.
> SHENSTONE.

Proctor has got a wen growing out at the nape of his neck, which his wife wants him to have cut off; but I think it is rather an agreeable excrescence: like his poetry, redundant. Hone has hanged himself for debt. Godwin was taken up for picking pockets. Moxon has fallen in love with Emma, our nut-brown maid. Becky takes to bad courses. Her father was blown up in a steam machine. The coroner found it "insanity." I should not like him to sit on my letter.

Do you observe my direction. Is it Gallic-classical? Do try and get some frogs. You must ask for "grenouilles" (green eels). They don't understand "frogs," though 't is a common phrase with us.

If you go through Bulloign (Boulogne,) inquire if old Godfrey is living, and how he got home from the crusades. He must be a very old man.

If there is anything new in politics or literature in France, keep it till I see you again, for I'm in no hurry. Chatty Briant[1] is well, I hope.

I think I have no more news; only give both our loves (all three, says Dash,) to Mrs. P——, and bid her get quite well, as I am at present, bating qualms, and the grief incident to losing a valuable relation.

C. L.

[1]Chateaubriand.

LORD BYRON (1788–1824)

TO THOMAS MOORE

RAVENNA, Dec. 9, 1820.

I OPEN my letter to tell you a fact, which will show the state of this country better than I can. The commandant of the troops is *now* lying *dead* in my house. He was shot at a little past eight o'clock, about two hundred paces from my door. I was putting on my great-coat to visit Madame la Contessa G. when I heard the shot. On coming into the hall, I found all my servants on the balcony, exclaiming that a man was murdered. I immediately ran down, calling on Tita (the bravest of them) to follow me. The rest wanted to hinder us from going, as it is the custom for every body here, it seems, to run away from "the stricken deer."

However, down we ran, and found him lying on his back, almost, if not quite, dead, with five wounds; one in the heart, two in the stomach, one in the finger, and the other in the arm. Some soldiers cocked their guns, and wanted to hinder me from passing. However, we passed, and I found Diego, the adjutant, crying over him like a child—a surgeon, who said nothing of his profession—a priest, sobbing a frightened prayer—and the commandant, all this time, on his back, on the hard, cold pavement, without light or assistance, or anything around him but confusion and dismay.

As nobody could, or would, do anything but howl and pray and as no one would stir a finger to move him, for fear of consequences, I lost my patience—made my servant and a couple of the mob take up the body—sent off two soldiers to the guard—despatched Diego to the Cardinal with the news, and had the commandant carried upstairs into my own quarter. But it was too late, he was gone—not at all disfigured—bled inwardly—not above an ounce or two came out.

I had him partly stripped—made the surgeon examine him, and examined him myself. He had been shot by cut balls or slugs. I felt one of the slugs, which had gone through him, all but the skin. Everybody conjectures why he was killed, but no one knows how. The gun was found close by him—an old gun, half filed down.

He only said, *O Dio!* and *Gesu!* two or three times, and appeared to have suffered very little. Poor fellow! he was a brave

officer, but had made himself much disliked by the people. I knew him personally, and had met with him often at conversazioni and elsewhere. My house is full of soldiers, dragoons, doctors, priests, and all kinds of persons,—though I have now cleared it, and clapt sentinels at the doors. To-morrow the body is to be moved. The town is in the greatest confusion, as you may suppose.

You are to know that, if I had not had the body moved, they would have left him there till morning in the street, for fear of consequences. I would not choose to let even a dog die in such a manner, without succor:—and, as for consequences, I care for none in a duty.

Yours, etc.

P. S.—The lieutenant on duty by the body is smoking his pipe with great composure.—A queer people this.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809–1865)

LETTER TO GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER

January 26, 1863.

GENERAL:

I HAVE placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which of course I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticizing their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it; and now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

Yours very truly

A. LINCOLN.

LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY

November 21, 1864.

DEAR MADAM:

I HAVE been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795–1881)

REFUSING A BARONETCY AND THE GRAND CROSS OF THE BATH

TO THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI

5, CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA:
December 29, 1874.

SIR,—

YESTERDAY, to my great surprise, I had the honor to receive your letter containing a magnificent proposal for my benefit, which will be memorable to me for the rest of my life. Allow me to say that the letter, both in purport and expression, is worthy to be called magnanimous and noble, that it is without example in my own poor history; and I think it is unexampled, too, in the history of governing persons towards men of letters at the present, as at any time; and that I will carefully preserve it as one of the things precious to memory and heart. A real treasure or benefit *it*, independent of all results from it.

This said to yourself and reposited with many feelings in my own grateful mind, I have only to add that your splendid and generous proposals for my practical behoof, must not any of them take effect; that titles of honor are, in all degrees of them, out of keeping with the tenor of my own poor existence hitherto in this epoch of the world, and would be an encumbrance, not a furtherance to me; that as to money, it has, after long years of rigorous and frugal, but also (thank God, and those that are gone before me) not degrading poverty, become in this latter time amply abundant, even superabundant; more of it, too, now a hindrance, not a help to me; so that royal or other bounty would be more than thrown away in my case; and in brief, that except the feeling of your fine and noble conduct on this occasion, which is a real and permanent possession, there cannot anything be done that would not now be a sorrow rather than a pleasure.

With thanks more than usually sincere,
I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your obliged and obedient servant,
T. CARLYLE.

THOMAS HUXLEY (1825–1895)

TO HERBERT SPENCER

MY DEAR SPENCER:

YOUR telegram which reached me on Friday evening caused me great perplexity, inasmuch as I had just been talking to Morley, and agreeing with him that the proposal for a funeral in Westminster Abbey had a very questionable look to us, who desired nothing so much as that peace and honor should attend George Eliot to her grave.

It can hardly be doubted that the proposal will be bitterly opposed, possibly (as happened in Mill's case with less provocation) with the raking up of past histories, about which the opinion even of those who have least the desire or the right to be pharisaical is strongly divided, and which had better be forgotten.

With respect to putting pressure on the Dean of Westminster, I have to consider that he has some confidence in me, and before asking him to do something for which he is pretty sure to be violently assailed, I have to ask myself whether I really think it a right thing for a man in his position to do.

Now I can not say I do. However much I may lament the circumstance, Westminster Abbey is a Christian Church and not a Pantheon, and the Dean thereof is officially a Christian priest, and we ask him to bestow exceptional Christian honors by this burial in the Abbey.

George Eliot is known not only as a great writer, but as a person whose life and opinions were in notorious antagonism to Christian practice in regard to marriage, and Christian theory in regard to dogma. How am I to tell the Dean that I think he ought to read over the body of a person who did

not repent of what the Church considers mortal sin, a service not one solitary proposition of which she would have accepted for truth while she was alive? How am I to urge him to do that which, if I were in his place, I should most emphatically refuse to do? You tell me that Mrs. Cross wished for the funeral in the Abbey. While I desire to entertain the greatest respect for her wishes, I am very sorry to hear it. I do not understand the feeling which could create such an unusual desire on any personal ground save those of affection, and the natural yearning to be near, even in death, those whom we have loved. And on public grounds the wish is still less intelligible to me. One can not eat one's cake and have it too. Those who elect to be free in thought and deed must not hanker after the rewards, if they are to be so called, which the world offers to those who put up with its fetters.

Thus, however I look at the proposal, it seems to me to be a profound mistake, and I can have nothing to do with it. I shall be deeply grieved if this resolution is ascribed to any other motives than those which I have set forth at greater length than I intended.

Ever yours very faithfully,

T. H. Huxley.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775–1864)

PERICLES TO ASPASIA

It is right and orderly that he who has partaken so largely in the prosperity of the Athenians should close the procession of their calamities. The fever that has depopulated our city returned upon me last night and Hippocrates and Acron tell me that my end is near.

When we agreed, O Aspasia! in the beginning of our loves, to communicate our thoughts by writing, even while we were both in Athens, and when we had many reasons for it, we little foresaw the more powerful one that has rendered it necessary of late. We never can meet again: the laws forbid it, and love itself enforces them. Let wisdom be heard by you as imperturbably, and affection as authoritatively, as ever; and remember that the sorrow of Pericles can arise but from the bosom of Aspasia. There is only one word of tenderness we could say, which we have not said oftentimes before; and there is no consolation in it. The happy never say, and never hear said, farewell.

Reviewing the course of my life, it appears to me at one moment as if we met but yesterday; at another as if centuries had passed within it; for within it have existed the greater part of those who, since the origin of the world, have been the luminaries of the human race. Damon called me from my music to look at Aristides on his way to exile; and my father pressed the wrist by which he was leading me along, and whispered in my ear: "Walk quickly by; glance cautiously; it is there Miltiades is in prison." In my boyhood Pindar took me up in his arms, when he brought to our house the dirge he had composed for the funeral of my grandfather; in my adolescence I offered the rites of hospitality to Empedocles; not long afterward I embraced the neck of Aeschylus, about to abandon his country. With Sophocles I have argued on eloquence; with Euripides on polity and ethics; I have discoursed, as became an inquirer, with Protagoras and Democritus, with Anaxagoras and Meton. From Herodotus I have listened to the most instructive history, conveyed in a language the most copious and the most harmonious,—a man worthy to carry away the collected suffrages of universal Greece, a man worthy to throw open the temples of Egypt and to celebrate the exploits of Cyrus. And from Thucydides, who alone can succeed to him, how recently did my Aspasia hear with me the energetic praises of his just supremacy!

As if the festival of life were incomplete, and wanted one great ornament to crown it, Phidias placed before us, in ivory and gold, the tutelary deity of this land, and the Zeus of Homer and Olympus.

To have lived with such men, to have enjoyed their familiarity and esteem, overpays all labors and anxieties. I were unworthy of the friendships I have commemorated,

were I forgetful of the latest. Sacred it ought to be, formed as it was under the portico of Death,—my friendship with the most sagacious, the most scientific, the most beneficent of philosophers, Acron and Hippocrates. If mortal could war against Pestilence and Destiny, they had been victorious. I leave them in the field: unfortunate he who finds them among the fallen!

And now, at the close of my day, when every light is dim and every guest departed, let me own that these wane before me, remembering, as I do in the pride and fulness of my heart, that Athens confided her glory, and Aspasia her happiness, to me.

Have I been a faithful guardian? do I resign them to the custody of the gods undiminished and unimpaired? Welcome then, welcome, my last hour! After enjoying for so great a number of years, in my public and my private life, what I believe has never been the lot of any other, I now extend my hand to the urn, and take without reluctance or hesitation what is the lot of all.

LITERARY CRITICISM

LITERARY CRITICISM

THE word criticism is derived from the Greek verb, Κρίνω, meaning to sift, to pick out, to choose, to separate the good from the bad. According to this derivation a literary critic is a judge who sifts out from literature that which is of value. The critic, however, cannot pass judgment without implying or revealing certain standards or general principles by which he is testing the value of the work before him; and if he is philosophically inclined, he will often be more concerned with establishing the general principles which he believes should govern literature than with making extended analyses of specific authors or works.

If we examine the classical fathers of literary criticism, Plato, Aristotle, Longinus, and Horace, we observe that they are rightly regarded as the founders of what is now variously called dogmatic, absolute, academic, or judicial criticism. They do not analyze authors or specific literary works, but set forth the principles by which good literature may be judged. They explain the nature of poetry, its purpose, and its relation to philosophy, or morals, and give advice regarding diction, meter, and style. Following the classical critics of the Ancient world, the Pseudo-classic critics of the Italian Renaissance, for example Vida and Scaliger, by reworking and misinterpreting the principles of their classical predecessors compiled a formidable set of fixed rules for literary composition—rules which continued to dominate literary criticism and literary composition in England and Europe for nearly four hundred years. Let us observe the theories of the typical classical and pseudo-classical writers who established the judicial school of criticism.

Plato (429–347 B. C.) in the *Ion* and the *Phaedrus* describes the poet as a genius inspired by divine madness. When we read these descriptions, couched in Plato's own magnificent style, we are led to believe that he must consider poetry as the highest expression of man's genius. When we turn, however, to *The Republic*, we observe him steadfastly refusing to admit poets to membership in his ideal State. Moreover, he banishes from his state all poetry except that in praise of the Gods or famous men. Poetry, he argues, is a weak and false imitation of life, three removes from the truth. It is subversive of good conduct because it stirs up in us emotions that should be kept dormant, or under the control of the reason; by playing upon such feelings as pity, it weakens us in those parts of our nature where we should be strong. Poetry which depends upon imagination is inferior to Philosophy, which attains truth directly through the processes of reasoning and intuition.

The *Poetics* of Aristotle (384–322 B. C.) seems in some respects to be an answer to Plato's strictures upon the value of poetry. Aristotle, like his master, admits that poetry is an imitation, but asserts that instead of being three removes from the truth, it rather creates or embodies the ideals or forms towards which all things are striving. The aim of poetry is to give pleasure, by which term Aristotle means aesthetic and rational enjoyment. Poetry is a more philosophical and a higher thing than history, for history relates what has happened, and by its very nature is confined to the past. Poetry reveals what may happen; through the imagination, it portrays the conceived possibilities of human nature. Because it clothes universals and ideals in sensuous form, it has a more powerful effect upon the emotions than philosophy. The emotions of pity and fear as aroused by tragedy are not, as Plato thought, weakening, but beneficial, because in the course of the tragic spectacle they are purified.

Longinus is famous in criticism for his emphasis upon poetic inspiration. Whoever wrote *On the Sublime* (and we believe it was Longinus), seems to have been familiar with Plato's doctrine of divine inspiration, and to have given it renewed emphasis. Like his Greek predecessor, the author takes for granted that great thought and greatness of soul are essential to works of true sublimity, but that they must be expressed with "tense and enthusiastic passion." He then goes on to discuss the characteristics of rhetorical and poetic "grand style", with abund-

ant illustrations from Greek, Roman, and Hebrew literature.

As the *Poetics* of Aristotle is the Bible of Greek criticism, the *Ars Poetica* of Horace (65–8 B. C.) is the Bible of Roman criticism. Horace believes that the purpose of poetry is to instruct, or to delight, or to do both together. Since the Greeks have already attained perfection in poetry, Horace advises young writers to imitate, not human nature, but the Greek models; to adopt Greek forms and types, to use words of Greek origin, and copy Greek figures and phrases; to strive for technical excellencies, which are indispensable to success, by constantly correcting, revising, and polishing. "Divine madness," he asserts, will never make a poet.

From perverted interpretations of Aristotle and from the maxims laid down by Horace, the Italian critics of the Renaissance drew up what became a pseudo-classic yet authoritative set of rules for poetic composition which were adopted by the French Academy and were respected in England for two hundred years, from the date of Sidney's *Defense of Poetry* (1595) through the dictatorships of Ben Jonson, Dryden, and Pope to the publication of Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* (1784). The main tenets of pseudo-classicism are: (1) imitation of Greek and Latin models, especially Cicero for prose and Virgil for poetry; (2) verisimilitude, instead of imaginative illusion; (3) preservation of the established types, forms, and metres; (4) obedience in drama to the three unities of time, place, and action; and (5) feeling and imagination controlled by reason, and every part made to conform to good sense.

The French compendium of pseudo-classicism is found in *L'Art Poétique* written by Boileau (1636–1711), a member of the French Academy. Based upon Horace, this work represents the ultimate refinement of the Rules, reinterpreted and reinforced by the prevailing philosophy of Reason. Pope's *Essay on Criticism* (1711) is a similar work which represents an English refinement of Boileau and other pseudo-classic critics. Pseudo-classical criticism has been called "the longest tyranny that ever swayed." Even Dr. Johnson, its final representative, confesses that he "sinks down in temerity" whenever he dares to assert the superiority of Shakespeare's natural genius to the Rules.

The first effective attack upon the pseudo-classical school of criticism may be found in the works of the German critic, Gotthold Lessing (1729–1781). He perceived the differences between the great qualities of the original Greek drama, and the artificial imitations of the French playwrights. Although he did not free himself from classical predilections, he cleared away many of the psuedo-classical confusions, for example those between the arts of poetry and painting. He went further and pointed out the differences and limitations of the fine arts, and anticipated the late romantic fusion or confusion of them. In his *Hamburgische Dramaturgie* (1767–9) he attacked the pseudo-classical rules of French dramatic composition, and cleared the way for Goethe and Schiller.

Following Lessing comes the Romantic school of criticism in Germany and England, which strikes the pseudo-classical fetters from both poetry and criticism, champions feeling instead of reason, demands freedom for the poet in choice of subject matter and style, eschews absolute judgments based upon past standards, and tries to appreciate the individual merits of literary efforts in terms of their own organic life. New schools of criticism arise during the century, which are interested not primarily in judging literature, but in explaining its nature and growth. Among these are Biographical criticism which interprets literary endeavor in terms of the life of the writer and Historical criticism which describes the forces in the age that made the writer produce his work. Later in the century follows Impressionistic criticism, which recounts the adventures of the sensitive soul among masterpieces, and Expressionistic criticism, which strives to relive the artist's dream.

As has been noted, the Romantic critics under the leadership of the Schlegels in Germany, and of William Wordsworth (1770–1850) and his fellow critics, Coleridge and Hazlitt, in England, brought to an end the long dictation of the judicial or classical schools of criticism. In the Preface to the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*, (1810) Wordsworth reveals the contrary tenets held by the critics of the new Romantic faith. His Preface, which may be called a

Bible of Romantic criticism, calls a halt to pseudo-classical imitation, and restores poetry to nature and to untrammelled imagination. He asks that the poet describe the objects of life as they are really seen, not as they are reflected in past literature, and give expression once again to the primary emotions actually felt by common men. Some of his other dicta, namely that there is no essential difference between the language of prose and poetry, and that metre is only an adventitious accompaniment of poetry, are, as Coleridge pointed out, not only less sound, but are controverted by his own poetic practice.

Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve (1804–1869), "the Naturalist of the human mind," may be called the father of the Biographical school of criticism. His supreme delight was to study a literary work in order to discover the psychology of the artist; to analyze the personality of the author in terms of his social and literary background. His account of Lord Chesterfield is an excellent example not only of this new approach, but of the wealth of critical observation to be found in his fifteen volumes of *Monday Chats* and thirteen *New Monday Chats*.

Hippolyte Taine (1828–1893) by making a more extensive study of the *milieu* than his critical god-father, Sainte-Beuve, established the Historical School of Criticism. Literary masterpieces, he contended, are not the result of inspiration or emotion or reason or psychology, but are products of the combined forces of the Race, the Environment, and the Epoch. In terms of these an author must be explained if he is to be properly understood. Taine's brilliant *History of English Literature* written to enforce his critical theory, tends to minimize, if not to lose sight of, the part played by creative genius. His introductory chapter is an elaborate exposition of the scientific or historical method applied to literary criticism.

With Matthew Arnold (1822–1888) we return to England to find a critic in most respects a champion of the judicial school, and a firm believer in the humanistic tradition of Greece and Rome. Literature, which contains the best that has been known and thought in the world, is to be judged by standards of greatness. These standards are the supreme poets of the world: Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and among moderns, Wordsworth and Goethe. The critical faculty is indispensable not only for the critic but for the creator. He who would write great poetry must possess great intelligence. For lack of this many Romantic writers of the nineteenth century, like Byron and Shelley, fall short of greatness. Too much emotion, too much prejudice, personal, political and religious, and too little clear thinking make impossible that quality of "disinterestedness" which is the mark not only of the genuinely critical mind, but of the highest truth and culture.

Anatole France (1844–1924) in his Preface to the first volume of *La Vie Littéraire* expounds the late nineteenth century creed of Impressionism in criticism, which also appeared in England in the works of Walter Pater and Oscar Wilde. This school in many respects opposes everything Arnold and the humanistic tradition stand for. All we can experience in art, says France, are our own impressions; our personal likes and dislikes are, therefore, the only dictates in criticism for us. There can be no fixed rules and standards either for the artist or for the critic of literary values.

Benedetto Croce (1866–), the contemporary Italian critic, following upon the Impressionists, sweeps away all past critical canons and offers the modern doctrine of Expressionistic Criticism, namely that all art is the expression of creative vision, or intuition. Criticism also is a creative art when it recreates the vision of the poet. All that literary criticism may ask of an artist is that he give us his vision; its task is not to judge but to discover what he intended to do, and to determine how well he did it. The purpose of art, aesthetic experience, has nothing to do with the useful and the moral.

In Count Lyof Tolstoi (1828–1910) who is primarily a critic in the rôle of moralist, we find a puritanical revolt against modern art as stern as Plato's, but far more vituperative, and far less sane. Tolstoi's chief test of art, like Plato's, is whether it serves to make society morally better. In his opinion, modern art and its doctrine that art has nothing to do with morals, are alike perversions destructive to the life of common humanity.

PLATO (427–347 B. C.)

THE INSPIRATION OF THE POET

SOCRATES. I perceive, Ion; and I will proceed to explain to you what I imagine to be the reason of this. The gift which you possess of speaking excellently about Homer is not an art, but, as I was just saying, an inspiration; there is a divinity moving you, like that contained in the stone which Euripides calls a magnet, but which is commonly known as the stone of Heraclea. This stone not only attracts iron rings, but also imparts to them a similar power of attracting other rings; and sometimes you may see a number of pieces of iron and rings suspended from one another so as to form quite a long chain; and all of them derive their power of suspension from the original stone. In like manner the Muse first of all inspires men herself; and from these inspired persons a chain of other persons is suspended, who take the inspiration. For all good poets, epic as well as lyric, compose their beautiful poems not by art, but because they are inspired and possessed. And as the Corybantian revellers when they dance are not in their right mind, so the lyric poets are not in their right mind when they are composing their beautiful strains: but when falling under the power of music and metre they are inspired and possessed; like Bacchic maidens who draw milk and honey from the rivers when they are under the influence of Dionysus but not when they are in their right mind. And the soul of the lyric poet does the same, as they themselves say; for they tell us that they bring songs from honeyed fountains, culling them out of the gardens and the dells of the Muses; they, like the bees, winging their way from flower to flower. And this is true. For the poet is a light and winged and holy thing, and there is no invention in him until he has been inspired and is out of his senses, and the mind is no longer in him: when he has not attained to this state, he is powerless and is unable to utter his oracles. Many are the noble words in which poets speak concerning the actions of men; but like yourself when speaking about Homer, they do not speak of them by any rules of art: they are simply inspired to utter that to which the Muse impels them, and that only; and when inspired, one of them will make dithyrambs, another hymns of praise, another choral strains, another epic or iambic verses—and he who is good at one is not good at any other kind of verse: for not by art does the poet sing, but by power divine. Had he learned by rules of art, he would have known how to speak not of one theme only, but of all; and therefore God takes away the minds of poets, and uses them as his ministers, as he also uses diviners and holy prophets, in order that we who hear them may know them to be speaking not of themselves who utter these priceless words in a state of unconsciousness, but that God himself is the speaker, and that through them he is conversing with us. And Tynnichus the Chalcidian affords a striking instance of what I am saying: he wrote nothing that any one would care to remember but the famous paean which is in every one's mouth, one of the finest poems ever written, simply as invention of the Muses, as he himself says. For in this way the God would seem to indicate to us and not allow us to doubt that these beautiful poems are not human, or the work of man, but divine and the work of God; and that poets are only the interpreters of the Gods by whom they are severally possessed. Was not this the lesson which the God intended to teach when by the mouth of the worst of poets he sang the best of songs? Am I not right, Ion?

ION. Yes, indeed, Socrates, I feel that you are; for your words touch my soul, and I am persuaded that good poets by a divine inspiration interpret the things of the Gods to us. (*Ion* 533–536)

THE third kind is the madness of those who are possessed by the Muses; which taking hold of a delicate and virgin soul, and there inspiring frenzy, awakens lyrical and all other numbers; with these adorning the myriad actions of ancient heroes for the instruction of posterity. But he who, hav-

ing no touch of the Muses' madness in his soul, comes to the door and thinks that he will get into the temple by the help of art—he, I say, and his poetry are not admitted; the sane man disappears and is nowhere when he enters into rivalry with the madman. (*Phaedrus* 244)

THE REPUBLIC

BOOK X

The Danger of Poetry to the State

Socrates, Glaucon

Of the many excellences which I perceive in the order of our State, there is none which upon reflection pleases me better than the rule about poetry.

To what do you refer?

To the rejection of imitative poetry, which certainly ought not to be received; as I see far more clearly now that the parts of the soul have been distinguished.

What do you mean?

Speaking in confidence, for I should not like to have my words repeated to the tragedians and the rest of the imitative tribe—but I do not mind saying to you, that all poetical imitations are ruinous to the understanding of the hearers, and that the knowledge of their true nature is the only antidote to them.

Explain the purport of your remark.

Well, I will tell you, although I have always from my earliest youth had an awe and love of Homer, which even now makes the words falter on my lips, for he is the great captain and teacher of the whole of that charming tragic company; but a man is not to be reverenced more than the truth, and therefore I will speak out.

Very good, he said.

Listen to me, then, or, rather, answer me.

Put your question.

Can you tell me what imitation is? for I really do not know.

A likely thing, then, that I should know.

Why not? for the duller eye may often see a thing sooner than the keener.

Very true, he said; but in your presence, even if I had any faint notion, I could not muster courage to utter it. Will you inquire yourself?

Well, then, shall we begin the inquiry in our usual manner: Whenever a number of individuals have a common name, we assume them to have also a corresponding idea or form; do you understand me?

I do.

Let us take any common instance; there are beds and tables in the world—plenty of them, are there not?

Yes.

But there are only two ideas or forms of them—one the idea of a bed, the other of a table.

True.

And the maker of either of them makes a bed or he makes a table for our use, in accordance with the idea—that is our way of speaking in this and similar instances—but no artificer makes the ideas themselves: how could he?

Impossible.

And there is another artist—I should like to know what you would say of him.

Who is he?

One who is the maker of all the works of all other workmen.

What an extraordinary man!

Wait a little, and there will be more reason for your saying so. For this is he who is able to make not only vessels of every kind, but plants and animals, himself and all other things—the earth and heaven, and the things which are in heaven or under the earth; he makes the gods also.

He must be a wizard and no mistake.

Oh! you are incredulous, are you? Do you mean that there is no such maker or creator, or that in one sense there might be a maker of all these things, but in another not? Do you see that there is a way in which you could make them all yourself?

What way?

An easy way enough; or rather, there are many ways in which the feat might be quickly and easily accomplished, none quicker than that of turning a mirror round and round—you would soon enough make the sun and the heavens, and the earth and yourself, and other animals and plants, and all the other things of which we were just now speaking, in the mirror.

Yes, he said; but they would be appearances only.

Very good, I said, you are coming to the

point now. And the painter, too, is, as I conceive, just such another—a creator of appearances, is he not?

Of course.

But then I suppose you will say that what he creates is untrue. And yet there is a sense in which the painter also creates a bed?

Yes, he said, but not a real bed.

And what of the maker of the bed? were you not saying that he too makes, not the idea which, according to our view, is the essence of the bed, but only a particular bed?

Yes, I did.

Then if he does not make that which exists he cannot make true existence, but only some semblance of existence; and if anyone were to say that the work of the maker of the bed, or of any other workman, has real existence, he could hardly be supposed to be speaking the truth.

At any rate, he replied, philosophers would say that he was not speaking the truth.

No wonder, then, that his work, too, is an indistinct expression of truth.

No wonder.

Suppose now that by the light of the examples just offered we inquire who this imitator is?

If you please.

Well, then, here are three beds: one existing in nature, which is made by God, as I think that we may say—for no one else can be the maker?

No.

There is another which is the work of the carpenter?

Yes.

And the work of the painter is a third?

Yes.

Beds, then, are of three kinds, and there are three artists who superintend them: God, the maker of the bed, and the painter?

Yes, there are three of them.

God, whether from choice or from necessity, made one bed in nature and one only; two or more such ideal beds neither ever have been nor ever will be made by God.

Why is that?

Because even if He had made but two, a third would still appear behind them which both of them would have for their idea, and that would be the ideal bed and not the two others.

Very true, he said.

God knew this, and he desired to be the real maker of a real bed, not a particular maker of a particular bed, and therefore he created a bed which is essentially and by nature one only.

So we believe.

Shall we, then, speak of him as the natural author or maker of the bed?

Yes, he replied; inasmuch as by the natural process of creation he is the author of this and of all other things.

And what shall we say of the carpenter—is not he also the maker of the bed?

Yes.

But would you call the painter a creator and maker?

Certainly not.

Yet if he is not the maker, what is he in relation to the bed?

I think, he said, that we may fairly designate him as the imitator of that which the others make.

Good, I said; then you call him who is third in the descent from nature an imitator?

Certainly, he said.

And the tragic poet is an imitator, and, therefore, like all other imitators, he is thrice removed from the king and from the truth?

That appears to be so.

Then about the imitator we are agreed. And what about the painter? I would like to know whether he may be thought to imitate that which originally exists in nature, or only the creations of artists?

The latter.

As they are or as they appear? you have still to determine this.

What do you mean?

I mean, that you may look at a bed from different points of view, obliquely or directly or from any other point of view, and the bed will appear different, but there is no difference in reality. And the same of all things.

Yes, he said, the difference is only apparent.

Now let me ask you another question: Which is the art of painting designed to be—an imitation of things as they are, or as they appear—of appearance or of reality?

Of appearance.

Then the imitator, I said, is a long way off the truth, and can do all things because he lightly touches on a small part of them, and that part an image. For example: A

painter will paint a cobbler, carpenter, or any other artist, though he knows nothing of their arts; and, if he is a good artist, he may deceive children or simple persons, when he shows them his picture of a carpenter from a distance, and they will fancy that they are looking at a real carpenter.

Certainly.

And whenever anyone informs us that he has found a man who knows all the arts, and all things else that anybody knows, and every single thing with a higher degree of accuracy than any other man—whoever tells us this, I think that we can only imagine him to be a simple creature who is likely to have been deceived by some wizard or actor whom he met, and whom he thought all-knowing, because he himself was unable to analyze the nature of knowledge and ignorance and imitation.

Most true.

And so, when we hear persons saying that the tragedians, and Homer, who is at their head, know all the arts and all things human, virtue as well as vice, and divine things too, for that the good poet cannot compose well unless he knows his subject, and that he who has not this knowledge can never be a poet, we ought to consider whether here also there may not be a similar illusion. Perhaps they may have come across imitators and been deceived by them; they may not have remembered when they saw their works that these were but imitations thrice removed from the truth, and could easily be made without any knowledge of the truth, because they are appearances only and not realities? Or, after all, they may be in the right, and poets do really know the things about which they seem to the many to speak so well?

The question, he said, should by all means be considered.

Now do you suppose that if a person were able to make the original as well as the image, he would seriously devote himself to the image-making branch? Would he allow imitation to be the ruling principle of his life, as if he had nothing higher in him?

I should say not.

The real artist, who knew what he was imitating, would be interested in realities and not in imitations; and would desire to leave as memorials of himself works many and fair; and, instead of being the author of encomiums, he would prefer to be the theme of them.

Yes, he said, that would be to him a source of much greater honor and profit.

Then, I said, we must put a question to Homer; not about medicine, or any of the arts to which his poems only incidentally refer: we are not going to ask him, or any other poet, whether he has cured patients like Asclepius, or left behind him a school of medicine such as the Ascelpiads were, or whether he only talks about medicine and other arts at second-hand; but we have a right to know respecting military tactics, politics, education, which are the chiefest and noblest subjects of his poems, and we may fairly ask him about them. "Friend Homer," then we say to him, "if you are only in the second remove from truth in what you say of virtue, and not in the third—not an image maker or imitator—and if you are able to discern what pursuits make men better or worse in private or public life, tell us what State was ever better governed by your help? The good order of Lacedæmon is due to Lycurgus, and many other cities, great and small, have been similarly benefited by others; but who says that you have been a good legislator to them and have done them any good? Italy and Sicily boast of Charondas, and there is Solon who is renowned among us; but what city has anything to say about you?" Is there any city which he might name?

I think not, said Glaucon; not even the Homerids themselves pretend that he was a legislator.

Well, but is there any war on record which was carried on successfully by him, or aided by his counsels, when he was alive?

There is not.

Or is there any invention of his, applicable to the arts or to human life, such as Thales the Milesian or Anacharsis the Scythian, and other ingenious men have conceived, which is attributed to him?

There is absolutely nothing of the kind.

But, if Homer never did any public service, was he privately a guide or teacher of any? Had he in his lifetime friends who loved to associate with him, and who handed down to posterity a Homeric way of life, such as was established by Pythagoras, who was so

greatly beloved for his wisdom, and whose followers are to this day quite celebrated for the order which was named after him?

Nothing of the kind is recorded of him. For, surely, Socrates, Creophylus, the companion of Homer, that child of flesh, whose name always makes us laugh, might be more justly ridiculed for his stupidity, if, as is said, Homer was greatly neglected by him and others in his own day when he was alive?

Yes, I replied, that is the tradition. But can you imagine, Glaucon, that if Homer had really been able to educate and improve mankind—if he had possessed knowledge, and not been a mere imitator—can you imagine, I say, that he would not have had many followers, and been honored and loved by them? Protagoras of Abdera and Prodicus of Ceos and a host of others have only to whisper to their contemporaries: "You will never be able to manage either your own house or your own State until you appoint us to be your ministers of education"—and this ingenious device of theirs has such an effect in making men love them that their companions all but carry them about on their shoulders. And is it conceivable that the contemporaries of Homer, or again of Hesiod, would have allowed either of them to go about as rhapsodists, if they had really been able to make mankind virtuous? Would they not have been as unwilling to part with them as with gold, and have compelled them to stay at home with them? Or, if the master would not stay, then the disciples would have followed him about everywhere, until they had got education enough?

Yes, Socrates, that, I think, is quite true.

Then must we not infer that all these poetical individuals, beginning with Homer, are only imitators; they copy images of virtue and the like, but the truth they never reach? The poet is like a painter who, as we have already observed, will make a likeness of a cobbler though he understands nothing of cobbling; and his picture is good enough for those who know no more than he does, and judge only by colors and figures.

Quite so.

In like manner the poet with his words and phrases may be said to lay on the colors of the several arts, himself understanding their nature only enough to imitate them; and other people, who are as ignorant as he is, and judge only from his words, imagine that if he speaks of cobbling, or of military tactics, or of anything else, in metre and harmony and rhythm, he speaks very well—such is the sweet influence which melody and rhythm by nature have. And I think that you must have observed again and again what a poor appearance the tales of poets make when stripped of the colors which music puts upon them, and recited in simple prose.

Yes, he said.

They are like faces which were never really beautiful, but only blooming; and now the bloom of youth has passed away from them?

Exactly.

Here is another point: The imitator or maker of the image knows nothing of true existence; he knows appearances only. Am I not right?

Yes.

Then let us have a clear understanding, and not be satisfied with half an explanation.

Proceed.

Of the painter we say that he will paint reins, and he will paint a bit?

Yes.

And the worker in leather and brass will make them?

Certainly.

But does the painter know the right form of the bit and reins? Nay, hardly even the workers in brass and leather who make them; only the horseman who knows how to use them—he knows their right form.

Most true.

And may we not say the same of all things?

What?

That there are three arts which are concerned with all things: one which uses, another which makes, a third which imitates them?

Yes.

And the excellence or beauty or truth of every structure, animate or inanimate, and of every action of man, is relative to the use for which nature or the artist has intended them.

True.

Then the user of them must have the greatest experience of them, and he must indicate to the maker the good or bad qualities which develop themselves in use; for example, the flute-player will tell the flute-maker which

of his flutes is satisfactory to the performer; he will tell him how he ought to make them, and the other will attend to his instructions?

Of course.

The one knows and therefore speaks with authority about the goodness and badness of flutes, while the other, confiding in him, will do what he is told by him?

True.

The instrument is the same, but about the excellence or badness of it the maker will only attain to a correct belief; and this he will gain from him who knows, by talking to him and being compelled to hear what he has to say, whereas the user will have knowledge?

True.

But will the imitator have either? Will he know from use whether or no his drawing is correct or beautiful? or will he have right opinion from being compelled to associate with another who knows and gives him instructions about what he should draw?

Neither.

Then he will no more have true opinion than he will have knowledge about the goodness or badness of his imitations?

I suppose not.

The imitative artist will be in a brilliant state of intelligence about his own creations?

Nay, very much the reverse.

And still he will go on imitating without knowing what makes a thing good or bad, and may be expected therefore to imitate only that which appears to be good to the ignorant multitude?

Just so.

Thus far, then, we are pretty well agreed that the imitator has no knowledge worth mentioning of what he imitates. Imitation is only a kind of play or sport, and the tragic poets, whether they write in iambic or in heroic verse, are imitators in the highest degree?

Very true.

And now tell me, I conjure you, has not imitation been shown by us to be concerned with that which is thrice removed from the truth?

Certainly.

And what is the faculty in man to which imitation is addressed?

What do you mean?

I will explain: The body which is large when seen near, appears small when seen at a distance?

True.

And the same objects appear straight when looked at out of the water, and crooked when in the water; and the concave becomes convex, owing to the illusion about colors to which the sight is liable. Thus every sort of confusion is revealed within us; and this is that weakness of the human mind on which the art of conjuring and of deceiving by light and shadow and other ingenious devices imposes, having an effect upon us like magic.

True.

And the arts of measuring and numbering and weighing come to the rescue of the human understanding—there is the beauty of them—and the apparent greater or less, or more or heavier, no longer have the mastery over us, but give way before calculation and measure and weight?

Most true.

And this, surely, must be the work of the calculating and rational principle in the soul?

To be sure.

And when this principle measures and certifies that some things are equal, or that some are greater or less than others, there occurs an apparent contradiction?

True.

But were we not saying that such a contradiction is impossible—the same faculty cannot have contrary opinions at the same time about the same thing?

Very true.

Then that part of the soul which has an opinion contrary to measure is not the same with that which has an opinion in accordance with measure?

True.

And the better part of the soul is likely to be that which trusts to measure and calculation?

Certainly.

And that which is opposed to them is one of the inferior principles of the soul?

No doubt.

This was the conclusion at which I was seeking to arrive when I said that painting or drawing, and imitation in general, when doing their own proper work, are far removed from truth, and the companions and friends and associates of a principle within us which

is equally removed from reason, and that they have no true or healthy aim.

Exactly.

The imitative art is an inferior who marries an inferior, and has inferior offspring.

Very true.

And is this confined to the sight only, or does it extend to the hearing also, relating in fact to what we term poetry?

Probably the same would be true of poetry.

Do not rely, I said, on a probability derived from the analogy of painting; but let us examine further and see whether the faculty with which poetical imitation is concerned is good or bad.

By all means.

We may state the question thus: Imitation imitates the actions of men, whether voluntary or involuntary, on which, as they imagine, a good or bad result has ensued, and they rejoice or sorrow accordingly. Is there anything more?

No, there is nothing else.

But in all this variety of circumstances is the man at unity with himself—or, rather, as in the instance of sight there were confusion and opposition in his opinions about the same things, so here also are there not strife and inconsistency in his life? though I need hardly raise the question again, for I remember that all this has been already admitted; and the soul has been acknowledged by us to be full of these and ten thousand similar oppositions occurring at the same moment?

And we were right, he said.

Yes, I said, thus far we were right; but there was an omission which must now be supplied.

What was the omission?

Were we not saying that a good man, who has the misfortune to lose his son or anything else which is most dear to him, will bear the loss with more equanimity than another?

Yes.

But will he have no sorrow, or shall we say that although he cannot help sorrowing, he will moderate his sorrow?

The latter, he said, is the truer statement.

Tell me: will he be more likely to struggle and hold out against his sorrow when he is seen by his equals, or when he is alone?

It will make a great difference whether he is seen or not.

When he is by himself he will not mind saying or doing many things which he would be ashamed of anyone hearing or seeing him do?

True.

There is a principle of law and reason in him which bids him resist, as well as a feeling of his misfortune which is forcing him to indulge his sorrow?

True.

But when a man is drawn in two opposite directions, to and from the same object, this, as we affirm, necessarily implies two distinct principles in him?

Certainly.

One of them is ready to follow the guidance of the law?

How do you mean?

The law would say that to be patient under suffering is best, and that we should not give way to impatience, as there is no knowing whether such things are good or evil; and nothing is gained by impatience; also, because no human thing is of serious importance, and grief stands in the way of that which at the moment is most required.

What is most required? he asked.

That we should take counsel about what has happened, and when the dice have been thrown order our affairs in the way which reason deems best; not, like children who have had a fall, keeping hold of the part struck and wasting time in setting up a howl, but always accustoming the soul forthwith to apply a remedy, raising up that which is sickly and fallen, banishing the cry of sorrow by the healing art.

Yes, he said, that is the true way of meeting the attacks of fortune.

Yes, I said; and the higher principle is ready to follow this suggestion of reason?

Clearly.

And the other principle, which inclines us to recollection of our troubles and to lamentation, and can never have enough of them, we may call irrational, useless, and cowardly?

Indeed, we may.

And does not the latter—I mean the rebellious principle—furnish a great variety of materials for imitation? Whereas the wise and calm temperament, being always nearly equable, is not easy to imitate or to appreciate when imitated, especially at a public festival when a promiscuous crowd is assembled in a theatre. For the feeling rep-

resented is one to which they are strangers.

Certainly.

Then the imitative poet who aims at being popular is not by nature made, nor is his art intended, to please or to affect the rational principle in the soul; but he will prefer the passionate and fitful temper, which is easily imitated?

Clearly.

And now we may fairly take him and place him by the side of the painter, for he is like him in two ways: first, inasmuch as his creations have an inferior degree of truth—in this, I say, he is like him; and he is also like him in being concerned with an inferior part of the soul; and therefore we shall be right in refusing to admit him into a well-ordered State, because he awakens and nourishes and strengthens the feelings and impairs the reason. As in a city when the evil are permitted to have authority and the good are put out of the way, so in the soul of man, as we maintain, the imitative poet implants an evil constitution, for he indulges the irrational nature which has no discernment of greater and less, but thinks the same thing at one time great and at another small—he is a manufacturer of images and is very far removed from the truth.

Exactly.

But we have not yet brought forward the heaviest count in our accusation: the power which poetry has of harming even the good (and there are very few who are not harmed), is surely an awful thing?

Yes, certainly, if the effect is what you say.

Hear and judge: The best of us, as I conceive, when we listen to a passage of Homer or one of the tragedians, in which he represents some pitiful hero who is drawling out his sorrows in a long oration, or weeping, and smiting his breast—the best of us, you know, delight in giving way to sympathy, and are in raptures at the excellence of the poet who stirs our feelings most.

Yes, of course, I know.

But when any sorrow of our own happens to us, then you may observe that we pride ourselves on the opposite quality—we would fain be quiet and patient; this is the manly part, and the other which delighted us in the recitation is now deemed to be the part of a woman.

Very true, he said.

Now can we be right in praising and admiring another who is doing that which any one of us would abominate and be ashamed of in his own person?

No, he said, that is certainly not reasonable.

Nay, I said, quite reasonable from one point of view.

What point of view?

If you consider, I said, that when in misfortune we feel a natural hunger and desire to relieve our sorrow by weeping and lamentation, and that this feeling which is kept under control in our own calamities is satisfied and delighted by the poets; the better nature in each of us, not having been sufficiently trained by reason or habit, allows the sympathetic element to break loose because the sorrow is another's; and the spectator fancies that there can be no disgrace to himself in praising and pitying anyone who comes telling him what a good man he is, and making a fuss about his troubles; he thinks that the pleasure is a gain, and why should he be supercilious and lose this and the poem too? Few persons ever reflect, as I should imagine, that from the evil of other men something of evil is communicated to themselves. And so the feeling of sorrow which has gathered strength at the sight of the misfortunes of others is with difficulty repressed in our own.

How very true!

And does not the same hold also of the ridiculous? There are jests which you would be ashamed to make yourself, and yet on the comic stage, or indeed in private, when you hear them, you are greatly amused by them, and are not at all disgusted at their unseemliness; the case of pity is repeated; there is a principle in human nature which is disposed to raise a laugh, and this which you once restrained by reason, because you were afraid of being thought a buffoon, is now let out again; and having stimulated the risible faculty at the theatre, you are betrayed unconsciously to yourself into playing the comic poet at home.

Quite true, he said.

And the same may be said of lust and anger and all the other affections, of desire, and pain, and pleasure, which are held to be inseparable from every action—in all of them poetry feeds and waters the passions instead

of drying them up; she lets them rule, although they ought to be controlled, if mankind are ever to increase in happiness and virtue.

I cannot deny it.

Therefore, Glaucon, I said, whenever you meet with any of the eulogists of Homer declaring that he has been the educator of Hellas, and that he is profitable for education and for the ordering of human things, and that you should take him up again and again and get to know him and regulate your whole life according to him, we may love and honor those who say these things—they are excellent people, as far as their lights extend; and we are ready to acknowledge that Homer is the greatest of poets and first of tragedy writers; but we must remain firm in our conviction that hymns to the gods and praises of famous men are the only poetry which ought to be admitted into our State. For if you go beyond this and allow the honeyed muse to enter, either in epic or lyric verse, not law and the reason of mankind, which by common consent have ever been deemed best, but pleasure and pain will be the rulers in our State.

That is most true, he said.

And now since we have reverted to the subject of poetry, let this our defence serve to show the reasonableness of our former judgment in sending away out of our State an art having the tendencies which we have described; for reason constrained us. But that she may not impute to us any harshness or want of politeness, let us tell her that there is an ancient quarrel between philosophy and poetry; of which there are many proofs, such as the saying of "the yelping hound howling at her lord," or of one "mighty in the vain talk of fools," and "the mob of sages circumventing Zeus," and the "subtle thinkers who are beggars after all"; and there are innumerable other signs of ancient enmity between them. Notwithstanding this, let us assure our sweet friend and the sister art of imitation, that if she will only prove her title to exist in a well-ordered State we shall be delighted to receive her—we are very conscious of her charms; but we may not on that account betray the truth. I dare say, Glaucon, that you are as much charmed by her as I am, especially when she appears in Homer?

Yes, indeed, I am greatly charmed.

Shall I propose, then, that she be allowed to return from exile, but upon this condition only—that she make a defence of herself in lyrical or some other metre?

Certainly.

And we may further grant to those of her defenders who are lovers of poetry and yet not poets the permission to speak in prose on her behalf: let them show not only that she is pleasant, but also useful to States and to human life, and we will listen in a kindly spirit; for if this can be proved we shall surely be the gainers—I mean, if there is a use in poetry as well as a delight?

Certainly, he said, we shall be the gainers.

If her defence fails, then, my dear friend, like other persons who are enamoured of something, but put a restraint upon themselves when they think their desires are opposed to their interests, so, too, must we after the manner of lovers give her up, though not without a struggle. We, too, are inspired by that love of poetry which the education of noble States has implanted in us, and therefore we would have her appear at her best and truest; but so long as she is unable to make good her defence, this argument of ours shall be a charm to us, which we will repeat to ourselves while we listen to her strains; that we may not fall away into the childish love of her which captivates the many. At all events we are well aware that poetry being such as we have described is not to be regarded seriously as attaining to the truth; and he who listens to her, fearing for the safety of the city which is within him, should be on his guard against her seductions and make our words his law.

Yes, he said, I quite agree with you.

Yes, I said, my dear Glaucon, for great is the issue at stake, greater than appears, whether a man is to be good or bad. And what will anyone be profited if under the influence of honor or money or power, aye, or under the excitement of poetry, he neglect justice and virtue?

Yes, he said; I have been convinced by the argument, as I believe that any one else would have been.

ARISTOTLE (384–322 B. C.)

POETICS[1]

Origin of Poetry

Poetry, in general, seems to have derived its origin from two causes, each of them natural.

To imitate is instinctive in man from his infancy. By this he is distinguished from other animals, that he is of all the most imitative, and through this instinct receives his earliest education. All men likewise naturally receive pleasure from imitation. This is evident from what we experience in viewing the works of imitative art; for in them we contemplate with pleasure, and with the more pleasure the more exactly they are imitated, such objects as, if real, we could not see without pain: as the figures of the meanest and most disgusting animals, dead bodies, and the like. And the reason of this is, that to learn is a natural pleasure, not confined to philosophers, but common to all men; with this difference only, that the multitude partake of it in a more transient and compendious manner. Hence the pleasure they receive from a picture: in viewing it they learn, they infer, they discover what every object is; that this, for instance, is such a particular man, &c. For if we suppose the object represented to be something which the spectator had never seen, his pleasure, in that case, will not arise from the imitation, but from the workmanship, the colours, or some such cause. . . .

Progress of Tragedy and Comedy

Both Tragedy, then, and Comedy, having originated in a rude and unpremeditated manner—the first from the dithyrambic hymns, the other from those Phallic songs which in many cities remain still in use—each advanced gradually towards perfection by such successive improvements as were most obvious.

Tragedy, after various changes, reposed at length in the completion of its proper form. Aeschylus first added a second actor; he also abridged the chorus, and made the dialogue the principal part of tragedy. Sophocles increased the number of actors to three, and added the decoration of painted scenery. It was also late before Tragedy threw aside the short and simple fable and ludicrous language of its satyric original, and attained its proper magnitude and dignity. The iambic measure was then first adopted; for originally the trochaic tetrameter was made use of, as better suited to the satyric and saltatorial genius of the poem at that time; but when the dialogue was formed, Nature itself pointed out the proper metre.

. . . . . .

Comedy, is an imitation of bad characters: bad, not with respect to every sort of vice, but to the ridiculous only, as being a species of turpitude or deformity, since it may be defined to be a fault of deformity of such a sort as is neither painful nor destructive. A ridiculous face, for example, is something ugly and distorted, but not so as to cause pain. . . .

Epic and Tragic Species Compared

Epic poetry agrees so far with Tragic as it is an imitation of great characters and actions by means of words; but in this it differs, that it makes use of only one kind of metre throughout, and that it is narrative. It also differs in length; for Tragedy endeavours, as far as possible, to confine its action within the limits of a single revolution of the sun, or nearly so; but the time of Epic action is indefinite. . . .

Definition of Tragedy

Tragedy is an imitation of some action that is important, entire, and of a proper magnitude—by language, embellished and rendered pleasurable, but by different means in different parts—in the way, not of narration, but of action, effecting through pity and terror the purification of such passions.

By pleasurable language I mean a language

[1]Translation by Twening.

that has the embellishments of rhythm, melody, and metre. And I add, by different means in different parts, because in some parts metre alone is employed—in others, melody.

. . . . . .

Now, since it is requisite to the perfection of a tragedy that its plot should be of the complicated, not of the simple kind, and that it should imitate such actions as excite terror and pity (this being the peculiar property of the tragic imitation), it follows evidently, in the first place, that the change from prosperity to adversity should not be represented as happening to a virtuous character; for this raises disgust rather than terror or compassion. Neither should the contrary change, from adversity to prosperity, be exhibited in a vicious character: this, of all plans, is the most opposite to the genius of tragedy, having no one property that it ought to have; for it is neither gratifying in a moral view, nor affecting, nor terrible. Nor, again, should the fall of a very bad man from prosperous to adverse fortune be represented: because, though such a subject may be pleasing from its moral tendency, it will produce neither pity nor terror. For pity is excited by misfortunes undeservedly suffered, and our terror by some resemblance between the sufferer and ourselves. Neither of these effects will, therefore, be produced by such an event.

There remains, then, for our choice, the character between these extremes: that of a person neither eminently virtuous or just, nor yet involved in misfortune by deliberate vice or villainy, but by some error of human frailty; and this person should also be some one of high fame and flourishing prosperity. For example, Oedipus, Thyestes, or other illustrious men of such families. . . .

Principles on Which Poetry Is To Be Defended

With respect to critical objections and the answers to them, the number and nature of the different sources from which they may be drawn will be clearly understood, if we consider them in the following manner:—

1. The poet, being an imitator, like the painter or any other artist of that kind, must necessarily, when he imitates, have in view one of these three objects: he must represent things such as they were or are, or such as they are said to be and believed to be, or such as they should be.

2. Again, all this he is to express in words, either common or foreign and metaphorical; or varied by some of those many modifications and peculiarities of language which are the privilege of poets.

3. To this we must add, that what is right in the poetic art is a distinct consideration from what is right in the political or any other art. The faults of poetry are of two kinds, essential and accidental. If the poet has undertaken to imitate without talents for imitation, his poetry will be essentially faulty. But if he is right in applying himself to poetic imitation, yet in imitating is occasionally wrong; as if a horse, for example, were represented moving both his right legs at once, or, if he has committed mistakes, or described things impossible, with respect to other arts, that of physic, for instance, or any other, all such faults, whatever they may be, are not essential, but accidental, faults in the poetry. . . .

Application of the Last Principle

To the foregoing considerations, then, we must have recourse, in order to obviate the doubts and objections of the critics.

For, in the first place, suppose the poet to have represented things impossible with respect to some other art. This is certainly a fault. Yet it may be an excusable fault, provided the end of the poet's art be more effectually obtained by it—that is, according to what has already been said of that end, if, by this means, that or any other part or the poem is made to produce a more striking effect. The pursuit of Hector is an instance. If, indeed, this end might as well, or nearly as well, have been attained without departing from the principles of the particular art in question, the fault, in that case, could not be justified, since faults of every kind should, if possible, be avoided.

Still, we are to consider further whether a fault be in things essential to the poetic art or foreign and incidental to it; for it is a far more pardonable fault to be ignorant, for

instance, that a hind has no horns than to paint one badly.

Application of the First Principle

Further: if it be objected to the poet that he has not represented things conformably to truth, he may answer, that he has represented them as they should be. This was the answer of Sophocles, that "he drew mankind such as they should be; Euripides, such as they are." And this is the proper answer.

But if the poet has represented things in neither of these ways, he may answer, that he has represented them as they are said and believed to be. Of this kind are the poetical descriptions of the gods. It cannot, perhaps, be said that they are either what is best or what is true; but, as Xenophanes says, opinions "taken up at random," these are things, however, not "clearly known." . . .

LONGINUS (dates unknown)

ON THE SUBLIME

Selections

It should be understood, my dearest friend, that as in the affairs of life nothing great which it is magnanimous to despise—as, for example, riches, honours, titles, crowns, and whatever is varnished over with an imposing exterior—can ever be regarded as worthy of preference in the opinion of a wise man, since to think lightly of such things is no ordinary excellence; for certainly the persons who have ability sufficient to acquire, but scorn them, are more admired than those who actually possess them—much in the same way also must we judge in respect of the sublime, both in poetry and prose. We must carefully examine whether some things be not tricked out with this seeming grandeur, this imposing exterior of varnish laid on thickly, which, when examined, would be found a mere delusion, meriting the contempt rather than the admiration of a truly great mind; for, somehow or other, the soul is naturally elevated by the true sublime, and, lifted up with exultation, is filled with transport and inward pride, as if what was only heard had been the product of its own invention.

He, therefore, who has a competent share of natural and acquired taste, may easily discover the value of any performance from often hearing it. If he find that it does not transport his soul, or exalt his thoughts—that it does not leave in his mind matter for more enlarged reflection than the mere sound of the words convey, but that on attentive examination its dignity lessens and declines—he may conclude that whatever pierces no deeper than the ears can never be the true sublime. For that is truly grand and lofty which the more we consider the greater ideas we conceive of it; whose force is hard, or, rather, impossible to withstand; which sinks deep, and makes such impressions on the mind as cannot be easily worn out or effaced. In a word, you may pronounce that sublime to be commendable and genuine, which pleases all sorts of men at all times. For when persons of different pursuits, habits of life, tastes, ages, principles, agree in the same joint approbation of any performance, then this union of assent, this combination of so many different judgments, stamps a high and indisputable value on that performance which meets with such general applause.

Now there are, if I may so express it, Five very copious Sources of the Sublime, if we pre-suppose a talent for speaking as a common foundation for these five sorts; and, indeed, without it anything whatever will avail but little:—

1. The first and most potent of these is a felicitous boldness in the thoughts, as I have laid down in my essay on Xenophon.

2. The second is a capacity of intense and enthusiastic passion; and these two constituents of the sublime are for the most part the immediate gifts of nature, whereas the remaining sources depend also upon art.

3. The third consists in a skilful moulding of figures; which are two-fold, of sentiment and language.

4. The fourth is a noble and graceful manner of expression, which is not only to select significant and elegant words, but also

to adorn the style and embellish it by the assistance of tropes.

5. The fifth source of the sublime, which embraces all the preceding, is to construct the periods with all possible dignity and grandeur.

. . . . . .

But though the first and most important of these divisions, I mean elevation of thought, be rather a natural than an acquired qualification, yet we ought to spare no pains to educate our souls to grandeur, and impregnate them, as it were, with generous and enlarged ideas.

"But how," it will be asked, "can this be done?" I hinted in another place that this sublime is an echo of the inward greatness of the soul. Hence it comes to pass that a bare thought without words challenges admiration for the sake of its grandeur alone. Such is the silence of Ajax in the *Odyssey* (bk. xi., v. 565), which is undoubtedly great, and far loftier than anything he could have said.

To arrive at excellence like this, then, we must needs presuppose as the primary cause of it that an orator of the true genius must have no mean and ungenerous way of thinking. For it is impossible for those who have grovelling and servile ideas, or are engaged in sordid pursuits all their lives, to produce anything worthy of admiration and the praise of all posterity. But grand and sublime expressions must in reason flow from them alone whose conceptions are stored and big with greatness. And thus it is that grand thoughts are commonly found to have been uttered by men of the loftiest minds. When Parmenio cried, "I would accept these proposals if I were Alexander," Alexander replied, "And so would I if I were Parmenio." His answer showed the greatness of his mind.

So the space between heaven and earth marks out the vast reach and capacity of Homer's genius when he says:—

> While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
> She stalks on earth.

This description may with no less justice be applied to Homer's genius than to Discord.

But what disparity, what a fall there is in Hesiod's description of Melancholy, if, at least, the poem of "The Shield" may be ascribed to him:—

> A filthy moisture from her nostrils flowed.

He has not represented his image as terrible but hateful.

On the other hand, with what majesty and pomp does Homer exalt his duties:—

> Far as a shepherd from some spot on high
> O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye,
> Through such a space of air, with thundering sound,
> At one long leap th' immortal coursers bound.

He measures the leap of the horses by the extent of the world. And who is there that, considering the exceeding greatness of the space, would not, with good reason, cry out that, "if the steeds of the Deity were to take a second leap, the world itself would want room for it!"

How grand, too, are those creations of the imagination in the combat of the gods:—

> Heaven in loud thunders bids the trumpet sound,
> And wide beneath them groans the rending ground,
> Deep in the dismal regions of the dead
> Th' infernal monarch reared his horrid head.
> Leaped from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should lay
> His dark dominions open to the day,
> And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
> Abhorred by men, and dreadful ev'n to gods.

What a prospect is here, my friend! The earth laid open to its centre; Tartarus itself disclosed to view; the whole world turned upside down and rent in twain; all things at once—heaven, hell, things mortal and immortal share alike the toil and danger of that battle! These are terrific representations, but if not allegorically understood, are inapplicable to deity, and violate the laws of propriety. For Homer, in my opinion, when he relates the wounds, the seditions, the retaliations, imprisonments, and tears of the deities, with those evils of every kind under which they languish, has to the utmost of his power exalted the heroes who fought at Troy into gods, and degraded the gods into men. Nay, he makes their condition worse than human; for when man is overwhelmed with misfortunes, he has a reserve in the peaceful haven of death. But he makes the infelicity of the gods as everlasting as their nature.

But how far does he excel those descriptions of the combats of the gods, when he sets a deity in his true light, and paints him in all his majesty, purity, and perfection; as in that description of Neptune, which has been handled already by several writers:

Fierce as he passed the lofty mountains nod,
The forests shake, earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footsteps of the immortal god.
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
Th' enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the wat'ry way,
And heavy whales in awkward measures play;
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
Exults and owns the monarch of the main:
The parting waves before his coursers fly;
The wond'ring waters leave the axle dry.

So likewise the Jewish legislator—no ordinary person—having conceived a just idea of the power of God, has nobly expressed it in the beginning of his law. "And God said—What?—'Let there be light,' and there was light. 'Let the earth be,' and the earth was."

I hope my friend will not think me tedious if I add another quotation from the poet, where he treats of mortal things; that you may see how he is accustomed to mount along with his heroes to heights of grandeur. A thick cloud and embarrassing darkness as of night, envelops the Grecian army, and suspends the battle. Ajax, perplexed what course to take, prays thus:

Accept a warrior's prayer, eternal Jove;
This cloud of darkness from the Greeks remove;
Give us but light, and let us see our foes,
We'll bravely fall, though Jove himself oppose.

The feelings of Ajax are here expressed to the life: it is Ajax himself. He begs not for life; a request like that would be beneath a hero. But because in that hampering darkness he could display his valour in no illustrious exploit, and his great heart was unable to brook a sluggish inactivity in the field of action, he prays for instant light, not doubting to crown his fall with some meritorious deed, though Jove himself should oppose his efforts. Here, indeed, Homer, like a brisk and favourable gale, swells the fury of the battle; he is as warm and impetuous as his heroes, or (as he says of Hector)—

With such a furious rage his steps advance,
As when the god of battles shakes his lance,
Or baleful flames, on some thick forest cast,
Swift marching, lay the wooded mountain waste:
Around his mouth a foamy moisture stands.

Yet Homer himself shows in the *Odyssey* (the remark I am going to add is necessary on several accounts) that when a great genius is in decline, a fondness for the fabulous clings fast to age. Many arguments may be brought to prove that this poem was written after the *Iliad;* but this especially, that in the *Odyssey* he has introduced the sequel of those calamities which began at Troy as so many episodes of the Trojan war; and that therein he renders to his heroes the tribute of mourning and lamentations, as that which he had previously resolved to be due to them. For, in reality, the *Odyssey* is no more than the epilogue of the *Iliad*—

There warlike Ajax, there Achilles lies,
Patroclus there, a man divinely wise;
There too my dearest son.

It proceeds, I suppose, from the same cause, that having written the *Iliad* in the youth and vigour of his genius, he has furnished it with continued scenes of action and combat; whereas the greatest part of the *Odyssey* consists of narrative, the characteristic of old age. So that, in the *Odyssey*, Homer may with justice be likened to the setting sun, whose grandeur still remains, without the meridian heat of his beams. For the style is not so grand and majestic as that of the *Iliad;* the sublimity not kept up in so uniform and sustained a manner throughout; the tides of passion flow not so copiously, nor in such rapid succession; there is not the same fertility of invention and oratorical energy; nor is it adorned with such a throng of images drawn from real life; but like the ocean when he retires within himself, and forsakes his proper bounds, so the genius of Homer still exhibits the ebbing of a mighty tide even in those fabulous and incredible ramblings of Ulysses. Not that I am forgetful of those storms which are described in several parts of the *Odyssey;* of Ulysses' adventures with the Cyclops, and some other instances of the true sublime. No; I am speaking indeed of the old age of Homer. However, it is evident, from the whole series of the *Odyssey*, that there is far more of fiction in it than of real life.

I have digressed thus far merely for the sake of showing, as I observed, that, in the decline of their vigour, the greatest geniuses are apt to turn aside into trifles. Those stories of shutting up the winds in a bag: of the men fed by Circe like swine, whom Zoilus calls weeping porkers; of Jupiter's being nursed by doves like one of their young; of Ulysses in a wreck, when he took no sustenance for ten days: and those improbabilities about the slaughter of the suitors—all these are undeniable instances of what I have said. Dreams indeed they are, but such as even Jove might dream.

Accept, my friend, in further excuse of this inquiry into the character of the *Odyssey*, my desire of convincing you, that a decrease of the pathetic in great orators and poets often ends in the moral kind of writing. Thus the *Odyssey*, furnishing us with ethical narratives relating to that course of life which the suitors led in the palace of Ulysses, has in some degree the air of a comedy, wherein the various manners of men are described.

. . . . . .

—Let us consider next whether we cannot find out some other means to infuse sublimity into our style. Now, as there are no subjects which are not attended by certain circumstances which are always found where they exist, a judicious choice of the most suitable of these adjuncts, and a faculty of accumulating them into one body, as it were, must necessarily produce the sublime. For what by the judgment displayed in the circumstances selected, and what by the skilful combination of them, they cannot but attract the hearer.

Sappho is an instance of this; who, in portraying the characteristics of intense love, always selects her materials from its attendant circumstances, and from the passion as it really exists in nature. But in what particular has she shown her excellence? In her ability to select those circumstances which are most striking and effective, and afterwards to connect them together:—

> Blest as the immortal gods is he,
> The youth who fondly sits by thee,
> And hears and sees thee all the while
> Softly speaking and sweetly smile.
>
> 'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
> And raised such tumults in my breast;
> For while I gazed, in transport tost,
> My breath was gone, my voice was lost.
>
> My bosom glowed; the subtile flame
> Ran quick through all my vital frame;
> O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
> My ears with hollow murmurs rung.
>
> In dewy damps my limbs were chilled;
> My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;
> My feeble pulse forgot to play,
> I fainted, sunk, and died away.

Are you not amazed, my friend, to find how in the same moment she is to seek for her soul, her body, her ears, her tongue, her eyes, her colour, all of them as much absent from her as if they had never belonged to her? And what contrary affections she feels together! How she glows, chills, raves, reasons; for either she is in tumults of alarm, or she is dying away. The effect of which is, that she seems not to be attacked by one alone, but by a combination of affections.

. . . . . .

That Plato, indeed—for I will return to him—though his eloquence is as the noiseless lapse of a mighty river, is nevertheless sublime, you cannot be ignorant when you have read the following specimen in his "Republic:" "They," says he, "that are unprincipled in the lore of wisdom and virtue, and give themselves wholly to feasting and the like, are urged, as it seems, by a downward impulse, and thus pass their whole life under a delusion. For they have never lifted up their eyes to look on Truth, nor been moved by an aspiration after her, nor have experienced the taste of durable and unpolluted pleasure, but, like the beasts, with eyes for ever downward bent, stooping towards the earth and bending over tables, they feed their appetites and lusts; and to obtain a larger share of these things, so insatiable are their desires, they kick, and gore, and slay each other with horns and hoofs of iron." And this man instructs us, if we would but listen to him, that there is also some other way, besides those already mentioned, which leads to things sublime. And what way is this, and what is its nature? It is to imitate and emulate the great historians and poets of former days. And be this, my dearest friend, our fixed and steadfast aim. For many are they that are moved

to a divine enthusiasm by another's spirit, in the same manner as fame records, that when the pythoness draws nigh the sacred tripod (where, as they say, the cleft earth breathes an inspiring exhalation) she is thereby impregnated with the divine influence, and forthwith breaks out in strains of prophecy, according as the Deity inspires her. Thus it is that from the sublime geniuses of the ancients certain effluvia are wafted to the souls of those that emulate them, as from the sacred caverns; by whose inspiration, even such as are not over-gifted of Phoebus catch enthusiasm from the sublimities of others. Was Herodotus the only devoted imitator of Homer? Stesichorus was so before him, and so was Archilochus; but more than all of them, Plato, who from the famed Homeric fountain has drawn water by ten thousand by-streams to irrigate his own genius. And, perhaps, it were needful for me to point out instances, had not Ammonius and his disciples given a classified list of them. Nor is this plagiarism; but to take a hint from models of poetic fiction or works of art is as defensible as to copy good manners. Neither do I think that Plato would have displayed so much vigour in delivering his philosophical doctrines, and so often have soared to the matter and diction of poetry, had he not strenuously entered the lists, even with Homer, and disputed the palm with him, like some undistinguished champion that matches himself with one who has already engrossed the admiration of the world. The attack was perhaps too rash, the opposition perhaps had too much the air of enmity, but yet it could not fail of some advantage, for, as Hesiod says,

"Such brave contention works the good of men."

And, assuredly, glorious are the efforts, worthy our highest ambition the crown in this contest for pre-eminence of fame, wherein even to be worsted by the heroes of former days is unattended with dishonour.

Wherefore, whenever we, too, are engaged in a work which requires grandeur of style and exalted sentiments, it were good to raise in ourselves such reflections as these:—How in this matter would Homer, as the case may be, or Plato, or Demosthenes have raised their thoughts? Or, if it be historical, how would Thucydides? For these persons, being set before us, and appearing, as it were, in bright array, as patterns for our imitation, will in some degree raise our souls to the standard we have pictured to our imaginations. It will be yet of greater use if to the preceding reflections we add these: What would Homer or Demosthenes have thought of this piece? or how would they have been affected by it? For of a truth it is no light contest we engage in when we set before us such a tribunal and such an auditory to adjudicate upon our own performances; and are possessed with the ideas, though but in imagination, that we are submitting our writings to the security of such distinguished characters, who are at once both our judges and witnesses. There is yet another motive which may yield still more powerful incitements, if we ask ourselves, "What would all posterity think of me if they heard these writings of mine recited?" But if any one, in the moments of composing, should apprehend that his performance may not be able to survive him and endure, the conceptions of a soul so affected must needs be crude and imperfect, like things born out of due season, so that they can never attain to the praise of future ages.

HORACE (65–8 B. C.)

THE ART OF POETRY[1]

Suppose some painter, for the whim, should trace
A horse's neck with human head and face,
And limbs from various animals expressed
In plumage of as various hues invest,
So that the same fantastic piece may show
A fair maid upwards, a foul fish below,—
Were you admitted to the motley sight,
Methinks you'd laugh, my friends, and well you might.
Yet not less strange, my Pisos, to the ear
Of sober sense that poem must appear,
Which deals in shapes extravagant and vain,

[1]Translation by Howes.

Wild as the phantoms of a feverish brain;
Where, no two members to one whole referred,
All is grotesque, incongruous, and absurd.
"Painters (you'll say) and bards, the world agrees,
Are privileged to dare what flights they please."
We own that much is due for license' sake,
And give it freely as we freely take;
But let them stop where nature stops at least,
Nor couple tame with savage, bird with beast.
Poems of high attempt and promise vast
Oft dwindle to a dreary void at last,
With here and there a purple remnant found
Tagged on to throw a tawdry glare around.

. . . . . .

Let each select some theme which he can wield;
And, ere he tax his shoulders, weigh with care
What freight they can and what they cannot bear.
His pen shall words a ready host attend,
And method light him to his journey's end.

. . . . . .

In choice of diction would you be admired,
Nice care and shrewd adroitness is required.
Sometimes a dextrous phrase shall cheat the view,
And lend to well-known words the air of new.
But if need be abstruser thoughts to dress,
And in new terms new notions to express,
We'll grant you now and then to frame a word
Which the high-girt Cethegi never heard;
Nor shall such freedoms, if discreetly used
And taken with reserve, be e'er refused.
But those least shock the ear which trace their course,
With slight deflexion, from a Grecian source.
For say, shall Rome from present bards withhold
A grace so largely lavished on the old?
Shall Virgil or shall Varius be forbid
To do what Plautus or Caecilius did?
If, when a Cato spake or Ennius sung,
They gifted with fresh stores their native tongue,
Must I, a modern, with the power, forbear
To swell the public stock with my poor share?
The poet's right none did—none dare—deny,
To put forth words impressed with recent die.
As Autumn sweeps the grove's green pride away,
The new leaves budding as the old decay,
So words which flaunt their time in vernal bloom
Must fall, and fresh ones flourish in their room.
Alas, proud man! thyself and all that's thine
Soon shed their transient glories and decline.
The labored pier that breaks the baffled tide
And opes a bay where anchored navies ride;—
The moor and watery waste reclaimed, where now
The slow ox drags the fertilizing plough;—
The river taught to spare the ripening grain
And by a safer route to join the main;—
Such are thy noblest works, and such decay;
And shall the shadowy tribes of language stay?
Shall speech alone resist Time's envious tooth,
And live and flourish in perennial youth?
Full many a word, now lost, again shall rise,
And many a word shall droop which now we prize,
As shifting fashion stamps the doom of each
Sole umpire, arbitress, and guide of speech.
What numbers suit the daring bard who sings
Embattled hosts and kings encountering kings,
Homer has shown.—In couplets short and long
First pensive sorrow poured her plaintive song;
In after-times, although the wish were gained
And tears gave place to smiles, the verse remained;
But elegy's soft lay who first struck out,
Critics still argue and the court's in doubt.—
Rage gave Archilochus a loftier tone,
And armed him with iambics all his own.
These did the sock and these the buskined muse,
As suited to discourse alternate, choose,—
A measure for life's bustling action fit
And towering o'er the thunder of the pit.—
To the bold lyre the favoring Muse has given
To chant the powers and progeny of Heaven,
The champion crowned, the conquering courser's line,
Love's tender cares, and joys of generous wine.

To give each piece its marked specific hue,
Hit the nice shades and keep the coloring true,
If niggard nature feels a task too hard,
Why am I honored with the name of bard?
Why blush to learn, if ignorant, and prefer,
Rather than mend my error, still to err?
The comic scene revolts at being told
In verse of tragic texture strong and bold;
Nor less Thyestes' horrid feast disdains
The sock's light chit-chat and colloquial strains.
Let but each style enjoy its proper place,
Each shall appear with dignity and grace.
Yet Comedy at times her voice can raise,
And wrathful Chremes rails in swelling phrase.
The tragic hero too, subdued by woes,
Stoops from his height to wail in homely prose:
Peleus and Telephus, forlorn and poor,
Spout their loud fustian and big words no more,
Would they one throb of sympathy impart,
And touch with kindred pangs the hearer's heart.
'Tis not enough that poetry combine
All Fancy's charms in every sounding line;
Impassioned let her be, and melt at will
The soul to pity, or with horror thrill.
From face to face as smiles contagious creep,
So weeps the according eye with those that weep;
Who claims my tears, must first display his own,
Then shall I catch his pangs and share his moan.
But if ye rant as if no grief were nigh,
If in your speech your sufferings ye belie,
Ye exiled heroes! maugre all your woes,
'Tis ten to one I either laugh or doze.
Sad words befit the brow with grief o'erhung;
Anger, that fires the eyeball, bids the tongue
Breathe proud defiance; sportive jest and jeer
Become the gay; grave maxims the severe.
For nature, working in our nice machine,
First molds the passions of life's fitful scene,
Gladdens, or goads to wrath, or, fraught with care,
Drags down to earth and wings us with despair;
Anon a herald in the tongue she finds
Prompt to proclaim each movement of our minds.
But if the actor play not to the life,
If with his words his fortunes seem at strife,
Him knights and commons, horse and foot, shall scoff,
And tittering thousands hoot the blunderer off.
Each speaker let his speech characterize:
For sure a broad and glaring difference lies,
Whether a god or hero mount the stage;
The brisk young spark or man mature in age;
The dame of rank or nurse of prattling vein;
The wandering seaman or the peaceful swain;
One that Assyria or that Colchis fed;
He that at Argos or at Thebes was bred.
In painting characters, or follow fame,
Or keep your fancy-piece throughout the same.
If haply to the stage you summon back
Great Peleus' son, adhere to Homer's track:
Proud, stern, relentless, brave, the hero draw,
His title conquest, and the sword his law.
Fierce be Medea and untamed by ill;
Ixion treacherous and ungrateful still;
Ino a mourner o'er her slaughtered child;
Io an outcast; and Orestes wild.
But if you dare to launch upon the stage
Originals that ne'er graced poet's page,
Let them one tenor to the last pursue,
Consist throughout and to themselves be true.
With truth's discriminating traits to fill
A general outline, asks no vulgar skill;
And safer shall the bard his pen employ,
With yore, to dramatize the Tale of Troy,
Than, venturing trackless regions to explore,
Delineate characters untouched before.

. . . . . .

All facts which in the fable have a share
Pass on the stage,—or are recorded there.
Those which a tale shall through the ear impart
With fainter characters impress the heart
Than those which, subject to the eye's broad gaze,
The pleased spectator to himself conveys.
Yet drag not on the stage each horrid scene,
Nor shock the sight with what should pass within.
This let description's milder medium show,
And leave to eloquence her tale of woe.

Let not the cruel Colchian mother slay
Her smiling infants in the face of day;
Nor Atreus crown the board with impious food,
And feast a brother with congenial blood;
Nor Procne's form the rising plumage take;
Nor Cadmus sink into a slimy snake.
Much that were only passing strange if heard,
When seen, revolted sense declares absurd.
To five acts lengthened be the piece, not more,
That asks the long applause and loud encore;
Nor in the unraveling be a god displayed,
Save where the knot disdains all humbler aid;
Nor in distracting dialogue engage
At once four speakers on the crowded stage.
The Chorus should an actor's part sustain,
Join in the busy scene nor join in vain;
Nor chant between the acts what does not tend
To aid the theme and with the action blend.
A ready patron still on virtue's side,
With friendly love her votaries let it guide,
Greet those who fear to swerve from duty's path,
And curb with bold rebuke revenge and wrath;
Let it the tribute of its praise afford
To sober diet and the simple board;
Espouse fair justice, the support of states,
Law's righteous sword, and peace with open gates;
Hold fast the secret trusted to its care;
And to the gods put up a fervent prayer
That fickle Fortune may at their behest
Turn from the oppressor to relieve the oppressed.

. . . . . .

Your standard then be Greece! Her models bright
By day peruse, and reperuse by night!
Our forefathers, good-natured, easy folks,
Extolled the numbers and enjoyed the jokes
Of Plautus, prompt both these and those to hear
With tolerant—not to say with tasteless—ear;
At least if you and I with sense are blest
To tell a clownish from the courtly jest,
Or, by the finger's aid and ear's to boot,
Can take just measure of a verse and foot.

. . . . . .

To teach—to please—comprise the poet's views,
Or else at once to profit and amuse.
In precept be concise. What thus is told
The mind shall grasp with ease, with firmness hold;
While all that's heaped superfluous shocks the taste,
From memory's tablet fades, and runs to waste.
Let fancy's wild creation, though designed
Less to improve than to amuse the mind,
Copied at least from nature's scene appear,
And to a semblance of the truth adhere,
Nor tax the reader's faith too far, or draw
The breathing infant from the goblin's maw.
Graybeards will damn what fails in useful truth;
Dry commonplace will pall on buxom youth;
But he who precept with amusement blends,
And charms the fancy while the heart he mends,
Wins every suffrage.

. . . . . .

But, if at some chance hour you aught compose,
See 'tis correct ere to the world it goes;
Submit it first to Tarpa's critic ears,
Your sire's, and mine; and keep your piece nine years.
What is not published you can blot or burn;
But words, once uttered, never can return.
Orpheus of old, Heaven's prophet and high priest,
Drew from their butcherous coil and wild wood feast
Barbarian hordes, hence fabled to assuage
The tiger's raving and gaunt lion's rage.
Amphion, too, who reared the Theban towers,
Was said by his soft shell's persuasive powers
To heave the marble fragment from its base
And witch the stones at pleasure to their place.
For in those olden times the sage's art
Was but to circumscribe men's rights, and part
Public from private, sacred from profane,
Protect just wedlock, vagrant lust restrain,
Build rampired towns, engrave their laws on wood,
And knit the bands of social brotherhood.
Thus verse seemed Heaven's own gift in times so rude,

And thus high reverence to the bard accrued.
Next Homer rose in epic glory bright;
And bold Tyrtaeus roused the martial fight
Embattled hosts. In verse were now made known
Fate's high behests, in verse life's duties shown.
By tuneful flatteries every muse's son
The smile of mighty monarchs sought and won;
And verse supplied, at labor's welcome close,
A cheering pastime and a sweet repose.
Thus much, lest haply by a blush you wrong
The choir Pierian and the god of song.

BOILEAU (1636–1711)

THE ART OF POETRY[1]

Canto I

Rash author, 'tis a vain presumptuous crime
To undertake the sacred art of rime;
If at thy birth the stars that ruled thy sense
Shone not with a poetic influence,
In thy strait genius thou wilt still be bound,
Find Phoebus deaf, and Pegasus unsound.
You, then, that burn with a desire to try
The dangerous course of charming poetry,
Forbear in fruitless verse to lose your time,
Or take for genius the desire of rime;
Fear the allurements of a specious bait,
And well consider your own force and weight.
Nature abounds in wits of every kind,
And for each author can a talent find:
One may in verse describe an amorous flame,
Another sharpen a short epigram;

. . . . . .

But authors, that themselves too much esteem,
Lose their own genius, and mistake their theme:
Thus in times past Dubartas vainly writ,
Alloying sacred truth with trifling wit;
Impertinently, and without delight,
Described the Israelites' triumphant flight;
And, following Moses o'er the sandy plain,
Perished with Pharaoh in the Arabian main.
Whate'er you write of pleasant or sublime,
Always let sense accompany your rime;
Falsely they seem each other to oppose,—
Rime must be made with reason's laws to close;
And when to conquer her you bend your force,
The mind will triumph in the noble course;
To reason's yoke she quickly will incline,
Which, far from hurting, renders her divine;
But if neglected, will as easily stray,
And master reason, which she should obey.
Love reason then; and let whate'er you write
Borrow from her its beauty, force, and light.
Most writers mounted on a resty muse,
Extravagant and senseless objects choose;
They think they err, if in their verse they fall
On any thought that's plain or natural.
Fly this excess; and let Italians be
Vain authors of false glittering poetry.
All ought to aim at sense; but most in vain
Strive the hard pass and slippery path to gain;
You drown, if to the right or left you stray;
Reason to go has often but one way.
Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
Pursues its object till it's overwrought:
If he describes a house, he shows the face,
And after walks you round from place to place;
Here is a vista, there the doors unfold,
Balconies here are balustered with gold;
Then counts the rounds and ovals in the halls,
"The festoons, friezes, and the astragals;"
Tired with his tedious pomp, away I run,
And skip o'er twenty pages, to be gone.
Of such descriptions the vain folly see,
And shun their barren superfluity.
All that is needless carefully avoid;
The mind once satisfied is quickly cloyed.
He cannot write who knows not to give o'er,
To mend one fault he makes a hundred more:
A verse was weak, you turn it much too strong,
And grow obscure for fear you should be long;
Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry;
Not to be low, another soars too high.
Would you of every one deserve the praise?
In writing vary your discourse and phrase;

[1]Translation by Soame.

A frozen style, that neither ebbs nor flows,
Instead of pleasing, makes us gape and doze.
Those tedious authors are esteemed by none,
Who tire us, humming the same heavy tone.
Happy who in his verse can gently steer
From grave to light, from pleasant to severe!
His works will be admired wherever found,
And oft with buyers will be compassed round.
In all you write be neither low nor vile;
The meanest theme may have a proper style.
The dull burlesque appeared with impudence,
And pleased by novelty in spite of sense;
All, except trivial points, grew out of date;
Parnassus spoke the cant of Billingsgate;
Boundless and mad, disordered rime was seen;
Disguised Apollo changed to Harlequin.

. . . . . .

Choose a just style. Be grave without constraint,
Great without pride, and lovely without paint.
Write what your reader may be pleased to hear,
And for the measure have a careful ear;
On easy numbers fix your happy choice;
Of jarring sounds avoid the odious noise;
The fullest verse, and the most labored sense,
Displease us if the ear once take offense.
Our ancient verse, as homely as the times,
Was rude, unmeasured, only tagged with rimes;
Number and cadence, that have since been shown,
To those unpolished writers were unknown.

. . . . . .

There is a kind of writer pleased with sound,
Whose fustian head with clouds is compassed round—
No reason can disperse them with its light;
Learn then to think ere you pretend to write.
As your idea's clear, or else obscure,
The expression follows, perfect or impure;
What we conceive with ease we can express;
Words to the notions flow with readiness.
Observe the language well in all you write,
And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.
The smoothest verse and the exactest sense
Displease us, if ill English give offense;
A barbarous phrase no reader can approve,
Nor bombast, noise, or affectation love.
In short, without pure language, what you write
Can never yield us profit or delight.
Take time for thinking; never work in haste;
And value not yourself for writing fast;
A rapid poem, with such fury writ,
Shows want of judgment, not abounding wit.
More pleased we are to see a river lead
His gentle streams along a flowery mead,
Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,
With foamy waters, on a muddy shore.
Gently make haste, of labor not afraid;
A hundred times consider what you've said;
Polish, repolish, every color lay,
And sometimes add, but oftener take away.
'Tis not enough, when swarming faults are writ,
That here and there are scattered sparks of wit;
Each object must be fixed in the due place,
And differing parts have corresponding grace;
Till, by a curious art disposed, we find
One perfect whole of all the pieces joined.
Keep to your subject close in all you say,
Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray.

Canto III

There's not a monster bred beneath the sky,
But, well-disposed by art, may please the eye;
A curious workman, by his skill divine,
From an ill object makes a good design.
Thus to delight us, Tragedy, in tears
For Œdipus, provokes our hopes and fears;
For parricide Orestes asks relief,
And to increase our pleasure, causes grief.
You then that in this noble art would rise,
Come and in lofty verse dispute the prize.
Would you upon the stage acquire renown,
And for your judges summon all the town?
Would you your works forever should remain,
And after ages past be sought again?

In all you write observe with care and art
To move the passions and incline the heart.
If in a labored act, the pleasing rage
Cannot our hopes and fears by turns engage,
Nor in our mind a feeling pity raise,
In vain with learned scenes you fill your plays;
Your cold discourse can never move the mind
Of a stern critic, naturally unkind,
Who, justly tired with your pedantic flight,
Or falls asleep or censures all you write.
The secret is, attention first to gain,
To move our minds and then to entertain,
That, from the very opening of the scenes,
The first may show us what the author means.
I'm tired to see an actor on the stage
That knows not whether he's to laugh or rage;
Who, an intrigue unraveling in vain,
Instead of pleasing keeps my mind in pain.
I'd rather much the nauseous dunce should say
Downright, "My name is Hector in the play,"
Than with a mass of miracles, ill-joined,
Confound my ears, and not instruct my mind.
The subject's never soon enough expressed.
Your place of action must be fixed, and rest.
A Spanish poet may with good event
In one day's space whole ages represent;
There oft the hero of the wandering stage
Begins a child, and ends the play of age.
But we, that are by reason's rule confined,
Will that with art the poem be designed,
That unity of action, time, and place,
Keep the stage full, and all our labors grace.
Write not what cannot be with ease conceived;
Some truths may be too strong to be believed.
A foolish wonder cannot entertain;
My mind's not moved if your discourse be vain.
You may relate what would offend the eye;
Seeing indeed would better satisfy,
But there are objects which a curious art
Hides from the eyes, yet offers to the heart.
The mind is most agreeably surprised,
When a well-woven subject, long disguised,
You on a sudden artfully unfold,
And give the whole another face and mold.
At first the Tragedy was void of art,
A song, where each man danced and sung his part,
And of god Bacchus roaring out the praise,
Sought a good vintage for their jolly days;
Then wine and joy were seen in each man's eyes,
And a fat goat was the best singer's prize.
Thespis was first, who, all besmeared with lee,
Began this pleasure for posterity,
And with his carted actors and a song
Amused the people as he passed along.
Next Æschylus the different persons placed,
And with a better mask his players graced,
Upon a theatre his verse expressed,
And showed his hero with a buskin dressed.
Then Sophocles, the genius of his age,
Increased the pomp and beauty of the stage,
Engaged the Chorus song in every part,
And polished rugged verse by rules of art;
He in the Greek did those perfections gain
Which the weak Latin never could attain.
Our pious fathers, in their priest-rid age,
As impious and profane abhorred the stage.
A troop of silly pilgrims, as 'tis said,
Foolishly zealous, scandalously played,
Instead of heroes and of love's complaints,
The angels, God, the Virgin, and the saints.
At last right reason did his laws reveal,
And showed the folly of their ill-placed zeal,
Silenced those nonconformists of the age,
And raised the lawful heroes of the stage;
Only the Athenian mask was laid aside,
And Chorus by the music was supplied.
Ingenious love, inventive in new arts,
Mingled in plays, and quickly touched our hearts;
This passion never could resistance find,
But knows that shortest passage to the mind.
Paint then, I'm pleased my hero be in love,
But let him not like a tame shepherd move;
Let not Achilles be like Thyrsis seen,
Or for a Cyrus show an Artamene;
That, struggling oft, his passions we may find
The frailty, not the virtue of his mind.
Of romance heroes shun the low design,
Yet to great hearts some human frailties join.
Achilles must with Homer's heart engage—
For an affront I'm pleased to see him rage;
Those little failings in your hero's heart
Show that of man and nature he has part.

To leave known rules you cannot be allowed;
Make Agamemnon covetous and proud,
Æneas in religious rites austere;
Keep to each man his proper character.
Of countries and of times the humors know,
From different climates different customs grow;
And strive to shun their fault, who vainly dress
An antique hero like a modern ass,
Who make old Romans like our English move,
Show Cato sparkish, or make Brutus love.
In a romance those errors are excused;
There 'tis enough that, reading, we're amused,
Rules too severe would there be useless found;
But the strict scene must have a juster bound,
Exact decorum we must always find.
If then you form some hero in your mind,
Be sure your image with itself agree,
For what he first appears he still must be.

. . . . . .

Wise nature by variety does please;
Clothe differing passions in a differing dress:
Bold anger in rough haughty words appears;
Sorrow is humble and dissolves in tears.
Make not your Hecuba with fury rage,
And show a ranting grief upon the stage,
Or tell in vain how "the rough Tanais bore
His sevenfold waters to the Euxine shores."
These swollen expressions, this affected noise,
Shows like some pedant that declaims to boys.
In sorrow you must softer methods keep,
And, to excite our tears, yourself must weep.
Those noisy words with which ill plays abound
Come not from hearts that are in sadness drowned.

. . . . . .

To please, you must a hundred changes try,
Sometimes be humble, then must soar on high,
In noble thoughts must everywhere abound,
Be easy, pleasant, solid, and profound;
To these you must surprising touches join,
And show us a new wonder in each line;
That all, in a just method well-designed
May leave a strong impression in the mind.
These are the arts that tragedy maintain.
But the Heroic claims a loftier strain:
In the narration of some great design
Invention, art, and fable all must join;
Here fiction must employ its utmost grace;
All must assume a body, mind, and face.

. . . . . .

In vain have our mistaken authors tried
To lay these ancient ornaments aside,
Thinking our God, and prophets that he sent,
Might act like those the poets did invent,
To fright poor readers in each line with hell,
And talk of Satan, Ashtaroth, and Bel.
The mysteries which Christians must believe
Disdain such shifting pageants to receive;
The Gospel offers nothing to our thoughts
But penitence, or punishment for faults;
And mingling falsehoods with those mysteries,
Would make our sacred truths appear like lies.
Besides, what pleasure can it be to hear
The howlings of repining Lucifer,
Whose rage at your imagined hero flies,
And oft with God himself disputes the prize?
Tasso, you'll say, has done it with applause;
It is not here I mean to judge his cause,
Yet though our age has so extolled his name,
His works had never gained immortal fame,
If holy Godfrey in his ecstasies
Had only conquered Satan on his knees,
If Tancred and Armida's pleasing form
Did not his melancholy theme adorn.
'Tis not that Christian poems ought to be
Filled with the fictions of idolatry;
But in a common subject, to reject
The gods, and heathen ornaments neglect,
To banish Tritons who the seas invade,
To take Pan's whistle, or the Fates degrade,
To hinder Charon in his leaky boat
To pass the shepherd with the man of note,
Is with vain scruples to disturb your mind,
And search perfection you can never find.
As well they may forbid us to present
Prudence or Justice for an ornament,
To paint old Janus with his front of brass,
And take from Time his scythe, his wings, and glass,
And everywhere, as 'twere idolatry,
Banish descriptions from our poetry.

Leave them their pious follies to pursue,
But let our reason such vain fears subdue,
And let us not, amongst our vanities,
Of the true God create a god of lies.
In fable we a thousand pleasures see,
And the smooth names seem made for poetry,—
As Hector, Alexander, Helen, Phyllis,
Ulysses, Agamemnon, and Achilles;
In such a crowd, the poet were to blame
To choose King Chilperic for his hero's name.
Sometimes the name, being well or ill applied,
Will the whole fortune of your work decide.
Would you your reader never should be tired,
Choose some great hero, fit to be admired,
In courage signal, and in virtue bright;
Let even his very failings give delight;
Let his great actions our attention bind,
Like Caesar or like Scipio frame his mind,
And not like Œdipus his perjured race;
A common conqueror is a theme too base.
Choose not your tale of accidents too full,
Too much variety may make it dull.
Achilles' rage alone, when wrought with skill,
Abundantly does a whole Iliad fill.
Be your narrations lively, short, and smart;
In your descriptions show your noblest art,
There 'tis your poetry may be employed.
Yet you must trivial accidents avoid,
Nor imitate that fool, who, to describe
The wondrous marches of the chosen tribe,
Placed on the sides, to see their armies pass,
The fishes staring through the liquid glass;
Described a child, who, "with his little hand,
Picked up the shining pebbles from the sand."
Such objects are too mean to stay our sight;
Allow your work a just and nobler flight.
Be your beginning plain; and take good heed
Too soon you mount not on the airy steed,
Nor tell your reader, in a thundering verse,
"I sing the conqueror of the universe."
What can an author after this produce?
The laboring mountain must bring forth a mouse.
Much better are we pleased with his address,
Who without making such vast promises,
Says in an easier style and plainer sense,
"I sing the combats of that pious prince,
Who from the Phrygian coast his armies bore,
And landed first on the Lavinian shore."
His opening muse sets not the world on fire,
And yet performs more than we can require.
Quickly you'll hear him celebrate the fame
And future glory of the Roman name,
Of Styx and Acheron describe the floods,
And Caesars wandering in the Elysian woods.
With figures numberless your story grace,
At once you may be pleasing and sublime.
I hate a heavy melancholy rime;
I'd rather read Orlando's comic tale
Than a dull author always stiff and stale,
Who thinks himself dishonored in his style
If on his works the Graces do but smile.
'Tis said that Homer, matchless in his art,
Stole Venus' girdle to engage the heart;
His works indeed vast treasures do unfold,
And whatsoe'er he touches turns to gold;
All in his hands new beauty does acquire;
He always pleases, and can never tire.
A happy warmth he everywhere may boast,
Nor is he in too long digressions lost;
His verses without rule a method find,
And of themselves appear in order joined;
All without trouble answers his intent,
Each syllable is tending to the event.
Let his example your endeavors raise;
To love his writings is a kind of praise.
A poem where we all perfections find
Is not the work of a fantastic mind;
There must be care, and time, and skill, and pains,
Not the first heat of inexperienced brains.
Yet sometimes artless poets, when the rage
Of a warm fancy does their minds engage,
Puffed with vain pride, presume they understand,
And boldly take the trumpet in their hand;
Their fustian muse each accident confounds,
Nor can she fly, but rise by leaps and bounds;
Till, their small stock of learning quickly spent,
Their poem dies for want of nourishment.

GOTTHOLD LESSING (1729–1781)

LAOCOON[1]

XXIV

. . . . . .

THIS is the use which the poet makes of personal ugliness; what use can the painter make of it?

Painting, considered as an imitative art, can express ugliness; painting considered as a fine art, will not express it. In the former category, all visible objects are within its province; in the latter category it includes only those visible objects which awaken agreeable sensations. But do not disagreeable sensations please us in imitation? Not all. A discerning critic has already remarked this on the subject of disgust:—"the representations of fear," he says, "of sadness, horror, compassion, etc., can only excite our aversion in so far as we suppose them to be caused by an evil which is real. These may be resolved into agreeable sensations by the recollection that they are illusions produced by art. But the contrary sensation of disgust ensues upon the mere representation of it to the soul, by virtue of a law of the imagination, whether the object is considered to be real or not. What does it matter to the offended imagination that there is exhibited to it, in whatever degree of excellence, the imitative art? The aversion did not arise from the presumption that the evil was real, but from the mere representation itself, and this is real. The sensations of disgust come always from nature, never from the imitation.

The same may be said of the ugliness of forms. This ugliness affronts our sight, runs counter to our taste for order and harmony, and excites aversion, without regard to the actual existence of the object in which we perceive it. We do not like to see Thersites in reality or in a picture; and if we less dislike his picture, that is not because the ugliness of his form ceases to be ugliness in his picture, but because we have the power to abstract ourselves from this ugliness, and to please ourselves exclusively with the art of the painter. But even this gratification is marred every moment by reflecting on the bad application which is made of art, and this reflection will seldom fail to bring with it a low estimation of the artist.

Aristotle assigns another cause why things, which we see with repugnance in their own nature, give satisfaction in their representation, when most accurate: the reason is the universal curiosity of man. We are sensible of enjoyment when either we can learn from the copy what each thing is; or when we can conclude from it that it is this or that object. But no conclusion can be drawn in favour of the imitation of ugliness. The satisfaction which springs from the gratification of our desire is momentary, and is only accidentally incident to the object which gratifies us; the dissatisfaction, on the other hand, which accompanies the aspect of ugliness is permanent, and is essential to the object which awakens it. How can the former balance the latter? Still less can the small amusement which the observation of similarity affords us, overcome the disagreeable effect of ugliness. The closer I compare the hateful imitation with the hateful original, the more I expose myself to this effect, so that the pleasure of comparison soon vanishes, and leaves me nothing but the disagreeable impression of double ugliness. To judge by the examples which Aristotle gives, he appears as if he had not himself meant to consider the ugliness of form as belonging to the category of disagreeable objects which give pleasure in the imitation. These examples are savage beasts and corpses. Savage beasts excite horror even when they are not ugly, and it is this horror, not their ugliness, which in imitation becomes lost in a feeling of satisfaction. So also with corpses. It is the sharper feeling of sympathy, the terrifying thought of our own future annihilation, which in nature makes a corpse to be a revolting object. In the imitation, however, this sympathy loses, from a perception of the deceit, its painfulness, and, as to the fatal recollection, the addition of flattering circumstances either entirely withdraws us from it, or is so inseparably connected with it,

[1]Translation by Phillimore.

that it appears to us rather as an attractive than a terrifying object. As therefore the ugliness of forms on account of the sensation it excites is agreeable, and yet does not belong to that class of disagreeable sensations which in imitation are changed into those that are agreeable, and cannot of itself be the object of painting as a fine art; it remains to be seen whether it cannot, as in poetry, be made useful as an ingredient to strengthen other sensations. Can painting, in order to produce the ridiculous and the terrible, make use of ugly forms?

I will not venture to answer this question with a direct negative. It is indisputable that impotent ugliness may become ridiculous in painting; especially if an affectation of grace and dignity be united with it. It is equally incontestable that ugliness with the power to injure excites in painting, as well as in nature, horror, and that this ridicule and this horror, which in themselves are mixed sensations, obtain in imitation an increased power, the former of attractiveness, the latter of offensiveness.

I must, however, remember that nevertheless painting and poetry are not exactly in the same condition. In poetry, as I have remarked, the ugliness of form loses almost entirely its disagreeable effect, because it changes its co-existing into successive parts. Considered in this way, it ceases almost to be ugliness, and may be intimately united with other phenomena in order to produce a new and special effect. In painting, on the contrary, ugliness has all its forces collected together, and had nearly as strong an effect as in nature herself. Impotent ugliness, therefore, cannot long remain ridiculous; the disagreeable sensation gets the upper hand, and that which in the first moment was ludicrous in the sequel becomes simply horrible. And it is the same with ugliness which has the power to injure, and horror gradually disappears, and the deformity remains alone and unchangeable.

All this being considered, Count Caylus was perfectly right in omitting the episode of Thersites from the gallery of his Homeric pictures. But are we therefore right in wishing that it was absent from Homer itself? I am sorry to find that a learned man, otherwise of a very correct and fine taste, is of this opinion.

HAMBURGISCHE DRAMATURGIE[1]

The Art of the Actor

If Shakespeare was not as great an actor in actual practice as he was a dramatist, he at all events knew as well what lay within the province of the one art as within that of the other. Yes, perhaps he even pondered the more deeply over the art of the former, because his genius tended the less in that direction. Be this as it may, every word which he makes Hamlet utter, in his advice to the players, should be a golden rule for all actors who set any store upon critical approbation. "Speak the speech, I pray you," he says, amongst other things, to the players, "as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness."

We hear a great deal of the fire of the actor; and it is a matter of common discussion as to whether an actor can show too much of it. If those who affirm this adduce in proof thereof the fact that an actor may frequently display too much animation in the wrong place, or at least more than the circumstances of the situation require, then their opponents are free to maintain that, in such cases, the actor does not display too much animation, but too little intelligence. It altogether depends, however, upon what we mean by the word "fire." If shrieks and contortions constitute fire, it will hardly be denied that an actor may display too much of it. But if it consists in the rapidity and vivacity with which all those parts that go to make an actor combine to give to his acting the semblance of truth, then we should not desire to see this semblance of truth pushed to the extremes of illusion, if there were any chance of the actor displaying too much fire in this sense of the term. It cannot therefore be this fire that Shakespeare would have us temper in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion. He can only mean

[1] Translation by Rounfeldt.

that violence of voice and movement; and it is easy to discern the reason why, even in cases where the poet has not observed the least moderation, the actor must yet moderate himself in both points. There are few voices that do not become unpleasant if strained to their utmost; and movements that are too hasty or too violent are seldom dignified. Yet neither our eyes nor our ears should be offended; and it is only by avoiding everything in the expression of violent passion that could prove offensive to either the one or the other, that actors will acquire that smoothness which Hamlet demands of them even at a time when they are to make the deepest impression, and to scare the conscience of hardened sinners out of its sleep.

The art of the actor here stands midway between the plastic arts and poetry. As visible painting, beauty must be its highest law; but as transitory painting, it need not always lend to its postures that calm dignity which gives such an imposing air to the ancient works of art. It may, and must, often partake of the wildness of a Tempesta, the boldness of a Bernini; and they have in this art all that which is expressive and characteristic of them, without that offensive element which they retain in the plastic arts in virtue of their permanent duration. Only it must not partake of them too long; it must prepare for them gradually by the preceding movements, and by the subsequent ones resolve them once more into the general tone of normal propriety. Nor must it give to them all the force which the poet may use in his treatment. For though the art is silent poetry, it aims at making itself understood by appealing directly to the sight; and every sense must be gratified if it is to convey unfalsified impressions to the mind.

It might easily happen that, by practising that moderation which their art demands of them even in the extremes of passion, our actors should forfeit a certain amount of applause. But what applause? The gods, it is true, are fond of all that is noisy and boisterous, and rarely fail to repay good lungs with loud clapping. The German parterre, too, still shares this taste to a certain extent; and there are actors who are cunning enough to turn this weakness to account. The drowsiest actor will rouse himself towards the end of a scene, when he is about to make his exit, and, by raising his voice, overload the action, without reflecting whether the sense of his speech calls for this increase of exertion. Not seldom it even contradicts the frame of mind in which he is supposed to depart; but what is that to him? He is satisfied with having thus reminded the occupants of the parterre to bestow their attention upon him, and to be so good as to applaud after him. They should hiss after him! But unfortunately they are partly too uncritical, partly too good-natured, and take his will to please them for the deed.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850)

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION OF *LYRICAL BALLADS*, 1800

The first Volume of these Poems has already been submitted to general perusal. It was published as an experiment, which, I hoped, might be of some use to ascertain how far, by fitting to metrical arrangement a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation, that sort of pleasure and that quantity of pleasure may be imparted, which a Poet may rationally endeavor to impart.

I had formed no very inaccurate estimate of the probable effect of those Poems: I flattered myself that they who should be pleased with them would read them with more than common pleasure: and, on the other hand, I was well aware, that by those who should dislike them they would be read with more than common dislike. The result has differed from my expectation in this only, that a greater number have been pleased than I ventured to hope I should please.

Several of my Friends are anxious for the success of these Poems, from a belief that, if the views with which they were composed were indeed realized, a class of Poetry would be produced, well adapted to interest man-

kind permanently, and not unimportant in the quality and in the multiplicity of its moral relations: and on this account they have advised me to prefix a systematic defense of the theory upon which the Poems were written. But I was unwilling to undertake the task, knowing that on this occasion the reader would look coldly upon my arguments, since I might be suspected of having been principally influenced by the selfish and foolish hope of *reasoning* him into an approbation of these particular Poems: and I was still more unwilling to undertake the task, because adequately to display the opinions, and fully to enforce the arguments, would require a space wholly disproportionate to a preface. For, to treat the subject with the clearness and coherence of which it is susceptible, it would be necessary to give a full account of the present state of the public taste in this country, and to determine how far this taste is healthy or depraved; which, again, could not be determined without pointing out in what manner language and the human mind act and re-act on each other, and without retracing the revolutions, not of literature alone, but likewise of society itself. I have therefore altogether declined to enter regularly upon this defense; yet I am sensible that there would be something like impropriety in abruptly obtruding upon the Public, without a few words of introduction, Poems so materially different from those upon which general approbation is at present bestowed.

It is supposed that by the act of writing in verse an Author makes a formal engagement that he will gratify certain known habits of association; that he not only thus apprises the Reader that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be carefully excluded. This exponent or symbol held forth by metrical language must in different eras of literature have excited very different expectations: for example, in the age of Catullus, Terence, and Lucretius, and that of Statius or Claudian; and in our own country, in the age of Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher, and that of Donne and Cowley, or Dryden, or Pope. I will not take upon me to determine the exact import of the promise which, by the act of writing in verse, an Author in the present day makes to his reader; but it will undoubtedly appear to many persons that I have not fulfilled the terms of an engagement thus voluntarily contracted. They who have been accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will, no doubt, frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness: they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. I hope, therefore, the reader will not censure me for attempting to state what I have proposed to myself to perform; and also (as far as the limits of a preface will permit) to explain some of the chief reasons which have determined me in the choice of my purpose: that at least he may be spared any unpleasant feeling of disappointment, and that I myself may be protected from one of the most dishonorable accusations which can be brought against an Author; namely, that of an indolence which prevents him from endeavoring to ascertain what is his duty, or, when his duty is ascertained, prevents him from performing it.

The principal object, then, proposed in these Poems, was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain coloring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect; and further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature: chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because in that condition the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings, and, from the necessary character of

rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men has been adopted (purified indeed from what appear to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust), because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly, such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical language, than that which is frequently substituted for it by Poets, who think that they are conferring honor upon themselves and their art in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes and fickle appetites of their own creation.[1]

I cannot, however, be insensible to the present outcry against the triviality and meanness, both of thought and language, which some of my contemporaries have occasionally introduced into their metrical compositions; and I acknowledge that this defect, where it exists, is more dishonorable to the Writer's own character than false refinement or arbitrary innovation, though I should contend at the same time that it is far less pernicious in the sum of its consequences. From such verses the Poems in these volumes will be found distinguished at least by one mark of difference, that each of them has a worthy *purpose*. Not that I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived, but habits of meditation have, I trust, so prompted and regulated my feelings, that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings will be found to carry along with them a *purpose*. If this opinion be erroneous, I can have little right to the name of a Poet. For all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: and though this be true, Poems to which any value can be attached were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man who, being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply. For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings; and as, by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other, we discover what is really important to men, so, by the repetition and continuance of this act, our feelings will be connected with important subjects, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced that, by obeying blindly and mechanically the impulses of those habits, we shall describe objects, and utter sentiments, of such a nature, and in such connection with each other, that the understanding of the Reader must necessarily be in some degree enlightened, and his affection strengthened and purified.

It has been said that each of these Poems has a purpose. Another circumstance must be mentioned which distinguishes these Poems from the popular Poetry of the day; it is this, that the feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling.

A sense of false modesty shall not prevent me from asserting that the Reader's attention is pointed to this mark of distinction, far less for the sake of these particular Poems than from the general importance of the subject. The subject is indeed important! For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know this, and who does not further know, that one being is elevated above another in proportion as he possesses this capability. It has therefore appeared to me, that to endeavor to produce or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a Writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former

[1] It is worth while here to observe that the affecting parts of Chaucer are almost always expressed in language pure and universally intelligible even to this day (Wordsworth's note).

times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibitions of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers, I had almost said the works of Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novels, sickly and stupid German Tragedies, and deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse.—When I think upon this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavor made in these volumes to counteract it; and, reflecting upon the magnitude of the general evil, I should be oppressed with no dishonorable melancholy, had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible; and were there not added to this impression a belief that the time is approaching when the evil will be systematically opposed by men of greater powers, and with far more distinguished success.

Having dwelt thus long on the subjects and aim of these Poems, I shall request the Reader's permission to apprise him of a few circumstances relating to their *style*, in order, among other reasons, that he may not censure me for not having performed what I never attempted. The Reader will find that personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes, and are utterly rejected as an ordinary device to elevate the style and raise it above prose. My purpose was to imitate, and, as far as is possible, to adopt the very language of men; and assuredly such personifications do not make any natural or regular part of that language. They are, indeed, a figure of speech occasionally prompted by passion, and I have made use of them as such; but have endeavored utterly to reject them as a mechanical device of style, or as a family language which Writers in meter seem to lay claim to by prescription. I have wished to keep the Reader in the company of flesh and blood, persuaded that by so doing I shall interest him. Others who pursue a different track will interest him likewise; I do not interfere with their claim, but wish to prefer a claim of my own. There will also be found in these volumes little of what is usually called poetic diction, as much pains has been taken to avoid it as is ordinarily taken to produce it; this has been done for the reason already alleged, to bring my language near to the language of men; and further, because the pleasure which I have proposed to myself to impart is of a kind very different from that which is supposed by many persons to be the proper object of poetry. Without being culpably particular, I do not know how to give my Reader a more exact notion of the style in which it was my wish and intention to write, than by informing him that I have at all times endeavored to look steadily at my subject; consequently there is, I hope, in these Poems little falsehood of description, and my ideas are expressed in language fitted to their respective importance. Something must have been gained by this practice, as it is friendly to one property of all good poetry, namely, good sense: but it has necessarily cut me off from a large portion of phrases and figures of speech which from father to son have long been regarded as the common inheritance of Poets. I have also thought it expedient to restrict myself still further, having abstained from the use of many expressions, in themselves proper and beautiful, but which have been foolishly repeated by bad Poets, till such feelings of disgust are connected with them as it is scarcely possible by any art of association to overpower.

If in a poem there should be found a series of lines, or even a single line, in which the language, though naturally arranged, and according to the strict laws of meter, does not differ from that of prose, there is a numerous class of critics, who, when they stumble upon these prosaisms, as they call them, imagine that they have made a notable discovery, and exult over the Poet as over a

man ignorant of his own profession. Now these men would establish a canon of criticism which the Reader will conclude he must utterly reject, if he wishes to be pleased with these volumes. And it would be a most easy task to prove to him that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the meter, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose when prose is well written. The truth of this assertion might be demonstrated by innumerble passages from almost all the poetical writings, even of Milton himself. To illustrate the subject in a general manner, I will here adduce a short composition of Gray, who was at the head of those who, by their reasonings, have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt Prose and Metrical composition, and was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas! for other notes repine;
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire;
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain.
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

It will easily be perceived, that the only part of this Sonnet which is of any value is the lines printed in Italics; it is equally obvious that, except in the rhyme and in the use of the single word "fruitless" for fruitlessly, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose.

By the foregoing quotation it has been shown that the language of Prose may yet be well adapted to Poetry; and it was previously asserted that a large portion of the language of every good poem can in no respect differ from that of good Prose. We will go further. It may be safely affirmed that there neither is, nor can be, any *essential* difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. We are fond of tracing the resemblance between Poetry and Painting, and, accordingly, we call them Sisters: but where shall we find bonds of connection sufficiently strict to typify the affinity betwixt metrical and prose composition? They both speak by and to the same organs; the bodies in which both of them are clothed may be said to be of the same substance, their affections are kindred, and almost identical, not necessarily differing even in degree; Poetry sheds no tears "such as Angels weep," but natural and human tears; she can boast of no celestial ichor that distinguishes her vital juices from those of Prose; the same human blood circulates through the veins of them both.

If it be affirmed that rhyme and metrical arrangement of themselves constitute a distinction which overturns what has just been said on the strict affinity of metrical language with that of Prose, and paves the way for other artificial distinctions which the mind voluntarily admits, I answer that the language of such Poetry as is here recommended is, as far as is possible, a selection of the language really spoken by men; that this selection, wherever it is made with true taste and feeling, will of itself form a distinction far greater than would at first be imagined, and will entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life; and, if meter be superadded thereto, I believe that a dissimilitude will be produced altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind. What other distinction would we have? Whence is it to come? And where is it to exist? Not, surely, where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters: it cannot be necessary here, either for elevation of style, or any of its supposed ornaments; for, if the Poet's subject be judiciously chosen, it will naturally, and upon fit occasion, lead him to passions, the language of which, if selected truly and judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated, and alive with metaphors and figures. I forbear to speak of an incongruity which would shock the intelligent Reader, should the Poet interweave any foreign splendor of his own with that which the passion naturally suggests: it is sufficient to

say that such addition is unnecessary. And, surely, it is more probable that those passages, which with propriety abound with metaphors and figures, will have their due effect if, upon other occasions where the passions are of a milder character, the style also be subdued and temperate.

But, as the pleasure which I hope to give by the Poems now presented to the Reader must depend entirely on just notions upon this subject, and as it is in itself of high importance to our taste and moral feelings, I cannot content myself with these detached remarks. And if, in what I am about to say, it shall appear to some that my labor is unnecessary, and that I am like a man fighting a battle without enemies, such persons may be reminded that, whatever be the language outwardly holden by men, a practical faith in the opinions which I am wishing to establish is almost unknown. If my conclusions are admitted, and carried as far as they must be carried if admitted at all, our judgments concerning the works of the greatest Poets, both ancient and modern, will be far different from what they are at present, both when we praise and when we censure: and our moral feelings influencing and influenced by these judgments will, I believe, be corrected and purified.

Taking up the subject, then, upon general grounds, let me ask, what is meant by the word Poet? What is a Poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him?—He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added a disposition to be affected more than any other men by absent things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events than anything which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves:—whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

But whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest Poet to possess, there cannot be a doubt that the language which it will suggest to him must often, in liveliness and truth, fall short of that which is uttered by men in real life under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the Poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself.

However exalted a notion we would wish to cherish of the character of a Poet, it is obvious that, while he describes and imitates passions, his employment is in some degree mechanical compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and suffering. So that it will be the wish of the Poet to bring his feelings near to those of the persons whose feelings he describes, nay, for short spaces of time, perhaps, to let himself slip into an entire delusion, and even confound and identify his own feelings with theirs; modifying only the language which is thus suggested to him by a consideration that he describes for a particular purpose, that of giving pleasure. Here, then, he will apply the principle of selection which has been already insisted upon. He will depend upon this for removing what would otherwise be painful or disgusting in the passion; he will feel that there is no necessity to trick out or to elevate nature: and the more industriously he applies this principle the deeper will be his faith that no words, which *his* fancy or imagination can suggest, will be to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth.

But it may be said by those who do not object to the general spirit of these remarks, that, as it is impossible for the Poet to produce upon all occasions language as exquisitely fitted for the passion as that which the real passion itself suggests, it is proper

that he should consider himself as in the situation of a translator, who does not scruple to substitute excellences of another kind for those which are unattainable by him; and endeavors occasionally to surpass his original, in order to make some amends for the general inferiority to which he feels he must submit. But this would be to encourage idleness and unmanly despair. Further, it is the language of men who speak of what they do not understand; who talk of Poetry, as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure; who will converse with us as gravely about a *taste* for Poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for rope-dancing, or Frontiniac or Sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, has said that Poetry is the most philosophic of all writing: it is so: its object is truth, not individual and local, but general and operative; not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion; truth which is its own testimony, which gives competence and confidence to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of man and nature. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the Biographer and Historian, and of their consequent utility, are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the Poet who comprehends the dignity of his art. The Poet writes under one restriction only, namely, the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human Being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a Man. Except this one restriction, there is no object standing between the Poet and the image of things; between this, and the Biographer and Historian, there are a thousand.

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the Poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment the more sincere because not formal, but indirect; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love: further, it is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is propagated by pleasure: I would not be misunderstood; but wherever we sympathize with pain, it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtle combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts, but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone. The Man of science, the Chemist and Mathematician, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, know and feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the Anatomist's knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure; and where he has no pleasure he has no knowledge. What then does the Poet? He considers man and the objects that surround him as acting and reacting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure; he considers man in his own nature and in his ordinary life as contemplating this with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge, with certain convictions, intuitions, and deductions, which from habit acquire the quality of intuitions; he considers him as looking upon this complex scene of ideas and sensations, and finding everywhere objects that immediately excite in him sympathies which, from the necessities of his nature, are accompanied by an overbalance of enjoyment.

To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies in which, without any other discipline than that of our daily life, we are fitted to take delight, the Poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting properties of nature. And thus the Poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure, which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature, with affections akin to those which, through labor and length of time, the Man of science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the Poet and the Man of science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural

and unalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The Man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the Poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science. Emphatically may it be said of the Poet, as Shakespeare hath said of man, "that he looks before and after." He is the rock of defense for human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs: in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed; the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth and over all time. The objects of the Poet's thoughts are everywhere; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favorite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labors of Men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep then no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the Man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the Being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.—It is not, then, to be supposed that any one, who holds that sublime notion of Poetry which I have attempted to convey, will break in upon the sanctity and truth of his pictures by transitory and accidental ornaments, and endeavor to excite admiration of himself by arts, the necessity of which must manifestly depend upon the assumed meanness of his subject.

What has been thus far said applies to Poetry in general, but especially to those parts of compositions where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters; and upon this point it appears to authorize the conclusion that there are few persons of good sense who would not allow that the dramatic parts of composition are defective in proportion as they deviate from the real language of nature, and are colored by a diction of the Poet's own, either peculiar to him as an individual Poet or belonging simply to Poets in general; to a body of men who, from the circumstance of their compositions being in meter, it is expected will employ a particular language.

It is not, then, in the dramatic parts of composition that we look for this distinction of language; but still it may be proper and necessary where the Poet speaks to us in his own person and character. To this I answer by referring the Reader to the description before given of a Poet. Among the qualities there enumerated as principally conducing to form a Poet, is implied nothing differing in kind from other men, but only in degree. The sum of what was said is, that the Poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, and a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner. But these passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men. And with what are they connected? Undoubtedly with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the causes which excite these; with the operations of the elements, and the appearances of the visible universe; with storm and sunshine, with the revolutions of the seasons,

with cold and heat, with loss of friends and kindred, with injuries and resentments, gratitude and hope, with fear and sorrow. These, and the like, are the sensations and objects which the Poet describes, as they are the sensations of other men and the objects which interest them. The Poet thinks and feels in the spirit of human passions. How, then, can his language differ in any material degree from that of all other men who feel vividly and see clearly? It might be *proved* that it is impossible. But supposing that this were not the case, the Poet might then be allowed to use a peculiar language when expressing his feelings for his own gratification, or that of man like himself. But Poets do not write for Poets alone, but for men. Unless, therefore, we are advocates for that admiration which subsists upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the Poet must descend from this supposed height; and, in order to excite rational sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves. To this it may be added, that while he is only selecting from the real language of men, or, which amounts to the same thing, composing accurately in the spirit of such selection, he is treading upon safe ground, and we know what we are to expect from him. Our feelings are the same with respect to meter; for, as it may be proper to remind the Reader, the distinction of meter is regular and uniform, and not, like that which is produced by what is usually called "poetic diction," arbitrary, and subject to infinite caprices, upon which no calculation whatever can be made. In the one case, the Reader is utterly at the mercy of the Poet, respecting what imagery or diction he may choose to connect with the passion; whereas, in the other, the meter obeys certain laws, to which the Poet and Reader both willingly submit because they are certain, and because no interference is made by them with the passion but such as the concurring testimony of ages has shown to heighten and improve the pleasure which co-exists with it.

It will now be proper to answer an obvious question, namely, Why, professing these opinions, have I written in verse? To this, in addition to such answer as is included in what has been already said, I reply, in the first place, Because, however I may have restricted myself, there is still left open to me what confessedly constitutes the most valuable object of all writing, whether in prose or verse; the great and universal passions of men, the most general and interesting of their occupations, and the entire world of nature before me—to supply endless combinations of forms and imagery. Now, supposing for a moment that whatever is interesting in these objects may be as vividly described in prose, why should I be condemned for attempting to superadd to such description the charm which, by the consent of all nations, is acknowledged to exist in metrical language? To this, by such as are yet unconvinced, it may be answered that a very small part of the pleasure given by Poetry depends upon the meter, and that it is injudicious to write in meter, unless it be accompanied with the other artificial distinctions of style with which meter is usually accompanied, and that, by such deviation, more will be lost from the shock which will thereby be given to the Reader's associations than will be counterbalanced by any pleasure which he can derive from the general power of numbers. In answer to those who still contend for the necessity of accompanying meter with certain appropriate colors of style in order to the accomplishment of its appropriate end, and who also, in my opinion, greatly underrate the power of meter in itself, it might, perhaps, as far as relates to these Volumes, have been almost sufficient to observe, that poems are extant, written upon more humble subjects, and in a still more naked and simple style, which have continued to give pleasure from generation to generation. Now, if nakedness and simplicity be a defect, the fact here mentioned affords a strong presumption that poems somewhat less naked and simple are capable of affording pleasure at the present day; and, what I wished *chiefly* to attempt, at present, was to justify myself for having written under the impression of this belief.

But various causes might be pointed out why, when the style is manly, and the subject of some importance, words metrically arranged will long continue to impart such a pleasure to mankind as he who proves the extent of that pleasure will be desirous to impart. The end of poetry is to produce excitement in co-existence with an over-

balance of pleasure; but, by the supposition, excitement is an unusual and irregular state of the mind; ideas and feelings do not, in that state, succeed each other in accustomed order. If the words, however, by which this excitement is produced be in themselves powerful, or the images and feelings have an undue proportion of pain connected with them, there is some danger that the excitement may be carried beyond its proper bounds. Now the co-presence of something regular, something to which the mind has been accustomed in various moods and in a less excited state, cannot but have great efficacy in tempering and restraining the passion by an intertexture of ordinary feeling, and of feeling not strictly and necessarily connected with the passion. This is unquestionably true; and hence, though the opinion will at first appear paradoxical, from the tendency of meter to divest language, in a certain degree, of its reality, and thus to throw a sort of half-consciousness of unsubstantial existence over the whole composition, there can be little doubt but that more pathetic situations and sentiments, that is, those which have a greater proportion of pain connected with them, may be endured in metrical composition, especially in rhyme, than in prose. The meter of the old ballads is very artless, yet they contain many passages which would illustrate this opinion; and, I hope, if the following poems be attentively perused, similar instances will be found in them. This opinion may be further illustrated by appealing to the Reader's own experience of the reluctance with which he comes to the reperusal of the distressful parts of *Clarissa Harlowe*, or the *Gamester;* while Shakespeare's writings, in the most pathetic scenes, never act upon us, as pathetic, beyond the bounds of pleasure—an effect which, in a much greater degree than might at first be imagined, is to be ascribed to small, but continual and regular impulses of pleasurable surprise from the metrical arrangement.—On the other hand (what it must be allowed will much more frequently happen), if the Poet's words should be incommensurate with the passion, and inadequate to raise the Reader to a height of desirable excitement, then (unless the Poet's choice of his meter has been grossly injudicious), in the feelings of pleasure which the Reader has been accustomed to connect with meter in general, and in the feeling, whether cheerful or melancholy, which he has been accustomed to connect with that particular movement of meter, there will be found something which will greatly contribute to impart passion to the words, and to effect the complex end which the Poet proposes to himself.

If I had undertaken a *systematic* defense of the theory here maintained, it would have been my duty to develop the various causes upon which the pleasure received from metrical language depends. Among the chief of these causes is to be reckoned a principle which must be well known to those who have made any of the Arts the object of accurate reflection; namely, the pleasure which the mind derives from the perception of similitude in dissimilitude. This principle is the great spring of the activity of our minds, and their chief feeder. From this principle the direction of the sexual appetite, and all the passions connected with it, take their origin: it is the life of our ordinary conversation; and upon the accuracy with which similitude in dissimilitude, and dissimilitude in similitude, are perceived, depend our taste and our moral feelings. It would not be a useless employment to apply this principle to the consideration of meter, and to show that meter is hence enabled to afford much pleasure, and to point out in what manner that pleasure is produced. But my limits will not permit me to enter upon this subject, and I must content myself with a general summary.

I had said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings; it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity; the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of re-action, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind. In this mood successful composition generally begins, and in a mood similar to this it is carried on; but the emotion, of whatever kind, and in whatever degree, from various causes, is qualified by various pleasures, so that in describing any passions whatsoever, which are voluntarily described, the mind will, upon the whole, be in a state of enjoyment. If Nature be thus cautious to preserve in a

state of enjoyment a being so employed, the Poet ought to profit by the lesson held forth to him, and ought especially to take care that, whatever passions he communicates to his Reader, those passions, if his Reader's mind be sound and vigorous, should always be accompanied with an over-balance of pleasure. Now the music of harmonious metrical language, the sense of difficulty overcome, and the blind association of pleasure which has been previously received from works of rhyme or meter of the same or similar construction, an indistinct perception perpetually renewed of language closely resembling that of real life, and yet, in the circumstance of meter, differing from it so widely—all these imperceptibly make up a complex feeling of delight, which is of the most important use in tempering the painful feeling always found intermingled with powerful descriptions of the deeper passions. This effect is always produced in pathetic and impassioned poetry; while, in lighter compositions, the ease and gracefulness with which the Poet manages his numbers are themselves confessedly a principal source of the gratification of the Reader. All that it is *necessary* to say, however, upon this subject, may be effected by affirming, what few persons will deny, that of two descriptions, either of passions, manner, or characters, each of them equally well executed, the one in prose and the other in verse, the verse will be read a hundred times where the prose is read once.

Having thus explained a few of my reasons for writing in verse, and why I have chosen subjects from common life, and endeavored to bring my language near to the real language of men, if I have been too minute in pleading my own cause, I have at the same time been treating a subject of general interest; and for this reason a few words shall be added with reference solely to these particular poems, and to some defects which will probably be found in them. I am sensible that my associations must have sometimes been particular instead of general, and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, I may have sometimes written upon unworthy subjects; but I am less apprehensive on this account, than that my language may frequently have suffered from those arbitrary connections of feelings and ideas with particular words and phrases from which no man can altogether protect himself. Hence I have no doubt that, in some instances, feelings, even of the ludicrous, may be given to my Readers by expressions which appeared to me tender and pathetic. Such faulty expressions, were I convinced they were faulty at present, and that they must necessarily continue to be so, I would willingly take all reasonable pains to correct. But it is dangerous to make these alterations on the simple authority of a few individuals, or even of certain classes of men; for where the understanding of an author is not convinced, or his feelings altered, this cannot be done without great injury to himself: for his own feelings are his stay and support; and, if he set them aside in one instance, he may be induced to repeat this act till his mind shall lose all confidence in itself, and become utterly debilitated. To this it may be added that the critic ought never to forget that he is himself exposed to the same errors as the Poet, and, perhaps, in a much greater degree: for there can be no presumption in saying of most readers that it is not probable they will be so well acquainted with the various stages of meaning through which words have passed, or with the fickleness or stability of the relations of particular ideas to each other; and, above all, since they are so much less interested in the subject, they may decide lightly and carelessly.

Long as the reader has been detained, I hope he will permit me to caution him against a mode of false criticism which has been applied to poetry, in which the language closely resembles that of life and nature. Such verses have been triumphed over in parodies, of which Dr. Johnson's stanza is a fair specimen:—

> I put my hat upon my head,
> And walked into the Strand,
> And there I met another man
> Whose hat was in his hand.

Immediately under these lines let us place one of the most justly-admired stanzas of the *Babes in the Wood.*

> These pretty Babes with hand in hand
> Went wandering up and down;
> But never more they saw the Man
> Approaching from the Town.

In both these stanzas the words, and the order of the words, in no respect differ from the most unimpassioned conversation. There are words in both, for example, "the Strand," and "the Town," connected with none but the most familiar ideas; yet the one stanza we admit as admirable, and the other as a fair example of the superlatively contemptible. Whence arises this difference? Not from the meter, not from the language, not from the order of the words; but the *matter* expressed in Dr. Johnson's stanza is contemptible. The proper method of treating trivial and simple verses, to which Dr. Johnson's stanza would be a fair parallelism, is not to say, this is a bad kind of poetry, or, this is not poetry; but, this wants sense; it is neither interesting in itself, nor can *lead* to anything interesting; the images neither originate in that sane state of feeling which arises out of thought, nor can excite thought or feeling in the Reader. This is the only sensible manner of dealing with such verses. Why trouble yourself about the species till you have previously decided upon the genus? Why take pains to prove that an ape is not a Newton, when it is self-evident that he is not a man?

One request I must make of my Reader, which is, that in judging these Poems he would decide by his own feelings genuinely, and not by reflection upon what will probably be the judgment of others. How common is it to hear a person say, I myself do not object to this style of composition, or this or that expression, but to such and such classes of people it will appear mean or ludicrous! This mode of criticism, so destructive of all sound unadulterated judgment, is almost universal: let the Reader then abide, independently, by his own feelings, and, if he finds himself affected, let him not suffer such conjectures to interfere with his pleasure.

If an Author, by any single composition, has impressed us with respect for his talents, it is useful to consider this as affording a presumption that on other occasions where we have been displeased he, nevertheless, may not have written ill or absurdly; and further, to give him so much credit for this one composition as may induce us to review what has displeased us with more care than we should otherwise have bestowed upon it. This is not only an act of justice, but, in our decisions upon poetry especially, may conduce, in a high degree, to the improvement of our own taste: for an *accurate* taste in poetry, and in all the other arts, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, is an *acquired* talent, which can only be produced by thought and a long-continued intercourse with the best models of composition. This is mentioned, not with so ridiculous a purpose as to prevent the most inexperienced Reader from judging for himself (I have already said that I wish him to judge for himself), but merely to temper the rashness of decision, and to suggest that, if Poetry be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment may be erroneous; and that in many cases, it necessarily will be so.

Nothing would, I know, have so effectually contributed to further the end which I have in view, as to have shown of what kind the pleasure is, and how that pleasure is produced, which is confessedly produced by metrical composition essentially different from that which I have here endeavored to recommend: for the Reader will say that he has been pleased by such composition; and what more can be done for him? The power of any art is limited; and he will suspect that, if it be proposed to furnish him with new friends, that can be only upon condition of his abandoning his old friends. Besides, as I have said, the Reader is himself conscious of the pleasure which he has received from such composition, composition to which he has peculiarly attached the endearing name of Poetry; and all men feel an habitual gratitude, and something of an honorable bigotry, for the objects which have long continued to please them: we not only wish to be pleased, but to be pleased in that particular way in which we have been accustomed to be pleased. There is in these feelings enough to resist a host of arguments; and I should be the less able to combat them successfully, as I am willing to allow that, in order entirely to enjoy the Poetry which I am recommending, it would be necessary to give up much of what is ordinarily enjoyed. But would my limits have permitted me to point out how this pleasure is produced, many obstacles might have been removed, and the Reader assisted in perceiving that the powers of language are not so limited as he may sup-

pose; and that it is possible for poetry to give other enjoyments, of a purer, more lasting, and more exquisite nature. This part of the subject has not been altogether neglected, but it has not been so much my present aim to prove that the interest excited by some other kinds of poetry is less vivid, and less worthy of the nobler powers of the mind, as to offer reasons for presuming that if my purpose were fulfilled, a species of poetry would be produced which is genuine poetry; in its nature well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and likewise important in the multiplicity and quality of its moral relations.

From what has been said, and from a perusal of the Poems, the Reader will be able clearly to perceive the object which I had in view: he will determine how far it has been attained, and, what is a much more important question, whether it be worth attaining: and upon the decision of these two questions will rest my claim to the approbation of the Public.

CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE (1804–1869)

LORD CHESTERFIELD

EVERY epoch has produced treatises written for the purpose of educating the gentleman, the man of fashion, the courtier if we live for courts, the perfect cavalier. If in succeeding ages these treatises on good breeding and politeness are opened, at the first glance they seem as much out of date as the fashions of our fathers or the cut of their coats; the pattern has evidently changed. But on looking more closely, if the book was written by a man of sense, who really knew mankind, a certain profit may be derived from the study of the models set to former generations. The Letters, containing a whole school of good manners and knowledge of the world, addressed by Lord Chesterfield to his son, possess a particular interest, inasmuch as he had no intention of providing a model, but merely desired to instruct, in familiar fashion, one excellent pupil. They are confidential letters, suddenly given to the light, and they reveal the secrets and ingenuous artifices of fatherly solicitude. If, reading them now, we are struck by the excessive importance attached to accidental and fleeting things, to mere details of dress, the durable part that belongs to the observation of men in all ages is not less striking; that part is much more considerable than a first superficial glance leads us to believe. Occupying himself with the son he desired to instruct in all that befits a gentleman of society, Lord Chesterfield did not, like Cicero, write a treatise "On Duty"; but he left letters which, by reason of their mixture of accuracy and playfulness, of a certain frivolous tone insensibly joined to serious beauties, hold a middle place between the *Memoirs of the Count de Grammont* and *Telemachus*.

Before going further into the subject, we must know who Lord Chesterfield, in his time one of the most brilliant wits of England, and of a temperament very closely allied to the French, was. Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, was born in London on September 22, 1694, the same year as Voltaire. Descended from an illustrious race, he knew its value, and desired to uphold its honour; but for all that he found it difficult not to laugh at pretensions of birth pushed to extremes. To keep himself from like folly, he placed two old pictures of a man and a woman among his family portraits; under one was written, "*Adam* of Stanhope," and under the other, "*Eve* of Stanhope." That was his method, while holding fast to honour, of checking chimerical desires.

His father took no trouble over his education, and left him to the care of his grandmother, Lady Halifax. He was soon conscious of a desire to excel and take the lead in everything; he tried later to rouse the same desire, which, for better or worse, is at bottom of every great deed accomplished, in his son's heart. As in his early youth he was without guidance, he more than once mistook the objects of his emulation and clung to a false sense of honour. He confesses

that in the time of his inexperience he indulged in wine to excess and other extravagances to which he was in no way prompted by nature, but it flattered his vanity to hear himself called a man of pleasure. It was the same with gambling, which he considered a necessary ingredient in the composition of a man of pleasure; he plunged into it at first without desire, but could not later tear himself away from it, and for a long time impaired his fortune. "Take warning by my conduct," he said; "choose your pleasures for yourself, and do not let them be imposed upon you."

The desire of excelling and distinguishing himself did not always lead him astray in that manner, and he often pursued his end with care; his early studies were of the best. Sent to the University of Cambridge, he learned all that was taught there, civil law, philosophy; he attended the mathematical lectures of the blind and learned Saunderson. He read Greek with ease, and reported his progress in French to his old tutor, a French refugee pastor, M. Jonneau. Lord Chesterfield learned French in his childhood from a Norman maidservant who had waited on him. On his last visit to Paris, in 1741, M. de Fontenelle, observing something of a Norman accent in his pronunciation, mentioned it to him, and asked him if he had not first learned French from a native of that province; it was in fact the case.

After two years at the University, according to the custom of young English noblemen, he made a tour on the Continent. He visited Holland, Italy, France. He wrote from Paris to M. Jonneau, December 7, 1724:—

> I shall not give you my opinion of the French, because I am very often taken for one of them; and several have paid me the highest compliment they think it in their power to bestow, which is, "Sir, you are just like ourselves!" I shall only tell you that I am insolent; I talk a great deal; I am very loud and peremptory; I sing and dance as I walk along; and, above all, I spend an immense sum in hair powder, feathers, and white gloves!

We perceive the mocking, satirical, and slightly insolent spirit which cracks its joke at the expense of the French; later he rendered justice to their serious qualities.

In the Letters to his son he described himself, when he was first introduced into society, with the rust of Cambridge still about him, as shy, embarrassed, silent, at length taking courage to say to a pretty woman near him, "Madam, don't you find it very warm to-day?" But Lord Chesterfield told his son that anecdote, not to discourage him, but to show him that it was possible to change very greatly. He does the honours of his own person in order to embolden the youth and attract him the more to himself. I have no intention of taking him literally in the anecdote. If he was for a moment embarrassed in society, the moment must have been very short, and even then his shyness could not have been apparent.

Queen Anne was just dead; Chesterfield welcomed the accession of the House of Hanover, of which he was to be one of the avowed champions. He early had a seat in the House of Commons and made a good beginning. It is said, however, that an apparently trifling circumstance kept him back and somewhat paralysed his eloquence. One of the members of the House, distinguished for no other talent, possessed that of imitating and mimicking to perfection the speakers to whom he replied. Dread of ridicule was Chesterfield's weakness, and, on many occasions, he remained silent more than he would have wished from fear of being parodied by his colleague and opponent. On his father's death he succeeded to the peerage and passed to the House of Lords, a platform better suited to the grace, refinement, and urbanity of his eloquence. He did not, however, regard the two places as alike in the importance of debate and in the political influence to be obtained in them.

> It is unheard of [he said later to Pitt, when the great orator consented to enter the Upper House under the title of Lord Chatham] that a man in the fulness of his power, and in the utmost gratification of his ambition, should withdraw from the House of Commons (which procured him his power, and which alone could insure it to him) to go into that Hospital for Incurables, the House of Lords.

It is not for us to criticise here Lord Chesterfield's political career. If I dared venture an opinion on it as a whole, I should say that his ambition never found complete satisfaction in it, and that the brilliant dis-

tinctions that filled his public life covered many unfulfilled desires and the loss of many hopes. Twice, in two decisive events of his political life, he failed. Young, and in the first heat of ambition, he staked everything for the heir-presumptive to the throne, who became George II.; he was one of those who, on the accession of the prince, might most have counted on his favour and on attaining some influential office. But the clever man, wishing to turn to the side of the rising sun, did not find the road with perfect skill; he paid court to the prince's mistress, believing her destined to influence him, and neglected the lawful wife, the future queen, who, however, alone possessed real power. Queen Caroline never forgave him; it was the first check to his political fortunes. At that time Lord Chesterfield was thirty-three years old and in the full swing of hope. In too great a hurry, he took the wrong turning. Robert Walpole, less clever and apparently less wide awake, took his measures and made his calculations more accurately.

Thrown with his brilliant reputation into the Opposition, especially after 1732, when he had to resign his offices at Court, Lord Chesterfield worked for ten years with all his might to bring about Walpole's fall, which did not take place until 1742. But even then he did not obtain office, and remained outside the combinations. When he entered the Government two years later, in 1744, first as Ambassador at the Hague and Viceroy of Ireland, and then as Secretary of State and member of the Cabinet (1746–1748), it was by a fictitious rather than a real title. In short, Lord Chesterfield, though at all times a considerable politician, whether as one of the leaders of the Opposition or as a clever diplomatist, was never a leading, or even a very influential minister.

In politics he certainly possessed the far-sightedness and comprehension of the future which belong to breadth of mind, but he doubtless had in a much higher degree the patient perseverance and practical firmness in the present, so necessary to statesmen. Of him, as of La Rochefoucauld, it is correct to say that politics turned an imperfect man of action into a perfect moralist.

In 1744, at the age of fifty, his political ambition seemed partly worn out; his health was sufficiently enfeebled to make retirement desirable. And now we know the object of his secret ideal and real ambition. Before his marriage he had, about 1732, a natural son by a French lady (Madame Du Bouchet), whom he met in Holland. To this son Lord Chesterfield was affectionately attached. He wrote to him in all sincerity: "From the first day of your life the dearest object of mine was to make you as perfect as the weakness of human nature permits." All his desires, all his worldly and affectionate predilections turned to the education of his son, and, whether Viceroy in Ireland, or Secretary of State in London, he found time to write him long detailed letters to guide him in his least acts, and perfect him in all that was serious and polite.

The Chesterfield we prefer to study is the intelligent and experienced man who only took up affairs, and entered political and public life to learn their inner workings and explain them to us. From his youth he was the friend of Pope and Bolingbroke, he introduced Montesquieu and Voltaire into England, and corresponded with Fontenelle and Madame de Tencin. The Academy of Inscriptions enrolled him among its members, and he combined the temperaments of the two nations. In more than one witty essay, but particularly in the Letters to his son, he proved himself an amiable and perfect moralist, and a past master in the art of living. We are studying, in fact, an English La Rochefoucauld.

After the publication of the *Esprit des Lois*, Montesquieu wrote to the Abbé de Guasco, who was then in England: "Tell Lord Chesterfield that nothing pleases me more than his approval, and that since he is reading me for the third time, he will be the more competent to tell me what there is to correct and improve in my work; nothing could teach me more than his observations and criticism." It was Chesterfield who, speaking once to Montesquieu of the readiness of the French for revolutions, and their impatience of gradual reform, uttered the phrase which sums up all French history: "You Frenchmen can make barricades, but you will never erect barriers."

Lord Chesterfield certainly liked Voltaire; he said of *The Age of Louis XIV.*: "Lord Bolingbroke taught me how history should be read; Voltaire shows me how it should be

written." But at the same time, with the practical sense that scarcely ever deserts intelligent Englishmen, he was conscious of Voltaire's imprudences, and disapproved of them. Already old, and quite retired from the world, he wrote to a French lady: "Your fine writers are my chief resource. Voltaire especially charms me, almost to his impiety, with which he cannot help interlarding all that he writes; he would do better to suppress it, since, all said and done, we ought not to disturb the established order of things. Let each think as he likes, or rather as he can, but if his opinions are of a nature likely to trouble the repose of society he should keep them to himself."

What he said in 1768 Chesterfield had already said more than twenty-five years before, writing to Crébillon fils, a strange correspondent, and as far as morals go a stranger confidant. On that occasion Chesterfield was discussing Voltaire's tragedy of *Mahomet*, and the audacities it contained.

> What I do not forgive him, and what is not pardonable [wrote Chesterfield to Crébillon] is the impulse he gives to the propagation of a doctrine as destructive to civil society as it is contrary to the received religions of all countries. I greatly doubt if it is permissible for a man to write against the worship and belief of his country, although he might, in all good faith, be convinced that there were errors in it, because of the trouble and disturbance it might cause; but I am sure it is never permissible to attack the foundations of morality, and to break bonds so necessary and already so much too weak to keep men to their duty.

In speaking thus, Chesterfield did not misapprehend Voltaire's great inconsistency. It may be stated in a couple of words; Voltaire was pleased to regard men as fools or children, and had not humour enough to laugh at them; he put loaded fire-arms into their hands, without troubling himself as to the use they might make of them.

I ought to mention that Lord Chesterfield himself was accused by his puritanical countrymen of a breach of morals in his Letters to his son. The austere Johnson, whose criticisms of Lord Chesterfield were not quite fair, and who considered he had matter for complaint, said, when the Letters were published, "that they taught the morals of a courtesan, and the manners of a dancing-master."

Such a criticism is most unfair, and if in particular cases Chesterfield insists too much on charm of manner and on the art of pleasing at any cost, it is after he has provided the solid part of education, when his pupil is in no danger whatever of sinning on the side that makes a man *respectable*, but rather on the side that makes him *amiable*. Although more than one passage of the Letters may seem strange as coming from a father to his son, the whole is animated by a true spirit of affection and wisdom. If Horace had had a son, I think he would have spoken to him much after the same fashion.

The Letters commence at the A, B, C of education and instruction. Chesterfield taught and recapitulated in French the first elements of mythology and history. I do not regret the publication of those early letters; he interpolated in them capital advice. Before little Stanhope was eight years old his father drew up a lesson on the elements of oratory, and tried to instil in him elegance of language and distinction in the manner of expressing himself. He chiefly recommended him *attention* in all he did, and gave the word its full significance: "There is no surer sign in the world of a little, weak mind, than inattention. Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well; and nothing can be done well without attention." He continually repeated the precept, and, as his pupil grew older and became able to take in all its significance, he varied its application. Pleasure or study, he desired everything he did to be well done, to be done completely and in proper season, without allowing himself to be distracted by anything else: "When you read Horace, attend to the justness of his thoughts, the happiness of his diction, and the beauty of his poetry; and do not think of Puffendorf's *De Homine et Cive:* and, when you are reading Puffendorf, do not think of Madame de St. Germain; nor of Puffendorf when you are talking to Madame de St. Germain." But the independent and firm disposal of the thought at the command of the will belongs only to great and rare minds.

M. Royer-Collard used to say that "the thing most wanting in our time was, in morality *reverence*, and in intellect *attention*." Lord Chesterfield in his less serious manner was capable of such a remark. It was not

long before he became conscious of what was lacking in the child he wished to educate, and who formed the business and aim of his life. "In the strict scrutiny which I have made into you," he said, "I have (thank God) hitherto not discovered any vice of the heart, or any peculiar weakness of the head; but I have discovered laziness, inattention, and indifference; faults which are only pardonable in old men, who, in the decline of life, when health and spirits fail, have a kind of claim to that sort of tranquillity. But a young man should be ambitious to shine and excel." Now it was exactly the divine fire, the spark which makes the Achilles, Alexanders, and Cæsars, the desire *to be first in everything one undertakes*, the motto of great minds and eminent men of all sorts, that nature had omitted to put into the honest but decidedly commonplace mind of young Stanhope. "You seem to want," his father told him, "that *vivida vis animi* which spurs and excites most young men to please, to shine, to excel." "When I was your age," he says again, "I should have been ashamed for another to have learned his lesson better, to have surpassed me in any game, and I should have found no rest until I had gained the advantage." The whole of the little treatise on education contained in these letters presents a sort of continuous dramatic interest. We watch a refined, distinguished, energetic nature like Lord Chesterfield's struggling with an honest but indolent disposition, and a pliant but somewhat tardy temperament; he wanted, at any cost, to make of it a perfect, lovable, and original masterpiece, but only succeeded in producing a sort of adequate and respectable copy. What sustains and almost touches the reader, in the struggle in which so much art is expended, where the ever-recurring advice under so many metamorphoses always comes to the same thing in the end, is the real fatherly affection which animates and inspires the refined and excellent master; he is patient as well as energetic, great in resources, skilful, never discouraged; untiring in sowing elegance and grace on a barren soil. Not that the son, the object of so much culture and zeal, was, in anything, unworthy of his father. It has been alleged that no one was heavier or more ill-humoured than that son, and a harsh remark of Johnson is quoted in support of the opinion. Those are caricatures which overstep the truth. According to more reliable testimony, it appears that Mr. Stanhope, without being a model of grace, had the manners of a well-bred, polite, and educated man. But do you not perceive that the discouraging part of it is just there? It would have been almost better to have wholly failed and to have succeeded in making an original only in the inverse sense, than to have produced with so much care and trouble merely an insignificant and ordinary man of the world, a man of whom for all criticism we say there is nothing to note; if he had not been a father, there would indeed have been cause to despair of and take pity on his work.

Lord Chesterfield from the first thought that France would be the very place to *polish* his son, and give him the affability so impossible to acquire later. In the private correspondence of a lady in Paris, whom I take to be Madame de Monconseil,[1] it appears he meant to send him while he was a mere boy.

> I have a son [he wrote to this friend] who is now thirteen years old. I must openly confess to you that he is not legitimate; but his mother is of good birth, and has been kinder to me than I deserve. As for the boy, maybe it is partiality, but I find him lovable; he is nice-looking, and has much vivacity and I think intelligence for his age. He speaks French perfectly, he knows a good deal of Latin and Greek, and he has ancient and modern history at his fingers' ends. He is now at school; but as in this country no one dreams of forming the morals and manners of young people, and as they are nearly all uncouth, awkward, and unpolished, such indeed as you see them when they come to Paris at the age of twenty or twenty-one, I do not want my boy to remain here long enough to acquire such bad habits; that is why, when he is fourteen, I intend to send him to Paris. . . . As I love the child infinitely and am anxious to make something good of him, for I believe the material is there, my idea is to unite in him what I have never yet found in the same person, I mean all that is best in the two nations.

And he entered into the details of his scheme and the means he intended to employ: an English tutor for the mornings, a

[1] It is no longer a conjecture but a fact, after what I read in Lord Mahon's edition of *Lord Chesterfield's Letters* (1847). Cf. vol. iii. I was not acquainted with that edition when I wrote my article.

French tutor for the afternoons, aided by good society and well-chosen companions. The war which broke out between France and England postponed the project of Parisian education, and the young man did not go to Paris until 1751, at the age of nineteen, after having travelled in Switzerland, Germany, and Italy.

Everything was arranged by the most careful of fathers for his success and favourable reception there. The young man resided at the Academy with M. de La Guérinière; he pursued his studies in the morning, and devoted the rest of the day to society. "Pleasure is now the principal remaining part of your education. It will soften and polish your manners; it will make you pursue and at last overtake the Graces." But on the last point he was exacting and unflinching. He always recurs to the *graces*, for should they be lacking all effort is useless. "If they do not come to you, run away with them," he cries. He speaks without hesitation, ignoring the fact that to gain possession of them, it was first necessary to own them.

Three ladies, friends of his father, are specially charged to watch over and guide the young man at the outset: they are his titulary governesses, Madame de Monconseil, Lady Hervey, and Madame Du Bocage. But those guides were only of use in the beginning: afterwards the young man must walk alone and choose some more confidential and charming director. Lord Chesterfield entered on the delicate subject of women. "I shall not speak to you on this subject as a theologian, as a moralist, nor as a father," he says; "I put aside my age, in order only to consider yours. I intend to speak to you as one man of pleasure to another, if he has taste and intelligence." And, accordingly, he declares his views, urging the young man as much as possible to *honourable affairs* and refined pleasures, in order to deter him from loose and coarse habits. He held the principle "that an honourable arrangement is most suitable for a gallant man." His whole morality in that respect might be summed up in Voltaire's line, "There is no evil in good company." It is especially at those passages that the modesty of the austere Johnson takes fright; ours is content to smile at them.

Seriousness and trifling are mingled in the letters at every turn. Marcel, the dancing-master, is often recommended; Montesquieu not less so. The Abbé de Guasco, a sort of hanger-on of Montesquieu, is a personage useful now and again for introducing the young man into good society. "Between you and me," writes Chesterfield, "he has more knowledge than parts. *Mais un habile homme sçait tirer parti de tout;* and everybody is good for something. President Montesquieu is, in every sense, a most useful acquaintance. He has parts joined to great reading and knowledge of the world. *Puisez dans cette source tant que vous pourrez.*"

Among authors, those whom Chesterfield particularly recommended and whom he mentions most often in his counsels are La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère. "If you read in the morning some of La Rochefoucauld's maxims, consider them, examine them well, and compare them with the real characters you meet with in the evening. Read La Bruyère in the morning, and see in the evening whether his pictures are like." But excellent guides, by themselves, are of no more use than a map. Without personal observation and experience they would be useless, and would even be as misleading as a map might be, if we desired an exact knowledge of towns and countries. It is better to read one man than ten books. "Society is a country no one has ever known by means of descriptions; each one of us must traverse it in person, in order to be initiated into it."

Here are a few precepts and observations worthy of the masters of human morals:

> To know mankind well, requires full as much attention and application as to know books, and, it may be, more sagacity and discernment. I am at this time acquainted with many elderly people, who have all passed their whole lives in the great world, but with such levity and inattention, that they know no more of it now than they did at fifteen.

> Human nature is the same all over the world, but its workings are so varied by education and custom, that we ought to see it in all its costumes to gain an intimate knowledge of it.

> Almost all people are born with all the passions to a certain degree; but almost every man has a prevailing one, to which the others are subordinate. Search every one for that ruling passion, pry into the recesses of his heart, and observe the different

workings of the same passion in different people. And when you have found out the prevailing passion of any man, remember never to trust him, where that passion is concerned.

If you wish particularly to gain the favour and affection of certain persons, men or women, try to discover their most striking merit, if they have one, and their ruling weakness, for every one has his; then do justice to the one, and a little more than justice to the other.

Women have usually but one object, their beauty, on which there could scarcely be any flattery too gross for them to swallow.

Women who are either indisputably beautiful or indisputably ugly, are best flattered upon the score of their understanding.

If at times he is contemptuous in regard to women, in other places he makes them reparation, and, whatever may be his opinion, does not allow his son to speak too much ill of them:

You seem to think that from Eve downwards they have done a great deal of mischief. As for that lady, I give her up to you; but, since her time, history will inform you that men have done much more mischief in the world than women; and, to say the truth, I would not advise you to trust either more than is absolutely necessary. But this I will advise you to, which is, never to attack whole bodies of any kind.

Individuals forgive sometimes, but bodies and societies never do.

Chesterfield advises in general, circumspection and a sort of prudent neutrality, even with regard to the knaves and fools with whom society abounds: "After their friendship there is nothing more dangerous than to have them as enemies." It is not the morality of Cato or Zeno, but that of Alcibiades, Aristippus, and Atticus.

Replying to certain decisive opinions expressed by his son on religion, he said: "Every man's reason is, and must be, his guide; and I may as well expect that every man should be of my size and complexion, as that he should reason just as I do."

He is of opinion that in everything we ought to know the good and the best, but need not make ourselves its champions. Even in literature, we must know and tolerate the weaknesses of others: "Let them calmly rejoice in their errors of taste as of religion." Oh! what a lack of such wisdom is there in the intolerance of the profession of criticism as we practise it.

He does not, however, advise falsehood; on that count he is explicit. His principle is not to say everything, but never to lie. "I have invariably observed," he often repeats, "that the greatest fools are the greatest liars. I judge of a man's veracity by the range of his intellect."

Thus the serious and the agreeable are prettily combined. He continually asks of the mind something firm and subtle, gentleness of manner, strength of foundation. Lord Chesterfield recognised the serious side of the French nation, and all that was germinating and was so much to be dreaded in the eighteenth century. According to him, "Duclos, in his *Reflections*, observed, very truly, *Qu'il y a un germe de raison qui commence à se développer en France.*" "And," adds Chesterfield, "I foresee that before the end of the century, the trade of both king and priest will not be half so good a one as it has been." In 1750 he clearly predicts the Revolution.

He warns his son against the notion that the French are simply frivolous:

The colder inhabitants of the north look upon the French as a frivolous people, who are always whistling, singing, and dancing; that opinion is far from the truth, although maybe the coxcombs seem to justify it. But those coxcombs, ripened by age and experience, often change into very capable men.

According to him, the ideal would be to unite the good qualities of the two nations; but in the combination he seemed to incline towards the side of France:

I have often said, and I really think, that a Frenchman who combines the manners and good breeding of his country with a store of virtue, erudition, and good sense, attains the perfection of human nature.

He himself well united the advantages of the two nations, with one characteristic, however, that is entirely of his own race. He had imagination even in intellect. Hamilton possessed that distinctive feature, and joined it with French intellect. Bacon, the great moralist, was, in his manner of expression, almost a poet. We cannot say quite as much of Lord Chesterfield, but there was more imagination in his flashes of wit

and in the expression of his intellect than is to be found in Saint-Evremond and our clever moralists generally. In that respect, Chesterfield resembles his friend Montesquieu.

If, without being unduly severe, we have to reflect on certain points in the Letters to his son, of a slightly corrupt morality, we must, in compensation, indicate the serious and excellent passages; for instance, where he speaks of the Cardinal de Retz, of Mazarin, of Bolingbroke, of Marlborough, and many others. It is a book full of good things. Every page contains some happy observations worthy to be remembered.

Lord Chesterfield intended his much-loved son for the diplomatic service, but his illegitimate birth formed an obstacle. To remove the objections, he caused his son to enter Parliament: it was the surest means of overcoming the scruples of the Court. In his maiden speech, Mr. Stanhope hesitated a moment and was obliged to refer to his notes. He did not make a second attempt at public speaking. It seemed he would have a better chance of success in diplomacy, in a secondary *rôle*, where only solid merit was needed. He filled the post of Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Dresden. His health, always delicate, declined before he became old, and to his father's grief he died before attaining the age of thirty-six (1768).

Lord Chesterfield was then, on account of his infirmities, of which the worst was total deafness, living wholly retired from the world. Montesquieu, whose sight was growing weak, once said to him: "*I know how to be blind.*" But Lord Chesterfield could not say as much: he did not know how to be deaf. He corresponded the more with his friends, especially with those in France. "Communication by means of letters," he remarks, "is the conversation of the deaf, and their only link with society." He found consolation in his pretty country-house at Blackheath, which he called, after the French fashion, by the name of *Babiole*. He occupied himself in gardening and cultivating melons and pines; he liked to vegetate *in their company*.

I vegetated the whole of this year [he writes to a lady friend in France (September 1753)] without pleasure and without pain; my age and my deafness forbid me the first; my philosophy, or perhaps my temperament (for one is often deceived), guarantees me the last. I derive the most I can from the quiet amusements of gardening, walking, and reading, while I wait for death without either desiring or fearing it.

He undertook no long works, feeling too worn out, but he sometimes sent pleasantly written essays to a periodical called *The World*. The essays correspond with his reputation for refinement and urbanity. But nothing comes up to the work which was no work, the Letters he never expected any one to read, and on which his reputation as an author now rests.

His somewhat premature old age dragged on for a long while. His wit played with the sad theme in many fashions; speaking of himself and one of his friends, Lord Tyrawley, equally old and infirm: "Tyrawley and I," he said, "have been dead two years, but we did not wish any one to know it."

Voltaire, who affected to be always on the point of death, and who yet retained his youth much longer, wrote to him on October 24th, 1771, the following charming letter, signed *the old invalid of Ferney*:—

After passing through the experiences of life, enjoy an honourable and happy old age. Enjoy your intellect and preserve the health of your body. Of the five senses that are ours, you have only one impaired, and Lord Huntingdon guarantees that you have a good digestion, a fact well worth a couple of ears. It will perhaps be my lot to decide which is sadder, to be deaf or blind or to have a bad digestion: I can judge of the three conditions with knowledge of the subject, but I have long left judging of trifles, let alone things of such importance. I limit myself to believing that if you have sunshine in the beautiful house you have built, you will have tolerable moments; it is all we can hope for in this age. Cicero wrote a fine treatise on old age, but he did not prove his book by facts; his last years were very unhappy. You have lived longer and more happily than he. You have had nothing to do with perpetual dictators or with triumvirs. Your lot has been, and still is, one of the most to be desired in the great lottery where prizes are rare, and where no one has as yet obtained lasting happiness. Your philosophy has never been disturbed by chimæras that sometimes turned even sound brains. *You were never in any sort of thing a charlatan or the dupe of charlatans*, and I regard that as a very uncommon merit, and one which contributes to the shadow of happiness that may be enjoyed in this short life.

Lord Chesterfield died March 24, 1773. In drawing attention to his delightful treatise on worldly education, we thought it not out of place, even in a democracy, to derive from it lessons in good breeding and politeness, and to receive them from a man whose name is so closely allied with those of Montesquieu and Voltaire. More than any of his countrymen at that time, he had a singular liking for France, and perhaps took an almost unreasonable delight in the amiable qualities of the French, although he was at the same time conscious of their more serious qualities. It may be said of him, for all praise, that, had he not put into the animation and vivacity of his flashes of wit, the indescribable imagination and colouring which prints on him the seal of his own race, he would have possessed the mind and temperament of a Frenchman.

HIPPOLYTE TAINE (1828–1893)

INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

IV

THERE is then a system in human sentiments and ideas; and this system has for its motive power certain general traits, certain marks of the intellect and the heart common to men of one race, age, or country. As in mineralogy the crystals, however diverse, spring from certain simple physical forms, so in history, civilizations, however diverse, are derived from certain simple spiritual forms. The one are explained by a primitive geometrical element, as the others are by a primitive psychological element. In order to master the classification of mineralogical systems, we must first consider a regular and general solid, its sides and angles, and observe in this the numberless transformations of which it is capable. So, if you would realize the system of historical varieties, consider first a human soul generally, with its two or three fundamental faculties, and in this compendium you will perceive the principal forms which it can present. After all, this kind of ideal picture, geometrical as well as psychological, is hardly complex, and one speedily sees the limits of the outline in which civilizations, like crystals, are constrained to exist.

What do we find, at first sight, in man? Images or representations of things, something, that is, which floats within him, exists for a time, is effaced, and returns again, after he has been looking upon a tree, an animal, any sensible object. This is the subject-matter, the development whereof is double, either speculative or practical, according as the representations resolve themselves into a *general conception* or an *active resolution*. Here we have the whole of man in an abridgment; and in this limited circle human diversities meet, sometimes in the womb of the primordial matter, sometimes in the twofold primordial development. However minute in their elements, they are enormous in the aggregate, and the least alteration in the factors produces vast alteration in the results. According as the representation is clear and as it were cut out by machinery or confused and faintly defined, according as it embraces a great or small number of the marks of the object, according as it is violent and accompanied by impulses, or quiet and surrounded by calm, all the operations and processes of the human machine are transformed. So, again, according as the ulterior development of the representation varies, the whole human development varies. If the general conception in which it results is a mere dry notation (in Chinese fashion), language becomes a sort of algebra, religion and poetry dwindle, philosophy is reduced to a kind of moral and practical common sense, science to a collection of formulas, classifications, utilitarian mnemonics, and the whole intellect takes a positive bent. If, on the contrary, the general representation in which the conception results is a poetical and figurative creation, a living symbol, as among the Aryan races, language becomes a sort of cloudy and colored word-stage, in which every word is a person, poetry and religion assume a magnificent and inextinguishable

grandeur, metaphysics are widely and subtly developed, without regard to positive applications; the whole intellect, in spite of the inevitable deviations and shortcomings of its effort, is smitten with the beautiful and the sublime, and conceives an ideal capable by its nobleness and its harmony of rallying round it the tenderness and enthusiasm of the human race. If, again, the general conception in which the representation results is poetical but not precise; if man arrives at it not by a continuous process, but by a quick intuition; if the original operation is not a regular development, but a violent explosion —then, as with the Semitic races, metaphysics are absent, religion conceives God only as a king solitary and devouring, science cannot grow, the intellect is too rigid and complete to reproduce the delicate operations of nature, poetry can give birth only to vehement and grandiose exclamations, language cannot unfold the web of argument and of eloquence, man is reduced to a lyric enthusiasm, an unchecked passion, a fanatical and constrained action. In this interval between the particular representation and the universal conception are found the germs of the greatest human differences. Some races, as the classical, pass from the first to the second by a graduated scale of ideas, regularly arranged, and general by degrees; others, as the Germanic, traverse the same ground by leaps, without uniformity, after vague and prolonged groping. Some, like the Romans and English, halt at the first steps; others, like the Hindoos and Germans, mount to the last. If, again, after considering the passage from the representation to the idea, we consider that from the representation to the resolution, we find elementary differences of the like importance and the like order, according as the impression is sharp, as in southern climates, or dull, as in northern; according as it results in instant action, as among barbarians, or slowly, as in civilized nations; as it is capable or not of growth, inequality, persistence, and connections. The whole network of human passions, the chances of peace and public security, the sources of toil and action, spring from hence. Other primordial differences there are: their issues embrace an entire civilization; and we may compare them to those algebraical formulas which, in a narrow limit, contain in advance the whole curve of which they form the law. Not that this law is always developed to its issue; there are perturbing forces; but when it is so, it is not that the law was false, but that its action was impeded. New elements become mingled with the old; great forces from without counteract the primitive. The race emigrates, like the Aryan, and the change of climate has altered in its case the whole economy, intelligence, and organization of society. The people has been conquered, like the Saxon nation, and a new political structure has imposed on it customs, capacities, and inclinations which it had not. The nation has installed itself in the midst of a conquered people, down-trodden and threatening, like the ancient Spartans; and the necessity of living like troops in the field has violently distorted in an unique direction the whole moral and social constitution. In each case, the mechanism of human history is the same. One continually finds, as the original mainspring, some very general disposition of mind and soul, innate and appended by nature to the race, or acquired and produced by some circumstance acting upon the race. These mainsprings, once admitted, produced their effect gradually: I mean that after some centuries they bring the nation into a new condition, religious, literary, social, economic; a new condition which, combined with their renewed effort, produces another condition, sometimes good, sometimes bad, sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly, and so forth; so that we may regard the whole progress of each distinct civilization as the effect of a permanent force which, at every stage, varies its operation by modifying the circumstances of its action.

V

THREE different sources, contribute to produce this elementary moral state—the *race*, the *surroundings*, and the *epoch*. What we call the race are the innate and hereditary dispositions which man brings with him to the light, and which, as a rule, are united with the marked differences in the temperament and structure of the body. They vary with various peoples. There is a natural variety of men, as of oxen and horses, some brave and intelligent, some timid and

dependent, some capable of superior conceptions and creations, some reduced to rudimentary ideas and inventions, some more specially fitted to special works, and gifted more richly with particular instincts, as we meet with species of dogs better favored than others—these for hunting, these for fighting, these for the chase, these again for house-dogs or shepherds' dogs. We have here a distinct force—so distinct, that amid the vast deviations which the other two motive forces produce in him, one can recognize it still; and a race, like the old Aryans, scattered from the Ganges as far as the Hebrides, settled in every clime, spread over every grade of civilization, transformed by thirty centuries of revolutions, nevertheless manifests in its tongues, religions, literatures, philosophies, the community of blood and of intellect which to this day binds its offshoots together. Different as they are, their parent age is not obliterated; barbarism, culture and grafting, differences of sky and soil, fortunes good and bad, have labored in vain: the great marks of the original model have remained, and we find again the two or three principal lineaments of the primitive imprint underneath the secondary imprints which time has stamped above them. There is nothing astonishing in this extraordinary tenacity. Although the vastness of the distance lets us but half perceive—and by a doubtful light—the origin of species, the events of history sufficiently illumine the events anterior to history, to explain the almost immovable steadfastness of the primordial marks. When we meet with them, fifteen, twenty, thirty centuries before our era, in an Aryan, an Egyptian, a Chinese, they represent the work of several myriads of centuries. For as soon as an animal begins to exist, it has to reconcile itself with its surroundings; it breathes after a new fashion, renews itself, is differently affected according to the new changes in air, food, temperature. Different climate and situation bring it various needs, and consequently a different course of actions; and this, again, a different set of habits; and still again, a different set of aptitudes and instincts. Man, forced to accommodate himself to circumstances, contracts a temperament and a character corresponding to them; and his character, like his temperament, is so much more stable, as the external impression is made upon him by more numerous repetitions, and is transmitted to his progeny by a more ancient descent. So that at any moment we may consider the character of a people as an abridgment of all its preceding actions and sensations; that is, as a quantity and as a weight, not infinite since everything in nature is finite, but disproportioned to the rest, and almost impossible to lift, since every moment of an almost infinite past has contributed to increase it, and because, in order to raise the scale, one must place in the opposite scale a still greater number of actions and sensations. Such is the first and richest source of these master faculties from which historical events take their rise; and one sees at the outset that if it be powerful, it is because this is no simple spring, but a kind of lake, a deep reservoir wherein other springs have, for a multitude of centuries, discharged their several streams.

Having thus outlined the interior structure of a race, we must consider the surroundings in which it exists. For man is not alone in the world; nature surrounds him, and his fellow-men surround him; accidental and secondary tendencies come to place themselves on his primitive tendencies, and physical or social circumstances disturb or confirm the character committed to their charge. In course of time the climate has had its effect. Though we can follow but obscurely the Aryan peoples from their common fatherland to their final countries, we can yet assert that the profound differences which are manifest between the German races on the one side, and the Greek and Latin on the other arise for the most part from the difference between the countries in which they are settled: some in cold moist lands, deep in black marshy forests or on the shores of a wild ocean, caged in by melancholy or violent sensations, prone to drunkenness and gluttony, bent on a fighting, blood-spilling life; others, again, within a lovely landscape, on a bright and laughing sea-coast, enticed to navigation and commerce, exempt from gross cravings of the stomach, inclined from the beginning to social ways, to a settled organization of the state, to feelings and dispositions such as develop the art of oratory, the talent for enjoyment, the inventions of science, letters, arts. Sometimes the state

policy has been at work, as in the two Italian civilizations: the first wholly turned to action, conquest, government, legislation, by the original site of its city of refuge, by its border-land emporium, by an armed aristocracy, who, by inviting and drilling the strangers and the conquered, presently set face to face two hostile armies, having no escape from its internal discords and its greedy instincts but in systematic warfare; the other, shut out from unity and any great political ambition by the stability of its municipal character, the cosmopolitan condition of its pope, and the military intervention of neighboring nations, directed the whole of its magnificent, harmonious bent toward the worship of pleasure and beauty. Sometimes the social conditions have impressed their mark, as eighteen centuries ago by Christianity, and twenty-five centuries ago by Buddhism, when around the Mediterranean, as in Hindoostan, the extreme results of Aryan conquest and civilization induced an intolerable oppression, the subjugation of the individual, utter despair, a curse upon the world, with the development of metaphysics and myth, so that man in this dungeon of misery, feeling his heart softened, begot the idea of abnegation, charity, tender love, gentleness, humility, brotherly love—there, in a notion of universal nothingness, here under the Fatherhood of God. Look around you upon the regulating instincts and faculties implanted in a race—in short, the mood of intelligence in which it thinks and acts at the present time: you will discover most often the work of some one of these prolonged situations, these surrounding circumstances, persistent and gigantic pressures, brought to bear upon an aggregate of men who, singly and together, from generation to generation, are continually molded and modeled by their action; in Spain, an eight-century crusade against the Mussulmans, protracted even beyond and until the exhaustion of the nation by the expulsion of the Moors, the spoliation of the Jews, the establishment of the Inquisition, the Catholic wars; in England, a political establishment of eight centuries, which keeps a man erect and respectful, in independence and obedience, and accustoms him to strive unitedly, under the authority of the law; in France, a Latin organization, which, imposed first upon docile barbarians, then shattered in the universal crash, is reformed from within under a lurking conspiracy of the national instincts, is developed under hereditary kings, ends in a sort of legality-republic, centralized, administrative, under dynasties exposed to revolution. These are the most efficacious of the visible causes which mold the primitive man: they are to nations what education, career, condition, abode, are to individuals; and they seem to comprehend everything, since they comprehend all external powers which shape human matter, and by which the external acts on the internal.

There is yet a third rank of causes; for, with the forces within and without, there is the work which they have already produced together, and this work itself contributes to produce that which follows. Beside the permanent impulse and the given surroundings, there is the acquired momentum. When the national character and surrounding circumstances operate, it is not upon a *tabula rasa*, but on a ground on which marks are already impressed. According as one takes the ground at one moment or another, the imprint is different; and this is the cause that the total effect is different. Consider, for instance, two epochs of a literature or an art—French tragedy under Corneille and under Voltaire, the Greek drama under Æschylus and under Euripides, Italian painting under Da Vinci and under Guido. Truly, at either of these two extreme points the general idea has not changed; it is always the same human type which is its subject of representation or painting; the mold of verse, the structure of the drama, the form of body has endured. But among several differences there is this, that the one artist is the precursor, the other the successor; the first has no model, the second has; the first sees objects face to face, the second sees them through the first; that many great branches of art are lost, many details are perfected, that simplicity and grandeur of impression have diminished, pleasing and refined forms have increased—in short, that the first work has outlived the second. So it is with a people as with a plant; the same sap, under the same temperature, and in the same soil, produces, at different steps of its progressive development, different formations, buds,

flowers, fruits, seed-vessels, in such a manner that the one which follows has always the first for its condition, and grows from its death. And if now you consider no longer a brief epoch, as our own time, but one of those wide intervals which embrace one or more centuries, like the middle ages, or our last classic age, the conclusion will be similar. A certain dominant idea has had sway; men, for two, for five hundred years, have taken to themselves a certain ideal model of man: in the middle ages, the knight and the monk; in our classic age, the courtier, the man who speaks well. This creative and universal idea is displayed over the whole field of action and thought; and after covering the world with its works, involuntarily systematic, it has faded, it has died away, and lo, a new idea springs up, destined to a like domination, and the like number of creations. And here remember that the second depends in part upon the first, and that the first, uniting its effect with those of national genius and surrounding circumstances, imposes on each new creation its bent and direction. The great historical currents are formed after this law—the long dominations of one intellectual pattern, or a master idea, such as the period of spontaneous creations called the Renaissance, or the period of oratorical models called the Classical Age, or the series of mystical compositions called the Alexandrian and Christian eras, or the series of mythological efflorescences which we meet with in the infancy of the German people, of the Indian and the Greek. Here as elsewhere we have but a mechanical problem; the total effect is a result, depending entirely on the magnitude and direction of the producing causes. The only difference which separates these moral problems from physical ones is, that the magnitude and direction cannot be valued or computed in the first as in the second. If a need or a faculty is a quantity, capable of degrees, like a pressure or a weight, this quantity is not measurable like the pressure or the weight. We cannot define it in an exact or approximative formula; we cannot have more, or give more, in respect of it, than a literary impression; we are limited to marking and quoting the salient points by which it is manifested, and which indicate approximately and roughly the part of the scale which is its position. But though the means of notation are not the same in the moral and physical sciences, yet as in both the matter is the same, equally made up of forces, magnitudes, and directions, we may say that in both the final result is produced after the same method. It is great or small, as the fundamental forces are great or small and act more or less exactly in the same sense, according as the distinct effects of race, circumstance, and epoch combine to add the one to the other, or to annul one another. Thus are explained the long impotences and the brilliant triumphs which make their appearance irregularly and without visible cause in the life of a people; they are caused by internal concords or contrarieties. There was such a concord when in the seventeenth century the sociable character and the conversational aptitude, innate in France, encountered the drawing-room manners and the epoch of oratorical analysis; when in the nineteenth century the profound and elastic genius of Germany encountered the age of philosophical compositions and of cosmopolitan criticism. There was such a contrariety when in the seventeenth century the rude and lonely English genius tried blunderingly to adopt a novel politeness; when in the sixteenth century the lucid and prosaic French spirit tried vainly to cradle a living poetry. That hidden concord of creative forces produced the finished urbanity and the noble and regular literature under Louis XIV. and Bossuet, the grand metaphysics and broad critical sympathy of Hegel and Goethe. That hidden contrariety of creative forces produced the imperfect literature, the scandalous comedy, the abortive drama under Dryden and Wycherley, the vile Greek importations, the groping elaborate efforts, the scant half-graces under Ronsard and the Pleiad. So much we can say with confidence, that the unknown creations toward which the current of the centuries conducts us, will be raised up and regulated altogether by the three primordial forces; that if these forces could be measured and computed, one might deduce from them as from a formula the specialties of future civilization; and that if, in spite of the evident crudeness of our notations, and the fundamental inexactness of our measures, we try now to form some idea of our general

destiny, it is upon an examination of these forces that we must ground our prophecy. For in enumerating them, we traverse the complete circle of the agencies; and when we have considered race, circumstance, and epoch, which are the internal mainsprings, the external pressure, and the acquired momentum, we have exhausted not only the whole of the actual causes, but also the whole of the possible causes of motion.

VI

It remains for us to examine how these causes, when applied to a nation or an age, produce their results. As a rivulet falling from a height spreads its streams, according to the depth of the descent, stage after stage, until it reaches the lowest level of the soil, so the disposition of intellect or soul impressed on a people by race, circumstance, or epoch, spreads in different proportions and by regular descents, down the diverse orders of facts which make up its civilization. If we arrange the map of a country, starting from the watershed, we find that below this common point the streams are divided into five or six principal basins, then each of these into several secondary basins, and so on, until the whole country with its thousand details is included in the ramifications of this network. So, if we arrange the psychological map of the events and sensations of a human civilization, we find first of all five or six well-defined provinces—religion, art, philosophy, the state, the family, the industries; then in each of these provinces natural departments; and in each of these, smaller territories, until we arrive at the numberless details of life such as may be observed within and around us every day. If now we examine and compare these diverse groups of facts, we find first of all that they are made up of parts, and that all have parts in common. Let us take first the three chief works of human intelligence—religion, art, philosophy. What is a philosophy but a conception of nature and its primordial causes, under the form of abstractions and formularies? What is there at the bottom of a religion or of an art but a conception of this same nature and of these same causes, under form of symbols more or less concise, and personages more or less marked; with this difference, that in the first we believe that they exist, in the second we believe that they do not exist? Let the reader consider a few of the great creations of the intelligence in India, Scandinavia, Persia, Rome, Greece, and he will see that, throughout, art is a kind of philosophy made sensible, religion a poem taken for true, philosophy an art and a religion dried up, and reduced to simple ideas. There is, therefore, at the core of each of these three groups, a common element, the conception of the world and its principles; and if they differ among themselves, it is because each combines with the common, a distinct element: now the power of abstraction, again the power to personify and to believe, and finally the power to personify and not believe. Let us now take the two chief works of human association, the family and the state. What forms the state but a sentiment of obedience by which the many unite under the authority of a chief? And what forms the family but the sentiment of obedience, by which wife and children act under the direction of a father and husband? The family is a natural state, primitive and restrained, as the state is an artificial family, ulterior and expanded; and among the differences arising from the number, origin, and condition of its members, we discover in the small society as in the great, a like disposition of the fundamental intelligence which assimilates and unites them. Now suppose that this element receives from circumstance, race or epoch certain special marks, it is clear that all the groups into which it enters, will be modified proportionately. If the sentiment of obedience is merely fear, you will find, as in most Oriental states, a brutal despotism, exaggerated punishment, oppression of the subject, servility of manners, insecurity of property, an impoverished production, the slavery of women, and the customs of the harem. If the sentiment of obedience has its root in the instinct of order, sociality, and honor, you will find, as in France, a perfect military organization, a fine administrative hierarchy, a want of public spirit with occasional jerks of patriotism, ready docility of the subject with a revolutionary impatience, the cringing courtier with the counter-efforts of the genuine man, the refined sympathy between conversation

and society on the one hand, and the worry at the fireside and among the family on the other, the equality of the married with the incompleteness of the married state, under the necessary constraint of the law. If, again, the sentiment of obedience has its root in the instinct of subordination and the idea of duty, you will find, as among the Germans, security and happiness in the household, a solid basis of domestic life, a tardy and incomplete development of society, an innate respect for established dignities, a superstitious reverence for the past, the keeping up of social inequalities, natural and habitual regard for the law. So in a race, according as the aptitude for general ideas varies, religion, art, and philosophy vary. If man is naturally inclined to the widest universal conceptions, and apt to disturb them at the same time by the nervous delicacy of his over-sensitive organization you will find, as in India, an astonishing abundance of gigantic religious creations, a glowing outgrowth of vast and transparent epic poems, a strange tangle of subtle and imaginative philosophies, all so well interwoven, and so penetrated with a common essence, as to be instantly recognized, by their breadth, their coloring, and their want of order, as the products of the same climate and the same intelligence. If, on the other hand, a man naturally staid and balanced in mind limits of his own accord the scope of his ideas, in order the better to define their form, you will find, as in Greece, a theology of artists and tale-tellers; distinctive gods, soon considered distinct from things, and transformed, almost at the outset, into recognized personages; the sentiment of universal unity all but effaced, and barely preserved in the vague notion of Destiny; a philosophy rather close and delicate than grand and systematic, confined to a lofty metaphysics, but incomparable for logic, sophistry, and morals; poetry and arts superior for clearness, spirits, scope, truth, and beauty to all that have ever been known. If, once more, man, reduced to narrow conceptions, and deprived of all speculative refinement, is at the same time altogether absorbed and straitened by practical occupations, you will find, as in Rome, rudimentary deities, mere hollow names, serving to designate the trivial details of agriculture, generation, household concerns, etiquettes, in fact of marriage, of the farm, producing a mythology, a philosophy, a poetry, either worth nothing or borrowed. Here, as everywhere, the law of mutual dependence comes into play. A civilization forms a body, and its parts are connected with each other like the parts of an organic body. As in an animal, instincts, teeth, limbs, osseous structure, muscular envelope, are mutually connected, so that a change in one produces a corresponding change in the rest, and a clever naturalist can by a process of reasoning reconstruct out of a few fragments almost the whole body; even so in a civilization, religion, philosophy, the organization of the family, literature, the arts, make up a system in which every local change induces a general change, so that an experienced historian, studying some particular part of it, sees in advance and half predicts the character of the rest. There is nothing vague in this interdependence. In the living body the regulator is, first, its tendency to manifest a certain primary type; then its necessity for organs whereby to satisfy its wants, and for harmony with itself in order that it may live. In a civilization, the regulator is the presence, in every great human creation, of a productive element, present also in other surrounding creations—to wit, some faculty, aptitude, disposition, effective and discernable, which, being possessed of its proper character, introduces it into all the operations in which it assists, and, according to its variations, causes all the works in which it co-operates to vary also.

VII

At this point we can obtain a glimpse of the principal features of human transformations, and begin to search for the general laws which regulate, not events only, but classes of events, not such and such religion or literature, but a group of literatures or religions. If, for instance, it were admitted that a religion is a metaphysical poem, accompanied by a belief; and remarking at the same time that there are certain epochs, races, and circumstances in which belief, the poetical and metaphysical faculty, are combined with an unwonted vigor; if we consider that Christianity and Buddhism were pro-

duced at periods of grand productions, and amid such miseries as raised up the fanatics of the Cévennes; if we recognize, on the other hand, that primitive religions are born at the awakening of human reason, during the richest blossoming of human imagination, at a time of the fairest artlessness and the greatest credulity; if we consider, also, that Mohammedanism appeared with the dawning of poetic prose, and the conception of national unity, among a people destitute of science, at a period of sudden development of the intellect—we might then conclude that a religion is born, declines, is reformed and transformed according as circumstances confirm and combine with more or less exactitude and force its three generative instincts; and we should understand why it is endemic in India, amid imaginative, philosophic, eminently fanatic brains; why it blossomed forth so strangely and grandly in the middle ages, amid an oppressive organization, new tongues and literatures; why it was aroused in the sixteenth century with a new character and heroic enthusiasm, amid universal regeneration, and during the awakening of the German races; why it breaks out into eccentric sects amid the rude American democracy, and under the bureaucratic Russian despotism; why, in fine, it is spread, at the present day, over Europe in such different dimensions and such various characteristics, according to the differences of race and civilization. And so for every kind of human production—for literature, music, the fine arts, philosophy, science, statecraft, industries, and the rest. Each of these has for its direct cause a moral disposition, or a combination of moral dispositions: the cause given, they appear; the cause withdrawn, they vanish: the weakness or intensity of the cause measures their weakness or intensity. They are bound up with their causes, as a physical phenomenon with its condition, as the dew with the fall of the variable temperature, as dilatation with heat. There are such dualities in the moral as in the physical world, as rigorously bound together, and as universally extended in the one as in the other. Whatever in the one case produces, alters, suppresses the first term, produces, alters, suppresses the second as a necessary consequence. Whatever lowers the temperature, deposits the dew. Whatever develops credulity side by side with poetical thoughts, engenders religion. Thus phenomena have been produced; thus they will be produced. As soon as we know the sufficient and necessary condition of one of these vast occurrences, our understanding grasps the future as well as the past. We can say with confidence in what circumstances it will reappear, foresee without rashness many portions of its future history, and sketch with care some features of its ulterior development.

VIII

History is now upon, or perhaps almost upon this footing that it must proceed after such a method of research. The question propounded nowadays is of this kind. Given a literature, philosophy, society, art, group of arts, what is the moral condition which produced it? what the conditions of race, epoch, circumstance, the most fitted to produce this moral condition? There is a distinct moral condition for each of these formations, and for each of their branches; one for art in general, one for each kind of art—for architecture, painting, sculpture, music, poetry; each has its special germ in the wide field of human psychology; each has its law, and it is by virtue of this law that we see it raised, by chance, as it seems, wholly alone, amid the miscarriage of its neighbors, like painting in Flanders and Holland in the seventeenth century, poetry in England in the sixteenth, music in Germany in the eighteenth. At this moment, and in these countries, the conditions have been fulfilled for one art, not for others, and a single branch has budded in the general barrenness. For these rules of human growth must history search; with the special psychology of each special formation it must occupy itself; the finished picture of these characteristic conditions it must now labor to compose. No task is more delicate or more difficult; Montesquieu tried it, but in his time history was too new to admit of his success; they had not yet even a suspicion of the road necessary to be traveled, and hardly now do we begin to catch sight of it Just as in its elements astronomy is a mechanical and physiology a chemical problem, so history in its elements is a

psychological problem. There is a particular inner system of impressions and operations which makes an artist, a believer, a musician, a painter, a wanderer, a man of society; and of each the affiliation, the depth, the independence of ideas and emotions, are different: each has its moral history and its special structure, with some governing disposition and some dominant feature. To explain each, it would be necessary to write a chapter of esoteric analysis, and barely yet has such a method been rudely sketched. One man alone, Stendhal, with a singular bent of mind and a singular education, has undertaken it, and to this day the majority of readers find his books paradoxical and obscure: his talent and his ideas were premature; his admirable divinations were not understood, any more than his profound sayings thrown out cursorily, or the astonishing justness of his perception and of his logic. It was not perceived that, under the exterior of a conversationalist and a man of the world, he explained the most complicated of esoteric mechanisms; that he laid his finger on the mainsprings; that he introduced into the history of the heart scientific processes, the art of notation, decomposition, deduction; that he first marked the fundamental causes of nationality, climate, temperament; in short, that he treated of sentiments as they should be treated—in the manner of the naturalist, namely, and of the natural philosopher, who constructs classifications and weighs forces. For this very reason he was considered dry and eccentric: he remained solitary, writing novels, voyages, notes, for which he sought and obtained a score of readers. And yet we find in his books at the present day essays the most suitable to open the path which I have endeavored to describe. No one has better taught us how to open our eyes and see, to see first the men that surround us and the life that is present, then the ancient and authentic documents, to read between the black and white lines of the pages, to recognize under the old impression, under the scribbling of a text, the precise sentiment, the movement of ideas, the state of mind in which they were written. In his writings, in Sainte-Beuve, in the German critics, the reader will see all the wealth that may be drawn from a literary work: when the work is rich, and one knows how to interpret it, we find there the psychology of a soul, frequently of an age, now and then of a race. In this light, a great poem, a fine novel, the confessions of a superior man, are more instructive than a heap of historians with their histories. I would give fifty volumes of charters and a hundred volumes of state-papers for the memoirs of Cellini, the epistles of St. Paul, the Table-talk of Luther, or the comedies of Aristophanes. In this consists the importance of literary works: they are instructive because they are beautiful; their utility grows with their perfection; and if they furnish documents, it is because they are monuments. The more a book represents visible sentiments, the more it is a work of literature; for the proper office of literature is to take note of sentiments. The more a book represents important sentiments, the higher is its place in literature; for it is by representing the mode of being of a whole nation and a whole age, that a writer rallies round him the sympathies of an entire age and an entire nation. This is why, amid the writings which set before our eyes the sentiments of preceding generations, a literature, and notably a grand literature, is incomparably the best. It resembles that admirable apparatus of extraordinary sensibility, by which physicians disentangle and measure the most recondite and delicate changes of a body. Constitutions, religions, do not approach it in importance; the articles of a code and of a catechism only show us the spirit roughly and without delicacy. If there are any writings in which politics and dogma are full of life, it is in the eloquent discourses of the pulpit and the tribune, memoirs, unrestrained confessions; and all this belongs to literature: so that, in addition to itself, it has all the advantage of other works. It is then chiefly by the study of literatures that one may construct a moral history, and advance toward the knowledge of psychological laws, from which events spring.

I am about to write the history of a literature, and to seek in it for the psychology of a people: if I have chosen this one in particular, it is not without a reason. I had to find a people with a grand and complete literature, and this is rare: there are few nations who have, during their whole existence, really

thought and written. Among the ancients, the Latin literature is worth nothing at the outset, then borrowed and imitative. Among the moderns, German literature is almost wanting for two centuries. Italian literature and Spanish literature end at the middle of the seventeenth century. Only ancient Greece, modern France and England, offer a complete series of great significant monuments. I have chosen England, because being yet alive, and subject to direct examination, it may be better studied than a destroyed civilization, of which we retain but the scraps, and because, being different from France, it has in the eyes of a Frenchman a more distinct character. Besides, there is a peculiarity in this civilization, that apart from its spontaneous development, it presents a forced deviation, it has suffered the last and most effectual of all conquests, and that the three grounds whence it has sprung, race, climate, the Norman invasion, may be observed in its remains with perfect exactness; so well, that we may examine in this history the two most powerful moving springs of human transformation, natural bent and constraining force, and we may examine them without uncertainty or gap, in a series of authentic and unmutilated memorials. I have endeavored to define these primary springs, to exhibit their gradual effects, to explain how they have ended by bringing to light great political, religious, and literary works, and by developing the recondite mechanism whereby the Saxon barbarian has been transformed into the Englishman of to-day.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822–1888)

THE FUNCTION OF CRITICISM AT THE PRESENT TIME

MANY objections have been made to a proposition which, in some remarks of mine on translating Homer, I ventured to put forth; a proposition about criticism, and its importance at the present day. I said: "Of the literature of France and Germany, as of the intellect of Europe in general, the main effort, for now many years, has been a critical effort; the endeavour, in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is." I added, that owing to the operation in English literature of certain causes, "almost the last thing for which one would come to English literature is just that very thing which now Europe most desires,—criticism"; and that the power and value of English literature was thereby impaired. More than one rejoinder declared that the importance I here assigned to criticism was excessive, and asserted the inherent superiority of the creative effort of the human spirit over its critical effort. And the other day, having been led by a Mr. Shairp's excellent notice of Wordsworth to turn again to his biography, I found, in the words of this great man, whom I, for one, must always listen to with the profoundest respect, a sentence passed on the critic's business, which seems to justify every possible disparagement of it. Wordsworth says in one of his letters:—

> The writers in these publications [the Reviews], while they prosecute their inglorious employment, cannot be supposed to be in a state of mind very favourable for being affected by the finer influences of a thing so pure as genuine poetry.

And a trustworthy reporter of his conversation quotes a more elaborate judgment to the same effect:—

> Wordsworth holds the critical power very low, infinitely lower than the inventive; and he said today that if the quantity of time consumed in writing critiques on the works of others were given to original composition, of whatever kind it might be, it would be much better employed; it would make a man find out sooner his own level, and it would do infinitely less mischief. A false or malicious criticism may do much injury to the minds of others, a stupid invention, either in prose or verse, is quite harmless.

It is almost too much to expect of poor human nature, that a man capable of producing some effect in one line of literature should, for the greater good of society, voluntarily doom himself to impotence and obscurity in another. Still less is this to be

expected from men addicted to the composition of the "false or malicious criticism" of which Wordsworth speaks. However, everybody would admit that a false or malicious criticism had better never have been written. Everybody, too, would be willing to admit, as a general proposition, that the critical faculty is lower than the inventive. But is it true that criticism is really, in itself, a baneful and injurious employment; is it true that all time given to writing critiques on the works of others would be much better employed if it were given to original composition, of whatever kind this may be? Is it true that Johnson had better have gone on producing more *Irenes* instead of writing his *Lives of the Poets;* nay, is it certain that Wordsworth himself was better employed in making his Ecclesiastical Sonnets than when he made his celebrated Preface, so full of criticism, and criticism of the works of others? Wordsworth was himself a great critic, and it is to be sincerely regretted that he has not left us more criticism; Goethe was one of the greatest of critics, and we may sincerely congratulate ourselves that he has left us so much criticism. Without wasting time over the exaggeration which Wordsworth's judgment on criticism clearly contains, or over an attempt to trace the causes,—not difficult, I think, to be traced,—which may have led Wordsworth to this exaggeration, a critic may with advantage seize an occasion for trying his own conscience, and for asking himself of what real service at any given moment the practice of criticism either is or may be made to his own mind and spirit, and to the minds and spirits of others.

The critical power is of lower rank than the creative. True; but in assenting to this proposition, one or two things are to be kept in mind. It is undeniable that the exercise of a creative power, that a free creative activity, is the highest function of man; it is proved to be so by man's finding in it his true happiness. But it is undeniable, also, that men may have the sense of exercising this free creative activity in other ways than in producing great works of literature or art; if it were not so, all but a very few men would be shut out from the true happiness of all men. They may have it in well-doing, they may have it in learning, they may have it even in criticising. This is one thing to be kept in mind. Another is, that the exercise of the creative power in the production of great works of literature or art, however high this exercise of it may rank, is not at all epochs and under all conditions possible; and that therefore labour may be vainly spent in attempting it, which might with more fruit be used in preparing for it, in rendering it possible. This creative power works with elements, with materials; what if it has not those materials, those elements, ready for its use? In that case it must surely wait till they are ready. Now, in literature, —I will limit myself to literature, for it is about literature that the question arises,— the elements with which the creative power works are ideas; the best ideas on every matter which literature touches, current at the time. At any rate we may lay it down as certain that in modern literature no manifestation of the creative power not working with these can be very important or fruitful. And I say *current* at the time, not merely accessible at the time; for creative literary genius does not principally show itself in discovering new ideas, that is rather the business of the philosopher. The grand work of literary genius is a work of synthesis and exposition, not of analysis and discovery; its gift lies in the faculty of being happily inspired by a certain intellectual and spiritual atmosphere, by a certain order of ideas, when it finds itself in them; of dealing divinely with these ideas, presenting them in the most effective and attractive combinations,—making beautiful works with them, in short. But it must have the atmosphere, it must find itself amidst the order of ideas, in order to work freely; and these it is not so easy to command. This is why great creative epochs in literature are so rare, this is why there is so much that is unsatisfactory in the productions of many men of real genius; because, for the creation of a master-work of literature two powers must concur, the power of the man and the power of the moment, and the man is not enough without the moment; the creative power has, for its happy exercise, appointed elements, and those elements are not in its own control.

Nay, they are more within the control of the critical power. It is the business of the critical power, as I said in the words already

quoted, "in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is." Thus it tends, at last, to make an intellectual situation of which the creative power can profitably avail itself. It tends to establish an order of ideas, if not absolutely true, yet true by comparison with that which it displaces; to make the best ideas prevail. Presently these new ideas reach society, the touch of truth is the touch of life, and there is a stir and growth everywhere; out of this stir and growth come the creative epochs of literature.

Or, to narrow our range, and quit these considerations of the general march of genius and of society,—considerations which are apt to become too abstract and impalpable, —every one can see that a poet, for instance, ought to know life and the world before dealing with them in poetry; and life and the world being in modern times very complex things, the creation of a modern poet, to be worth much, implies a great critical effort behind it; else it must be a comparatively poor, barren, and short-lived affair. This is why Byron's poetry had so little endurance in it, and Goethe's so much; both Byron and Goethe had a great productive power, but Goethe's was nourished by a great critical effort providing the true materials for it, and Byron's was not; Goethe knew life and the world, the poet's necessary subjects, much more comprehensively and thoroughly than Byron. He knew a great deal more of them, and he knew them much more as they really are.

It has long seemed to me that the burst of creative activity in our literature, through the first quarter of this century, had about it in fact something premature; and that from this cause its productions are doomed, most of them, in spite of the sanguine hopes which accompanied and do still accompany them, to prove hardly more lasting than the productions of far less splendid epochs. And this prematureness comes from its having proceeded without having its proper data, without sufficient materials to work with. In other words, the English poetry of the first quarter of this century, with plenty of energy, plenty of creative force, did not know enough. This makes Byron so empty of matter, Shelley so incoherent, Wordsworth even, profound as he is, yet so wanting in completeness and variety. Wordsworth cared little for books, and disparaged Goethe. I admire Wordsworth, as he is, so much that I cannot wish him different; and it is vain, no doubt, to imagine such a man different from what he is, to suppose that he *could* have been different. But surely the one thing wanting to make Wordsworth an even greater poet than he is,—his thought richer, and his influence of wider application,—was that he should have read more books, among them, no doubt, those of that Goethe whom he disparaged without reading him.

But to speak of books and reading may easily lead to a misunderstanding here. It was not really books and reading that lacked to our poetry at this epoch; Shelley had plenty of reading, Coleridge had immense reading. Pindar and Sophocles—as we all say so glibly, and often with so little discernment of the real import of what we are saying—had not many books; Shakespeare was no deep reader. True; but in the Greece of Pindar and Sophocles, in the England of Shakespeare, the poet lived in a current of ideas in the highest degree animating and nourishing to the creative power; society was, in the fullest measure, permeated by fresh thought, intelligent and alive. And this state of things is the true basis for the creative power's exercise, in this it finds its data, its materials, truly ready for its hand; all the books and reading in the world are only valuable as they are helps to this. Even when this does not actually exist, books and reading may enable a man to construct a kind of semblance of it in his own mind, a world of knowledge and intelligence in which he may live and work. This is by no means an equivalent to the artist for the nationally diffused life and thought of the epochs of Sophocles or Shakespeare; but, besides that it may be a means of preparation for such epochs, it does really constitute, if many share in it, a quickening and sustaining atmosphere of great value. Such an atmosphere the many-sided learning and the long and widely-combined critical effort of Germany formed for Goethe, when he lived and worked. There was no national glow of life and thought there as in the Athens of Pericles or the England of Elizabeth. That was the poet's weakness. But there was a sort of equivalent for it in the complete culture and

unfettered thinking of a large body of Germans. That was his strength. In the England of the first quarter of this century there was neither a national glow of life and thought, such as we had in the age of Elizabeth, nor yet a culture and a force of learning and criticism such as were to be found in Germany. Therefore the creative power of poetry wanted, for success in the highest sense, materials and a basis; a thorough interpretation of the world was necessarily denied to it.

At first sight it seems strange that out of the immense stir of the French Revolution and its age should not have come a crop of works of genius equal to that which came out of the stir of the great productive time of Greece, or out of that of the Renascence, with its powerful episode the Reformation. But the truth is that the stir of the French Revolution took a character which essentially distinguished it from such movements as these. These were, in the main, disinterestedly intellectual and spiritual movements; movements in which the human spirit looked for its satisfaction in itself and in the increased play of its own activity. The French Revolution took a political, practical character. The movement which went on in France under the old *régime*, from 1700 to 1789, was far more really akin than that of the Revolution itself to the movement of the Renascence; the France of Voltaire and Rousseau told far more powerfully upon the mind of Europe than the France of the Revolution. Goethe reproached this last expressly with having "thrown quiet culture back." Nay, and the true key to how much in our Byron, even in our Wordsworth, is this!—that they had their source in a great movement of feeling, not in a great movement of mind. The French Revolution, however,—that object of so much blind love and so much blind hatred,—found undoubtedly its motive-power in the intelligence of men, and not in their practical sense; this is what distinguishes it from the English Revolution of Charles the First's time. This is what makes it a more spiritual event than our Revolution, an event of much more powerful and world-wide interest, though practically less successful; it appeals to an order of ideas which are universal, certain, permanent. 1789 asked of a thing, Is it rational? 1642 asked of a thing, Is it legal? or, when it went furthest, Is it according to conscience? This is the English fashion, a fashion to be treated, within its own sphere, with the highest respect; for its success, within its own sphere, has been prodigious. But what is law in one place is not law in another, what is law here to-day is not law even here to-morrow; and as for conscience, what is binding on one man's conscience is not binding on another's. The old woman who threw her stool at the head of the surpliced minister in St. Giles's Church at Edinburgh obeyed an impulse to which millions of the human race may be permitted to remain strangers. But the prescriptions of reason are absolute, unchanging, of universal validity; *to count by tens is the easiest way of counting*—that is a proposition of which every one, from here to the Antipodes, feels the force; at least I should say so if we did not live in a country where it is not impossible that any morning we may find a letter in the *Times* declaring that a decimal coinage is an absurdity. That a whole nation should have been penetrated with an enthusiasm for pure reason, and with an ardent zeal for making its prescriptions triumph, is a very remarkable thing, when we consider how little of mind, or anything so worthy and quickening as mind, comes into the motives which alone, in general, impel great masses of men. In spite of the extravagant direction given to this enthusiasm, in spite of the crimes and follies in which it lost itself, the French Revolution derives from the force, truth, and universality of the ideas which it took for its law, and from the passion with which it could inspire a multitude for these ideas, a unique and still living power; it is—it will probably long remain—the greatest, the most animating event in history. And as no sincere passion for the things of the mind, even though it turn out in many respects an unfortunate passion, is ever quite thrown away and quite barren of good, France has reaped from hers one fruit—the natural and legitimate fruit, though not precisely the grand fruit she expected: she is the country in Europe where *the people* is most alive.

But the mania for giving an immediate political and practical application to all these fine ideas of the reason was fatal. Here an

Englishman is in his element: on this theme we can all go on for hours. And all we are in the habit of saying on it has undoubtedly a great deal of truth. Ideas cannot be too much prized in and for themselves, cannot be too much lived with; but to transport them abruptly into the world of politics and practice, violently to revolutionise this world to their bidding,—that is quite another thing. There is the world of ideas and there is the world of practice; the French are often for suppressing the one, and the English the other; but neither is to be suppressed. A member of the House of Commons said to me the other day: "That a thing is an anomaly, I consider to be no objection to it whatever." I venture to think he was wrong; that a thing is an anomaly *is* an objection to it, but absolutely and in the sphere of ideas: it is not necessarily, under such and such circumstances, or at such and such a moment, an objection to it in the sphere of politics and practice. Joubert has said beautifully: "C'est la force et le droit qui règlent toutes choses dans le monde; la force en attendant le droit." (Force and right are the governors of this world; force till right is ready.) *Force till right is ready;* and till right is ready, *force*, the existing order of things, is justified, is the legitimate ruler. But right is something moral, and implies inward recognition, free assent of the will; we are not ready for right,—*right*, so far as we are concerned, *is not ready*,—until we have attained this sense of seeing it and willing it. The way in which for us it may change and transform force, the existing order of things, and become, in its turn, the legitimate ruler of the world, should depend on the way in which, when our time comes, we see it and will it. Therefore for other people enamoured of their own newly discerned right, to attempt to impose it upon us as ours, and violently to substitute their right for our force, is an act of tyranny, and to be resisted. It sets at nought the second great half of our maxim, *force till right is ready*. This was the grand error of the French Revolution; and its movement of ideas, by quitting the intellectual sphere and rushing furiously into the political sphere, ran, indeed, a prodigious and memorable course, but produced no such intellectual fruit as the movement of ideas of the Renascence, and created, in opposition to itself, what I may call an *epoch of concentration*. The great force of that epoch of concentration was England; and the great voice of that epoch of concentration was Burke. It is the fashion to treat Burke's writings on the French Revolution as superannuated and conquered by the event; as the eloquent but unphilosophical tirades of bigotry and prejudice. I will not deny that they are often disfigured by the violence and passion of the moment, and that in some directions Burke's view was bounded, and his observation therefore at fault. But on the whole, and for those who can make the needful corrections, what distinguishes these writings is their profound, permanent, fruitful, philosophical truth. They contain the true philosophy of an epoch of concentration, dissipate the heavy atmosphere which its own nature is apt to engender round it, and make its resistance rational instead of mechanical.

But Burke is so great because, almost alone in England, he brings thought to bear upon politics, he saturates politics with thought. It is his accident that his ideas were at the service of an epoch of concentration, not of an epoch of expansion; it is his characteristic that he so lived by ideas, and had such a source of them welling up within him, that he could float even an epoch of concentration and English Tory politics with them. It does not hurt him that Dr. Price and the Liberals were enraged with him; it does not even hurt him that George the Third and the Tories were enchanted with him. His greatness is that he lived in a world which neither English Liberalism nor English Toryism is apt to enter;—the world of ideas, not the world of catchwords and party habits. So far is it from being really true of him that he "to party gave up what was meant for mankind," that at the very end of his fierce struggle with the French Revolution, after all his invectives against its false pretensions, hollowness, and madness, with his sincere conviction of its mischievousness, he can close a memorandum on the best means of combating it, some of the last pages he ever wrote,—the *Thoughts on French Affairs*, in December, 1791,—with these striking words:—

> The evil is stated, in my opinion, as it exists. The remedy must be where power, wisdom, and information, I hope, are more united with good

intentions than they can be with me. I have done with this subject, I believe, for ever. It has given me many anxious moments for the last two years. *If a great change is to be made in human affairs, the minds of men will be fitted to it; the general opinions and feelings will draw that way. Every fear, every hope will forward it; and then they who persist in opposing this mighty current in human affairs, will appear rather to resist the decrees of Providence itself, than the mere designs of men. They will not be resolute and firm, but perverse and obstinate.*

That return of Burke upon himself has always seemed to me one of the finest things in English literature, or indeed in any literature. That is what I call living by ideas: when one side of a question has long had your earnest support, when all your feelings are engaged, when you hear all round you no language but one, when your party talks this language like a steam-engine and can imagine no other,—still to be able to think, still to be irresistibly carried, if so it be, by the current of thought to the opposite side of the question, and, like Balaam, to be unable to speak anything *but what the Lord has put in your mouth*. I know nothing more striking, and I must add that I know nothing more un-English.

For the Englishman in general is like my friend the Member of Parliament, and believes, point-blank, that for a thing to be an anomaly is absolutely no objection to it whatever. He is like the Lord Auckland of Burke's day, who, in a memorandum on the French Revolution, talks of "certain miscreants, assuming the name of philosophers, who have presumed themselves capable of establishing a new system of society." The Englishman has been called a political animal, and he values what is political and practical so much that ideas easily become objects of dislike in his eyes, and thinkers "miscreants," because ideas and thinkers have rashly meddled with politics and practice. This would be all very well if the dislike and neglect confined themselves to ideas transported out of their own sphere, and meddling rashly with practice; but they are inevitably extended to ideas as such, and to the whole life of intelligence; practice is everything, a free play of the mind is nothing. The notion of the free play of the mind upon all subjects being a pleasure in itself, being an object of desire, being an essential provider of elements without which a nation's spirit, whatever compensations it may have for them, must, in the long run, die of inanition, hardly enters into an Englishman's thoughts. It is noticeable that the word *curiosity*, which in other languages is used in a good sense, to mean, as a high and fine quality of man's nature, just this disinterested love of a free play of the mind on all subjects, for its own sake,—it is noticeable, I say, that this word has in our language no sense of the kind, no sense but a rather bad and disparaging one. But criticism, real criticism, is essentially the exercise of this very quality. It obeys an instinct prompting it to try to know the best that is known and thought in the world, irrespectively of practice, politics, and everything of the kind; and to value knowledge and thought as they approach this best, without the intrusion of any other considerations whatever. This is an instinct for which there is, I think, little original sympathy in the practical English nature, and what there was of it has undergone a long benumbing period of blight and suppression in the epoch of concentration which followed the French Revolution.

But epochs of concentration cannot well endure for ever; epochs of expansion, in the due course of things, follow them. Such an epoch of expansion seems to be opening in this country. In the first place all danger of a hostile forcible pressure of foreign ideas upon our practice has long disappeared; like the traveller in the fable, therefore, we begin to wear our cloak a little more loosely. Then, with a long peace, the ideas of Europe steal gradually and amicably in, and mingle, though in infinitesimally small quantities at a time, with our own notions. Then, too, in spite of all that is said about the absorbing and brutalising influence of our passionate material progress, it seems to me indisputable that this progress is likely, though not certain, to lead in the end to an apparition of intellectual life; and that man, after he has made himself perfectly comfortable and has now to determine what to do with himself next, may begin to remember that he has a mind, and that the mind may be made the source of great pleasure. I grant it is mainly the privilege of faith, at present, to discern this end to our railways, our business, and our fortune-making; but

we shall see if, here as elsewhere, faith is not in the end the true prophet. Our ease, our travelling, and our unbounded liberty to hold just as hard and securely as we please to the practice to which our notions have given birth, all tend to beget an inclination to deal a little more freely with these notions themselves, to canvass them a little, to penetrate a little into their real nature. Flutterings of curiosity, in the foreign sense of the word, appear amongst us, and it is in these that criticism must look to find its account. Criticism first; a time of true creative activity, perhaps,—which, as I have said, must inevitably be preceded amongst us by a time of criticism,—hereafter, when criticism has done its work.

It is of the last importance that English criticism should clearly discern what rule for its course, in order to avail itself of the field now opening to it, and to produce fruit for the future, it ought to take. The rule may be summed up in one word,—*disinterestedness*. And how is criticism to show disinterestedness? By keeping aloof from what is called "the practical view of things"; by resolutely following the law of its own nature, which is to be a free play of the mind on all subjects which it touches. By steadily refusing to lend itself to any of those ulterior, political, practical considerations about ideas, which plenty of people will be sure to attach to them, which perhaps ought often to be attached to them, which in this country at any rate are certain to be attached to them quite sufficiently, but which criticism has really nothing to do with. Its business is, as I have said, simply to know the best that is known and thought in the world, and by in its turn making this known, to create a current of true and fresh ideas. Its business is to do this with inflexible honesty, with due ability; but its business is to do no more, and to leave alone all questions of practical consequences and applications, questions which will never fail to have due prominence given to them. Else criticism, besides being really false to its own nature, merely continues in the old rut which it has hitherto followed in this country, and will certainly miss the chance now given to it. For what is at present the bane of criticism in this country? It is that practical considerations cling to it and stifle it. It subserves interests not its own. Our organs of criticism are organs of men and parties having practical ends to serve, and with them those practical ends are the first thing and the play of mind the second; so much play of mind as is compatible with the prosecution of those practical ends is all that is wanted. An organ like the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, having for its main function to understand and utter the best that is known and thought in the world, existing, it may be said, as just an organ for a free play of the mind, we have not. But we have the *Edinburgh Review*, existing as an organ of the old Whigs, and for as much play of the mind as may suit its being that; we have the *Quarterly Review*, existing as an organ of the Tories, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; we have the *British Quarterly Review*, existing as an organ of the political Dissenters, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; we have the *Times*, existing as an organ of the common, satisfied, well-to-do Englishman, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that. And so on through all the various fractions, political and religious, of our society; every fraction has, as such, its organ of criticism, but the notion of combining all fractions in the common pleasure of a free disinterested play of mind meets with no favour. Directly this play of mind wants to have more scope, and to forget the pressure of practical considerations a little, it is checked, it is made to feel the chain. We saw this the other day in the extinction, so much to be regretted, of the *Home and Foreign Review*. Perhaps in no organ of criticism in this country was there so much knowledge, so much play of mind; but these could not save it. The *Dublin Review* subordinates play of mind to the practical business of English and Irish Catholicism, and lives. It must needs be that men should act in sects and parties, that each of these sects and parties should have its organ, and should make this organ subserve the interests of its action; but it would be well, too, that there should be a criticism, not the minister of these interests, not their enemy, but absolutely and entirely independent of them. No other criticism will ever attain any real authority or make any real way towards its end,—the creating a current of true and fresh ideas.

It is because criticism has so little kept in the pure intellectual sphere, has so little detached itself from practice, has been so directly polemical and controversial, that it has so ill accomplished, in this country, its best spiritual work; which is to keep man from a self-satisfaction which is retarding and vulgarising, to lead him towards perfection, by making his mind dwell upon what is excellent in itself, and the absolute beauty and fitness of things. A polemical practical criticism makes men blind even to the ideal perfection of their practice, makes them willingly assert its ideal perfection, in order the better to secure it against attack; and clearly this is narrowing and baneful for them. If they were reassured on the practical side, speculative considerations of ideal perfection they might be brought to entertain, and their spiritual horizon would thus gradually widen. Sir Charles Adderley says to the Warwickshire farmers:—

> Talk of the improvement of breed! Why, the race we ourselves represent, the men and women, the old Anglo-Saxon race, are the best breed in the whole world. . . . The absence of a too enervating climate, too unclouded skies, and a too luxurious nature, has produced so vigorous a race of people, and has rendered us so superior to all the world.

Mr. Roebuck says to the Sheffield cutlers:—

> I look around me and ask what is the state of England? Is not property safe? Is not every man able to say what he likes? Can you not walk from one end of England to the other in perfect security? I ask you whether, the world over or in past history, there is anything like it? Nothing. I pray that our unrivalled happiness may last.

Now obviously there is a peril for poor human nature in words and thoughts of such exuberant self-satisfaction, until we find ourselves safe in the streets of the Celestial City.

Das wenige verschwindet leicht dem Blicke
Der vorwärts sieht, wie viel noch übrig bleibt—

says Goethe; "the little that is done seems nothing when we look forward and see how much we have yet to do." Clearly this is a better line of reflection for weak humanity, so long as it remains on this earthly field of labour and trial.

. . . . . .

If I have insisted so much on the course which criticism must take where politics and religion are concerned, it is because, where these burning matters are in question, it is most likely to go astray. I have wished, above all, to insist on the attitude which criticism should adopt towards things in general; on its right tone and temper of mind. But then comes another question as to the subject-matter which literary criticism should most seek. Here, in general, its course is determined for it by the idea which is the law of its being; the idea of a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world, and thus to establish a current of fresh and true ideas. By the very nature of things, as England is not all the world, much of the best that is known and thought in the world cannot be of English growth, must be foreign; by the nature of things, again, it is just this that we are least likely to know, while English thought is streaming in upon us from all sides, and takes excellent care that we shall not be ignorant of its existence. The English critic of literature, therefore, must dwell much on foreign thought, and with particular heed on any part of it which, while significant and fruitful in itself, is for any reason specially likely to escape him. Again, judging is often spoken of as the critic's one business, and so in some sense it is; but the judgment which almost insensibly forms itself in a fair and clear mind, along with fresh knowledge, is the valuable one; and thus knowledge, and ever fresh knowledge, must be the critic's great concern for himself. And it is by communicating fresh knowledge, and letting his own judgment pass along with it,—but insensibly, and in the second place, not the first, as a sort of companion and clue, not as an abstract lawgiver,—that the critic will generally do most good to his readers. Sometimes, no doubt, for the sake of establishing an author's place in literature, and his relation to a central standard (and if this is not done, how are we to get at our *best in the world?*) criticism may have to deal with a subject-matter so familiar that fresh knowledge is out of the question, and then it must be all judgment; an enunciation and detailed application of principles. Here the great safeguard is never to let oneself become abstract, always

to retain an intimate and lively consciousness of the truth of what one is saying, and, the moment this fails us, to be sure that something is wrong. Still, under all circumstances, this mere judgment and application of principles is, in itself, not the most satisfactory work to the critic; like mathematics, it is tautological, and cannot well give us, like fresh learning, the sense of creative activity.

But stop, some one will say; all this talk is of no practical use to us whatever; this criticism of yours is not what we have in our minds when we speak of criticism; when we speak of critics and criticism, we mean critics and criticism of the current English literature of the day; when you offer to tell criticism its function, it is to this criticism that we expect you to address yourself. I am sorry for it, for I am afraid I must disappoint these expectations. I am bound by my own definition of criticism: *a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world.* How much of current English literature comes into this "best that is known and thought in the world?" Not very much, I fear certainly less, at this moment, than of the current literature of France or Germany. Well, then, am I to alter my definition of criticism, in order to meet the requirements of a number of practising English critics, who, after all, are free in their choice of a business? That would be making criticism lend itself just to one of those alien practical considerations, which, I have said, are so fatal to it. One may say, indeed, to those who have to deal with the mass—so much better disregarded—of current English literature, that they may at all events endeavour, in dealing with this, to try it, so far as they can, by the standard of the best that is known and thought in the world; one may say, that to get anywhere near this standard, every critic should try and possess one great literature, at least, besides his own, and the more unlike his own, the better. But, after all, the criticism I am really concerned with, —the criticism which alone can much help us for the future, the criticism which, throughout Europe, is at the present day meant, when so much stress is laid on the importance of criticism and the critical spirit,—is a criticism which regards Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result; and whose members have, for their proper outfit, a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another. Special, local, and temporary advantages being put out of account, that modern nation will in the intellectual and spiritual sphere make most progress, which most thoroughly carries out this programme. And what is that but saying that we too, all of us, as individuals, the more thoroughly we carry it out, shall make the more progress?

There is so much inviting us!—what are we to take? what will nourish us in growth towards perfection? That is the question which, with the immense field of life and of literature lying before him, the critic has to answer; for himself first, and afterwards for others. . . .

I conclude with what I said at the beginning: to have the sense of creative activity is the great happiness and the great proof of being alive, and it is not denied to criticism to have it; but then criticism must be sincere, simple, flexible, ardent, ever widening its knowledge. Then it may have, in no contemptible measure, a joyful sense of creative activity; a sense which a man of insight and conscience will prefer to what he might derive from a poor, starved, fragmentary, inadequate creation. And at some epochs no other creation is possible.

Still, in full measure, the sense of creative activity belongs only to genuine creation; in literature we must never forget that. But what true man of letters ever can forget it? It is no such common matter for a gifted nature to come into possession of a current of true and living ideas, and to produce amidst the inspiration of them, that we are likely to underrate it. The epochs of Æschylus and Shakespeare make us feel their pre-eminence. In an epoch like those is, no doubt, the true life of literature; there is the promised land, towards which criticism can only beckon. That promised land it will not be ours to enter, and we shall die in the wilderness; but to have desired to enter it, to have saluted it from afar, is already, perhaps, the best distinction among contemporaries; it will certainly be the best title to esteem with posterity.

ANATOLE FRANCE (1844–1924)

LA VIE LITTÉRAIRE

From the Preface to the First Volume

I seem to myself to be a philosophical monk. I belong by sentiment to the Abbey of Theleme, whose rule is gentle and obedience easy. Perhaps there is not much faith there, but assuredly one can be very pious within its walls.

Indulgence, tolerance, respect for one's self and for others are the saints with whom one keeps holiday there always. If one is inclined toward doubt, one must consider that Pyrrhonism cannot exist without a deep attachment to custom and usage. Now morality is merely the custom of the greatest number. No one can go beyond a sceptic in being moral and a good citizen. A sceptic never revolts against the laws, for he has no hope that there can be good ones. He knows that the Republic must be pardoned again and again. And yet would you like a bit of counsel? Never confide the political notes in the *Temps* to one of our Thelemites. He would spread over it a gentle melancholy which would discourage your honest readers. It is not philosophy that can uphold the ministry. As for me, I preserve a proper modesty, and I restrict myself to literary criticism.

As I understand it, and as you permit me to exercise it, criticism is, like philosophy and history, a kind of romance according to the practice of sage and curious minds, and every romance is, properly speaking, an autobiography. The good critic is he who recounts the adventures of his soul among masterpieces.

There is no more objective criticism than there is objective art, and all those who flatter themselves with putting anything else than themselves into their work are dupes of the most fallacious illusion. The truth is that we can never get outside of ourselves. That is one of the greatest of all miseries. What would we not give to see, for the duration of a minute, the heaven and the earth with the many-sided eye of a fly, or to comprehend nature with the rude and simple mind of an ourang-outang? But that has been forbidden to us. We cannot, like Tiresias, be man and remember having been a woman. We are locked within our own personality as in an eternal prison. What is better for us to do, it seems to me, is to recognize with good grace this frightful condition and to admit that we speak of ourselves every time that we have not the power to remain silent.

To be frank, the critic ought to say, "Gentlemen, I am going to speak of myself in connection with Shakespeare, with Racine, with Pascal, or with Goethe. The occasion for it is fair enough."

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I have had the honor of knowing M. Cuvillier-Fleury, who was an elderly critic with strong view. One day, when I was visiting him in his little home in the Avenue Raphaël, he showed me the modest library of which he was proud;

"Monsieur," he said to me, "eloquence, belles-lettres, philosophy, history, all the gems are represented, without counting criticism which embraces all the others. Yes, Monsieur, criticism is in turn orator, philosopher, historian."

M. Cuvillier-Fleury was right. The critic is all that, at least he can be. He has the opportunity to show intellectual qualities, the most rare, the most diverse. And when he is a Sainte-Beuve, a Taine, a J. J. Weiss, a Jules Lemaître, a Ferdinand Brunetière, nothing is lacking. Criticism is the last in sequence of all literary forms; it will end perhaps by absorbing all the others. It accommodates itself harmoniously to a highly civilized society whose memories are rich and whose traditions are already long. It is particularly appropriate to a humanity curious, learned, and polite. To prosper, it presupposes more culture than all the other literary demands of society. It had as creators Montaigne, Saint-Evremond, Bayle, and Montesquieu. It derives at once from philosophy and history. There was necessary for it, in order that it might develop, an epoch of absolute intellectual liberty. It

replaces theology, and, if one seeks for its universal doctor, the Saint Thomas Aquinas of the nineteenth century, is it not of Sainte-Beuve that he thinks?

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A book is, according to Littré, the binding together of several bundles of manuscript or printed pages. This definition is not satisfactory. I view a book as a work of sorcery whence escape all sorts of images which trouble the spirits and change the passions. I will say even more: a book is a little magic machine which transports into the midst of images of the past or among supernatural shadows. Those who read many books are like eaters of hasheesh. They live in a dream. The subtle poison which penetrates their minds renders them insensible to the real world and makes them a prey to terrible and charming phantoms. A book is the opium of the West. It devours us. A day will come when we shall all be librarians and that will be the end.

Let us love books as the mistress of the poet loved her pain. Let us love them; they cost us dear enough. Let us love them; let them be our death. Yes, books do kill us. Believe me who adore them, who gave myself long ago to them without reserve. Books do kill us. We have too many of them and too many kinds. Men have lived long ages without reading at all, and that was precisely the time when they did the greatest and the most useful things, for that was the time when they passed from barbarism to civilization. Being without books, they were not altogether destitute of poetry and morality; they knew by heart the popular songs and their little catechisms. In their infancy the old women told them the *Ass's Skin* and *Puss in Boots*, of which editions were made much later for bibliophiles. The first books were great stones, covered with inscriptions in an administrative or religious style.

It is a long time since then. What frightful progress have we accomplished since then? Books multiplied in a marvellous fashion from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth. To-day the production has increased a hundred fold. Here there are published, merely at Paris, fifty volumes a day, without counting the newspapers. It is a monstrous orgy. We shall end by going mad. The destiny of man is to fall successively into contrary excesses. In the Middle Ages ignorance brought forth fear. There reigned then mental ills which we no longer know. Now, we run, through study, to a general paralysis. Would it not be wise and more elegant to preserve some measure?

Let us be lovers of books and let us read them; but let us not grasp them with both hands; let us be delicate, let us choose, and, like the lord of one of the comedies of Shakespeare, let us say to our library, "I wish them to be well bound, and I wish them to speak of love."

BENEDETTO CROCE (1866–)

WHAT IS ART?[1]

I WILL say at once, in the simplest manner, that art is *vision* or *intuition*. The artist produces an image or a phantasm; and he who enjoys art turns his gaze upon the point which the artist has indicated, looks through the chink which he has opened, and reproduces that image in himself. 'Intuition,' 'vision,' 'contemplation,' 'imagination,' 'fancy,' 'figurations,' 'representations,' and so on, are words continually recurring, like synonyms, when discoursing upon art, and they all lead the mind to the same conceptual sphere, which indicates general agreement.

But this reply of mine, that art is intuition, obtains its force and meaning from all that it implicitly denies and distinguishes from art. What negations are implicit in it? I shall indicate the principal, or at least those that are the most important for us at this present moment of our culture.

It denies, above all, that art is a physical fact: for example, certain determined colors, or relations of colors; certain definite forms of bodies; certain definite sounds, or relations of sounds; certain phenomena of heat or

[1]Translation by Ainslie.

of electricity—in short, whatsoever be designated as 'physical.' The inclination towards this error of physicizing art is already present in ordinary thought, and as children who touch the soap-bubble and would wish to touch the rainbow, so the human spirit, admiring beautiful things, hastens spontaneously to trace out the reasons for them in external nature, and proves that it must think, or believes that it should think, certain colors beautiful and certain other colors ugly, certain forms beautiful and certain other forms ugly. But this attempt has been carried out intentionally and with method on several occasions in the history of thought: from the 'canons' which the Greek theoreticians and artists fixed for the beauty of bodies, through the speculations as to the geometrical and numerical relations of figures and sounds, down to the researches of the æstheticians of the nineteenth century (Fechner, for example), and to the 'communications' presented in our day by the inexpert, at philosophical, psychological and natural science congresses, concerning the relations of physical phenomena with art. And if it be asked why art cannot be a physical fact, we must reply, in the first place, that physical facts do not possess reality, and that art, to which so many devote their whole lives and which fills all with a divine joy, is supremely real; thus it cannot be a physical fact, which is something unreal. This sounds at first paradoxical, for nothing seems more solid and secure to the ordinary man than the physical world; but we, in the seat of truth, must not abstain from the good reason and substitute for it one less good, solely because the first may have the appearance of a lie; and besides, in order to overcome what of strange and difficult may be contained in that truth, to become at home with it, we may take into consideration the fact that the demonstration of the unreality of the physical world has not only been proved in an undisputable manner and is admitted by all philosophers (who are not crass materialists and are not involved in the strident contradictions of materialism), but is professed by these same physicists in the spontaneous philosophy which they mingle with their physics, when they conceive physical phenomena as products of principles that are beyond experience, of atoms or of ether, or as the manifestation of an Unknowable; besides, the matter itself of the materialists is a supermaterial principle. Thus physical facts reveal themselves, by their internal logic and by common consent, not as reality, but as a construction of our intellect for the purposes of science. Consequently, the question whether art be a physical fact must rationally assume this different signification: that is to say, whether it be possible to construct art physically. And this is certainly possible, for we indeed carry it out always, when, turning from the sense of a poem and ceasing to enjoy it, we set ourselves, for example, to count the words of which the poem is composed and to divide them into syllables and letters; or, disregarding the æsthetic effect of a statue, we weigh and measure it: a most useful performance for the packers of statues, as is the other for the typographers who have to 'compose' pages of poetry; but most useless for the contemplator and student of art, to whom it is neither useful nor licit to allow himself to be 'distracted' from his proper object. Thus art is not a physical fact in this second sense either; which amounts to saying that when we propose to ourselves to penetrate its nature and mode of action, to construct it physically is of no avail.

Another negation is implied in the definition of art as intuition: if it be intuition, and intuition is equivalent to theory in the original sense of contemplation, art cannot be a utilitarian act; and since a utilitarian act aims always at obtaining a pleasure and therefore at keeping off a pain, art, considered in its own nature, has nothing to do with the *useful* and with *pleasure* and *pain*, as such. It will be admitted, indeed, without much difficulty, that a pleasure as a pleasure, any sort of pleasure, is not of itself artistic; the pleasure of a drink of water that slakes thirst, or a walk in the open air that stretches our limbs and makes our blood circulate more lightly, or the obtaining of a longed-for post that settles us in practical life, and so on, is not artistic. Finally, the difference between pleasure and art leaps to the eyes in the relations that are developed between ourselves and works of art, because the

figure represented may be dear to us and represent the most delightful memories, and at the same time the picture may be ugly; or, on the other hand, the picture may be beautiful and the figure represented hateful to our hearts; or the picture itself, which we approve as beautiful, may also cause us rage and envy, because it is the work of our enemy or rival, for whom it will procure advantage and on whom it will confer new strength: our practical interests, with their relative pleasures and pains, mingle and sometimes become confused with art and disturb, but are never identified with, our æsthetic interest. At the most it will be affirmed, with a view to maintaining more effectively the definition of art as the pleasurable, that it is not the pleasurable in general, but a particular form of the pleasurable. But such a restriction is no longer a defense, it is indeed an abandonment of that thesis; for given that art is a particular form of pleasure, its distinctive character would be supplied, not by the pleasurable, but by what distinguishes that pleasurable from other pleasurables, and it would be desirable to turn the attention to that distinctive element—more than pleasurable or different from pleasurable. Nevertheless, the doctrine that defines art as the pleasurable has a special denomination (hedonistic æsthetic), and a long and complicated development in the history of æsthetic doctrines: it showed itself in the Græco-Roman world, prevailed in the eighteenth century, reflowered in the second half of the nineteenth, and still enjoys much favor, being especially well received by beginners in æsthetic, who are, above all, struck by the fact that art causes pleasure. The life of this doctrine has consisted of proposing in turn one or another class of pleasures, or several classes together (the pleasure of the superior senses, the pleasure of play, of consciousness of our own strength, of criticism, etc., etc.), or of adding to it elements differing from the pleasurable, the useful, for example (when understood as distinct from the pleasurable), the satisfaction of cognoscitive and moral wants, and the like. And its progress has been caused just by this restlessness, and by its allowing foreign elements to ferment in its bosom, which it introduces through the necessity of somehow bringing itself into agreement with the reality of art, thus attaining to its dissolution as hedonistic doctrine and to the promotion of a new doctrine, or at least to drawing attention to its necessity. And since every error has its element of truth (and that of the physical doctrine has been seen to be the possibility of the physical 'construction' of art as of any other fact), the hedonistic doctrine has its eternal element of truth in the placing in relief the hedonistic accompaniment, or pleasure, common to the æsthetic activity as to every form of spiritual activity, which it has not at all been intended to deny in absolutely denying the identification of art with the pleasurable, and in distinguishing it from the pleasurable by defining it as intuition.

A third negation, effected by means of the theory of art as intuition, is that art is a moral act; that is to say, that form of practical act which, although necessarily uniting with the useful and with pleasure and pain, is not immediately utilitarian and hedonistic, and moves in a superior spiritual sphere. But the intuition, in so far as it is a theoretic act, is opposed to the practical of any sort. And in truth, art, as has been remarked from the earliest times, does not arise as an act of the will; good will, which constitutes the honest man, does not constitute the artist. And since it is not the result of an act of will, so it escapes all moral discrimination, not because a privilege of exemption is accorded to it, but simply because moral discrimination cannot be applied to art. An artistic image portrays an act morally praiseworthy or blameworthy. Not only is there no penal code that can condemn an image to prison or to death, but no moral judgment, uttered by a rational person, can make of it its object: we might just as well judge the square moral or the triangle immoral as the Francesca of Dante immoral or the Cordelia of Shakespeare moral, for these have a purely artistic function; they are like musical notes in the souls of Dante and of Shakespeare. Further, the moralistic theory of art is also represented in the history of æsthetic doctrines, though much discredited in the common opinion of our times, not only on ac-

count of its intrinsic demerit, but also in some measure, owing to the moral demerit of certain tendencies of our times, which render possible that refutation of it on psychological grounds, which should be made—and which we here make—solely for logical reasons. The end attributed to art, of directing the good and inspiring horror of evil, of correcting and ameliorating customs, is a derivation of the moralistic doctrine; and so is the demand addressed to artists to collaborate in the education of the lower classes, in the strengthening of the national or bellicose spirit of a people, in the diffusion of the ideals of a modest and laborious life, and so on. These are all things that art cannot do, any more than geometry, which, however, does not lose anything of its importance on account of its inability to do this; and one does not see why art should do so either. That it cannot do these things was partially perceived by the moralistic æstheticians also, for they very readily effected a compromise with it, permitting it to provide pleasures that were not moral, provided they were not openly dishonest, or recommending it to employ to a good end that empire over souls which it possessed through its hedonistic power to gild the pill, to sprinkle sweetness upon the rim of the glass containing the bitter draught—in short, to play the courtesan (since it could not get rid of its old and inborn habits) in the service of holy church or of morality: *meretrix ecclesiæ* [courtesan of the church]. On other occasions they have sought to avail themselves of it for purposes of instruction, since not only virtue but also science is a difficult thing, and art could remove this difficulty and render pleasant and attractive the entrance into the ocean of science—indeed, lead them through it as through a garden of Armida, gaily and voluptuously, without their being conscious of the lofty protection which they were preparing for themselves. We cannot now refrain from a smile when we talk of these theories, but should not forget that they were once a serious matter, corresponding to a serious effort to understand the nature of art and to elevate the conception of it; and that among those who believed in it (to limit ourselves to Italian literature) were Dante and Tasso, Parini and Alfieri, Manzoni and Mazzini. And the moralistic doctrine of art was and is and will be perpetually beneficial by its very contradictions; it was and will be an effort, however unhappy, to separate art from the merely pleasing, with which it is sometimes confused, and to assign to it a more worthy post: and it also has its true side, because, if art be beyond morality, the artist is neither this side of it nor that, but under its empire, in so far as he is a man who cannot withdraw himself from the duties of man, and must look upon art itself—art, which is not and never will be moral—as a mission to be exercised, a priestly office.

Again (and this is the last and perhaps the most important of all the general negations that it suits me to recall in relation to this matter), with the definition of art as intuition, we deny that it has the character of *conceptual knowledge*. Conceptual knowledge, in its true form, which is the philosophical, is always realistic, aiming at establishing reality against unreality, or at reducing unreality by including it in reality as a subordinate moment of reality itself. But intuition means, precisely, indistinction of reality and unreality, the image with its value as mere image; the pure ideality of the image; and opposing the intuitive or sensible knowledge to the conceptual or intelligible, the æsthetic to the noetic, it aims at claiming the autonomy of this more simple and elementary form of knowledge, which has been compared to the dream (the dream, and not the sleep) of the theoretic life, in respect to which philosophy would be the waking. And indeed, whoever, when examining a work of art, should ask whether what the artist has expressed be metaphysically and historically true or false, asks a question that is without meaning and commits an error analogous to his who should bring the airy images of the fancy before the tribunal of morality: without meaning, because the discrimination of true and false always concerns an affirmation of reality, or a judgment, but it cannot fall under the head of an image or of a pure subject, which is not the subject of a pure judgment, since it is without qualification or predicate. It is useless to object that the

individuality of the image cannot subsist without reference to the universal, of which that image is the individuation, because we do not here deny that the universal, as the spirit of God, is everywhere and animates all things with itself, but we deny that the universal is rendered logically explicit and is thought in the intuition. Useless also is the appeal to the principle of the unity of the spirit, which is not broken, but on the contrary strengthened by the clear distinction of fancy from thought, because from the distinction comes opposition and from opposition concrete unity.

Ideality (as has also been called this character that distinguishes the intuition from the concept, art from philosophy and from history, from the affirmation of the universal and from the perception or narration of what has happened) is the intimate virtue of art: no sooner are reflection and judgment developed from that ideality, than art is dissipated and dies: it dies in the artist, who becomes a critic; it dies in the contemplator, who changes from an entranced enjoyer of art to a meditative observer of life.

But the distinction of art from philosophy (taken widely as including all thinking of the real) brings with it other distinctions, among which that of art from myth occupies the foremost place. For myth, to him who believes in it, presents itself as the revelation and knowledge of reality as opposed to unreality,—a reality that drives away other beliefs as illusory or false. It can become art only for him who no longer believes in it and avails himself of mythology as a metaphor, of the austere world of the gods as of a beautiful world, of God, as of an image of sublimity. Considered, then, in its genuine reality, in the soul of the believer and not of the unbeliever, it is religion and not a simple phantasm; and religion is philosophy, philosophy in process of becoming, philosophy more or less imperfect, but philosophy, as philosophy, is religion, more or less purified and elaborated, in continuous process of elaboration and purification, but religion or thought of the Absolute or Eternal. Art lacks the thought that is necessary ere it can become myth and religion, and the faith that is born of thought; the artist neither believes nor disbelieves in his image: he produces it.

And, for a different reason, the concept of art as intuition excludes, on the other hand, the conception of art as the production of classes and types, species and genera, or again (as a great mathematician and philosopher had occasion to say of music), as an exercise of unconscious arithmetic; that is, it distinguishes art from the positive sciences and from mathematics, in both of which appears the conceptual form, though without realistic character, as mere general representation or mere abstraction. But that ideality which natural and mathematical science would seem to assume, as opposed to the world of philosophy, of religion and of history, and which would seem to approximate it to art (and owing to which scientists and mathematicians of our day are so ready to boast of creating worlds, of *fictiones*, resembling the fictions and figurations of the poets, even in their vocabulary), is gained with the renunciation of concrete thought, by means of generalization and abstraction, which are capricious, volitional decisions, practical acts, and, as practical acts, extraneous and inimical to the world of art. Thus it happens that art manifests much more repugnance toward the positive and mathematical sciences than toward philosophy, religion and history, because these seem to it to be fellow-citizens of the same world of theory or of knowledge, whereas those others repel it with the brutality of the practical world toward contemplation. Poetry and classification, and, worse still, poetry and mathematics, appear to be as little in agreement as fire and water: the *esprit mathematique* and the *esprit scientifique*, the most declared enemies of the *esprit poetique;* those periods in which the natural sciences and mathematics prevail (for example, the intellectualism of the eighteenth century) seem to be the least fruitful in poetry.

And since this vindication of the alogical character of art is, as I have said, the most difficult and important of the negations included in the formula of art-intuition, the theories that attempt to explain art as philosophy, as religion, as history, or as science, and in a lesser degree as mathe-

matics, occupy the greater part of the history of æsthetic science and are adorned with the names of the greatest philosophers. Schelling and Hegel afford examples of the identification or confusion of art with religion and philosophy in the eighteenth century; Taine, of its confusion with the natural sciences; the theories of the French verists, of its confusion with historical and documentary observation; the formalism of the Herbartians, of its confusion with mathematics. But it would be vain to seek pure examples of these errors in any of these authors and in the others that might be mentioned, because error is never pure, for if it were so, it would be truth. Thus the doctrines of art, that for the sake of brevity I shall term 'conceptualistic,' contain elements of dissolution, the more copious and efficacious by as much as the spirit of the philosopher who professed them was energetic, and therefore nowhere are they so copious and efficacious as in Schelling and Hegel, who had so lively a consciousness of artistic production as to suggest by their observations and their particular developments a theory opposed to that maintained in their systems. Furthermore, the very conceptualistic theories are superior to the other previously examined, not only in so far as they recognize the theoretic character of art, but also carry with them their contribution to the true doctrine, owing to the claim they make for a determination of the relations (which, if they be of distinction, are also of unity) between fancy or imagination and logic, between art and thought.

And here we can already see how the very simple formula, that 'art is intuition,'—which, translated into other symbolical terms (for example, that 'art is the work of imagination'), is to be found in the mouths of all those who daily discuss art, and also in older terms ('imitation,' 'fiction,' 'fable,' etc.) in so many old books,—when pronounced now in the text of a philosophical discourse, becomes filled with a historical, critical, and polemical content, of the richness of which I can hardly here give any example. And it will no longer cause astonishment that its philosophical conquest should have cost an especially great amount of toil, because that conquest is like setting foot upon a little hill long disputed in battle. Its easy ascent by the thoughtless pedestrian in time of peace is a very different matter. It is not a simple resting-place on a walk, but the symbol and result of the victory of an army. The historian of æsthetic follows the steps of its difficult progress, in which (and this is another magical act of thought) the conqueror, instead of losing strength through the blows that his adversary inflicts upon him, acquires new strength through these very blows, and reaches the desired eminence, repulsing his adversary, yet in his company. Here I cannot do more than mention in passing the importance of the Aristotelian concept of *mimesis* (appearing in opposition to the Platonic condemnation of poetry), and the attempt made by the same philosopher to distinguish poetry and history: a concept that was not sufficiently developed, and perhaps not altogether mature in his mind, and therefore long misunderstood, but which was yet to serve, after many centuries, as the point of departure for modern æsthetic thought. And I will mention in passing the ever-increasing consciousness of the difference between logic and imagination, between judgment and taste, between intellect and genius, which became ever more lively during the course of the seventeenth century, and the solemn form which the contest between Poetry and Metaphysic assumed in the *Scienza Nuova* of Vico; and also the scholastic construction of an *Æsthetica*, distinct from a *Logica*, as *Gnoseologia inferior* and *Scientia cognitionis sensitivæ*, in Baumgarten, who, however, remained involved in the conceptualistic conception of art and did not carry out his project; and the *Critique* of Kant directed against Baumgarten and all the Leibnitzians and Wolffians, which made it clear that intuition is intuition and not a 'confused concept'; and romanticism, which perhaps better developed the new idea of art, announced by Vico, in its artistic criticism and in its histories than in its systems; and finally the criticism inaugurated in Italy by Francesco de Sanctis, who made art as pure form, or pure intuition, triumph over all utilitarianism, moralism, and conceptualism (to adopt his vocabulary).

But doubt springs up at the feet of truth, 'like a young shoot,'—as the terzina of

father Dante has it,—doubt, which is what drives the intellect of man 'from mount to mount.' The doctrine of art as intuition, as imagination, as form, now gives rise to an ulterior (I have not said an 'ultimate') problem, which is no longer one of opposition and distinction toward physics, hedonistic ethic and logic, but within the field of images itself, which sets in doubt the capacity of the image to define the character of art and is in reality occupied with the mode of separating the genuine from the spurious image, and of enriching in this way the concept of the image and of art. What function (it is asked) can a world of pure images, without philosophical, historical, religious or scientific value and without even moral or hedonistic value, possess in the spirit of man? What is more vain than to dream with open eyes in life, which demands, not only open eyes, but an open mind and a nimble spirit? Pure images! But to nourish one's self upon pure images is called by a name of little honor, 'to dream,' and there is usually added to this the epithet of 'idle.' It is a very insipid and inconclusive thing; can it ever be art? Certainly we sometimes amuse ourselves with the reading of some sensational romance of adventure, where images follow images in the most various and unexpected way; but we thus enjoy ourselves in moments of fatigue, when we are obliged to kill time, and with a full consciousness that such stuff is not art. Such instances are of the nature of a pastime, a game; but were art a game or a pastime, it would fall into the wide arms of hedonistic doctrine, ever open to receive it. And it is a utilitarian and hedonistic need that impels us sometimes to relax the bow of the mind and the bow of the will, and to stretch ourselves, allowing images to follow one another in our memory, or combining them in quaint forms with the aid of the imagination, in a sort of waking sleep, from which we rouse ourselves as soon as we are rested; and we sometimes rouse ourselves just to devote ourselves to the work of art, which cannot be produced by a mind relaxed. Thus either art is not pure intuition, and the claims put forward in the doctrines which we believed we had above confuted, are not satisfied, and so the confutation itself of these doctrines is troubled with doubts; or intuition cannot consist in a simple act of imagination.

In order to render the problem more exact and more difficult, it will be well to eliminate from it at once that part to which the answer is easy, and which I have not wished to neglect, precisely because it is usually united and confused with it. The intuition is certainly the production of an image, but not of an incoherent mass of images obtained by recalling former images and allowing them to succeed one another capriciously, by combining one image with another in a like capricious manner, joining a horse's neck to a human head, and thus playing a childish game. Old Poetic availed itself above all of the concept of unity, in order to express this distinction between the intuition and vain imagining, insisting that whatever the artistic work, it should be *simplex et unum* [simple and one]; or of the allied concept of unity in variety—that is to say, the multiple images were to find their common center and dissolve in a comprehensive image: and the æsthetic of the nineteenth century created with the same object the distinction, which appears in not a few of its philosophers, between imagination (the peculiar artistic faculty) and fancy (the extra-artistic faculty). To amass, select, cut up, combine images, presupposes the possession of particular images in the spirit; and imagination produces, whereas fancy is sterile, adapted to external combinations and not to the generation of organism and life. The most profound problem, contained beneath the rather superficial formula with which I first presented it, is, then: What is the office of the pure image in the life of the spirit? or (which at the bottom amounts to the same thing), How does the pure image come into existence? Every inspired work of art gives rise to a long series of imitators, who just repeat, cut up in pieces, combine, and mechanically exaggerate that work, and by so doing play the part of fancy toward or against the imagination. But what is the justification, or what the genesis, of the work of genius, which is afterward submitted (a sign of glory!) to such torments? In order to make this point clear, we must go deeply into the character of imagination and of pure intuition.

The best way to prepare this deeper study is to recall to mind and to criticize the theories with which it has been sought to differentiate artistic intuition from merely incoherent fancy (while taking care not to fall into realism or conceptualism), to establish in what the principle of unity consists, and to justify the productive character of the imagination. The artistic image (it has been said) is such, when it unites the intelligible with the sensible, and represents an idea. Now 'intelligible' and 'idea' cannot mean anything but concept (nor has it a different meaning with those who maintain this doctrine); even though it be the concrete concept or idea, proper to lofty philosophical speculation, which differs from the abstract concept or from the representative concept of the sciences. But in any case, the concept or idea always unites the intelligible to the sensible, and not only in art, for the new concept of the concept, first stated by Kant and (so to say) immanent in all modern thought, heals the breach between the sensible and the intelligible worlds, conceives the concept as judgment, and the judgment as synthesis *a priori*, and the synthesis *a priori* as the world becoming flesh, as history. Thus that definition of art leads imagination back to logic and art to philosophy, contrary to intention; and is at most valid for the abstract conception of science, not for the problem of art (the æsthetic and teleological *Critique of Judgment* of Kant had precisely this historical function of correcting what of abstract there yet remained in the *Critique of Pure Reason*). To seek a sensible element for the concept, beyond that which it already contains in itself as concrete concept, and beyond the words in which it expresses itself, would be superfluous. If we persist in this search, it is true that we abandon the conception of art as philosophy or history, but only to pass to the conception of art as allegory. And the unsurmountable difficulties of the allegory are well known, as its frigid and anti-historical character is known and universally felt. Allegory is the external union, the conventional and arbitrary juxtaposition of two spiritual acts, a concept or thought and an image, where it is assumed that this image must represent that concept. And not only is the unitary character of the artistic image not explained by this, but, in addition, a duality is purposely created, because thought remains thought and image image in this juxtaposition, without relation between themselves; so much so, that in contemplating the image, we forget the concept without any disadvantage,—indeed, with advantage,—and in thinking the concept, we dissipate, also with advantage, the superfluous and tiresome image. Allegory enjoyed much favor in the Middle Ages, that mixture of Germanism and Romanism, of barbarism and culture, of bold imagination and of acute reflection; but it was the theoretic presumption and not the effective reality of that same medieval art which, where it is art, drives allegory away or resolves it in itself. This need for the solution of allegoristical dualism leads to the refining of the theory of intuition, in so far as it is allegory of the idea, into the other theory, of the intuition as symbol; for the idea does not stand by itself in the symbol, thinkable separately from the symbolizing representation, nor does the symbol stand by itself, representable in a lively manner without the idea symbolized.

The idea is all dissolved in the representation (as said the æsthetician Vischer, to whom, if to anyone, belongs the blame of so prosaic a comparison in so poetic and metaphysical a theme), like a lump of sugar melted in a glass of water, which exists and acts in every molecule of water, but is no longer to be found as a lump of sugar. But the idea that has disappeared, the idea that has become entirely representative, the idea that we can no longer succeed in seizing as idea (save by extracting it, like sugar from sugared water), is no longer idea, and is only the sign that the unity of the artistic image has not yet been achieved. Certainly art is symbol, all symbol—that is, all significant; but symbol of what? What does it mean? The intuition is truly artistic, it is truly intuition, and not a chaotic mass of images, only when it has a vital principle that animates it, making it all one with itself; but what is this principle?

The answer to such a question may be said to result from the examination of the greatest ideal strife that has ever taken place in the field of art (and is not confined to the epoch that took its name from it and in which it was predominant): the strife between

romanticism and classicism. Giving the general definition, here convenient, and setting aside minor and accidental definitions, romanticism asks of art, above all, the spontaneous and violent effusion of the affections, of love and hate, of anguish and joy, of despair and elation; and is willingly satisfied and pleased with vaporous and indeterminate images, broken and allusive in style, with vague suggestions, with approximate phrases, with powerful and confused sketches: while classicism loves the peaceful soul, the wise design, figures studied in their characteristics and precise in outline, ponderation, equilibrium, clarity; and resolutely tends toward representation, as the other tends toward feeling. And whoever puts himself at one or the other point of view finds crowds of reasons for maintaining it and for confuting the opposite point of view; because (say the romantics), What value has an art, rich in beautiful images, when it does not speak to the heart? And if it does speak to the heart, what does it matter though the images are not beautiful? And the others say, What is the use of the shock of the passions, if the spirit do not rest upon a beautiful image? And if the image be beautiful, if our taste be satisfied, what matters the absence of those emotions which can all of them be obtained outside art, and which life does not fail to provide, sometimes in greater quantity than we desire? But when we begin to feel weary of the fruitless defense of both partial views; above all, when we turn away from the ordinary works of art produced by the romantic and classical schools, from works convulsed with passion or coldly decorous, to fix our eyes upon the works, not of the disciples, but of the masters, not of the mediocre, but of the supreme, we see the struggle cease and find ourselves unable to call the great portions of these works romantic or classic or representative, because they are both classic and romantic, feelings and representations, a vigorous feeling which has become all most brilliant representation. Such, for example, are the works of Hellenic art, and such those of Italian poetry and art: the transcendentalism of the Middle Ages became fixed in the bronze of the Dantean terzina; melancholy and suave fancy, in the transparency of the songs and sonnets of Petrarch; sage experience of life and badinage with the fables of the past, in the limpid *ottava rima* of Ariosto; heroism and the thought of death, in the perfect blank-verse hendecasyllabics of Foscolo; the infinite variety of everything, in the sober and austere songs of Giacomo Leopardi. Finally (be it said in parenthesis and without intending comparison with the other examples adduced), the voluptuous refinements and animal sensuality of international decadentism have received their most perfect expression in the prose and verse of an Italian, d'Annunzio. All these souls were profoundly passionate (all, even the serene Lodovico Ariosto, who was so amorous, so tender, and so often represses his emotion with a smile); their works of art are the eternal flower that springs from their passions.

These expressions and these critical judgments can be theoretically resumed in the formula, that what gives coherence and unity to the intuition is feeling: the intuition is really such because it represents a feeling, and can only appear from and upon that. Not the idea, but the feeling, is what confers upon art the airy lightness of the symbol: an aspiration enclosed in the circle of a representation—that is art; and in it the aspiration alone stands for the representation, and the representation alone for the aspiration. Epic and lyric, or drama and lyric, are scholastic divisions of the indivisible: art is always lyrical—that is, epic and dramatic in feeling. What we admire in genuine works of art is the perfect imaginative form which a state of the soul assumes; and we call this life, unity, compactness and fulness of the work of art. What displeases us in the false and imperfect forms is the struggle of several different states of the soul not yet unified, their stratification or mixture, their vacillating method, which obtains apparent unity from the will of the author, who for this purpose avails himself of an abstract plan or idea, or of extra-æsthetic, passionate emotion. A series of images which seem to be, each in turn, convincingly powerful, leaves us nevertheless deluded and diffident, because we do not see them generated from a state of the soul, from a 'study' (as the painters call it), from a motive; and they follow upon and crowd one another without that precise intonation, without

that accent, which comes from the heart. And what is the figure cut out from its background in a picture or transported and placed against another background, what is the personage of drama or of romance outside his relation with all the other personages and with the general action? And what is the value of this general action if it be not an action of the spirit of the author? The secular disputes concerning dramatic unity are interesting in this connection; they are first applied to the unity of 'action,' when they have been obtained from the external definitions of time and place, and this finally applied to the unity of 'interest'; and the interest should in its turn be dissolved in the interest of the spirit of the poet in the ideal that animates him. The negative issue of the great dispute between classicists and romanticists is interesting, for it resulted in the negation of the art which strives to distract and illude the soul as to the deficiency of the image based upon abstract feeling, upon practical violence of feeling, upon feeling that has not become contemplation, and equally in the negation of the art which, by means of the superficial clearness of the image, of drawing correctly false, of the falsely correct word, seeks to deceive as to its lack of inspiration and its lack of an æsthetic reason to justify what it has produced. A celebrated sentence uttered by an English critic, and become one of the commonplaces of journalism, states that 'all of the arts tend to the condition of music'; but it would have been more accurate to say that all the arts are music, if it be thus intended to emphasize the genesis of æsthetic images in feeling, excluding from their number those mechanically constructed or realistically ponderous. And another not less celebrated utterance of a Swiss semi-philosopher, which has had the like good or bad fortune of becoming trivial, discovers that 'every landscape is a state of the soul'; which is indisputable, not because the landscape is landscape, but because the landscape is art.

Artistic intuition, then, is always lyrical intuition: this latter being a word that is not present as an adjective or definition of the first, but as a synonym, another of the synonyms which can be added to those that I have mentioned already, and which, all of them, designate the intuition. And if it be sometimes convenient that it should assume the grammatical form of the adjective, instead of appearing as a synonym, that is only to make clear the difference between the intuition-image, or nexus of images (for what is called image is always a nexus of images, since image-atoms do not exist any more than thought-atoms), which constitutes an organism, and as organism has its vital principle, which is the organism itself,—between this, which is true and proper intuition, and that false intuition which is a heap of images put together in play or in calculation or for some other practical purpose, the connection of which, being practical, when considered from the æsthetic point of view, shows itself to be not organic, but mechanic. But the word *lyric* is redundant save in this explanatory or polemical sense; and art is perfectly defined when simply defined as *intuition*.

LYOF TOLSTOI (1828–1910)

WHAT IS ART?[1]

Art is one of two organs of human progress. By words man interchanges thoughts, by the forms of art he interchanges feelings, and this with all men not only of the present time but also of the past and the future. It is natural to human beings to employ both these organs of intercommunication and therefore the perversion of either of them must cause evil results to the society in which it occurs. And these results will be of two kinds: first, the absence in that society of the work which should be performed by the organ, and secondly, the harmful activity of the perverted organ. And just these results have shown themselves in our society. The organ of art has been perverted, and therefore the upper classes of society have to a great extent been deprived of the effect that it should have produced. The diffusion

[1]Translation by Alymer Maude.

in our society of enormous quantities, on the one hand, of those counterfeits of art which only serve to amuse and corrupt people, and on the other hand, of works of insignificant exclusive art, mistaken for the highest art, have perverted most men's capacity to be infected by true works of art, and have thus deprived them of the possibility of experiencing the highest feelings to which mankind has attained, which can only be transmitted from man to man by art.

All the best that has been done in art by man remains strange to people who lack the capacity to be infected by art, and is replaced either by spurious counterfeits of art or by insignificant art, which they mistake for real art. People of our time and of our society are delighted with Baudelaires, Verlaines, Moréases, Ibsens, Maeterlincks, in poetry; with Monets, Manets, Puvis de Chavannes, Burne-Joneses, Stucks, and Böcklins, in painting; with Wagners, Liszts, Richard Strausses, in music; and they are no longer capable of comprehending either the highest or the simplest art.

In the upper classes, in consequence of this loss of capacity to be infected by works of art, people grow up, are educated and live, lacking the fertilizing, improving influence of art, and therefore not only do not advance towards perfection, do not become kinder, but, on the contrary, possessing highly-developed external means of civilization, they yet tend to become continually more savage, more coarse, and more cruel.

Such is the result of the absence from our society of the activity of that essential organ—art. But the consequences of the perverted activity of that organ are yet more harmful. And they are numerous.

The first consequence, plain for all to see, is the enormous expenditure of the labor of working people on things which are not only useless, but, for the most part, are harmful; and more than that, the waste of priceless human lives on this unnecessary and harmful business. It is terrible to consider with what intensity and amid what privations, millions of people—who lack time and opportunity to attend to what they and their families urgently require—labor for ten, twelve, or fourteen hours on end, and even at night, setting the type for pseudo-artistic books which spread vice among mankind, or working for theaters, concerts, exhibitions, and picture galleries, which for the most part also serve vice; but it is yet more terrible to reflect that lively, kindly children, capable of all that is good, are devoted from their early years to such tasks as these: that for six, eight, or ten hours a day, and for ten or fifteen years, some of them should play scales and exercises; others should twist their limbs, walk on their toes and lift their legs above their heads; a third set should sing solfeggios; a fourth set, showing themselves off in all manner of ways, should recite verses; a fifth set should draw from busts or from nude models and paint studies; a sixth set should write compositions according to the rules of certain periods; and that in these occupations, unworthy of a human being, which are often continued long after full maturity, they should waste their physical and mental strength and lose all perception of the meaning of life. It is often said that it is horrible and pitiful to see little acrobats putting their legs over their necks, but it is not less pitiful to see children of ten giving concerts, and it is still worse to see schoolboys of ten who as a preparation for literary work have learned by heart the exceptions to the Latin grammar. These people not only grow physically and mentally deformed but also morally deformed, and become incapable of doing anything really needed by man. Occupying in society the rôle of amusers of the rich, they lose their sense of human dignity and develop in themselves such a passion for public applause that they are always a prey to an inflated and unsatisfied vanity which grows in them to diseased dimensions, and they expend their mental strength in efforts to obtain satisfaction for this passion. And what is most tragic of all is that these people, who for the sake of art are spoiled for life, not only do not render service to this art, but on the contrary inflict the greatest harm on it. They are taught in academies, schools, and conservatories how to counterfeit art, and by learning this they so pervert themselves that they quite lose the capacity to produce works of real art, and become purveyors of that counterfeit, or trivial, or depraved art which floods our society. This is the first obvious consequence of the perversion of the organ of art.

The second consequence is that the productions of amusement-art, which are prepared in such terrific quantities by the armies of professional artists, enable the rich people of our time to live the lives they do, lives not only unnatural, but in contradiction to the humane principles these people themselves profess. To live as do the idle rich people, especially the women, far from nature and from animals, in artificial conditions, with muscles atrophied or misdeveloped by gymnastics, and with enfeebled vital energy, would be impossible were it not for what is called art—for this occupation and amusement which hides from them the meaninglessness of their lives, and saves them from the dullness that oppresses them. Take from all these people the theaters, concerts, exhibitions, piano-playing, songs and novels, with which they now fill their time in full confidence that occupation with these things is a very refined, æsthetic, and therefore good occupation; take from the patrons of art who buy pictures, assist musicians, and are acquainted with writers, their rôle of protectors of that important matter art, and they will not be able to continue such a life, but will all be eaten up by ennui and spleen, and will become conscious of the meaninglessness and wrongfulness of their present mode of life. Only occupation with what among them is considered art renders it possible for them to continue to live on, infringing all natural conditions, without perceiving the emptiness and cruelty of their lives. And this support afforded to the false manner of life pursued by the rich is the second consequence, and a serious one, of the perversion of art.

The third consequence of the perversion of art is the perplexity produced in the minds of children and plain folk. Among people not perverted by the false theories of our society, among workers and children, there exists a very definite conception of why people should be respected and praised. In the minds of peasants and children the ground for praise or eulogy can only be either physical strength: Hercules, the heroes and conquerors; or moral, spiritual strength: Sakya Muni giving up a beautiful wife and a kingdom to save mankind, Christ going to the cross for the truth he professed, and all the martyrs and the saints. Both are understood by peasants and children. They understand that physical strength must be respected, for it compels respect; and the moral strength of goodness an unperverted man cannot fail to respect, because his whole spiritual being draws him toward it. But these people, children and peasants, suddenly perceive that beside those praised, respected, and rewarded for physical or moral strength, there are others who are praised, extolled and rewarded much more than the heroes of strength and virtue, merely because they sing well, compose verses or dance. They see that singers, composers, painters, ballet-dancers earn millions of roubles and receive more honor than the saints do: and peasants and children are perplexed.

When fifty years had elapsed after Púshkin's death and, simultaneously, the cheap editions of his works began to circulate among the people and a monument was erected to him in Moscow, I received more than a dozen letters from different peasants asking why Púshkin was raised to such dignity? And only the other day a literate man from Sarátov called on me who had evidently gone out of his mind over this very question. He was on his way to Moscow to expose the clergy for having taken part in raising a monument to Mr. Púshkin.

Indeed, one need only imagine to one's self what the state of mind of such a man of the people must be when he learns from such rumors and newspapers as reach him, that the clergy, Government officials, and all of the best people in Russia, are triumphantly unveiling a statue to a great man, the benefactor, the pride of Russia—Púshkin, of whom till then he had never heard. On all sides he reads or hears about this, and he naturally supposes that if such honors are rendered to anyone, then without doubt he must have done something extraordinary—either some feat of strength or of goodness. He tries to learn who Púshkin was, and having discovered that Púshkin was neither a hero nor a general but a private person and a writer, he comes to the conclusion that Púshkin must have been a holy man and a teacher of goodness, and he hastens to read or to hear of his life and works. But what must be his perplexity when he learns that Púshkin was a man of more than easy morals,

who was killed in a duel when attempting to murder another man, and that all his service consisted in writing verses about love, which were often very indecent.

That a hero, or Alexander the Great, or Genghis Khan, or Napoleon was great, he understands, because any one of them could have crushed him and a thousand like him; that Buddha, Socrates, and Christ were great he also understands, for he knows and feels that he and all men should be such as they were; but why a man should be great because he wrote verses about the love of women he cannot make out.

A similar perplexity must trouble the brain of a Breton or Normandy peasant who hears that a monument, *une statue* (as to the Madonna), is being erected to Baudelaire, and reads, or is told, what the contents of his *Fleurs du Mal* are; or, more amazing still, to Verlaine, when he learns the story of that man's wretched, vicious life, and reads his verses. And what confusion it must cause in the brains of peasants when they learn that some Patti or Taglioni is paid £10,000 for a season, or that a painter gets as much for a picture, or that authors of novels describing love-scenes have received even more than that.

And it is the same with children. I remember how I passed through this stage of amazement and stupefaction and only reconciled myself to this exaltation of artists to the level of heroes and saints by lowering in my own estimation the importance of moral excellence and by attributing a false, unnatural meaning to works of art. And a similar confusion must occur in the soul of each child and each man of the people when he learns of the strange honors and rewards that are lavished on artists. This is the third consequence of the false relation in which our society stands towards art.

The fourth consequence is that people of the upper classes, more and more frequently encountering the contradictions between beauty and goodness, put the ideal of beauty first, thus freeing themselves from the demands of morality. These people, reversing the rôles, instead of admitting, as is really the case, that the art they serve is an antiquated affair, allege that morality is an antiquated affair and assert that it can have no importance for people situated on that high plane of development which they opine that they occupy.

This result of the false relation to art showed itself in our society long ago; but recently, with its prophet Nietzsche and his adherents, and with the decadents and certain English æsthetes who coincide with him, it is being expressed with especial impudence. The Decadents, and æsthetes of the type at one time represented by Oscar Wilde, select as a theme for their productions the denial of morality and the laudation of vice.

This art has partly generated and partly coincides with a similar philosophic theory. I recently received from America a book entitled *The Survival of the Fittest: Philosophy of Power*, 1896, by Ragner Redbeard, Chicago. The substance of this book, as it is expressed in the editor's preface, is that to measure right by the false philosophy of the Hebrew prophets and weepful Messiahs is madness. Right is not the offspring of doctrine but of power. All laws, commandments, or doctrines as to not doing to another what you do not wish done to you, have no inherent authority whatever, but receive it only from the club, the gallows, and the sword. A man truly free is under no obligation to obey any injunction, human or divine. Obedience is the sign of the degenerate. Disobedience is the stamp of the hero. Men should not be bound by moral rules invented by their foes. The whole world is a slippery battlefield. Ideal justice demands that the vanquished should be exploited, emasculated, and scorned. The free and brave may seize the world. And therefore there should be eternal war for life, for land, for love, for women, for power, and for gold. (Something similar was said a few years ago by the celebrated and refined academician, de Vogüé). The earth with its treasures is booty for the bold.

The author has evidently by himself, independently of Nietzsche, come to the same conclusions which are professed by the new artists.

Expressed in the form of a doctrine these positions startle us. In reality they are implied in the ideal of art serving beauty. The art of our upper classes had educated people in this ideal of the superman,—which is in reality the old ideal of Nero, Sténka Rázin, Genghis Khan, Robert Macaire, or

Napoleon, and all their accomplices, assistants, and adulators,—and it supports this ideal with all its might.

It is this supplanting of the ideal of what is right by the ideal of what is beautiful, that is, of what is pleasant, that is the fourth consequence, and a terrible one, of the perversion of art in our society. It is fearful to think of what would befall humanity were such art to spread among the masses of the people. And it already begins to spread.

Finally, the fifth and chief result is that the art which flourishes in the upper classes of European society has a directly vitiating influence, infecting people with the worst feelings and with those most harmful to humanity—superstition, patriotism, and, above all, sensuality.

Look carefully into the causes of the ignorance of the masses and you may see that the chief cause does not at all lie in the lack of schools and libraries, as we are accustomed to suppose, but in those superstitions, both ecclesiastical and patriotic, with which the people are saturated and which are unceasingly generated by all the methods of art. Church superstitions are supported and produced by the poetry of prayers, hymns, paintings, by the sculpture of images and of statues, by singing, by organs, by music, by architecture, and even by dramatic art in religious ceremonies. Patriotic superstitions are supported and produced by verses and stories (which are supplied even in schools), by music, by songs, by triumphal processions, by royal meetings, by martial pictures, and by monuments.

Were it not for this continual activity in all departments of art, perpetuating the ecclesiastical and patriotic intoxication and embitterment of the people, the masses would long ere this have attained to true enlightenment.

But it is not only in Church matters and patriotic matters that art depraves; it is art in our time that serves as the chief cause of the perversion of people in the most important question of social life—in their sexual relations. We nearly all know by our own experience, and those who are fathers and mothers know in the case of their grown-up children also, what fearful mental and physical suffering, what useless waste of strength, people suffer merely as a consequence of dissoluteness in sexual desire.

Since the world began, since the Trojan war, which sprang from that same sexual dissoluteness, down to and including the suicides and murders of lovers described in almost every newspaper, a great proportion of the sufferings of the human race have come from this source.

And what is art doing? All art, real and counterfeit, with very few exceptions, is devoted to describing, depicting, and inflaming, sexual love in every shape and form. If one remembers all those novels and their lust-kindling descriptions of love, from the most refined to the grossest, with which the literature of our society overflows; if one only remembers all those pictures and statues representing women's naked bodies, and all sorts of abominations, which are reproduced in illustrations and advertisements; if one only remembers all the filthy operas and operettas, songs and ballads, with which our world teems, involuntarily it seems as if existing art had but one definite aim—to disseminate vice as widely as possible.

Such are the most direct though not all the consequences of that perversion of art which has occurred in our society. So that what in our society is called art not only does not conduce to the progress of mankind, but more than almost anything else hinders the attainment of goodness in our lives.

And therefore the question which involuntarily presents itself to every man free from artistic activity and not bound to existing art by self-interest, the question asked by me at the beginning of this work: 'Is it just that to what we call art, to a something possessed by but a small section of society, should be offered up such sacrifices of human labor, of human lives, and of goodness, as are now being offered up?' receives the natural reply: 'No; it is unjust, and these things should not be!' Such is also the answer of sound sense and unperverted moral feeling. Not only should these things not be, not only should no sacrifices be offered up to what among us is called art, but on the contrary, the efforts of those who wish to live rightly should be directed toward the destruction of this art, for it is one of the most cruel of the evils that harass our sec-

tion of humanity. So that were the question put: Would it be preferable for our Christian world to be deprived of all that is now esteemed to be art, and together with the false to lose all that is good in it? I think that every reasonable and moral man would again decide the question as Plato decided it for his *Republic*, and as all the early Church-Christian and Mahomedan teachers of mankind decided it, that is, would say, Rather let there be no art at all than continue the depraving art, or simulation of art, which now exists. Happily no one has to face this question and no one need adopt either solution. All that man can do, and that we—the so-called educated people who are so placed that we have the possibility of understanding the meaning of the phenomena of our life—can and should do, is to understand the error we are involved in, and not harden our hearts in it, but seek for a way of escape.

THE PROSTITUTION OF ART

The cause of the lie into which the art of our society has fallen was that people of the upper classes, having ceased to believe in the Church teaching (called Christian), did not resolve to accept true Christian teaching in its real and fundamental principles of sonship to God and brotherhood to man, but continued to live on without any belief, endeavoring to make up for the absence of belief—some by hypocrisy, pretending still to believe in the nonsense of the Church creeds; others by boldly asserting their disbelief; others by refined agnosticism; and others, again, by returning to the Greek worship of beauty, proclaiming egotism to be right, and elevating it to the rank of a religious doctrine.

The cause of the malady was the non-acceptance of Christ's teaching in its real, that is, its full, meaning. And the only cure lies in acknowledging that teaching in its full meaning. Such acknowledgment in our time is not only possible but inevitable. Already today a man standing on the height of the knowledge of our age, whether he be nominally a Catholic or a Protestant, cannot say that he really believes in the dogmas of the Church: in God being a Trinity, in Christ being God, in the scheme of Redemption, and so forth; nor can he satisfy himself by proclaiming his unbelief or scepticism, nor by relapsing into the worship of beauty and egotism. Above all he can no longer say that we do not know the real meaning of Christ's teaching. That meaning has not only become accessible to all men of our times, but the whole life of man today is permeated by the spirit of that teaching and consciously or unconsciously is guided by it.

However differently in form people belonging to our Christian world may define the destiny of man: whether they see it in human progress (in whatever sense of the words), in the union of all men in a socialistic realm, or in the establishment of a commune; whether they look forward to the union of mankind under the guidance of one universal Church, or to the federation of the world—however various in form their definitions of the destination of human life may be, all men in our times already admit that the highest well-being attainable by men is to be reached by their union with one another.

However people of our upper classes (feeling that their ascendancy can only be maintained as long as they separate themselves—the rich and learned—from the laborers, the poor and unlearned) may seek to devise new conceptions of life, by which their privileges may be perpetuated—now the ideal of returning to antiquity, now mysticism, now Hellenism, now the cult of the superior person (supermanism)—they have, willingly or unwillingly, to admit the truth which is becoming clear upon all sides voluntarily and involuntarily, namely, that our welfare lies only in the union and brotherhood of man.

Unconsciously this truth is confirmed by the construction of means of communication—telegraphs, telephones, the press, and the ever-increasing attainability of material well-being for everyone—and consciously it is affirmed by the destruction of superstitions which divide men, by the diffusion of the truths of knowledge, and by the expression of the ideal of the brotherhood of man in the best works of art of our time.

Art is a spiritual organ of human life which cannot be destroyed, and therefore,

notwithstanding all the efforts made by people of the upper classes to conceal the religious ideal by which humanity lives, that ideal is more and more clearly recognized by man, and even in our perverted society is more and more often partially expressed by science and by art. During the present century works of the higher kind of religious art, permeated by a truly Christian spirit, have appeared more and more frequently both in literature and in painting, as also works of the universal art of common life accessible to all. So that even art knows the true ideal of our times and tends towards it. On the one hand, the best works of art of our time transmit religious feelings urging toward the union and the brotherhood of man (such are the works of Dickens, Hugo, Dostoevski; and, in painting, of Millet, Bastien Lepage, Jules Breton, Lhermitte, and others); on the other hand, they strive toward the transmission, not of feelings which are natural to people of the upper classes only, but of such feelings as may unite everyone without exception. There are as yet few such works, but the need of them is already acknowledged. In recent times we also meet more and more frequently with attempts at publications, pictures, concerts, and theaters for the people. All this is still very far from accomplishing what should be done, but already the direction in which good art instinctively presses forward to regain the path natural to it can be discerned.

The religious perception of our time—which consists in acknowledging that the aim of life (both collective and individual) is the union of mankind—is already so sufficiently distinct that people have now only to reject the false theory of beauty, according to which enjoyment is considered to be the purpose of art, and religious perception will naturally take its place as the guide of the art of our time.

And as soon as this religious perception which already unconsciously directs the life of man is consciously acknowledged, then immediately and naturally the division of art into art for the lower and art for the upper classes will disappear. There will be one common, brotherly, universal art; and then first, that art will naturally be rejected which transmits feelings incompatible with the religious perception of our time—feelings which do not unite, but divide men—and later that insignificant, exclusive art will be rejected to which an unmerited importance is now attributed.

And as soon as this occurs, art will immediately cease to be, what it has been in recent times, a means of making people coarser and more vicious, and it will become what it always used to be and should be, a means by which humanity progresses toward unity and blessedness.

Strange as the comparison may sound, what has happened to the art of our circle and time is what happens to a woman who sells her womanly attractiveness, intended for maternity, for the pleasure of those who desire such pleasures.

The art of our time and of our circle has become a prostitute. And this comparison holds good even in minute details. Like her it is not limited to certain times, like her it is always adorned, like her it is always saleable, and like her it is enticing and ruinous.

A real work of art can only arise in the soul of an artist occasionally, as the fruit of the life he has lived, just as a child is conceived by its mother. But counterfeit art is produced by artisans and handicraftsmen continually, if only consumers can be found.

Real art, like the wife of an affectionate husband, needs no ornaments. But counterfeit art, like a prostitute, must always be decked out.

The cause of the production of real art is the artist's inner need to express a feeling that has accumulated, just as for a mother the cause of sexual conception was love. The cause of counterfeit art, as of prostitution, is gain.

The consequence of true art is the introduction of a new feeling into the intercourse of life, as the consequence of a wife's love is the birth of a new man into life.

The consequences of counterfeit art are the perversion of man, pleasure which never satisfies, and the weakening of man's spiritual strength.

And this is what people of our day and of our circle should understand, in order to avoid the filthy torrent of depraved and prostituted art with which we are deluged.

SATIRE

SATIRE

SATIRE may be found in literature as early as Homer's treatment of the clown Thersites and Job's ironical replies to his friends. Like comedy, it has flourished best in the midst of a highly sophisticated society, when civilization has declined from one of its peaks of achievement and has not yet commenced to experience those profound changes that will eventually carry it to another peak. In such periods when abuses, both social and personal, appear, the satirist takes advantage of this opportunity to condemn by ridicule the practices of which he disapproves. He is in temperamental revolt against society, and inevitably resorts to exaggeration to secure his effects.

In a complex social system, the impact of men's temperaments upon each other produces a considerable amount of friction, and the resulting disturbance in the minds of certain individuals creates a revolt against the world. Satire, therefore, with the exception of the lyric, is the most immediately personal of all forms of writing. The satirist may be a broad humorist, like Rabelais; he may be bland and serene, like Horace; he may be possessed by a *saeva indignatio*—a stern moral revulsion that drives him to misanthropy and despair, as were Juvenal and Swift; but whatever his temperament, he is ever opposed to the smooth mediocrity or the deep-seated corruption of his times. His satire may be personal, like that of Dryden and Pope; it may be a diatribe against human nature itself, like that of Swift; or it may be contemptuous or genial laughter at outworn religious creeds, like that of Voltaire and Lucian. In nearly all satire may be found elements of coarseness. As it frequently serves as an outlet for over-charged feelings, the manner of its performance will depend upon the intensity with which the satirist has rebelled against the life of his time.

The effect of satire, too, depends upon the reader's taste or temperament. If he feels sympathy for revolt, he will enjoy Voltaire's brilliant rebuttal of sentimental optimism, or the fling of Erasmus against the follies of mankind, or the revenge sought by Byron against the society that repudiated him, or the "libertinism" of Rabelais as he turned away from the dead scholasticism of the past toward the hope of the future. Horace's detachment from the evils of his age and his insistence upon self-knowledge and self-control as the essentials of any reasonable life may appeal to the reader more than savage despair or the warfare of the wits. But there must always be in the mind of the reader, if he would appreciate the satiric mood, a powerful sense of the reality behind appearances, and genuine joy in their exposure.

While human frailties and social abuses have had a general resemblance throughout the history of the race, each particular period has afforded a special object of attack for its leading satirist. Thus in the classical period, Aristophanes (440–380 B. C.) in a series of extravagant comedies, made ribald attacks upon the Athenian Democracy. Lucian, living in the second century of the Christian era, during the rapid disintegration of Paganism, railed at all that had once been held sacred. Horace (65–8 B. C.), the darling of Maecenas and a delightful Pagan poet, reveals in his *Satires* and *Epistles* a somewhat severer side of his apparently careless Epicureanism and insists on self-discipline and self-control as a necessary preliminary to a sane life of the senses. Juvenal (60?–140? A. D.), following several generations after his brother poet, saw only the corruption at the heart of a great empire that was beginning its decline. His excoriation of the conduct of women and his appalling picture of Roman morals have never been surpassed for vividness and force.

During the Renaissance, Desiderius Erasmus (1467–1536), whose piety and deep learning, broad tolerance and refined taste had made him the leader of the humanists, refused to follow Luther in his break with Rome, but nevertheless, in his *Praise of Folly* directed a trenchant satire against all things ecclesiastical. François Rabelais (1483–1553), the sixteenth century "liber-

tine," felt the sudden freedom caused by the dissolving influence of the Revival of Learning, and let himself go in every direction. Gargantua and Pantagruel, enormous giants possessed of never satisfied cravings for sensual and intellectual delights, with their delectable buffoon, Panurge, typify the excess which came to Europe upon its sudden release from thralldom. The voyage of Pantagruel to the Princess Bacbuc in search of the Holy Bottle satirises also the gigantic thirst for knowledge (*libido sciendi*) which was one of the excesses of the time.

Two centuries later, after the world had passed the wild-oats period of Rabelais and was now safely reposing in the bonds of neoclassical restriction, John Dryden (1634–1700) and Alexander Pope (1688–1744) wrote their stinging personal satires. Pope, in addition to attacks on individuals, has delightfully and somewhat cynically held up to ridicule, in *The Rape of the Lock*, the little world of fashion and frivolity he knew so well. Jonathan Swift (1667–1745), too, belongs to this period. In him we see the almost savage misanthrope, whose bitterness was due, partly to temperamental inability to adjust himself to disappointment, but chiefly to an inner revolt against an age which had lost its sense of spiritual values, which possessed, indeed, no large, genuine emotion whatever. Swift's defense of downtrodden Ireland should stand beside *A Tale of a Tub* and *Gulliver's Travels* as a terrible indictment of the human race.

Two other satirists claim our attention in this book: Voltaire (1694–1778) and Lord Byron (1788–1824). Voltaire composed his *Candide* with the avowed purpose of ridiculing out of existence the fashionable doctrine that all was for the best in this best of all possible worlds. Byron, though a romantic at heart, possessed a critical sense which makes him, in some respects, a spiritual descendant of the eighteenth century. His *Don Juan* is an epic in burlesque of modern society.

LUCIAN (Second Century)

DIALOGUES OF THE GODS

The Judgment of Paris[1]

Persons: Zeus, Hermes, Paris, Hera, Athena, Aphrodite

Zeus. Hermes, take this apple and go to Phrygia, to Priam's son, the cowherd,—he is pasturing his drove on Ida,—and say to him that since he is handsome himself, and a connoisseur in matters of love, he has been appointed by Zeus to judge which is the fairest of the three goddesses. The apple is to be the victor's prize. (*To the goddesses.*) It is time now that you ladies were off to the judge. I have delegated the office of umpire because I am equally attached to you all, and if it were possible I should gladly see you all win. Moreover, the man who gives the prize of beauty to one must in the nature of things be detested by the others. These reasons disqualify me as umpire; but the young man in Phrygia to whom you are going is of a royal house,—being in fact a cousin of Ganymede, whom you know,—and he has the simple manner of the mountains.

Aphrodite. For my part, Zeus, you might make Momus himself the umpire and I should still go confidently to trial; for what could he find to criticize in me? And the others must needs put up with the man.

Hera. We are not afraid either, Aphrodite, even if your Ares were to settle the question. We are satisfied with this man, whoever he is,—this Paris.

Zeus (*to* Athena). Well, daughter, are you of the same mind? What do you say? You turn away blushing? It is natural for you virgins to be coy in such matters. But you might at least nod. (Athena *nods.*) Off with you, then; and the defeated, mind you, are not to be angry with the judge nor to do any harm to the young man. It is impossible for all to be equal in beauty. (*They start.*)

Hermes. Let us make straight for Phrygia. I will go first, and do you follow smartly. And don't be uneasy. I know

[1]Translation by Emily James Smith.

Paris; he is a handsome young fellow, a lover by temperament, and a most competent judge in such cases as this. His decision will certainly be correct.

APHRODITE. That is good news, and all in my favor. (*To* HERMES, *apart.*) Is this person a bachelor, or has he a wife?

HERMES. Not exactly a bachelor.

APHRODITE. What do you mean?

HERMES. Apparently a woman of Ida is his mate: a good enough creature, but crude and extremely rustic. He does not seem to care much about her. But why do you ask?

APHRODITE. Oh, I just asked.

ATHENA (*to* HERMES). This is a breach of trust, sirrah. You are having a private understanding with Aphrodite.

HERMES. It's nothing terrible, and has nothing to do with you. She was asking me whether Paris is a bachelor.

ATHENA. Why is that any business of hers?

HERMES. I don't know; she says she asked casually, without any object.

ATHENA. Well, is he a bachelor?

HERMES. Apparently not.

ATHENA. Has he any leaning towards war? Is he an ambitious person, or a cowherd merely?

HERMES. I can't say certainly; but it is safe to guess that a man of his age will hanker after fighting and long to distinguish himself in the field.

APHRODITE. See now, I don't find any fault with you for talking apart with her. Fault-finding is not natural to Aphrodite.

HERMES. She was asking me almost exactly what you did, so don't take it amiss or think you are badly treated. I answered her just as simply as I did you.

—But while we are talking we have come a long way. We have left the stars behind and almost reached Phrygia. I see Ida and the whole range of Gargarus clearly; and unless I am mistaken, I can even make out Paris, your judge.

HERA. Where is he? I don't see him.

HERMES. Look off to the left,—not at the summit of the mountain, but along the flank where the cave is. There you see the herd.

HERA. But not the herdsman.

HERMES. What? Look along my finger, so. Don't you see the cows coming from among the rocks, and a man with a crook running down the bluff to hem them in and keep them from scattering further?

HERA. I see now, if that is he.

HERMES. That's he. When we are close at hand we will take to the ground, if you please, and come up to him walking, so as not to frighten him by dropping from the unseen.

HERA. Very good, we will do so. (*They alight.*) Now that we are on earth, Aphrodite, you had better go ahead and lead the way. You are probably familiar with the spot. The story goes that you have visited Anchises here more than once.

APHRODITE. Those jokes don't bother me very much, Hera.

HERMES. I will lead the way myself. Here is the umpire close by: let us address him. (*To* PARIS.) Good morning, cowherd!

PARIS. Good morning, my lad. Who are you? And who are these women whom you are escorting?—not mountain-bred: they are too pretty.

HERMES. And not women. Paris, you see before you Hera and Athena and Aphrodite; and I am Hermes, bearing a message from Zeus. Why do you tremble and lose color? Don't be frightened; it's nothing bad. He bids you judge which of them is fairest; "for," says Zeus, "you are fair yourself and wise in lover's love, so I turn over the case to you. You will know what the prize is when you read the legend on the apple." (*Hands him the apple.*)

PARIS. Let me see what it all means. For the FAIREST, the apple says. How in the world, Lord Hermes, can I, a mortal man and a rustic, be judge of this marvelous spectacle, which is beyond a cowherd's powers? Judgment in such matters belongs rather to the dainty folk in towns. As for me, I have the art to judge between goat and goat, as between heifer and heifer, in point of beauty. But these ladies are beautiful alike. I do not know how a man could drag his sight from one to rest it on another. Wherever my eye falls first, there it clings and approves what it finds. I am fairly bathed in their beauty. It surrounds me altogether. I wish I were all eyes, like Argus. I think I should judge wisely if I gave the apple to them all. And here is

something to consider too: one of them is sister and wife of Zeus, while the others are his daughters. Doesn't this make the decision hard?

HERMES. I can't say. I only know that you can't shirk what Zeus commands.

PARIS. Make them promise one thing, Hermes: that the losers will not be angry with me, but only consider my sight defective.

HERMES. They say they will do so; but it is time you made your decision.

PARIS. I will try; for what else can I do? Good heavens, what a sight! What beauty! How fair the maiden goddess is! and how queenly, glorious, and worthy of her station is the wife of Zeus! And how sweet is Aphrodite's glance, with her soft, winning smile!—Bah! I can hold no more pleasure. If you please, I should like to study each separately; as it is, I look two ways at once.

APHRODITE. Yes, let us do it that way.

PARIS. Go off, then, two of you. Hera, do you stay.

HERA. I will; and when you have considered me carefully you had better consider something else,—whether you like the results of a verdict in my favor. For if you decide, Paris, that I am the fairest, you shall be lord of all Asia.

PARIS. My justice is not for sale. Go now; I am satisfied. Come next, Athena.

ATHENA. Here I am, Paris; and if you decide that I am fairest, you shall never be beaten in battle. I will make you a victorious warrior.

PARIS. I have no use for war and battle, Athena. Peace reigns, as you see in Phrygia and Lydia, and my father's realm is undisturbed. But cheer up: you shall not suffer for it, even if my justice is not for sale. I have finished with you; it is Aphrodite's turn.

APHRODITE. At your service, Paris, and I shall bear careful inspection. And if you like, my dear lad, listen to me too. I have had an eye on you for some time; and seeing you so young and handsome—does Phrygia hold such another?—I congratulate you on your looks, but I blame you for not leaving these rocks and living in the city. Why do you waste your beauty in the desert? What good do you get of the mountains? How are your cattle the better because you are handsome? You ought to have had a wife before this; not a wild country girl like the women of Ida, but a queen from Argos or Corinth, or a Spartan woman like Helen, for instance. She is young and lovely, in no way inferior to me, and what is most important, made for love. If that woman should but see you, I know she would surrender herself, and leave everything to follow you and be your wife; but of course you have heard about her yourself.

PARIS. Not a word. But I should love to listen if you will tell me the whole story.

APHRODITE. She is the daughter of that fair Leda whom Zeus loved.

PARIS. And what does she look like?

APHRODITE. She is blonde, soft, and delicate, yet strong with athletic sports. She is so sought after that men fought for her sake when Theseus stole her, yet a little girl. And when she was grown up, all the noblest of the Greeks came courting her; and Menelaus was chosen, of the family of Pelops. But if you like, I will make her your wife.

PARIS. What do you mean? She is married already.

APHRODITE. You are a young provincial, to be sure. But I know how to manage an affair like that.

PARIS. How? I should like to know myself.

APHRODITE. You will set out on your travels, ostensibly to see Greece; and when you come to Lacedaemon, Helen will see you. The rest shall be my affair, to arrange that she fall in love with you and follow you.

PARIS. Ah, that is what seems impossible to me,—that a woman should be willing to leave her husband and sail away with a stranger to a strange land.

APHRODITE. Don't worry about that. I have two fair children, Longing and Love, whom I shall give you as guides on your journey. And Love shall enter into the woman and compel her to love, while Longing shall invest you with the charm in her eyes. I will be there myself, and I will ask the Graces to come too, so that we may make a joint attack upon her.

PARIS. How all this is to come about remains to be seen; but I am already in love with Helen. Somehow or other I see her with my mind's eye, and my voyage to Greece and my visit to Sparta and my return

with her. It oppresses me that I am not carrying it out this minute.

APHRODITE. Don't fall in love, Paris, until you have given me the matchmaker's fee in the shape of a verdict. It would be nice if we could have a joint festival in honor of your marriage and my victory. It all rests with you. You can buy love, beauty, a wife, with that apple.

PARIS. I am afraid you will forget me after the award is made.

APHRODITE. Do you want my oath?

PARIS. By no means; only your promise.

APHRODITE. I promise that I will give you Helen to be your wife, that she shall follow you to Troy, and that I will attend in person and help you in every way.

PARIS. And you will bring Love and Longing and the Graces?

APHRODITE. Trust me, and I will have Desire and Hymen there into the bargain.

PARIS. On these conditions I award the apple to you. Take it!

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD

CHARON AND HIS PASSENGERS

CHARON. Now listen to me, good people—I'll tell you how it is. The boat is but small, as you see, and somewhat rotten and leaky withal: and if the weight gets to one side, over we go: and here you are crowding in all at once, and with lots of luggage, every one of you. If you come on board here with all that lumber, I suspect you'll repent of it afterwards—especially those who can't swim.

MERCURY. What's best for us to do then, to get safe across?

CH. I'll tell you. You must all strip before you get in, and leave all those encumbrances on shore: and even then the boat will scarce hold you all. And you take care, Mercury, that no soul is admitted that is not in light marching order, and who has not left all his encumbrances, as I say, behind. Just stand at the gangway and overhaul them, and don't let them get in till they've stripped.

MER. Quite right; I'll see to it.—Now, who comes first here?

MEN. I—Menippus. Look—I've pitched my wallet and staff into the lake; my coat, luckily, I didn't bring with me.

MER. Get in, Menippus—you're a capital fellow. Take the best seat there, in the stern-sheets, next the steersman, and watch who gets on board.—Now, who's this fine gentleman?

CHARMOLAUS. I'm Charmolaus of Megara—a general favorite. Many a lady would give fifty guineas for a kiss from me.

MER. You'll have to leave your pretty face, and those valuable lips, and your long curls and smooth skin behind you, that's all. Ah! now you'll do—you're all right and tight now: get in.—But you, sir, there, in the purple and the diadem,—who are you?

LAMPICHUS. Lampichus, king of Gelo.

MER. And what d'ye mean by coming here with all that trumpery?

LAM. How? Would it be seemly for a king to come here unrobed?

MER. Well, for a king, perhaps not—but for a dead man, certainly. So put it all off.

LAM. There—I've thrown my riches away.

MER. Yes—and throw away your pride too, and your contempt for other people. You'll infallibly swamp the boat if you bring all that in.

LAM. Just let me keep my diadem and mantle.

MER. Impossible—off with them too.

LAM. Well—anything more? because I've thrown them all off, as you see.

MER. Your cruelty—and your folly—and your insolence—and bad temper—off with them all!

LAM. There, then—I'm stripped entirely.

MER. Very well—get in.—And you fat fellow, who are you, with all that flesh on you?

DAMASIAS. Damasias, the athlete.

MER. Ay, you look like him: I remember having seen you in the games.

DAM. (*smiling*). Yes, Mercury; take me on board—I'm ready stripped, at any rate.

MER. Stripped? Nay, my good sir, not with all that covering of flesh on you. You must get rid of that, or you'll sink the boat the moment you set your other foot in. And you must take off your garlands and trophies too.

DAM. Then—now I'm really stripped, and not heavier than these other dead gentlemen.

MER. All right—the lighter the better: get in.

[In like manner the patrician has to lay aside his noble birth, his public honors, and statues, and testimonials—the very thought of them, Mercury declares, is enough to sink the boat; and the general is made to leave behind him all his victories and trophies—in the realms of the dead there is peace. Next comes the philosopher's turn.]

MER. Who's this pompous and conceited personage, to judge from his looks—he with the knitted eyebrows there, and lost in meditation—that fellow with the long beard?

MEN. One of those philosophers, Mercury—or rather those cheats and charlatans: make him strip too; you'll find some curious things hid under that cloak of his.

MER. Take your habit off, to begin with, if you please—and now all that you have there,—great Jupiter! what a lot of humbug he was bringing with him—and ignorance, and disputatiousness, and vain-glory, and useless questions, and prickly arguments, and involved statements,—ay, and wasted ingenuity, and solemn trifling, and quips and quirks of all kinds! Yes—by Jove! and there are gold pieces there, and impudence and luxury and debauchery—oh! I see them all, though you are trying to hide them! And your lies, and pomposity, and thinking yourself better than everybody else—away with all that, I say! Why, if you bring all that aboard, a fifty-oared galley wouldn't hold you!

PHILOSOPHER. Well, I'll leave it all behind then, if I must.

MEN. But make him take his beard off too, Master Mercury; it's heavy and bushy, as you see; there's five pound weight of hair there, at the very least.

MER. You're right. Take it off, sir!

PHIL. But who is there who can shave me?

MER. Menippus there will chop it off with the boat-hatchet—he can have the gunwale for a chopping-block.

MEN. Nay, Mercury, lend us a saw—it will be more fun.

MER. Oh, the hatchet will do! So—that's well; now you've got rid of your goatishness, you look something more like a man.

MEN. Shall I chop a bit off his eyebrows as well?

MER. By all means; he has stuck them up on his forehead, to make himself look grander, I suppose. What's the matter now? You're crying, you rascal, are you—afraid of death? Make haste on board, will you?

MEN. He's got something now under his arm.

MER. What is it, Menippus?

MEN. Flattery it is, Mercury—and a very profitable article he found it, while he was alive.

PHIL. (*in a fury*). And you, Menippus—leave your lawless tongue behind you, and your cursed independence, and mocking laugh; you're the only one of the party who dares laugh.

MER. (*laughing*). No, no, Menippus—they're very light, and take little room; besides, they are good things on a voyage. But you, Mr. Orator there, throw away your rhetorical flourishes, and antitheses, and parallelisms, and barbarisms, and all that heavy wordy gear of yours.

ORATOR. There, then—there they go!

MER. All right. Now then, slip the moorings. Haul that plank aboard—up anchor, and make sail. Mind your helm, master! And a good voyage to us!—What are you howling about, you fools? You, Philosopher, specially? Now that you've had your beard cropped?

PHIL. Because, dear Mercury, I always thought the soul had been immortal.

MEN. He's lying! It's something else that troubles him, most likely.

MER. What's that?

MEN. That he shall have no more expensive suppers—nor, after spending all the night in debauchery, profess to lecture to the young men on moral philosophy in the morning, and take pay for it. That's what vexes him.

PHIL. And you, Menippus—are you not sorry to die?

MEN. How should I be, when I hastened to death without any call to it? But, while we are talking, don't you hear a noise as of some people shouting on the earth?

MER. Yes, I do—and from more than one quarter. There's a public rejoicing yonder for the death of Lampichus; and the women have seized his wife, and the boys are stoning his children; and in Sicyon they are all praising Diophantus the orator for his funeral oration upon Crato here. Yes—and there is Damasias's mother wailing for him amongst her women. But there's not a soul weeping for you, Menippus—you're lying all alone.

MEN. Not at all—you'll hear the dogs howling over me presently, and the ravens mournfully flapping their wings, when they gather to my funeral.

MER. Stoutly said. But here we are at the landing-place. March off, all of you, to the judgment-seat straight; I and the ferryman must go and fetch a fresh batch.

MEN. A pleasant trip to you, Mercury. So we'll be moving on. Come, what are you all dawdling for? You've got to be judged, you know; and the punishments, they tell me, are frightful—wheels, and stones, and vultures. Every man's life will be strictly inquired into, I can tell you.

HORACE (65–8 B. C.)

SATIRE IX

THE BORE[1]

IT CHANCED that I, the other day,
Was sauntering up the Sacred Way,
And musing, as my habit is,
Some trivial random fantasies,
That for the time absorbed me quite,
When there comes running up a wight,
Whom only by his name I knew;
"Ha, my dear fellow, how d'ye do?"
Grasping my hand, he shouted. "Why,
As times go, pretty well," said I;
"And you, I trust, can say the same."
But after me as still he came,
"Sir, is there anything," I cried,
"You want of me?" "Oh," he replied,
"I'm just the man you ought to know;—
A scholar, author!" "Is it so?
For this I'll like you all the more!"
Then, writhing to evade the bore,
I quicken now my pace, now stop,
And in my servant's ear let drop
Some words, and all the while I feel
Bathed in cold sweat from head to heel.
"Oh for a touch," I moaned in pain,
"Bolanus, of thy slapdash vein,
To put this incubus to rout!"
As he went chattering on about
Whatever he descries or meets,
The crowds, the beauty of the streets,
The city's growth, its splendor, size.
"You're dying to be off," he cries;
For all the while I'd been struck dumb.
"I've noticed it some time. But come,
Let's clearly understand each other;
It's no use making all this pother.
My mind's made up to stick by you;
So where you go, there I go too."
"Don't put yourself," I answered, "pray,
So very far out of your way.
I'm on the road to see a friend,
Whom you don't know, that's near his end,
Away beyond the Tiber far,
Close by where Caesar's gardens are."
"I've nothing in the world to do,
And what's a paltry mile or two?
I like it, so I'll follow you!"
Down dropped my ears on hearing this
Just like a vicious jackass's
That's loaded heavier than he likes;
But off anew my torment strikes,
"If well I know myself, you'll end
With making of me more a friend
Than Viscus, ay, or Varius; for
Of verses who can run off more,
Or run them off at such a pace?
Who dance with such distinguished grace?
And as for singing, zounds!" said he,
"Hermogenes might envy me!"
Here was an opening to break in.
"Have you a mother, father, kin,
To whom your life is precious?" "None;—
I've closed the eyes of every one."
Oh happy they, I inly groan.
Now I am left, and I alone.
Quick, quick, despatch me where I stand!
Now is the direful doom at hand
Which erst the Sabine beldam old,
Shaking her magic urn, foretold

[1]Translation by Theodore Martin.

In days when I was yet a boy:—
"Him shall no poisons fell destroy,
Nor hostile sword in shock of war,
Nor gout, nor colic, nor catarrh.
In fulness of the time his thread
Shall by a prate-apace be shred;
So let him, when he's twenty-one,
If he be wise, all babblers shun."
Now we were close to Vesta's fane.
'Twas hard on ten, and he, my bane,
Was bound to answer to his bail,
Or lose his cause, if he should fail.
"Do, if you love me, step aside
One moment with me here," he cried.
"Upon my life, indeed, I can't;
Of law I'm wholly ignorant;
And you know where I'm hurrying to."
"I'm fairly puzzled what to do.
Give you up, or my cause?" "Oh, me,
Me, by all means!" "I won't," quoth he;
And stalks on, holding by me tight.
As with your conqueror to fight
Is hard, I follow. "How," anon
He rambles off—"how get you on,
You and Maecenas? To so few
He keeps himself. So clever, too!
No man more dexterous to seize
And use his opportunities.
Just introduce me, and you'll see,
We'll pull together famously;
And hang me, then, if with my backing,
You don't send all your rivals packing!"
"Things in that quarter, sir, proceed
In very different style indeed.
No house more free from all that's base,
In none cabals more out of place.
It hurts me not, if there I see
Men richer, better read than me.
Each has his place!" "Amazing tact!
Scarce credible!" "But 'tis the fact."
"You quicken my desire to get
An introduction to his set."
"With merit such as yours, you need
But wish it, and you must succeed.
He's to be won, and that is why
Of strangers he's so very shy."
"I'll spare no pains, no arts, no shifts!
His servants I'll corrupt with gifts.
To-day though driven from his gate,
What matter? I will lie in wait,
To catch some lucky chance; I'll meet,
Or overtake him in the street;
I'll haunt him like his shadow! Nought
In life without much toil is bought."
Just at this moment who but my
Dear friend Aristius should come by?
My rattle-brain right well he knew.
We stop. "Whence, friends, and whither to?"
He asks and answers. Whilst we ran
The usual courtesies, I began
To pluck him by the sleeve, to pinch
His arms, that feel but will not flinch,
By nods and winks most plain to see
Imploring him to rescue me:
He, wickedly obtuse the while,
Meets all my signals with a smile.
I, choked with rage, said, "Was there not
Some business, I've forgotten what,
You mentioned, that you wished with me
To talk about, and privately?"
"Oh, I remember! Never mind.
Some more convenient time I'll find.
The Thirtieth Sabbath this! Would you
Offend the circumcised Jew?"
"Religious scruples I have none."
"Ah! But I have. I am but one
Of the canaille—a feeble brother.
Your pardon! Some fine day or other
I'll tell you what it was." Oh, day
Of woful doom to me! Away
The rascal bolted like an arrow,
And left me underneath the harrow;
When by the rarest luck, we ran
At the next turn against the man
Who had the lawsuit with my bore.
"Ha, knave!" he cried with loud uproar,
"Where are you off to? Will you here
Stand witness?" I present my ear.
To court he hustles him along;
High words are bandied, high and strong,
A mob collects, the fray to see:
So did Apollo rescue me.

JUVENAL (60?-140? A.D.)

SATIRE III

GRIEVED though I am to see the man depart,
Who long has shared, and still must share, my heart,
Yet (when I call my better judgment home)
I praise his purpose; to retire from Rome,
And give, on Cumae's solitary coast,
The Sibyl—one inhabitant to boast!
Full on the road to Baiae, Cumae lies,
And many a sweet retreat her shore supplies—
Though I prefer ev'n Prochyta's bare strand
To the Suburra:—for, what desert land,
What wild, uncultured spot, can more affright,
Than fires, wide blazing through the gloom of night,
Houses, with ceaseless ruin, thundering down,
And all the horrors of this hateful town?
Where poets, while the dog-star glows, rehearse,
To gasping multitudes, their barbarous verse!
Now had my friend, impatient to depart,
Consigned his little all to one poor cart:
For this, without the town he chose to wait;
But stopped a moment at the Conduit-gate.—
Here Numa erst his nightly visits paid,
And held high converse with the Egerian maid:
Now the once-hallowed fountain, grove, and fane,
Are let to Jews, a wretched, wandering train,
Whose furniture's a basket filled with hay—
For every tree is forced a tax to pay;
And while the heaven-born Nine in exile rove,
The beggar rents their consecrated grove!
Thence slowly winding down the vale, we view
The Egerian grots—ah, how unlike the true!
Nymph of the Spring; more honored hadst thou been,
If, free from art, an edge of living green,
Thy bubbling fount had circumscribed alone,
And marble ne'er profaned the native stone.
Umbritius here his sullen silence broke,
And turned on Rome, indignant, as he spoke.
Since virtue droops, he cried, without regard,
And honest toil scarce hopes a poor reward;
Since every morrow sees my means decay,
And still makes less the little of to-day;
I go, where Daedalus, as poets sing,
First checked his flight, and closed his weary wing:
While something yet of health and strength remains,
And yet no staff my faltering step sustains;
While few gray hairs upon my head are seen,
And my old age is vigorous still, and green.
Here, then, I bid my much-loved home farewell—
Ah, mine no more!—there let Arturius dwell,
And Catulus; knaves, who, in truth's despite,
Can white to black transform, and black to white,
Build temples, furnish funerals, auctions hold,
Farm rivers, ports, and scour the drains for gold!
Once they were trumpeters, and always found,
With strolling fencers, in their annual round,
While their puffed cheeks, which every village knew,
Called to "high feats of arms" the rustic crew:
Now they give Shows themselves; and, at the will
Of the base rabble, raise the sign—to kill,
Ambitious of their voice: then turn, once more,
To their vile gains, and farm the common shore!
And why not every thing?—since Fortune throws
Her more peculiar smiles on such as those,
Whene'er, to wanton merriment inclined,
She lifts to thrones the dregs of human kind!
But why, my friend, should I at Rome remain?
I can not teach my stubborn lips to feign;
Nor, when I hear a great man's verses, smile,
And beg a copy, if I think them vile.
A sublunary wight, I have no skill

To read the stars; I neither can, nor will,
Presage a father's death; I never pried,
In toads, for poison, nor—in aught beside.
Others may aid the adulterer's vile design,
And bear the insidious gift, and melting line,
Seduction's agents! I such deeds detest;
And, honest, let no thief partake my breast.
For this, without a friend, the world I quit;
A palsied limb, for every use unfit.
Who now is loved, but he whose conscious breast
Swells with dark deeds, still, still to be suppprest?
He pays, he owes, thee nothing (strictly just),
Who gives an honest secret to thy trust;
But, a dishonest!—there, he feels thy power,
And buys thy friendship high from hour to hour.
But let not all the wealth which Tagus pours
In Ocean's lap, not all his glittering stores,
Be deemed a bribe, sufficient to requite
The loss of peace by day, of sleep by night:—
Oh take not, take not, what thy soul rejects,
Nor sell the faith, which he, who buys, suspects!
The nation, by the *great*, admired, carest,
And hated, shunned by *me*, above the rest,
No longer, now, restrained by wounded pride,
I haste to show (nor thou my warmth deride),
I can not rule my spleen, and calmly see,
A Grecian capital, in Italy!
Grecian? O no! with this vast sewer compared,
The dregs of Greece are scarcely worth regard:
Long since, the stream that wanton Syria laves
Has disembogued its filth in Tiber's waves,
Its language, arts; o'erwhelmed us with the scum
Of Antioch's streets, its minstrel, harp, and drum.
Hie to the Circus! ye who pant to prove
A barbarous mistress, an outlandish love;
Hie to the Circus! there, in crowds they stand,
Tires on their head, and timbrels in their hand.
Thy rustic, Mars, the trechedipna wears,
And on his breast, smeared with ceroma, bears
A paltry prize, well-pleased; while every land,
Sicyon, and Amydos, and Alaband,
Tralles, and Samos, and a thousand more,
Thrive on his indolence, and daily pour
Their starving myriads forth: hither they come,
And batten on the genial soil of Rome;
Minions, then lords, of every princely dome!
A flattering, cringing, treacherous, artful race,
Of torrent tongue, and never-blushing face;
A Protean tribe, one knows not what to call,
Which shifts to every form, and shines in all:
Grammarian, painter, augur, rhetorician,
Rope-dancer, conjurer, fiddler, and physician,
All trades his own, your hungry Greekling counts;
And bid him mount the sky—the sky he mounts!
You smile—was't a barbarian, then, that flew?
No, 'twas a Greek; 'twas an *Athenian*, too!
—Bear with their state who will: for I disdain
To feed their upstart pride, or swell their train:
Slaves, that in Syrian lighters stowed, so late,
With figs and prunes (an inauspicious freight),
Already see their faith preferred to mine,
And sit above me! and before me sign!—
That on the Aventine I first drew air,
And, from the womb, was nursed on Sabine fare,
Avails me not! our birthright now is lost,
And all our privilege, an empty boast!
For lo! where versed in every soothing art,
The wily Greek assails his patron's heart,
Finds in each dull harangue an air, a grace,
And all Adonis in a Gorgon face;
Admires the voice that grates upon the ear,
Like the shrill scream of amorous chanticleer;
And equals the crane neck, and narrow chest,
To Hercules, when, straining to his breast
The giant son of Earth, his every vein
Swells with the toil, and more than mortal pain.

We too can cringe as low, and praise as warm,
But flattery from the Greeks alone can charm.
See! they step forth, and figure to the life,
The naked nymph, the mistress, or the wife,
So just, you view the very woman there,
And fancy all beneath the girdle bare!
No longer now, the favorites of the stage
Boast their exclusive power to charm the age:
The happy art with them a nation shares,
Greece is a theatre, where all are players.
For lo! their patron smiles,—they burst with mirth;
He weeps—they droop, the saddest souls on earth;
He calls for fire—they court the mantle's heat;
'Tis warm he cries—and they dissolve in sweat.
Ill-matched!—secure of victory they start,
Who, taught from youth to play a borrowed part,
Can, with a glance, the rising passion trace,
And mould their own, to suit their patron's face;
At deeds of shame their hands admiring raise,
And mad debauchery's worst excesses praise.
Besides, no mound their raging lust restrains,
All ties it breaks, all sanctity profanes;
Wife, virgin-daughter, son unstained before—
And, where these fail, they tempt the grandam hoar:
They notice every word, haunt every ear,
Your secrets learn, and fix you theirs from fear.
Turn to their schools:—yon gray professor see,
Smeared with the sanguine stains of perfidy!
That tutor most accursed his pupil sold!
That Stoic sacrificed his friend to gold!
A true-born Grecian! littered on the coast,
Where the Gorgonian hack a pinion lost.
Hence, Romans, hence! no place for you remains,
Where Diphilus, where Erimanthus reigns;
Miscreants, who, faithful to their native art,
Admit no rival in a patron's heart:
For let them fasten on his easy ear,
And drop one hint, one secret slander there,
Sucked from their country's venom, or their own,
That instant they possess the man alone;
While we are spurned, contemptuous, from the door,
Our long, long slavery thought upon no more.
'Tis but a client lost!—and that, we find,
Sits wondrous lightly on a patron's mind:
And (not to flatter our poor pride, my friend)
What merit with the great can we pretend,
Though, in our duty we prevent the day,
And, darkling, run our humble court to pay;
When the brisk praetor, long before, is gone,
And hastening, with stern voice, his lictors on,
Lest his colleagues o'erpass him in the street,
And first the rich and childless matrons greet,
Alba and Modia, who impatient wait,
And think the morning homage comes too late!
Here freeborn youths wait the rich servant's call,
And, if they walk beside him, yield the wall;
And wherefore? this, forsooth, can fling away,
On one voluptuous night, a legion's pay,
While those, when some Calvina, sweeping by,
Inflames the fancy, check their roving eye,
And frugal of their scanty means, forbear,
To tempt the wanton from her splendid chair.
Produce, at Rome, your witness: let him boast,
The sanctity of Berecynthia's host,
Of Numa, or of him, whose zeal divine
Snatched pale Minerva from her blazing shrine:
To search his rent-roll, first the bench prepares,
His honesty employs their latest cares:
What table does he keep, what slaves maintain,
And what, they ask, and where, is his domain?
These weighty matters known, his faith they rate,
And square his probity to his estate.
The poor may swear by all the immortal Powers,
By the Great Gods of Samothrace, and ours,
His oaths are false, they cry; he scoffs at heaven,
And all its thunders; scoffs—and is forgiven!

Add, that the wretch is still the theme of scorn,
If the soiled cloak be patched, the gown o'erworn;
If, through the bursting shoe, the foot be seen,
Or the coarse seam tell where the rent has been.
O Poverty, thy thousand ills combined
Sink not so deep into the generous mind,
As the contempt and laughter of mankind!
"Up! up! these cushioned benches," Lectius cries,
"Befit not your estates: for shame! arise."
For "shame!"—but you say well: the pander's heir,
The spawn of bulks and stews, is seated there;
The crier's spruce son, fresh from the fencer's school,
And prompt the taste to settle and to rule.—
So Otho fixed it, whose preposterous pride
First dared to chase us from their Honors' side.
In these cursed walls, devote alone to gain,
When do the poor a wealthy wife obtain?
When are they named in Wills? when called to share
The Ædile's council, and assist the chair?—
Long since should they have risen, thus slighted, spurned,
And left their home, but—not to have returned!
Depressed by indigence, the good and wise,
In every clime, by painful efforts rise;
Here, by more painful still, where scanty cheer,
Poor lodging, mean attendance—all is dear.
In earthen-ware he scorns, at Rome, to eat,
Who, called abruptly to the Marsian's seat,
From such, well pleased, would take his simple food,
Nor blush to wear the cheap Venetian hood.
There's many a part of Italy, 'tis said,
Where none assume the toga but the dead:
There, when the toil foregone and annual play,
Mark, from the rest, some high and solemn day,
To theatres of turf the rustics throng,
Charmed with the farce that charmed their sires so long;
While the pale infant, of the mask in dread,
Hides, in his mother's breast, his little head.
No modes of dress high birth distinguish there;
All ranks, all orders, the same habit wear,
And the dread Ædile's dignity is known,
O sacred badge! by his white vest alone.
But here, beyond our power arrayed we go,
In all the gay varieties of show;
And when our purse supplies the charge no more,
Borrow, unblushing, from our neighbor's store:
Such is the reigning vice; and so we flaunt,
Proud in distress, and prodigal in want!
Briefly, my friend, here all are slaves to gold,
And words, and smiles, and every thing is sold.
What will you give for Cossus' nod? how high
The silent notice of Veiento buy?
—One favorite youth is shaved, another shorn;
And, while to Jove the precious spoil is borne,
Clients are taxed for offerings, and, (yet more
To gall their patience), from their little store,
Constrained to swell the minion's ample hoard,
And bribe the page, for leave to bribe his lord.
Who fears the crash of houses in retreat?
At simple Gabii, bleak Praeneste's seat,
Volsinium's craggy heights, embowered in wood,
Or Tibur, beetling o'er prone Anio's flood?
While half the city here by shores is staid,
And feeble cramps, that lend a treacherous aid:
For thus the stewards patch the riven wall,
Thus prop the mansion, tottering to its fall;
Then bid the tenant court secure repose,
While the pile nods to every blast that blows.
O! may I live where no such fears molest,
No midnight fires burst on my hour of rest!
For here 'tis terror all; mid the loud cry
Of "water! water!" the scared neighbors fly,
With all their haste can seize—the flames aspire,
And the third floor is wrapt in smoke and fire,
While you, unconscious, doze: Up, ho! and know,
The impetuous blaze which spreads dismay below,

By swift degrees will reach the aerial cell,
Where, crouching, underneath the tiles you dwell,
Where your tame doves their golden couplets rear,
"And you could no mischance, but drowning, fear!"
"Codrus had but one bed, and that too short
For his short wife;" his goods, of every sort,
Were else but few:—six little pipkins graced
His cupboard head, a little can was placed
On a snug shelf beneath, and near it lay
A Chiron, of the same cheap marble—clay.
And was this all? O no: he yet possest
A few Greek books, shrined in an ancient chest,
Where barbarous mice through many an inlet crept,
And fed on heavenly numbers, while he slept.—
"Codrus, in short, had nothing." You say true;
And yet poor Codrus lost that nothing too!
One curse alone was wanting, to complete
His woes: that, cold and hungry, through the street,
The wretch should beg, and, in the hour of need,
Find none to lodge, to clothe him, or to feed!
But should the raging flames on grandeur prey,
And low in dust Asturius' palace lay,
The squalid matron sighs, the senate mourns,
The pleaders cease, the judge the court adjourns;
All join to wail the city's hapless fate,
And rail at fire with more than common hate.
Lo! while it burns, the obsequious courtiers haste,
With rich materials, to repair the waste:
This, brings him marble, that, a finished piece,
The far-famed boast of Polyclete and Greece;
This, ornaments, which graced of old the fane
Of Asia's gods; that, figured plate and plain;
This, cases, books, and busts the shelves to grace,
And piles of coin his specie to replace—
So much the childless Persian swells his store,
(Though deemed the richest of the rich before,)
That all ascribe the flames to thirst of pelf,
And swear, Asturius fired his house himself.
O, had you, from the Circus, power to fly,
In many a halcyon village might you buy
Some elegant retreat, for what will here,
Scarce hire a gloomy dungeon through the year!
There wells, by nature formed, which need no rope,
No laboring arm, to crane their waters up,
Around your lawn their facile streams shall shower,
And cheer the springing plant and opening flower.
There live, delighted with the rustic's lot,
And till, with your own hands, the little spot;
The little spot shall yield you large amends,
And glad, with many a feast, your Samian friends.
And, sure,—in any corner we can get,
To call one lizard ours, is something yet!
Flushed with a mass of undigested food,
Which clogs the stomach and inflames the blood,
What crowds, with watching wearied and o'erprest,
Curse the slow hours, and die for want of rest!
For who can hope his languid lids to close,
Where brawling taverns banish all repose?
Sleep, to the rich alone, "his visits pays:"
And hence the seeds of many a dire disease.
The carts loud rumbling through the narrow way,
The drivers' clamors at each casual stay,
From drowsy Drusus would his slumber take,
And keep the calves of Proteus broad awake!
If business call, obsequious crowds divide,
While o'er their heads the rich securely ride,
By tall Illyrians borne, and read, or write,
Or (should the early hour to rest invite),
Close the soft litter, and enjoy the night.
Yet reach they first the goal; while, by the throng
Elbowed and jostled, scarce we creep along;
Sharp strokes from poles, tubs, rafters, doomed to feel;

And plastered o'er with mud, from head to heel:
While the rude soldier gores us as he goes,
Or marks, in blood, his progress on our toes!
See, from the Dole, a vast tumultuous throng,
Each followed by his kitchen, pours along!
Huge pans, which Corbulo could scarce uprear,
With steady neck a puny slave must bear,
And, lest amid the way the flames expire,
Glide nimbly on, and gliding, fan the fire;
Through the close press with sinuous efforts wind,
And, piece by piece, leave his botched rags behind.
Hark! groaning on, the unwieldy wagon spreads
Its cumbrous load, tremendous! o'er our heads,
Projecting elm or pine, that nods on high,
And threatens death to every passer by.
Heavens! should the axle crack, which bears a weight
Of huge Ligurian stone, and pour the freight
On the pale crowd beneath, what would remain,
What joint, what bone, what atom of the slain?
The body, with the soul, would vanish quite,
Invisible as air, to mortal sight!—
Meanwhile, unconscious of their fellow's fate,
At home, they heat the water, scour the plate,
Arrange the strigils, fill the cruse with oil,
And ply their several tasks with fruitless toil:
For he who bore the dole, poor mangled ghost,
Sits pale and trembling on the Stygian coast,
Scared at the horrors of the novel scene,
At Charon's threatening voice, and scowling mien;
Nor hopes a passage, thus abruptly hurled,
Without his farthing, to the nether world.
Pass we these fearful dangers, and survey
What other evils threat our nightly way.
And first, behold the mansion's towering size,
Where floors on floors to the tenth story rise;
Whence heedless garreteers their potsherds throw,
And crush the unwary wretch that walks below!
Clattering the storm descends from heights unknown,
Plows up the street, and wounds the flinty stone!
'Tis madness, dire improvidence of ill,
To sup abroad, before you sign your Will;
Since fate in ambush lies, and marks his prey,
From every wakeful window in the way:
Pray, then—and count your humble prayer well sped,
If pots be only—emptied on your head.
The drunken bully, ere his man be slain,
Frets through the night, and courts repose in vain;
And while the thirst of blood his bosom burns,
From side to side, in restless anguish, turns,
Like Peleus' son, when, quelled by Hector's hand,
His loved Patroclus prest the Phrygian strand.
There are, who murder as an opiate take,
And only when no brawls await them wake:
Yet even these heroes, flushed with youth and wine,
All contest with the purple robe decline;
Securely give the lengthened train to pass,
The sun-bright flambeaux, and the lamps of brass.—
Me, whom the moon, or candle's paler gleam,
Whose wick I husband to the last extreme,
Guides through the gloom, he braves, devoid of fear:
The prelude to our doughty quarrel hear,
If that be deemed a quarrel, where, heaven knows,
He only gives, and I receive, the blows!
Across my path he strides, and bids me STAND!
I bow, obsequious to the dread command;
What else remains, where madness, rage, combine
With youth, and strength superior far to mine?
"Whence come you, rogue?" he cries; "whose beans to-night
Have stuffed you thus? what cobbler clubbed his mite,
For leeks and sheep's-head porridge? Dumb! quite dumb!
Speak, or be kicked.—Yet, once again! your home?

Where shall I find you? At what beggar's hand?"
Whether I strive some humble plea to frame,
Or steal in silence by, 'tis just the same;
I'm beaten first, then dragged in rage away;
Bound to the peace, or punished for the fray!
Mark here the boasted freedom of the poor!
Beaten and bruised, that goodness to adore,
Which, at their humble prayer, suspends its ire,
And sends them home, with yet a bone entire!
Nor this the worst; for when deep midnight reigns,
And bolts secure our doors, and massy chains,
When noisy inns a transient silence keep,
And harassed nature woos the balm of sleep,
Then, thieves and murderers ply their dreadful trade;
With stealthy steps our secret couch invade:—
Roused from the treacherous calm, aghast we start,
And the fleshed sword—is buried in our heart!
Hither from bogs, from rocks, and caves pursued
(The Pontine marsh, and Gallinarian wood),
The dark assassins flock, as to their home,
And fill with dire alarms the streets of Rome.
Such countless multitudes our peace annoy,
That bolts and shackles every forge employ,
And cause so wide a waste, the country fears
A want of ore for mattocks, rakes, and shares,
O! happy were our sires, estranged from crimes;
And happy, happy, were the good old times,
Which saw, beneath their kings', their tribunes' reign,
One cell the nation's criminals contain!
Much could I add, more reasons could I cite,
If time were ours, to justify my flight;
But see! the impatient team is moving on,
The sun declining; and I must be gone:
Long since, the driver murmured at my stay,
And jerked his whip, to beckon me away.
Farewell, my friend! with this embrace we part!
Cherish my memory ever in your heart;
And when, from crowds and business, you repair,
To breathe at your Aquinum freer air,
Fail not to draw me from my loved retreat,
To Elvine Ceres, and Diana's seat:
For your bleak hills my Cumae I'll resign,
And (if you blush not at such aid as mine)
Come well equipped, to wage, in angry rhymes,
Fierce war, with you, on follies and on crimes.

DESIDERIUS ERASMUS (1467–1536)

THE PRAISE OF FOLLY

THE next to these are another sort of brainless fools, who style themselves monks, or members of religious orders, though they assume both titles very unjustly: for as to the last, they have very little religion in them; and as to the former, the etymology of the word monk implies a solitariness, or being alone; whereas they are so thick abroad that we cannot pass any street or alley without meeting them: and I cannot imagine which degree of men would be more hopelessly wretched if I did not stand their friend, and buoy them up in that lake of misery, which by the engagements of a religious vow they have voluntarily immerged themselves into.

But when these sort of men are so unwelcome to others, as that the very sight of them is thought ominous, I yet make them highly in love with themselves, and fond admirers of their own happiness. The first step whereunto they esteem a profound ignorance, thinking carnal knowledge a great enemy to their spiritual welfare, and seem confident of becoming greater proficients in divine mysteries, the less they are influenced with any human learning.

They imagine that they bear a sweet consort with the heavenly choir, when they tone out their daily tally of psalms, which

they rehearse only by rote, without permitting their understanding or affections to go along with their voice.

Among these, some make a good and profitable trade by beggary, going about from house to house, not like the apostles, to break, but to beg, their bread; nay, they thrust themselves into all public-houses, come aboard the passage-boats, get into the traveling wagons, and omit no opportunity of time or place for craving people's charity, and doing a great deal of injury to common highway beggars by interfering with their traffic of alms.

And when they are thus voluntarily poor, destitute, not provided with two coats, nor with any money in their purse, they have the impudence to pretend that they imitate the first disciples, whom their master expressly sent out in such an equipage.

It is amusing to observe how they regulate all their actions, as it were by weight and measure, to so exact a proportion, as if the whole loss of their religion depended upon the omission of the least punctilio.

Thus, they must be very critical in the precise number of knots requisite for tying on their sandals; what distinct colors their respective habits should be, and of what material made; how broad and long their girdles; how big, and in what fashion, their hoods; whether their bald crowns to be a hair's-breadth of the right cut; how many hours they must sleep, at what minute rise to prayers, etc.

And these several customs are altered according to the humors of different persons and places.

While they are sworn to the superstitious observance of these trifles, they not only despise all others, but are even inclined to fall out among themselves; for though they make profession of an apostolical charity, yet they will pick a quarrel, and be implacably passionate for such slight provocations as for putting on a coat the wrong way, for wearing clothes a little too dark in color, or any such nicety not worth speaking of.

Some are so obstinately superstitious that they will wear their upper garment of some coarse dog's hair stuff, and that next their skin as soft as silk: but others on the contrary, will have linen frocks outermost, and their shirts of wool, or hair. Some again will not touch a piece of money, though they make no scruple of the sin of drunkenness, and the lust of the flesh.

All their several orders are mindful of nothing more than of their being distinguished from each other by their different costumes and habits. They seem indeed not so careful of becoming like Christ, and of being known to be his disciples, as the being unlike to one another, and distinguishable for followers of their several founders.

A great part of their religion consists in their title. Some will be called Cordeliers, and these subdivided into Capuchines, Minors, Minims, and Mendicants; some again are styled Benedictines, others of the order of St. Bernard, others of that of St. Bridget; some are Augustin Monks, some Willielmites, and others Jacobists, as if the common name of Christian were too mean and vulgar.

Most of them place their greatest stress for salvation on a strict conformity to their foppish ceremonies, and a belief of their legendary traditions; wherein they fancy to have acquitted themselves with so much of supererogation, that one heaven can never be a condign reward for their meritorious life; little thinking that the Judge of all the earth at the last day shall put them off, with a who hath required these things at your hands; and call them to account only for the stewardship of his legacy, which was the precept of love and charity.

It will be interesting to hear their pleas before the great tribunal: one will brag how he mortified his carnal appetite by feeding only upon fish: another will urge that he spent most of his time on earth in the divine exercise of singing psalms: a third will tell how many days he fasted, and what severe penance he imposed on himself for the bringing his body into subjection: another shall produce in his own behalf as many ceremonies as would load a fleet of merchantmen: a fifth shall plead that in threescore years he never so much as touched a piece of money, except he fingered it through a thick pair of gloves: a sixth, to testify his former humility, shall bring along with him his sacred hood, so old and nasty, that any seaman had rather stand bare-headed on the deck, than put it on to

defend his ears in the sharpest storms: the next that comes to answer for himself shall plead, that for fifty years together, he had lived like a sponge upon the same place, and was content never to change his homely habitation: another shall whisper softly, and tell the judge he has lost his voice by a continual singing of the holy hymns and anthems: the next shall confess how he fell into a lethargy by a strict, reserved, and sedentary life; and the last shall intimate that he has forgotten to speak, by having always kept silence, in obedience to the injunction of taking heed lest he should have offended with his tongue.

But amidst all their fine excuses our Savior shall interrupt them with this answer,

Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites, verily I know you not; I left you but one precept, of loving one another, which I do not hear any one plead he has faithfully discharged; I told you plainly in my gospel, without any parable, that my father's kingdom was prepared not for such as should lay claim to it by austerities, prayers, or fastings, but for whose who should render themselves worthy of it by the exercise of faith, and the offices of charity: I cannot own such as depend on their own merits without a reliance on my mercy: as many of you therefore as trust to the broken reeds of your own deserts may even go and search out a new heaven, for you shall never enter into that which from the foundations of the world was prepared only for such as are true of heart.

When these monks and friars shall meet with such a shameful repulse, and see that ploughmen and mechanics are admitted into that kingdom, from which they themselves are shut out, how sneakingly will they look, and how pitifully slink away?

Yet till this last trial they had more comfort of a future happiness, because more hopes of it, than any other class of men. And these persons are not only great in their own eyes, but highly esteemed and respected by others, especially those of the order of mendicants, whom none dare to offer any affront to, because as confessors they are intrusted with all the secrets of particular intrigues, which they are bound by oath not to discover; yet many times, when they are almost drunk, they cannot keep their tongue so far within their head, as not to be babbling out some hints, and showing themselves so full, that they are in pain to be delivered.

If any person give them the least provocation they will surely be revenged on him, and in their next public harangue will give him such shrewd hints and reflections, that the whole congregation must needs take notice at whom they are leveled; nor will they ever desist from this way of declaiming, till their mouth be stopped with a bribe to hold their tongue.

All their preaching is mere stage-playing, and their delivery the very transports of ridicule and drollery. Good Lord! how mimical are their gestures? What heights and falls in their voices? What toning, what bawling, what singing, what squeaking, what grimaces, making of mouths apes' faces, and distorting of their countenances; and this art of oratory, as a choice mystery, they convey down by tradition to succeeding ages.

The manner of it, I may adventure, thus farther to enlarge upon.

First, in a kind of mockery, they implore the Divine assistance, which they borrowed from the solemn custom of the poets: then their text, (suppose it be of *Charity*), they shall take their exordium as far off as from a description of the *river Nile in Egypt;* or if they are to discourse of the *Mystery of the Cross*, they shall begin with a story of *Bel and the Dragon;* or perchance, if their subject be of *Fasting*, for an entrance to their sermon they shall pass through the *Twelve Signs of the Zodiac;* or lastly, if they are to preach of *Faith*, they shall address themselves in a long mathematical account of the *Quadrature of the Circle.*

I myself once heard a great fool (a great scholar I would have said) undertaking in a laborious discourse to explain the mystery of the Holy Trinity; in the unfolding whereof, that he might show his wit and reading, and also satisfy itching ears, he proceeded in a new method, as by insisting on the letters, syllables, and proposition,—on the concord of noun and verb, and that of noun substantive, and noun adjective.

The auditors all wondered, and some mumbled to themselves that hemistitch of Horace:

Why all this needless trash?

But at last he brought it thus far, that he could demonstrate the whole Trinity to be represented by these first rudiments of

grammar, as clearly and plainly as it was possible for a mathematician to draw a triangle in the sand: and for the making of this grand discovery, this subtle divine had plodded so hard for eight months together, that he studied himself as blind as a beetle, the intenseness of the eye of his understanding overshadowing and extinguishing that of his body; and yet he did not at all repent him of his blindness, but thinks the loss of the sight an easy purchase for the gain of glory and credit.

I heard at another time a grave divine, of fourscore years of age at least, so sour and hard-favored, that one would be apt to mistrust that he was Scotus Redivivus; he taking upon him to treat of that mysterious name,—Jesus,—did very subtly pretend that in the very letters was contained, whatever could be said of it: for first, its being declined with only three cases, did expressly point out the trinity of persons, then that the nominative ended in S, the accusative in M, and the ablative in U, did imply some unspeakable mystery, viz., that in words of those initial letters Christ was the summus, or beginning, the medius, or middle, and the ultimus, or end of all things.

There was yet a more abstruse riddle to be explained, which was by dividing the word Jesus into two parts, and separating the S in the middle from the two extreme syllables, making a kind of pentameter, the word consisting of five letters: and this intermedial S being in the Hebrew alphabet called sin, which in the English languages signifies what the Latin term peccatum, was urged to imply that the holy Jesus would purify us from all sin and wickedness.

Thus did the pulpiteer cant, while all the congregation, especially the brotherhood of divines, were so surprised at his odd way of preaching, that wonder served them, as grief did Niobe, and almost turned them into stones. I among the rest (as Horace describes Priapus viewing the enchantments of the two sorceresses, Canidia and Sagane) could no longer endure, but let fly a report of the effect it had upon me.

These impertinent introductions are not without reason condemned; for of old, whenever Demosthenes among the Greeks, or Tully among the Latins, began their orations with so great a digression from the matter in hand, it was always looked upon as improper and inelegant, and indeed, were such a long-fetched exordium any token of a good invention, shepherds and ploughmen might lay claim to the title of men of greatest parts, since upon any argument it is easiest for them to talk about what is least to the purpose.

These preachers think preamble (as we may well term it,) to be the most fashionable, when it is fartherest from the subject they propose to treat of, while each auditor sits and wonders what they drive at, and many times mutters out the complaint of Virgil:—

Whither doth all this jargon tend?

In the third place, when they come to the division of their text, they shall give only a very short interpretation of the words, when a fuller explication of their sense ought to have been their only province.

Fourthly, after they are a little entered, they shall start some theological queries, far enough off from the matter in hand, and bandy it about pro and con till they lose it in the heat of the scuffle. And here they shall cite their doctors invincible, subtle, seraphic, cherubic, holy, irrefragable, and such like great names to confirm their several assertions. Then out they bring their syllogisms, their majors, their minors, conclusions, corollaries, suppositions, and distinctions, that will sooner terrify the congregation into an amazement, than persuade them into a conviction.

Now comes the fifth act, in which they must exert their utmost skill to come off with applause. Here, therefore, they fall a telling some sad lamentable story out of their legend, or some other fabulous history, and this they descant upon allegorically, tropologically, and analogically; and so they draw to a conclusion of their discourse, which is a more brain sick chimera than ever Horace could describe in his *De Arte Poetica*, when he began:

Humano Capiti, &c.

Their praying is altogether as ridiculous as their preaching; for imagining that in their addresses to heaven they should set out in a low and tremulous voice, as a token of dread and reverence, they begin therefore with such a soft whispering as if they were

afraid any one should overhear what they said; but when they are gone a little way, they clear up their pipes by degrees, and at last bawl out so loud as if, with Baal's priests, they were resolved to awake a sleeping god; and then again, being told by rhetoricians that heights and falls and a different cadency in pronunciation, is a great advantage to the setting off anything that is spoken, they will sometimes as it were mutter their words inwardly, and then of a sudden hollo them out, and be sure at last to finish in such a flat, faltering tone as if their spirits were spent, and they had run themselves out of breath. Lastly, they have read that most systems of rhetoric treat of the art of exciting laughter; therefore, for the effecting of this, they will sprinkle some jests and puns that must pass for ingenuity, though they are only the froth and folly of affectedness. Sometimes they will nibble at the wit of being satirical, though their utmost spleen is so toothless, that they suck rather than bite, tickle rather than scratch or wound: nor do they ever flatter more than at such times as they pretend to speak with greatest freedom.

Finally, all their actions are so buffoonish and mimical, that any would judge they had learned all their tricks of mountebanks and stage players, who in action it is true may perhaps outdo them, but in oratory there is so little odds between both, that it is hard to determine which seems of longest standing in the schools of eloquence. Yet these preachers, however ridiculous, meet with such hearers, who admire them as much as the people of Athens did Demosthenes, or the citizens of Rome could do Cicero: among which admirers are chiefly shopkeepers, and women, whose approbation and good opinion they only court; because the first, if they are humored, give them some snacks out of unjust gain, and the last come and confess to them with great regularity, and receive in return advice, comfort and consolation.

Thus much I suppose may suffice to make you sensible how much these cell-hermits and recluses are indebted to my bounty; who when they tyrannize over the consciences of the deluded laity with fopperies, juggles, and impostures, yet think themselves as eminently pious as St. Paul, St. Anthony, or any other of the saints; but these stage-divines, not less ungrateful disowners of their obligations to folly, than they are impudent pretenders to the profession of piety, I willingly take my leave of, and pass now to kings, princes, and courtiers, who paying me a devout acknowledgment, may justly challenge back the respect of being mentioned and taken notice of by me.

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS (1490?–1553)

BOOK I

CHAPTER LII

HOW GARGANTUA CAUSED TO BE BUILT FOR THE MONK THE ABBEY OF THELEME

THERE was left only the monk to provide for, whom Gargantua would have made abbot of Seville, but he refused it. He would have given him the abbey of Bourgueil, or of Sanct Florent, which was better, or both if it pleased him. But the monk gave him a very peremptory answer, that he would never take upon him the charge nor government of monks. . . . "If you think I have done you, or may hereafter do you any acceptable service, give me leave to found an abbey after my own mind and fancy." The motion pleased Gargantua very well, who thereupon offered him all the country of Theleme by the river of Loire, till within two leagues of the great forest of Porthuaut. The monk then requested Gargantua to institute his religious order *contrary* to all others. "First then," said Gargantua, "you must not build a wall about your convent, for all other abbeys are strongly walled and mured about." "See," said the monk, "and without cause, where there is *mur* before, and *mur* behind, there is store of *murmur*, envy, and mutual conspiracy."

Moreover, seeing there are certain convents in the world, whereof the custom is, if any woman come (I mean chaste and

honest women) they immediately sweep the ground which they have trod upon. Therefore was it ordained, that if any man or woman, entered into religious orders, should by chance come within this new abbey, all the *rooms* should be thoroughly *washed* and cleansed, through which they had passed. And because in all other monasteries and nunneries all is compassed, limited, and regulated by *hours*, it was decreed, that in this new structure there should be neither clock nor dial, but that, according to the opportunities and incident occasions, all *their hours* should be disposed of. "For," said Gargantua, "the greatest loss of time that I know, is, to count the *hours*. What good comes of it? Nor can there be any *greater dotage* in the world, than for one to guide and direct his courses by the sound of a bell, and not by his own judgment and discretion."

Item, because at that time they put no women into nunneries but such as were either purblind, blinkards, lame, crooked, ill-favoured, mis-shapen, fools, senseless, spoiled, or corrupt; nor encloistered any men, but those that were *either sickly*, subject to defluxions, ill-bred louts, simple sots, or peevish trouble-houses. "But to the purpose," said the monk: "a woman that is neither fair nor good, to what use serves she?" "To make a *nun* of," said Gargantua. "Yea," said the monk, "and to make shirts and smocks." Therefore was it ordained, that *into this religious* order should be admitted no women that were not fair, well featured, and of a sweet disposition; nor *men that* were not comely, personable, and well-conditioned.

Item, because in the convents of women, men come not but underhand, privily, and by stealth; it was therefore enacted, that in this house there shall be no women in case there be not men, nor men in case there be not women.

Item, because both men and women that are received into religious orders, after the expiring of their *novitiat*, or probation year, were constrained and forced perpetually to stay there all the days of their life; it was therefore ordered, that all whatever, men or women, admitted within this abbey, should have full leave to depart with peace and contentment, whensoever it should seem good to them to do so.

Item, for that the religious men and women did ordinarily make three vows, to wit, those of *chastity, poverty, and obedience;* it was therefore constituted and appointed, that in this convent they might be honourably *married*, that they might be *rich*, and live at *liberty*. In regard of the legitimate time of the persons to be initiated, and years under and above which they were not capable of reception, the women were to be admitted from *ten till fifteen*, and the men from *twelve to eighteen*.

Chapter LIII

HOW THE ABBEY OF THE THELEMITES WAS BUILT AND ENDOWED

For the fabric and furniture of the abbey Gargantua caused to be delivered out, in ready money, seven and twenty hundred thousand eight hundred and one, and thirty of those golden rams of Berrie, which have a sheep stamped on the one side, and a flowered cross on the other. And for every year, until the whole work were compleated, he allotted three score and nine thousand crowns of the *sun*, and as many of the *seven stars*, to be charged all upon the receipt of the *custom*. For the foundation and maintenance thereof for ever, he settled a perpetual fee-farm-rent of three and twenty hundred, threescore and nine thousand, five hundred and fourteen *rose-nobles*, exempt from all homage, fealty, service, or burden whatsoever, and payable every year *at the gate of the abbey;* and of this, by letters patent, passed a very good grant. The architecture was in a figure *hexagonal*, and in such a fashion that every one of the six corners there was built a great round tower of threescore feet in diameter; and were all of a like form and bigness. Upon the north side ran along the river of Loire, on the bank whereof was situated the tower called Arctic. Going towards the east, there was another called Calare; the next following, Anatole; the next, Mesembrine; the next, Hesperia, and the last, Criere. Every tower was distant from the other the space of three hundred and twelve paces. The whole edifice was everywhere six stories high, reckoning the cellars underground for one. The second was arched after the fashion of

a basket-handle. The rest was cieled with pure wainscoat, flourished with Flanders fret-work, in the form of the foot of a lamp; and covered above with fine slates, with an indorsement of lead, carrying the antique figures of little puppets, and animals of all sorts, notably well suited to one another, and gilt, together with the gutters, which jetting without the walls, from betwixt the cross bars in a diagonal figure, painted with gold and azure, reached to the very ground, where they ended into great conduit pipes, which carried all away unto the river from under the house.

This same building was a hundred times more sumptuous and magnificent than ever was Bonnivet, Chambourg, or Chantilly. For there were in it nine thousand, three hundred, and two and thirty chambers; every one whereof had a withdrawing room, a handsome closet, a wardrobe, an oratory, and neat passage, leading into a great and spacious hall. Between every tower, in the midst of the said body of building, there was a pair of winding stairs, whereof the steps were part of porphyry, part of *Numidian* stone, and part of *serpentine* marble; each of those steps being two and twenty feet in length, and three fingers thick, and the just number of twelve betwixt every rest or landing-place. In every resting-place were two fair antique arches, where the light came in; and by those they went into a cabinet (closet), made even with, and of the breadth of the said winding, and the re-ascending above the roofs of the house ending *conically* in a pavillion. By that vize, or winding, they entered on every side into a great hall, and from the halls into the chambers. From the Arctic tower unto the Criere, were the fair great libraries in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, Italian, and Spanish, respectively distributed in their several cantons, according to the diversity of these languages. In the midst there was a wonderful winding stair, the entry whereof was without the house, in a vault or arch, six fathoms broad. It was made in such symmetry and largeness that six men-at-arms, with their lances in their rests, might together in a breast ride all up to the very top of all the palace. From the tower Anatole to the Mesembrine were spacious galleries, all coloured over and painted with the ancient prowesses, histories, and descriptions of the world. In the midst thereof there was likewise such another ascent and gate, as we said there was on the river side. Upon that gate was written, in great antique letters, that which followeth.

Chapter LVII

How the Thelemites were governed, and of their manner of living

All their life was spent not in laws, statutes, or rules, but according to their own free will and pleasure. They rose out of their beds when they thought good; they did eat, drink, labour, sleep when they had a mind to it, and were disposed for it. None did awake them, none did offer to constrain them to eat, drink, nor do any other thing; for so had Gargantua established it. In all their rule and strictest tie of their order, there was but this one clause to be observed:

DO WHAT THOU WILT

Because men that are free, well-bred, and conversant in honest companies, have naturally an *instinct* and spur that prompteth them unto virtuous actions, and withdraws them from vice, which is called honour. Those same men, when by base subjection and constraint they are brought under and kept down, turn aside from that noble disposition, by which they formerly were inclined to *virtue*, to shake off that bond of servitude, wherein they are so tyrannously inslaved; for it is agreeable to the nature of man to long after things forbidden, and to desire what is denied us. By this liberty they entered into a very laudable emulation, to do all of them what they saw did please one. If any of the gallants or ladies should say, "*Let us drink*," they would all drink. If any one of them said, "*Let us play*," they all played. If one said, "*Let us go a walking into the fields*," they went all. If it were to go a hawking, or a hunting, the ladies mounted upon dainty well-paced nags, seated in a stately palfrey saddle, carried on their lovely fists *miniardly begloved* every one of them, either a sparhawk, or a laneret, or a marlin, and the young gallants carried the other kinds of hawks. So nobly were

they taught, that there was neither he nor she amongst them, but could read, write, sing, play upon several musical instruments, speak five or six several languages, and compose in them all very quaintly, both in verse and prose. Never were seen so valiant *knights*, so noble and worthy, so dexterous and skilful both on foot and horseback, more brisk and lively, more nimble and quick, or better handling all manner of weapons, than were there. Never were seen *ladies* so proper and handsome, so miniard and dainty, less froward, or more ready with their hand, and with their needle, in every honest and free action belonging to that sex, than were there. For this reason, when the time came that any man of the said *abbey*, either at the request of his parents, or for some other cause, had a mind to go out of it, he carried along with him one of the *ladies*, namely, her, whom he had before that chosen for his *mistress*, and they were married together. And if they had formerly in Theleme lived in good devotion and amity, they did continue therein, and increase it to a greater height in their state of matrimony; and did entertain that mutual love till the very last day of their life, in no less vigour and fervency than at the very day of their wedding.

BOOK IV

Chapter V

HOW PANTAGRUEL MET A SHIP WITH PASSENGERS RETURNING FROM LANTERNLAND

On the fifth day, beginning already to wind by little and little about the *pole*, going still farther from the *equinoctial-line*, we discovered a merchant-man to the windward of us. The joy for this was not small on both sides; we in hopes to hear news from sea, and those in the merchant-man from land. So we bore upon them, and coming up with them, we hailed them: and finding them to be Frenchmen of Xaintonge, backed our sails and lay by to talk to them. Pantagruel heard that they came from *Lanternland:* which added to his joy, and that of the whole fleet. We enquired about the state of that country, and the way of living of the *Lanterns:* and were told, that about the latter end of the following July, was the time prefixed for the meeting of the general chapter of the *Lanterns;* and that if we arrived there at that time, as we might easily, we should see a handsome, honourable, and jolly company of *Lanterns;* and that great preparations were making, as if they intended to *lanternise* there to the purpose. We were told also, that if we touched at the great kingdom of Gebarim, we should be honourably received, and treated by the sovereign of that country, King Ohabe, who, as well as all his subjects, speaks Touraine French.

While we were listening to this news, Panurge fell out with one Dingdong, a drover or sheep merchant of Taillebourg. . . .

Chapter VI

HOW, THE FRAY BEING OVER, PANURGE CHEAPENED ONE OF DINGDONG'S SHEEP

This quarrel being hushed, Panurge tipped the wink upon Epistemon and Friar John, and taking them aside "Stand at some distance out of the way," said he, "and take your share of the following scene of mirth: you shall have rare sport anon, if my cake be not dough, and my plot do but take." Then addressing himself to the drover, he took off to him a bumper of good *lantern* wine. The other pledged him briskly and courteously. This done, Panurge earnestly entreated him to sell him one of his sheep.

But the other answered him, "Is it come to that, friend and neighbour? Would you put tricks upon travellers? Alas, how finely you love to play upon poor folk! Nay, you seem a rare chapman, that is the truth on't. Oh what a mighty sheep-merchant you are! In good faith, you look liker one of the diving trade, than a buyer of sheep. Adzookers, what a blessing it would be to have one's purse, well lined with chink, near your worship at a tripe-house, when it begins to thaw! Humph, humph, did not we know you well, you might serve one a slippery trick! Pray do but see, good people, what a mighty conjuror the fellow would be reckoned." "Patience," said Panurge: "but waving that, be so kind as to sell me one of

your sheep. Come, how much!" "What do you mean, master of mine?" answered the other. "They are long wooled sheep: from these did Jason take his *golden fleece*. The order of the house of Burgundy was drawn from them. Zwoons, man, they are oriental sheep, topping sheep, fatted sheep, sheep of quality." "Be it so," said Panurge: "but sell me one of them, I beseech you, and that for a cause, paying you ready money upon the nail, in good lawful occidental current cash. Wilt say how much?" "Friend, neighbour," answered the seller of mutton, "hark ye me a little, on the ear."

PANURGE. "On which side you please; I hear you."

DING. "You are going to Lanternland, they say."

PANURGE. "Yea, verily."

DING. "To see fashions?"

PANURGE. "Yea, verily."

DING. "And be merry?"

PANURGE. "Yea, verily."

DING. "Your name is, as I take it, Robin Mutton?"

PANURGE. "As you please for that, sweet sir."

DING. "Nay, without offence."

PANURGE. "So I understand it."

DING. "You are, as I take it, the king's jester; are not you?"

PANURGE. "Yea, verily."

DING. "Give me your hand,—humph, humph, you go to see fashions, you are the king's jester, your name is Robin Mutton! Do you see this same ram? His name too is Robin. Here Robin, Robin, Robin! Baea, baea, baea. Hath he not a rare voice?"

PANURGE. "Ay, marry has he, a very fine and harmonious voice."

DING. "Well, this bargain shall be made between you and me, friend and neighbour; we will get a pair of scales, then you Robin Mutton shall be put into one of them, and Tup Robin into the other. Now I'll hold you a peck of Busch oysters, that in weight, value, and price, he shall outdo you, and you shall be found light in the very numerical manner, as when you shall be hanged and suspended."

"Patience," said Panurge: "but you would do much for me, and your whole posterity, if you would chaffer with me for him, or some other of his inferiors. I beg it of you; good your worship, be so kind." "Hark ye, friend of mine," answered the other, "with the fleece of these, your fine Roan cloth is to be made; . . . Of their skins the best cordivant will be made, which shall be sold for Turkey and montelimart, or for Spanish leather at least. Of the guts shall be made fiddle and harp strings, that will sell as dear as if they came from Munican or Aquileia. What do you think on't, hah?" "If you please, sell me one of them," said Panurge, "and I will be yours for ever. Look, here is ready cash. What's the price?" This he said, exhibiting his purse stuffed with new henricuses.

CHAPTER VII

WHICH IF YOU READ, YOU WILL FIND HOW PANURGE BARGAINED WITH DING-DONG

"NEIGHBOUR, my friend," answered Ding-dong, "they are meat for none but kings and princes: their flesh is so delicate, so savoury, and so dainty, that one would swear it melted in the mouth. I bring them out of a country where the very hogs, God be with us, live on nothing but myrobalans. The sows in their styes, when they lie-in (saving the honour of this good company) are fed only with orange-flowers." "But," said Panurge, "drive a bargain with me for one of them, and I will pay you for it like a king, upon the honest word of a true Trojan: come, come, what do you ask?" "Not so fast, Robin," answered the trader; "these sheep are lineally descended from the very family of the ram that wafted Phryxus and Helle over the sea, since called the Hellespont." "A pox on it," said Panurge, "you are *clericus vel addiscens!*" "*Ita* is a cabbage, and *verè* a leek," answered the merchant. "But rr, rrr, rrrr, rrrrr, hoh Robin, rr, rrrrrrr, you do not understand that gibberish, do you? Besides, man, your chymists extract the best saltpetre in the world out of their urine. Nay, with their very dung (with reverence be it spoken) the doctors in our country make pills that cure seventy-eight kinds of diseases, the least of which is the evil of St. Eutropius of Xaintes, from which good lord deliver us! Now what do you think on't, neighbour, my

friend? The truth is, they cost me money, that they do." "Cost what they will," cried Panurge, "trade with me for one of them, paying you well." "Our friends," quoth the quack-like sheep-man, "do but mind the wonders of nature that are found in those animals, even in a member which one would think were of no use. Take me but these horns, and bray them a little with an iron pestle, or with an andiron, which you please, it is all one to me; then bury them wherever you will, provided it be where the sun may shine, and water them frequently; in a few months I'll engage you will have the best asparagus in the world, not even excepting those of Ravenna. Now, come and tell me whether the horns of you other knights of the bull's feather have such a virtue and wonderful propriety?"

"Patience," said Panurge. "I do not know whether you be a scholar or no," pursued Dingdong: "I have seen a world of scholars, I say scholars, I'll assure you. But hark you me, if you were a scholar, you should know that in the most inferior members of those animals (which are the feet) there is a bone (which is the heel) the astragalus, if you will have it so, wherewith, and with that of no other creature breathing, except the Indian ass and the dorcades of Libya, they used in old times to play at the royal game of dice, whereat Augustus the emperor won above fifty thousand crowns one evening. Now such as you will be hanged ere you get half so much of it." "Patience," said Panurge; "but let us dispatch." "And when, my friend and neighbour," continued the canting sheep-seller, "shall I have duly praised the inward members, the shoulders, the legs, the knuckles, the neck, the breast, the liver, the spleen, the tripes, the kidneys, the bladder, wherewith they make foot-balls; the ribs, which serve in Pigmy-land to make little cross-bows, to pelt the cranes with cherry-stones; the head, which with a little brimstone serves to make a miraculous decoction to loosen and ease the belly of costive dogs?" "A fig on it," said the skipper to his preaching passenger, "what a fiddle-faddle have we here? There is too long a lecture by half: sell him one if thou wilt; if thou wilt not, do not let the man lose more time. I hate a gibble-gabble and a rimble-ramble talk; I am for a man of brevity." "I will, for your sake," replied the holder forth; "but then he shall give me three livres French money for each, pick and chuse." "'Tis a woundy price," cried Panurge; "in our country I could have five, nay six for the money: see that you do not overreach me, master. You are not the first man whom I have known to have fallen, even sometimes to the endangering, if not breaking of his own neck, for endeavouring to rise all at once." "A murrain seize thee for a blockheaded booby," cried the angry seller of sheep; "by the worthy vow of our lady of Charroux, the worst in this flock is four times better than those which in days of yore the Coraxians in Tuditania, a country of Spain, used to sell for a good talent each; and how much doest thou think, thou Hibernian fool, that a talent of gold was worth?" "Sweet sir, you fall into a passion, I see," returned Panurge; "well hold, here is your money." Panurge, having paid his money, chose him out of all the flock a fine topping ram; and as he was hauling it along, crying out and bleating, all the rest, hearing and bleating in concert, stared, to see whither their brother ram should be carried. In the meanwhile the drover was saying to his shepherds; "Ah! how well the knave could chuse him out a ram; the whore-son has skill in cattle. On my honest word, I reserved that very piece of flesh for the lord of Cancale, well knowing his disposition: for the good man naturally is overjoyed when he holds a good sized handsome shoulder of mutton, instead of a left-handed racket, in one hand, with a good sharp carver in the other: got wot how he bestirs himself then."

Chapter VIII

How Panurge caused Dingdong and his sheep to be drowned in the sea

On a sudden, you would wonder how the thing was so soon done; for my part I cannot tell you, for I had not leisure to mind it; our friend Panurge, without any further tittle-tattle, throws you his ram overboard into the middle of the sea, bleating and making a sad noise. Upon this all the other sheep in the ship, crying and bleating in the

same tone, made all the haste they could to leap nimbly into the sea one after another; and great was the throng who should leap in first after their leader. It was impossible to hinder them: for you know that it is the nature of sheep always to follow the first, wheresoever it goes; which makes Aristotle, lib. 9. de hist, animal, mark them for the most silly and foolish animals in the world. Dingdong, at his wit's end, and stark staring mad, as a man who saw his sheep destroy and drown themselves before his face, strove to hinder and keep them back by might and main; but all in vain: they all one after the other frisked and jumped into the sea, and were lost. At last he laid hold on a huge sturdy one by the fleece upon the deck of the ship, hoping to keep it back, and so to save that and the rest: but the ram was so strong that it proved too hard for him, and carried its master into the herring pond, in spite of his teeth; where it is supposed he drank somewhat more than his fill: so that he was drowned, in the same manner as one-eyed Polyphemus's sheep carried out of the den Ulysses and his companions. The like happened to the shepherds and all their gang, some laying hold on their beloved tup, this by the horns, the other by the legs, a third by the rump, and others by the fleece; till in fine they were all of them forced to sea, and drowned like so many rats. Panurge, on the gunnel of the ship, with an oar in his hand, not to help them, you may swear, but to keep them from swimming to the ship, and saving themselves from drowning, preached and canted to them all the while like any little friar Maillard, or another Friar John Burgess; laying before them rhetorical common places concerning the miseries of this life, and the blessings and felicity of the next; assuring them that the dead were much happier than the living in this vale of misery, and promising to erect a stately cenotaph and honorary tomb to every one of them on the highest summit of mount Cenis, at his return from *Lantern-land;* wishing them, nevertheless, in case they were not yet disposed to shake hands with this life, and did not like their salt liquor, they might have the good luck to meet with some kind whale which might set them ashore safe and sound, on some blessed land of Gotham, after a famous example.

JOHN DRYDEN (1631–1700)

MAC FLECKNOE

OR, A SATIRE UPON THE TRUE-BLUE PROTESTANT POET T. S.[1] (1682)

All human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe[2] found, who, like Augustus, young
Was called to empire, and had governed long;
In prose and verse was owned, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blessed with issue of a large increase;
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the State;
And, pond'ring which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cried: "'T is resolved; for nature pleads, that he
Should only rule, who most resembles me.
Sh—— alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dullness from his tender years:
Sh—— alone, of all my sons, is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretense,
But Sh—— never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Sh——'s genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems designed for thoughtless majesty;

[1] Dryden published *The Medal* in the spring of 1682. One of the answers to it was *The Medal of John Bayes*, by Thomas Shadwell. Dryden and Shadwell had once been friends, but Shadwell was a strong Whig, the two were now enemies, and Shadwell's poem was savagely abusive. *Mac Flecknoe* was Dryden's reply.

[2] Flecknoe died in 1678. He was a Roman Catholic priest before the restoration of Charles II. At one time he was entertained at Lisbon by King John of Portugal.

Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley[1] were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology.
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
When to King John of Portugal I sung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
With well-timed oars before the royal barge,
Swelled with the pride of thy celestial charge;
And big with hymn, commander of a host,
The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tossed.[2]
Methinks I see the new Arion[3] sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpened thumb from shore to shore
The treble squeaks for fear, the basses roar;
Echoes from Pissing Alley Sh—— call,
And Sh—— they resound from Aston Hall.
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand.
St. André's[4] feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not e'en the feet of thy own *Psyche's*[5] rhyme;
Though they in number as in sense excel:
So just, so like tautology, they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton[6] forswore
The lute and sword, which he in triumph bore,
And vowed he ne'er would act Villerius[7] more."
Here stopped the good old sire, and wept for joy
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.

All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed dullness he was made.
Close to the walls which fair Augusta[8] bind
(The fair Augusta much to fears inclined),
An ancient fabric raised t' inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight:
A watchtower once; but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains.
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vast courts the mother-strumpet keep,
And, undisturbed by watch, in silence sleep.
Near these a Nursery erects its head,
Where queens are formed, and future heroes bred;
Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;
But gentle Simkin[9] just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanished minds:
Pure clinches[10] the suburbian Muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously designed his Sh——'s throne;
For ancient Dekker prophesied long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense;
To whom true dullness should some *Psyches* owe,
But worlds of *Misers* from his pen should flow;
Humorists and hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.[11]
Now Empress Fame had published the renown
Of Sh——'s coronation through the town.
Roused by report of Fame, the nations meet,
From near Bunhill, and distant Watling Street.

[1] Thomas Heywood and James Shirley, both dramatists of the early seventeenth century.

[2] A play of Shadwell's was entitled *Epsom Wells;* tossing in a blanket is also the punishment given a character in Shadwell's *The Virtuoso.*

[3] A Greek musician of the eighth century, B. C. Shadwell was a musician as well as a poet.

[4] A French dancing-master.

[5] An opera in rhyme by Shadwell.

[6] A singer of the day.

[7] A character in Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes.*

[8] London, at the time fearful of the King and Roman Catholicism.

[9] A clown.

[10] Puns. Panton is said to have been a celebrated punster.

[11] *The Miser* and *The Humorists* are plays by Shadwell. Raymond is a character in the latter, Bruce a character in Shadwell's *The Virtuoso.*

No Persian carpets spread th'imperial way,
But scattered limbs of mangled poets lay;
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies, and relics of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby[1] there lay,
But loads of Sh—— almost choked the way.
Bilked stationers for yeomen stood prepared,
And Herringman[2] was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appeared,
High on a throne of his own labors reared.
At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the State.
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dullness played around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Sworn by his sire a mortal foe to Rome;
So Sh—— swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he till death true dullness would maintain;
And, in his father's right, and realm's defense,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He placed a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's Kingdom[3] to his right he did convey,
At once his scepter, and his rule of sway;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practiced young,
And from whose loins recorded *Psyche* sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seemed to consecrate his head.
Just at that point of time, if fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 't is sung, by Tiber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.
Th'admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The sire then shook the honors of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dullness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood:

"Heavens bless my son, from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the western main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond *Love's Kingdom* let him stretch his pen!"
He paused, and all the people cried, "Amen."
Then thus continued he: "My son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let *Virtuosos* in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George[4] in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And in their folly show the writer's wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defense,
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let 'em be all by thy own model made
Of dullness, and desire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name.
But let no alien S—dl—y[5] interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry *Epsom* prose.
And when false flowers of rhetoric thou wouldst cull,
Trust nature, do not labor to be dull;
But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's[6] oratory will be thine:
Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications[7] fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.[8]
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part:
What share have we in nature, or in art?

[1]Ogleby had been a dancing-master and had afterwards translated Homer, Virgil, and Æsop, besides writing other poems.

[2]A London publisher.

[3]A play by Flecknoe.

[4]Sir George Etheredge. The names in the two following lines are those of characters in Etheredge's plays.

[5]Sir Charles Sedley, who had written the prologue for Shadwell's *Epsom Wells*, and who probably, as Dryden suggests, gave Shadwell other assistance.

[6]Sir Formal Trifle is a character in Shadwell's *Virtuoso*.

[7]An allusion to Shadwell's dedication of various books to the Duke of Newcastle and members of his family.

[8]Shadwell frequently eulogized Jonson.

Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in Prince Nicander's[1] vein,
Or swept the dust in *Psyche's* humble strain?
Where sold he bargains, 'whip-stitch, kiss my arse,'[2]
Promised a play and dwindled to a farce?
When did his Muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Eth'rege dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfused as oil on water's flow,
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humors to invent for each new play:
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which one way, to dullness, 't is inclined;
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretense
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But sure thou 'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic Muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep.
With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite.
In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen iambics, but mild anagram.
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in acrostic land.
There thou may'st wings display and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.
Or, if thou wouldst thy diff'rent talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute."

He said: but his last words were scarcely heard;
For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepared,[3]
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

[1]A character in Shadwell's *Psyche*.

[2]Such phrases are used by Sir Samuel Hearty in Shadwell's *Virtuoso*.

[3]These characters thus make Sir Formal Trifle disappear in Shadwell's *Virtuoso*.

ALEXANDER POPE (1688–1744)

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis. MART.

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR

Madam,

It will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to You. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good sense and good humor enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a Secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a Bookseller, you had the good nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to signify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Demons are made to act in a Poem. For the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies: let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These Machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady; but 'tis so much the concern of a Poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and size is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these Gentle-

men, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes or Demons of Earth delight in mischief; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the Air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable. For, they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end (except the loss of your Hair, which I always mention with reverence). The Human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Person, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so Uncensured as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem, MADAM,

Your most obedient, Humble Servant,

A. POPE.

CANTO I

WHAT dire offense from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:
This, e'en Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If She inspire, and He approve my lays.
Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty Rage?
Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knocked the ground,
And the pressed watch returned a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow pressed,
Her guardian Sylph prolonged the balmy rest:
'T was He had summoned to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hovered o'er her head;
A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau
(That e'en in slumber caused her cheek to glow),
Seemed to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seemed to say:
"Fairest of mortals, thou distinguished care
Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!
If e'er one vision touched thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught;
Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learnéd pride concealed,
To Maids alone and Children are revealed:
What though no credit doubting Wits may give?
The Fair and Innocent shall still believe.
Know, then, unnumbered Spirits round thee fly,
The light Militia of the lower sky:
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in Air,
And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once enclosed in Woman's beauteous mold;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly Vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death survive.
For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their first Elements their Souls retire:

The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea.
The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.
The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.
"Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embraced:
For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting Maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'T is but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
Though Honor is the word with Men below.
Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestined to the Gnomes' embrace.
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdained, and love denied:
Then gay Ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, Your Grace salutes their ear.
'T is these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
Teach Infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.
"Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The Sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part
They shift the moving Toyshop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals Levity may call;
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.
"Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchfull sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend,
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warned by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of Man!"
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leaped up, and waked his mistress with his tongue.
'T was then, Belinda, if report say true;
Thy eyes first opened on a Billet-doux;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardors were no sooner read,
But all the Vision vanished from thy head.
And now, unveiled, the Toilet stands displayed,
Each silver Vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the Cosmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of Pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,

Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's praised for labors not her own.

Canto II

Not with more glories, in th' etherial plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair Nymphs, and well-dressed Youths around her shone,
But ev'ry eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those:
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.
This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two Locks which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a Lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attained his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious heav'n, and every pow'r adored,
But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar built,
Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender Billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest, the winds dispersed in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppressed,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his Denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seemed but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipped in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While ev'ry beam new transient colors flings,
Colors that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel placed;
His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:
"Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear!
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons, hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assigned
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.

Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky.
Some less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of Nations own,
And guard with Arms divine the British Throne.
"Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprisoned essences exhale;
To draw fresh colors from the vernal flow'rs;
To steal from rainbows e'er they drop in show'rs
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow.
"This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair,
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapped in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honor or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doomed that Shock must fall.
Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.
"To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of whale;
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
"Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or Alum styptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a riveled flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!"
He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear:
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

Canto III

Close by those meads, for ever crowned with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign Tyrants and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes Tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a Court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they passed,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;

A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*
Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labors of the Toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perched upon a Matadore,
Then each, according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four Kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And particolored troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skillful Nymph reviews her force with care:
"Let Spades be trumps!" she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forced to yield,
And marched a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard
Gained but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad saber next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed,
The rest, his many-colored robe concealed.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
E'en mighty Pan, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew
And mowed down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguished by the victor spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black Tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroidered King who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combined
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierced battalions dis-united fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now (as oft in some distempered State)
On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate.
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: The King unseen
Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive Queen:
He springs to Vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honors shall be snatched away,
And cursed for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining Altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes),
Sent up in vapors to the Baron's brain
New Stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 't is too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's Fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched th' Ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his pow'r expired,
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.
The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,
T' enclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
E'en then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again),
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie!
Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine
(The victor cried) the glorious Prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British Fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid in solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honor, name, and praise shall live!
What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labor of the Gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial towers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel,
The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

Canto IV

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppressed,
And secret passions labored in her breast

Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robbed of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinned awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravished Hair.
For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repaired to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.
Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapor reached the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, sheltered close from air,
And screened in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white arrayed;
With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is filled; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapped in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.
A constant Vapor o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale specters, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.
Unnumbered throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.
Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pie talks;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids turned bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe passed the Gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus addressed the pow'r: "Hail, wayward Queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapors and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discomposed the head-dress of a Prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That single act gives half the world the spleen."
The Goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, though she grants his pray'r.
A wondrous Bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;

There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A Vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands, and cried
(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid!" replied),
"Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with tort'ring irons wreathed around?
For this with fillets strained your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!
Honor forbid! at whose unrivaled shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honor in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
'T will then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heightened by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!"
She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box opened, then the case,
And thus broke out—"My lord, why, what the devil?
Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
Plague on 't! 't is past a jest—nay prithee, pox!
Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapped his box.
"It grieves me much" (replied the Peer again)
"Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honors shall renew,
Clipped from the lovely head where late it grew),
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear."
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honors of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drowned in tears;
On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she raised; and thus she said:
"For ever cursed be this detested day,
Which snatched my best, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of Courts to num'rous ills betrayed.
O had I rather un-admired remained
In some lone isle, or distant Northern land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.

What moved my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
O had I stayed, and said my pray'rs at home!
'T was this, the morning omens seemed to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A Sylph too warned me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believed too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurled it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
O hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

Canto V

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears.
But Fate and Jove had stopped the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fixed the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begged and Dido raged in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:
"Say why are Beauties praised and honored most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why decked with all that land and sea afford,
Why Angels called, and Angel-like adored?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved Beaux,
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows;
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains;
That men may say, when we the front-box grace:
'Behold the first in virtue as in face!'
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charmed the small-pox, or chased old age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curled or uncurled, since Locks will turn to gray;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good-humor still whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good-humor can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."
So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frowned, Thalestris called her Prude.
"To arms, to arms!" the fierce Virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and Heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass, and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapped his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
Propped on the bodkin spears, the Sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling perished in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song.
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepped in, and killed him with a frown;
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the Beau revived again.
Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the Men's wits against the Lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor feared the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
"Now meet thy fate," incensed Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great great grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Formed a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)
"Boast not my fall" (he cried) "insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low,
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah, let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."
"Restore the Lock!" she cries; and all around
"Restore the Lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed,
And chiefs contend 'till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be bless'd,
So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can contest?
Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
There Heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.
But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though marked by none but quick, poetic eyes
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confessed in view);
A sudden Star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Bernice's Locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with disheveled light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleased pursue its progress through the skies.
This the Beau monde shall from the Mall survey.

And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the bless'd Lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravished hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die:
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667–1745)

A MODEST PROPOSAL

FOR PREVENTING THE CHILDREN OF POOR PEOPLE IN IRELAND FROM BEING A BURDEN TO THEIR PARENTS OR COUNTRY, AND FOR MAKING THEM BENEFICIAL TO THE PUBLIC

It is a melancholy object to those who walk through this great town or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads, and cabin doors, crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children, all in rags and importuning every passenger for an alms. These mothers, instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in strolling to beg sustenance for their helpless infants: who as they grow up either turn thieves for want of work, or leave their dear native country to fight for the pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the Barbadoes.

I think it is agreed by all parties that this prodigious number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels of their mothers, and frequently of their fathers, is in the present deplorable state of the kingdom a very great additional grievance; and, therefore, whoever could find out a fair, cheap, and easy method of making these children sound, useful members of the commonwealth, would deserve so well of the public as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation.

But my intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the children of professed beggars; it is of a much greater extent, and shall take in the whole number of infants at a certain age who are born of parents in effect as little able to support them as those who demand our charity in the streets.

As to my own part, having turned my thoughts for many years upon this important subject, and maturely weighed the several schemes of other projectors, I have always found them grossly mistaken in the computation. It is true, a child just dropped from its dam may be supported by her milk for a solar year, with little other nourishment; at most not above the value of two shillings, which the mother may certainly get, or the value in scraps, by her lawful occupation of begging; and it is exactly at one year old that I propose to provide for them in such a manner as instead of being a charge upon their parents or the parish, or wanting food and raiment for the rest of their lives, they shall on the contrary contribute to the feeding, and partly to the clothing, of many thousands.

There is likewise another great advantage in my scheme, that it will prevent those voluntary abortions, and that horrid practice of women murdering their bastard children, alas! too frequent among us! sacrificing the poor innocent babes I doubt more to avoid the expense than the shame, which would move tears and pity in the most savage and inhuman breast.

The number of souls in this kingdom being usually reckoned one million and a half, of these I calculate there may be about two hundred thousand couple whose wives are breeders; from which number I subtract thirty thousand couples who are able to

maintain their own children, although I apprehend there cannot be so many, under the present distresses of the kingdom; but this being granted, there will remain an hundred and seventy thousand breeders. I again subtract fifty thousand for those women who miscarry, or whose children die by accident or disease within the year. There only remains one hundred and twenty thousand children of poor parents annually born. The question therefore is, how this number shall be reared and provided for, which, as I have already said, under the present situation of affairs, is utterly impossible by all the methods hitherto proposed. For we can neither employ them in handicraft or agriculture; we neither build houses (I mean in the country) nor cultivate land: they can very seldom pick up a livelihood by stealing, till they arrive at six years old, except where they are of towardly parts, although I confess they learn the rudiments much earlier, during which time, they can however be properly looked upon only as probationers, as I have been informed by a principal gentleman in the county of Cavan, who protested to me that he never knew above one or two instances under the age of six even in a part of the kingdom so renowned for the quickest proficiency in that art.

I am assured by our merchants, that a boy or a girl before twelve years old is no salable commodity; and even when they come to this age they will not yield above three pounds, or three pounds and half-a-crown at most on the exchange; which cannot turn to account either to the parents or kingdom, the charge of nutriment and rags having been at least four times that value.

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection.

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout.

I do therefore humbly offer it to public consideration that of the hundred and twenty thousand children already computed, twenty thousand may be reserved. . . . The remaining hundred thousand may, at a year old, be offered in the sale to the persons of quality and fortune through the kingdom; always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter.

I have reckoned upon a medium that a child just born will weigh twelve pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, increaseth to twenty-eight pounds.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.

. . . . . .

I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I reckon all cottagers, laborers, and four-fifths of the farmers) to be about two shillings per annum, rags included; and I believe no gentleman would repine to give ten shillings for the carcass of a good fat child, which, as I have said, will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat, when he hath only some particular friend or his own family to dine with him. Thus the squire will learn to be a good landlord, and grow popular among his tenants; the mother will have eight shillings net profit, and be fit for work till she produces another child.

Those who are more thrifty (as I must confess the times require) may flay the carcass; the skin of which artificially dressed will make admirable gloves for ladies, and summer boots for fine gentlemen.

As to our city of Dublin, shambles may be appointed for this purpose in the most convenient parts of it, and butchers we may be assured will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying the children alive than dressing them hot from the knife as we do roasting pigs.

A very worthy person, a true lover of his country, and whose virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased in discoursing on this matter to offer a refinement upon my

scheme. He said that many gentlemen of this kingdom, having of late destroyed their deer, he conceived that the want of venison might be well supplied by the bodies of young lads and maidens, not exceeding fourteen years of age nor under twelve; so great a number of both sexes in every country being now ready to starve for want of work and service; and these to be disposed of by their parents, if alive, or otherwise by their nearest relations. But with due deference to so excellent a friend and so deserving a patriot, I cannot be altogether in his sentiments; for as to the males, my American acquaintance assured me, from frequent experience, that their flesh was generally tough and lean, like that of our school-boys by continual exercise, and their taste disagreeable; and to fatten them would not answer the charge. Then as to the female, it would, I think, with humble submission be a loss to the public, because they soon would become breeders themselves; and besides, it is not improbable that some scrupulous people might be apt to censure such a practice (although indeed very unjustly), as a little bordering upon cruelty; which, I confess, hath always been with me the strongest objection against any project, however so well intended.

But in order to justify my friend, he confessed that this expedient was put into his head by the famous Psalmanazar, a native of the island Formosa, who came from thence to London above twenty years ago, and in conversation told my friend, that in his country when any young person happened to be put to death, the executioner sold the carcass to persons of quality as a prime dainty; and that in his time the body of a plump girl of fifteen, who was crucified for an attempt to poison the emperor, was sold to his imperial majesty's prime minister of state, and other great mandarins of the court, in joints from the gibbet, at four hundred crowns. Neither indeed can I deny, that if the same use were made of several plump young girls in this town, who without one single groat to their fortunes cannot stir abroad without a chair, and appear at playhouse and assemblies in foreign fineries which they never will pay for, the kingdom would not be the worse.

Some persons of a desponding spirit are in great concern about that vast number of poor people, who are aged, diseased, or maimed, and I have been desired to employ my thoughts what course may be taken to ease the nation of so grievous an encumbrance. But I am not in the least pain upon that matter, because it is very well known that they are every day dying and rotting by cold and famine, and filth and vermin, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young laborers, they are now in as hopeful a condition; they cannot get work, and consequently pine away for want of nourishment, to a degree that if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labor, they have not strength to perform it; and thus the country and themselves are happily delivered from the evils to come.

I have too long digressed, and therefore shall return to my subject. I think the advantages by the proposal which I have made are obvious and many, as well as of the highest importance.

For first, as I have already observed, it would greatly lessen the number of papists, with whom we are yearly overrun, being the principal breeders of the nation as well as our most dangerous enemies; and who stay at home on purpose with a design to deliver the kingdom to the pretender, hoping to take their advantage by the absence of so many good protestants, who have chosen rather to leave their country than stay at home and pay tithes against their conscience to an episcopal curate.

Secondly, The poorer tenants will have something valuable of their own, which by law may be made liable to distress and help to pay their landlord's rent, their corn and cattle being already seized, and money a thing unknown.

Thirdly, Whereas the maintenance of an hundred thousand children, from two years old and upward, cannot be computed at less than ten shillings a-piece per annum, the nation's stock will be thereby increased fifty thousand pounds per annum, beside the profit of a new dish introduced to the tables of all gentlemen of fortune in the kingdom who have any refinement in taste. And the money will circulate among ourselves, the goods being entirely of our own growth and manufacture.

Fourthly, The constant breeders, beside

the gain of eight shillings sterling per annum by the sale of their children, will be rid of the charge of maintaining them after the first year.

Fifthly, This food would likewise bring great custom to taverns; where the vintners will certainly be so prudent as to procure the best receipts for dressing it to perfection, and consequently have their houses frequented by all the fine gentlemen, who justly value themselves upon their knowledge in good eating: and a skilful cook, who understands how to oblige his guests, will contrive to make it as expensive as they please.

Sixthly, This would be a great inducement to marriage, which all wise nations have either encouraged by rewards or enforced by laws and penalties. It would increase the care and tenderness of mothers toward their children, when they were sure of a settlement for life to the poor babes, provided in some sort by the public, to their annual profit instead of expense. We should see an honest emulation among the married women, which of them could bring the fattest child to the market. . . .

Many other advantages might be enumerated. For instance, the addition of some thousand carcasses in our exportation of barreled beef, the propagation of swine's flesh, and improvement in the art of making good bacon, so much wanted among us by the great destruction of pigs, too frequent at our tables; which are no way comparable in taste or magnificence to a well-grown, fat, yearling child, which roasted whole will make a considerable figure at a lord mayor's feast or any other public entertainment. But this and many others I omit, being studious of brevity.

Supposing that one thousand families in this city would be constant customers for infants' flesh, beside others who might have it at merry-meetings, particularly weddings and christenings, I compute that Dublin would take off annually about twenty thousand carcasses; and the rest of the kingdom (where probably they will be sold somewhat cheaper) the remaining eighty thousand.

I can think of no one objection that will possibly be raised against this proposal, unless it should be urged that the number of people will be thereby much lessened in the kingdom. This I freely own, and was indeed one principal design in offering it to the world. I desire the reader will observe, that I calculate my remedy for this one individual kingdom of Ireland and for no other that ever was, is, or I think ever can be upon earth. Therefore let no man talk to me of other expedients: of taxing our absentees at five shillings a pound; of using neither clothes nor household furniture except what is of our own growth and manufacture; of utterly rejecting the materials and instruments that promote foreign luxury; of curing the expensiveness of pride, vanity, idleness, and gaming in our women; of introducing a vein of parsimony, prudence, and temperance; of learning to love our country, wherein we differ even from Laplanders and the inhabitants of Topinamboo; of quitting our animosities and factions, nor act any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very moment their city was taken; of being a little cautious not to sell our country and conscience for nothing; of teaching landlords to have at least one degree of mercy toward their tenants; lastly, of putting a spirit of honesty, industry, and skill into our shop-keepers; who, if a resolution could now be taken to buy only our native goods, would immediately unite to cheat and exact upon us in the price, the measure, and the goodness, nor could ever yet be brought to make one fair proposal of just dealing, though often and earnestly invited to it.

Therefore I repeat, let no man talk to me of these and the like expedients, till he hath at least some glimpse of hope that there will be ever some hearty and sincere attempt to put them in practice.

But as to myself, having been wearied out for many years with offering vain, idle, visionary thoughts, and at length utterly despairing of success I fortunately fell upon this proposal; which, as it is wholly new, so it hath something solid and real, of no expense and little trouble, full in our own power, and whereby we can incur no danger in disobliging England. For this kind of commodity will not bear exportation, the flesh being of too tender a consistence to admit a long continuance in salt, although perhaps I could name a country which would be glad to eat up our whole nation without it.

After all, I am not so violently bent upon my own opinion as to reject any offer proposed by wise men, which shall be found equally innocent, cheap, easy, and effectual. But before something of that kind shall be advanced in contradiction to my scheme, and offering a better, I desire the author or authors will be pleased maturely to consider two points. First, as things now stand, how they will be able to find food and raiment for an hundred thousand useless mouths and backs. And secondly, there being a round million of creatures in human figure throughout this kingdom, whose whole subsistence put into a common stock would leave them in debt two millions of pounds sterling, adding those who are beggars by profession to the bulk of farmers, cottagers, and laborers, with their wives and children who are beggars in effect: I desire those politicians who dislike my overture, and may perhaps be so bold as to attempt an answer, that they will first ask the parents of these mortals, whether they would not at this day think it a great happiness to have been sold for food at a year old in the manner I prescribe, and thereby have avoided such a perpetual scene of misfortunes as they have since gone through by the oppression of landlords, the impossibility of paying rent without money or trade, the want of common sustenance, with neither house nor clothes to cover them from the inclemencies of the weather, and the most inevitable prospect of entailing the like or greater miseries upon their breed forever.

I profess, in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavoring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the public good of my country, by advancing our trade, providing for infants, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the rich. I have no children by which I can propose to get a single penny; the youngest being nine years old, and my wife past child-bearing.

VOLTAIRE (1694–1778)

CANDIDE

V

TEMPEST, SHIPWRECK, EARTHQUAKE, AND WHAT BECAME OF DOCTOR PANGLOSS, CANDIDE, AND JAMES THE ANABAPTIST

Half dead of that inconceivable anguish which the rolling of a ship produces, one-half of the passengers were not even sensible of the danger. The other half shrieked and prayed. The sheets were rent, the masts broken, the vessel gaped. Work who would, no one heard, no one commanded. The Anabaptist being upon deck bore a hand; when a brutish sailor struck him roughly and laid him sprawling; but with the violence of the blow he himself tumbled head foremost overboard, and stuck upon a piece of the broken mast. Honest James ran to his assistance, hauled him up, and from the effort he made was precipitated into the sea in sight of the sailor, who left him to perish, without deigning to look at him. Candide drew near and saw his benefactor, who rose above the water one moment and was then swallowed up forever. He was just going to jump after him, but was prevented by the philosopher Pangloss, who demonstrated to him that the Bay of Lisbon had been made on purpose for the Anabaptist to be drowned. While he was proving this *à priori*, the ship foundered; all perished except Pangloss, Candide, and that brutal sailor who had drowned the good Anabaptist. The villain swam safely to the shore, while Pangloss and Candide were borne thither upon a plank.

As soon as they recovered themselves a little they walked toward Lisbon. They had some money left, with which they hoped to save themselves from starving, after they had escaped drowning. Scarcely had they reached the city, lamenting the death of their benefactor, when they felt the earth tremble under their feet. The sea swelled and foamed in the harbor, and beat to pieces the vessels riding at anchor. Whirlwinds of fire and ashes covered the streets and public places; houses fell, roofs were flung upon the pavements, and the pavements were scat-

tered. Thirty thousand inhabitants of all ages and sexes were crushed under the ruins. The sailor, whistling and swearing, said there was booty to be gained here.

"What can be the *sufficient reason* of this phenomenon?" said Pangloss.

"This is the Last Day!" cried Candide.

The sailor ran among the ruins, facing death to find money; finding it, he took it, got drunk, and having slept himself sober, purchased the favors of the first good-natured wench whom he met on the ruins of the destroyed houses, and in the midst of the dying and the dead. Pangloss pulled him by the sleeve.

"My friend," said he, "this is not right. You sin against the *universal reason;* you choose your time badly."

"S'blood and fury!" answered the other; "I am a sailor and born at Batavia. Four times have I trampled upon the crucifix in four voyages to Japan; a fig for thy universal reason."

Some falling stones had wounded Candide. He lay stretched in the street covered with rubbish.

"Alas!" said he to Pangloss, "get me a little wine and oil; I am dying."

"This concussion of the earth is no new thing," answered Pangloss. "The city of Lima, in America, experienced the same convulsions last year; the same cause, the same effects; there is certainly a train of sulphur under ground from Lima to Lisbon."

"Nothing more probable," said Candide; "but for the love of God a little oil and wine."

"How, probable?" replied the philosopher. "I maintain that the point is capable of being demonstrated."

Candide fainted away, and Pangloss fetched him some water from a neighboring fountain. The following day they rummaged among the ruins and found provisions, with which they repaired their exhausted strength. After this they joined with others in relieving those inhabitants who had escaped death. Some, whom they had succored, gave them as good a dinner as they could in such disastrous circumstances; true, the repast was mournful, and the company moistened their bread with tears; but Pangloss consoled them, assuring them that things could not be otherwise.

"For," said he, "all that is is for the best. If there is a volcano at Lisbon it cannot be elsewhere. It is impossible that things should be other than they are; for everything is right."

A little man dressed in black, Familiar of the Inquisition, who sat by him, politely took up his word and said:

"Apparently, then, sir, you do not believe in original sin; for if all is for the best there has then been neither Fall nor punishment."

"I humbly ask your Excellency's pardon," answered Pangloss, still more politely; "for the Fall and curse of man necessarily entered into the system of the best of worlds."

"Sir," said the Familiar, "you do not then believe in liberty?"

"Your Excellency will excuse me," said Pangloss; "liberty is consistent with absolute necessity, for it was necessary we should be free; for, in short, the determinate will ——"

Pangloss was in the middle of his sentence, when the Familiar beckoned to his footman, who gave him a glass of wine from Porto or Opporto.

VI

HOW THE PORTUGUESE MADE A BEAUTIFUL AUTO-DA-FÉ, TO PREVENT ANY FURTHER EARTHQUAKES: AND HOW CANDIDE WAS PUBLICLY WHIPPED

After the earthquake had destroyed three-fourths of Lisbon, the sages of that country could think of no means more effectual to prevent utter ruin than to give the people a beautiful *auto-da-fé*, for it had been decided by the University of Coimbra, that the burning of a few people alive by a slow fire, and with great ceremony, is an infallible secret to hinder the earth from quaking.

In consequence hereof, they had seized on a Biscayner, convicted of having married his godmother, and on two Portuguese, for rejecting the bacon which larded a chicken they were eating; after dinner, they came and secured Dr. Pangloss, and his disciple Candide, the one for speaking his mind, the other for having listened with an air of approbation. They were conducted to separate apartments, extremely cold, as they were never incommoded by the sun. Eight days after they were dressed in *san-benitos* and

their heads ornamented with paper mitres. The mitre and *san-benito* belonging to Candide were painted with reversed flames and with devils that had neither tails nor claws; but Pangloss's devils had claws and tails and the flames were upright. They marched in procession thus habited and heard a very pathetic sermon, followed by fine church music. Candide was whipped in cadence while they were singing; the Biscayner, and the two men who had refused to eat bacon, were burnt; and Pangloss was hanged, though that was not the custom. The same day the earth sustained a most violent concussion.

Candide, terrified, amazed, desperate, all bloody, all palpitating, said to himself:

"If this is the best of possible worlds, what then are the others? Well, if I had been only whipped I could put up with it, for I experienced that among the Bulgarians; but oh, my dear Pangloss! thou greatest of philosophers, that I should have seen you hanged, without knowing for what! Oh, my dear Anabaptist, thou best of men, that thou should'st have been drowned in the very harbor! Oh, Miss Cunegonde, thou pearl of girls! that thou should'st have had thy belly ripped open!"

Thus he was musing, scarce able to stand, preached at, whipped, absolved, and blessed, when an old woman accosted him saying:

"My son, take courage and follow me."

VII

HOW THE OLD WOMAN TOOK CARE OF CANDIDE, AND HOW HE FOUND THE OBJECT HE LOVED

CANDIDE did not take courage, but followed the old woman to a decayed house, where she gave him a pot of pomatum to anoint his sores, showed him a very neat little bed, with a suit of clothes hanging up, and left him something to eat and drink.

"Eat, drink, sleep," said she, "and may our lady of Atocha, the great St. Anthony of Padua, and the great St. James of Compostella, receive you under their protection. I shall be back tomorrow."

Candide, amazed at all he had suffered and still more with the charity of the old woman, wished to kiss her hand.

"It is not my hand you must kiss," said the old woman; "I shall be back tomorrow. Anoint yourself with the pomatum, eat and sleep."

Candide, notwithstanding so many disasters, ate and slept. The next morning the old woman brought him his breakfast, looked at his back, and rubbed it herself with another ointment: in like manner she brought him his dinner; and at night she returned with his supper. The day following she went through the very same ceremonies.

"Who are you?" said Candide; "who has inspired you with so much goodness? What return can I make you?"

The good woman made no answer; she returned in the evening, but brought no supper.

"Come with me," she said, "and say nothing."

She took him by the arm, and walked with him about a quarter of a mile into the country; they arrived at a lonely house, surrounded with gardens and canals. The old woman knocked at a little door, it opened, she led Candide up a private staircase into a small apartment richly furnished. She left him on a brocaded sofa, shut the door and went away. Candide thought himself in a dream; indeed, that he had been dreaming unluckily all his life, and that the present moment was the only agreeable part of it all.

The old woman returned very soon, supporting with difficulty a trembling woman of a majestic figure, brilliant with jewels, and covered with a veil.

"Take off that veil," said the old woman to Candide.

The young man approaches, he raises the veil with a timid hand. Oh! what a moment! what surprise! he believes he beholds Miss Cunegonde! he really sees her! it is herself! His strength fails him, he cannot utter a word, but drops at her feet. Cunegonde falls upon the sofa. The old woman supplies a smelling bottle; they come to themselves and recover their speech. As they began with broken accents, with questions and answers interchangeably interrupted with sighs, with tears, and cries. The old woman desired they would make less noise and then she left them to themselves.

"What, is it you?" said Candide, "you live? I find you again in Portugal? then you have not been ravished? then they did not

rip open your belly as Doctor Pangloss informed me?"

"Yes, they did," said the beautiful Cunegonde; "but those two accidents are not always mortal."

"But were your father and mother killed?"

"It is but too true," answered Cunegonde, in tears.

"And your brother?"

"My brother also was killed."

"And why are you in Portugal? and how did you know of my being here? and by what strange adventure did you contrive to bring me to this house?"

"I will tell you all that," replied the lady, "but first of all let me know your history, since the innocent kiss you gave me and the kicks which you received."

Candide respectfully obeyed her, and though he was still in a surprise, though his voice was feeble and trembling, though his back still pained him, yet he gave her a most ingenuous account of everything that had befallen him since the moment of their separation. Cunegonde lifted up her eyes to heaven; shed tears upon hearing of the death of the good Anabaptist and of Pangloss; after which she spoke as follows to Candide, who did not lose a word and devoured her with his eyes.

XIII

HOW CANDIDE WAS FORCED AWAY FROM FAIR CUNEGONDE AND THE OLD WOMAN

THE beautiful Cunegonde having heard the old woman's history, paid her all the civilities due to a person of her rank and merit. She likewise accepted her proposal, and engaged all the passengers, one after the other, to relate their adventures; and then both she and Candide allowed that the old woman was in the right.

"It is a great pity," said Candide, "that the sage Pangloss was hanged contrary to custom at an *auto-da-fé;* he would tell us most amazing things in regard to the physical and moral evils that overspread earth and sea, and I should be able, with due respect, to make a few objections."

While each passenger was recounting his story, the ship made her way. They landed at Buenos Ayres. Cunegonde, Captain Candide, and the old woman, waited on the Governor, Don Fernando d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza. This nobleman had a stateliness becoming a person who bore so many names. He spoke to men with so noble a disdain, carried his nose so loftily, raised his voice so unmercifully, assumed so imperious an air, and stalked with such intolerable pride, that those who saluted him were strongly inclined to give him a good drubbing. Cunegonde appeared to him the most beautiful he had ever met. The first thing he did was to ask whether she was not the captain's wife. The manner in which he asked the question alarmed Candide; he durst not say she was his wife, because indeed she was not; neither durst he say she was his sister, because it was not so; and although this obliging lie had been formerly much in favor among the ancients, and although it could be useful to the moderns, his soul was too pure to betray the truth.

"Miss Cunegonde," said he, "is to do me the honor to marry me, and we beseech your excellency to deign to sanction our marriage."

Don Fernando d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza, turning up his moustachios, smiled mockingly, and ordered Captain Candide to go and review his company. Candide obeyed, and the Governor remained alone with Miss Cunegonde. He declared his passion, protesting he would marry her the next day in the face of the church, or otherwise, just as should be agreeable to herself. Cunegonde asked a quarter of an hour to consider of it, to consult the old woman, and to take her resolution.

The old woman spoke thus to Cunegonde:

"Miss, you have seventy-two quarterings, and not a farthing; it is now in your power to be wife to the greatest lord in South America, who has very beautiful moustachios. Is it for you to pique yourself upon inviolable fidelity? You have been ravished by Bulgarians; a Jew and an Inquisitor have enjoyed your favors. Misfortune gives sufficient excuse. I own, that if I were in your place, I should have no scruple in marrying the Governor and in making the fortune of Captain Candide."

While the old woman spoke with all the prudence which age and experience gave, a

small ship entered the port on board of which were an Alcalde and his alguazils, and this was what had happened.

As the old woman had shrewdly guessed, it was a Grey Friar who stole Cunegonde's money and jewels in the town of Badajos, when she and Candide were escaping. The Friar wanted to sell some of the diamonds to a jeweler; the jeweler knew them to be the Grand Inquisitor's. The Friar before he was hanged confessed he had stolen them. He described the persons, and the route they had taken. The flight of Cunegonde and Candide was already known. They were traced to Cadiz. A vessel was immediately sent in pursuit of them. The vessel was already in the port of Buenos Ayres. The report spread that the Alcalde was going to land, and that he was in pursuit of the murderers of my lord the Grand Inquisitor. The prudent old woman saw at once what was to be done.

"You cannot run away," said she to Cunegonde, "and you have nothing to fear, for it was not you that killed my lord; besides the Governor who loves you will not suffer you to be ill-treated; therefore stay."

Then she ran immediately to Candide.

"Fly," said she, "or in an hour you will be burnt."

There was not a moment to lose; but how could he part from Cunegonde, and where could he flee for shelter?

XVII

ARRIVAL OF CANDIDE AND HIS VALET AT EL DORADO, AND WHAT THEY SAW THERE

"You see," said Cacambo to Candide, as soon as they had reached the frontiers of the Oreillons, "that this hemisphere is not better than the others—take my word for it; let us go back to Europe by the shortest way."

"How go back?" said Candide, "and where shall we go—to my own country? The Bulgarians and the Abares are slaying all; to Portugal? there I shall be burnt; and if we abide here we are every moment in danger of being spitted. But how can I resolve to quit a part of the world where my dear Cunegonde resides?"

"Let us turn toward Cayenne," said Cacambo, "there we shall find Frenchmen, who wander all over the world; they may assist us; God will perhaps have pity on us."

It was not easy to get to Cayenne; they knew vaguely in which direction to go, but rivers, precipices, robbers, savages, obstructed them all the way. Their horses died of fatigue. Their provisions were consumed; they fed a whole month upon wild fruits, and found themselves at last near a little river bordered with cocoa trees, which sustained their lives and their hopes.

Cacambo, who was as good a counsellor as the old woman, said to Candide:

"We are able to hold out no longer; we have walked enough. I see an empty canoe near the river-side; let us fill it with cocoanuts, throw ourselves into it, and go with the current; a river always leads to some inhabited spot. If we do not find pleasant things we shall at least find new things."

"With all my heart," said Candide, "let us recommend ourselves to Providence."

They rowed a few leagues, between banks, in some places flowery, in others barren; in some parts smooth, in others rugged. The stream ever widened, and at length lost itself under an arch of frightful rocks which reached to the sky. The two travelers had the courage to commit themselves to the current. The river, suddenly contracting at this place, whirled them along with a dreadful noise and rapidity. At the end of four-and-twenty hours they saw daylight again, but their canoe was dashed to pieces against the rocks. For a league they had to creep from rock to rock, until at length they discovered an extensive plain, bounded by inaccessible mountains. The country was cultivated as much for pleasure as for necessity. On all sides the useful was also the beautiful. The roads were covered, or rather adorned, with carriages of a glittering form and substance, in which were men and women of surprising beauty, drawn by large red sheep which surpassed in fleetness the finest coursers of Andalusia, Tetuan, and Mequinez.

"Here, however, is a country," said Candide, "which is better than Westphalia."

He stepped out with Cacambo toward the first village which he saw. Some children dressed in tattered brocades played at quoits on the outskirts. Our travelers from the

outer world amused themselves by looking on. The quoits were large round pieces, yellow, red, and green, which cast a singular luster! The travelers picked a few of them off the ground; this was of gold, that of emeralds, the other of rubies—the least of them would have been the greatest ornament on the Mogul's throne.

"Without doubt," said Cacambo, "these children must be the king's sons that are playing at quoits!"

The village schoolmaster appeared at this moment and called them to school.

"There," said Candide, "is the preceptor of the royal family."

The little truants immediately quitted their game, leaving the quoits on the ground with all their other playthings. Candide gathered them up, ran to the master, and presented them to him in a most humble manner, giving him to understand by signs that their royal highnesses had forgotten their gold and jewels. The schoolmaster, smiling, flung them upon the ground; then, looking at Candide with a good deal of surprise, went about his business.

The travelers, however, took care to gather up the gold, the rubies, and the emeralds.

"Where are we?" cried Candide. "The king's children in this country must be well brought up, since they are taught to despise gold and precious stones."

Cacambo was as much surprised as Candide. At length they drew near the first house in the village. It was built like an European palace. A crowd of people pressed about the door, and there were still more in the house. They heard most agreeable music, and were aware of a delicious odor of cooking. Cacambo went up to the door and heard they were talking Peruvian; it was his mother tongue, for it is well known that Cacambo was born in Tucuman, in a village where no other language was spoken.

"I will be your interpreter here," said he to Candide; "let us go in, it is a public-house."

Immediately two waiters and two girls, dressed in cloth of gold, and their hair tied up with ribbons, invited them to sit down to table with the landlord. They served four dishes of soup, each garnished with two young parrots; a boiled condor which weighed two hundred pounds; two roasted monkeys, of excellent flavor; three hundred humming-birds in one dish, and six hundred fly-birds in another; exquisite ragouts; delicious pastries; the whole served up in dishes of a kind of rock-crystal. The waiters and girls poured out several liqueurs drawn from the sugar-cane.

Most of the company were chapmen and waggoners, all extremely polite; they asked Cacambo a few questions with the greatest circumspection, and answered his in the most obliging manner.

As soon as dinner was over, Cacambo believed as well as Candide that they might well pay their reckoning by laying down two of those large gold pieces which they had picked up. The landlord and landlady shouted with laughter and held their sides. When the fit was over:

"Gentlemen," said the landlord, "it is plain you are strangers, and such guests we are not accustomed to see; pardon us therefore for laughing when you offered us the pebbles from our highroads in payment of your reckoning. You doubtless have not the money of the country; but it is not necessary to have any money at all to dine in this house. All hostelries established for the convenience of commerce are paid by the government. You have fared but very indifferently because this is a poor village; but everywhere else, you will be received as you deserve."

Cacambo explained this whole discourse with great astonishment to Candide, who was as greatly astonished to hear it.

"What sort of a country then is this," said they to one another; "a country unknown to all the rest of the world, and where nature is of a kind so different from ours? It is probably the country where all is well; for there absolutely must be one such place. And, whatever Master Pangloss might say, I often found that things went very ill in Westphalia."

XVIII

WHAT THEY SAW IN THE COUNTRY OF EL DORADO

CACAMBO expressed his curiosity to the landlord, who made answer:

"I am very ignorant, but not the worse on that account. However, we have in this

neighborhood an old man retired from the Court who is the most learned and most communicative person in the kingdom."

At once he took Cacambo to the old man. Candide acted now only a second character, and accompanied his valet. They entered a very plain house, for the door was only of silver, and the ceilings were only of gold, but wrought in so elegant a taste as to vie with the richest. The antechamber, indeed, was only encrusted with rubies and emeralds, but the order in which everything was arranged made amends for this great simplicity.

The old man received the strangers on his sofa, which was stuffed with humming-birds' feathers, and ordered his servants to present them with liqueurs in diamond goblets; after which he satisfied their curiosity in the following terms:

"I am now one hundred and seventy-two years old, and I learnt of my late father, Master of the Horse to the King, the amazing revolutions of Peru, of which he had been an eye-witness. The kingdom we now inhabit is the ancient country of the Incas, who quitted it very imprudently to conquer another part of the world, and were at length destroyed by the Spaniards.

"More wise by far were the princes of their family, who remained in their native country; and they ordained, with the consent of the whole nation, that none of the inhabitants should ever be permitted to quit this little kingdom; and this has preserved our innocence and happiness. The Spaniards have had a confused notion of this country, and have called it *El Dorado;* and an Englishman, whose name was Sir Walter Raleigh, came very near it about a hundred years ago; but being surrounded by inaccessible rocks and precipices, we have hitherto been sheltered from the rapaciousness of European nations, who have an inconceivable passion for the pebbles and dirt of our land, for the sake of which they would murder us to the last man."

The conversation was long: it turned chiefly on their form of government, their manners, their women, their public entertainments, and the arts. At length Candide, having always had a taste for metaphysics, made Cacamo ask whether there was any religion in that country.

The old man reddened a little.

"How then," said he, "can you doubt it? Do you take us for ungrateful wretches?"

Cacambo humbly asked, "What was the religion in El Dorado?"

The old man reddened again.

"Can there be two religions?" said he. "We have, I believe, the religion of all the world: we worship God night and morning."

"Do you worship but one God?" said Cacambo, who still acted as interpreter in representing Candide's doubts.

"Surely," said the old man, "there are not two, nor three, nor four. I must confess the people from your side of the world ask very extraordinary questions."

Candide was not yet tired of interrogating the good old man; he wanted to know in what manner they prayed to God in El Dorado.

"We do not pray to Him," said the worthy sage; "we have nothing to ask of Him; He has given us all we need, and we return Him thanks without ceasing."

Candide having a curiosity to see the priests asked where they were. The good old man smiled.

"My friend," said he, "we are all priests. The King and all the heads of families sing solemn canticles of thanksgiving every morning, accompanied by five or six thousand musicians."

"What! have you no monks who teach, who dispute, who govern, who cabal, and who burn people that are not of their opinion?"

"We must be mad, indeed, if that were the case," said the old man; "here we are all of one opinion, and we know not what you mean by monks."

During this whole discourse Candide was in raptures, and he said to himself:

"This is vastly different from Westphalia and the Baron's castle. Had our friend Pangloss seen El Dorado he would no longer have said that the castle of Thunder-ten-Tronckh was the finest upon earth. It is evident that one must travel."

After this long conversation the old man ordered a coach and six sheep to be got ready, and twelve of his domestics to conduct the travelers to Court.

"Excuse me," said he, "if my age deprives me of the honor of accompanying you. The King will receive you in a manner that can-

not displease you; and no doubt you will make an allowance for the customs of the country, if some things should not be to your liking."

Candide and Cacambo got into the coach, the six sheep flew, and in less than four hours they reached the King's palace situated at the extremity of the capital. The portal was two hundred and twenty feet high, and one hundred wide; but words are wanting to express the materials of which it was built. It is plain such materials must have prodigious superiority over those pebbles and sand which we call gold and precious stones.

Twenty beautiful damsels of the King's guard received Candide and Cacambo as they alighted from the coach, conducted them to the bath, and dressed them in robes woven of the down of humming-birds; after which the great crown officers, of both sexes, led them to the King's apartment, between two files of musicians, a thousand on each side. When they drew near to the audience chamber Cacambo asked one of the great officers in what way he should pay his obeisance to his Majesty; whether they should throw themselves upon their knees or on their stomachs; whether they should put their hands upon their heads or behind their backs; whether they should lick the dust off the floor; in a word, what was the ceremony?

"The custom," said the great officer, "is to embrace the King, and to kiss him on each cheek."

Candide and Cacambo threw themselves round his Majesty's neck. He received them with all the goodness imaginable, and politely invited them to supper.

While waiting they were shown the city, and saw the public edifices raised as high as the clouds, the market places ornamented with a thousand columns, the fountains of spring water, those of rose water, those of liqueurs drawn from sugar-cane, incessantly flowing into the great squares, which were paved with a kind of precious stone, which gave off a delicious fragrance like that of cloves and cinnamon. Candide asked to see the court of justice, the parliament. They told him they had none, and that they were strangers to lawsuits. He asked if they had any prisons, and they answered no. But what surprised him most and gave him the greatest pleasure was the palace of sciences, where he saw a gallery two thousand feet long, and filled with instruments employed in mathematics and physics.

After rambling about the city the whole afternoon, and seeing but a thousandth part of it, they were reconducted to the royal palace, where Candide sat down to table with his Majesty, his valet Cacambo, and several ladies. Never was there a better entertainment, and never was more wit shown at a table than that which fell from his Majesty. Cacambo explained the King's *bon-mots* to Candide, and notwithstanding they were translated they still appeared to be *bon-mots*. Of all the things that surprised Candide this was not the least.

They spent a month in this hospitable place. Candide frequently said to Cacambo:

"I own, my friend, once more that the castle where I was born is nothing in comparison with this; but, after all, Miss Cunegonde is not here, and you have, without doubt, some mistress in Europe. If we abide here we shall only be upon a footing with the rest, whereas, if we return to our old world, only with twelve sheep laden with the pebbles of El Dorado, we shall be richer than all the kings of Europe. We shall have no more Inquisitors to fear, and we may easily recover Miss Cunegonde."

This speech was agreeable to Cacambo; mankind are so fond of roving, of making a figure in their own country, and of boasting of what they have seen in their travels, that the two happy ones resolved to be no longer so, but to ask his Majesty's leave to quit the country.

"You are foolish," said the King. "I am sensible that my kingdom is but a small place, but when a person is comfortably settled in any part he should abide there. I have not the right to detain strangers. It is a tyranny which neither our manners nor our laws permit. All men are free. Go when you wish, but the going will be very difficult. It is impossible to ascend that rapid river on which you came as by a miracle, and which runs under vaulted rocks. The mountains which surround my kingdom are ten thousand feet high, and as steep as walls; they are each over ten leagues in breadth, and there is no other way to descend them than by precipices. However, since you absolutely wish to depart, I shall give

orders to my engineers to construct a machine that will convey you very safely. When we have conducted you over the mountains no one can accompany you further, for my subjects have made a vow never to quit the kingdom, and they are too wise to break it. Ask me besides anything that you please."

"We desire nothing of your Majesty," says Candide, "but a few sheep laden with provisions, pebbles, and the earth of this country."

The King laughed.

"I cannot conceive," said he, "what pleasure you Europeans find in our yellow clay, but take as much as you like, and great good may it do you."

At once he gave directions that his engineers should construct a machine to hoist up these two extraordinary men out of the kingdom. Three thousand good mathematicians went to work; it was ready in fifteen days, and did not cost more than twenty million sterling in the specie of that country. They placed Candide and Cacambo on the machine. There were two great red sheep saddled and bridled to ride upon as soon as they were beyond the mountains, twenty pack-sheep laden with provisions, thirty with presents of the curiosities of the country, and fifty with gold, diamonds, and precious stones. The King embraced the two wanderers very tenderly.

Their departure, with the ingenious manner in which they and their sheep were hoisted over the mountains, was a splendid spectacle. The mathematicians took their leave after conveying them to a place of safety, and Candide had no other desire, no other aim, than to present his sheep to Miss Cunegonde.

"Now," said he, "we are able to pay the Governor of Buenos Ayres if Miss Cunegonde can be ransomed. Let us journey toward Cayenne. Let us embark, and we will afterwards see what kingdom we shall be able to purchase."

XIX

WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM AT SURINAM

Our travelers spent the first day very agreeably. They were delighted with possessing more treasure than all Asia, Europe, and Africa could scrape together. Candide, in his raptures, cut Cunegonde's name on the trees. The second day two of their sheep plunged into a morass, where they and their burdens were lost; two more died of fatigue a few days after; seven or eight perished with hunger in a desert; and others subsequently fell down precipices. At length, after traveling a hundred days, only two sheep remained. Said Candide to Cacambo:

"My friend, you see how perishable are the riches of this world; there is nothing solid but virtue, and the happiness of seeing Cunegonde once more."

"I grant all you say," said Cacambo, "but we have still two sheep remaining, with more treasure than the King of Spain will ever have; and I see a town which I take to be Surinam, belonging to the Dutch. We are at the end of all our troubles, and at the beginning of happiness."

As they drew near the town, they saw a Negro stretched upon the ground, with only one moiety of his clothes, that is, of his blue linen drawers; the poor man had lost his left leg and his right hand.

"Good God!" said Candide in Dutch, "what art thou doing there, friend, in that shocking condition?"

"I am waiting for my master, Mynheer Vanderdendur, the famous merchant," answered the Negro.

"Was it Mynheer Vanderdendur," said Candide, "that treated thee thus?"

"Yes, sir," said the Negro, "it is the custom. They give us a pair of linen drawers for our whole garment twice a year. When we work at the sugar-canes, and the mill snatches hold of a finger, they cut off the hand; and when we attempt to run away, they cut off the leg; both cases have happened to me. This is the price at which you eat sugar in Europe. Yet when my mother sold me for ten patagons on the coast of Guinea, she said to me: 'My dear child, bless our fetiches, adore them forever; they will make thee live happily; thou hast the honor of being the slave of our lords, the whites, which is making the fortune of thy father and mother.' Alas! I know not whether I have made their fortunes; this I know, that they have not made mine. Dogs, monkeys, and parrots are a thousand times less wretched than I. The Dutch fetiches,

who have converted me, declare every Sunday that we are all of us children of Adam—blacks as well as whites. I am not a genealogist, but if these preachers tell truth, we are all second cousins. Now, you must agree, that it is impossible to treat one's relations in a more barbarous manner."

"Oh, Pangloss!" cried Candide, "thou hadst not guessed at this abomination; it is the end. I must at last renounce thy optimism."

"What is this optimism?" said Cacambo.

"Alas!" said Candide, "it is the madness of maintaining that everything is right when it is wrong."

XXV

THE VISIT TO LORD POCOCURANTE, A NOBLE VENETIAN

CANDIDE and Martin went in a gondola on the Brenta, and arrived at the palace of the noble Signor Pococurante. The gardens, laid out with taste, were adorned with fine marble statues. The palace was beautifully built. The master of the house was a man of sixty, and very rich. He received the two travelers with polite indifference, which put Candide a little out of countenance, but was not at all disagreeable to Martin.

First, two pretty girls, very neatly dressed, served them with chocolate, which was frothed exceedingly well. Candide could not refrain from commending their beauty, grace and address.

"They are good enough creatures," said the Senator. "I make them lie with me sometimes, for I am very tired of the ladies of the town, of their coquetries, of their jealousies, of their quarrels, of their humors, of their pettinesses, of their prides, of their follies, and of the sonnets which one must make, or have made, for them. But after all, these two girls begin to weary me."

After breakfast, Candide walking into a long gallery was surprised by the beautiful pictures. He asked, by what master were the two first.

"They are by Raphael," said the Senator. "I bought them at a great price, out of vanity, some years ago. They are said to be the finest things in Italy, but they do not please me at all. The colors are too dark, the figures are not sufficiently rounded, nor in good relief; the draperies in no way resemble stuffs. In a word, whatever may be said, I do not find there a true imitation of nature. I only care for a picture when I think I see nature itself; and there are none of this sort. I have a great many pictures, but I prize them very little."

While they were waiting for dinner Pococurante ordered a concert. Candide found the music delicious.

"This noise," said the Senator, "may amuse one for half an hour; but if it were to last longer it would grow tiresome to everybody, though they durst not own it. Music, today, is only the art of executing difficult things, and that which is only difficult cannot please long. Perhaps I should be fonder of the opera if they had not found the secret of making of it a monster which shocks me. Let who will go to see bad tragedies set to music, where the scenes are contrived for no other end than to introduce two or three songs ridiculously out of place, to show off an actress' voice. Let who will, or who can, die away with pleasure at the sight of an eunuch quavering the rôle of Cæsar, or of Cato, and strutting awkwardly upon the stage. For my part I have long since renounced those paltry entertainments which constitute the glory of modern Italy, and are purchased so dearly by sovereigns."

Candide disputed the point a little, but with discretion. Martin was entirely of the Senator's opinion.

They sat down to table, and after an excellent dinner they went into the library. Candide, seeing a Homer magnificently bound, commended the virtuoso on his good taste.

"There," said he, "is a book that was once the delight of the great Pangloss, the best philosopher in Germany."

"It is not mine," answered Pococurante coolly. "They used at one time to make me believe that I took a pleasure in reading him. But that continual repetition of battles, so extremely like one another; those gods that are always active without doing anything decisive; that Helen who is the cause of the war, and who yet scarcely appears in the piece; that Troy, so long besieged without being taken; all these together caused me great weariness. I have sometimes asked learned men whether they were not as weary

as I of that work. Those who were sincere have owned to me that the poem made them fall asleep; yet it was necessary to have it in their library as a monument of antiquity, or like those rusty medals which are no longer of use in commerce."

"But your Excellency does not think thus of Virgil?" said Candide.

"I grant," said the Senator, "that the second, fourth, and sixth books of his Æneid are excellent, but as for his pious Æneas, his strong Cloanthus, his friend Achates, his little Ascanius, his silly King Latinus, his bourgeois Amata, his insipid Lavinia, I think there can be nothing more flat and disagreeable. I prefer Tasso a good deal, or even the soporific tales of Ariosto."

"May I presume to ask you, sir," said Candide, "whether you do not receive a great deal of pleasure from reading Horace?"

"There are maxims in this writer," answered Pococurante, "from which a man of the world may reap great benefit, and being written in energetic verse they are more easily impressed upon the memory. But I care little for his journey to Brundusium, and his account of a bad dinner, or of his low quarrel between one Rupilius whose words he says were full of poisonous filth, and another whose language was imbued with vinegar. I have read with much distaste his indelicate verses against old women and witches; nor do I see any merit in telling his friend Mæcenas that if he will but rank him in the choir of lyric poets, his lofty head shall touch the stars. Fools admire everything in an author of reputation. For my part, I read only to please myself. I like only that which serves my purpose."

Candide, having been educated never to judge for himself, was much surprised at what he heard. Martin found there was a good deal of reason in Pococurante's remarks.

"Oh! here is Cicero," said Candide. "Here is the great man whom I fancy you are never tired of reading."

"I never read him," replied the Venetian. "What is it to me whether he pleads for Rabirius or Cluentius? I try causes enough myself; his philosophical works seem to me better, but when I found that he doubted of everything, I concluded that I knew as much as he, and that I had no need of a guide to learn ignorance."

"Ha! here are four-score volumes of the Academy of Sciences," cried Martin. "Perhaps there is something valuable in this collection."

"There might be," said Pococurante, "if only one of those rakers of rubbish had shown how to make pins; but in all these volumes there is nothing but chimerical systems, and not a single useful thing."

"And what dramatic works I see here," said Candide, "in Italian, Spanish, and French."

"Yes," replied the Senator, "there are three thousand, and not three dozen of them good for anything. As to those collections of sermons, which altogether are not worth a single page of Seneca, and those huge volumes of theology, you may well imagine that neither I nor anyone else ever opens them."

Martin saw some shelves filled with English books.

"I have a notion," said he, "that a Republican must be greatly pleased with most of these books, which are written with a spirit of freedom."

"Yes," answered Pococurante, "it is noble to write as one thinks; this is the privilege of humanity. In all our Italy we write only what we do not think; those who inhabit the country of the Cæsars and the Antoninuses dare not acquire a single idea without the permission of a Dominican friar. I should be pleased with the liberty which inspires the English genius if passion and party spirit did not corrupt all that is estimable in this precious liberty."

Candide, observing a Milton, asked whether he did not look upon this author as a great man.

"Who?" said Pococurante, "that barbarian, who writes a long commentary in ten books of harsh verse on the first chapter of Genesis; that coarse imitator of the Greeks, who disfigures the Creation, and who, while Moses represents the Eternal producing the world by a word, makes the Messiah take a great pair of compasses from the armory of heaven to circumscribe His work? How can I have any esteem for a writer who has spoiled Tasso's hell and the devil, who transforms Lucifer sometimes into a toad and other times into a pigmy, who makes him repeat the same things a hundred times,

who makes him dispute on theology, who, by a serious imitation of Ariosto's comic invention of firearms, represents the devils cannonading in heaven? Neither I nor any man in Italy could take pleasure in those melancholy extravagances; and the marriage of Sin and Death, and the snakes brought forth by Sin, are enough to turn the stomach of anyone with the least taste [and his long description of a pest-house is good only for a grave-digger]. This obscure, whimsical, and disagreeable poem was despised upon its first publication, and I only treat it now as it was treated in its own country by contemporaries. For the matter of that I say what I think, and I care very little whether others think as I do."

Candide was grieved at this speech, for he had a respect for Homer and was fond of Milton.

"Alas!" said he softly to Martin, "I am afraid that this man holds our German poets in very great contempt."

"There would not be much harm in that," said Martin.

"Oh! what a superior man," said Candide below his breath. "What a great genius is this Pococurante! Nothing can please him."

After their survey of the library they went down into the garden, where Candide praised its several beauties.

"I know of nothing in so bad a taste," said the master. "All you see here is merely trifling. After tomorrow I will have it planted with a nobler design."

"Well," said Candide to Martin when they had taken their leave, "you will agree that this is the happiest of mortals, for he is above everything he possesses."

"But do you not see," answered Martin, "that he is disgusted with all he possesses? Plato observed a long while ago that those stomachs are not the best that reject all sorts of food."

"But is there not a pleasure," said Candide, "in criticizing everything, in pointing out faults where others see nothing but beauties?"

"That is to say," replied Martin, "that there is some pleasure in having no pleasure."

"Well, well," said Candide, "I find that I shall be the only happy man when I am blessed with the sight of my dear Cunegonde."

"It is always well to hope," said Martin.

However, the days and the weeks passed. Cacambo did not come, and Candide was so overwhelmed with grief that he did not even reflect that Paquette and Friar Giroflée did not return to thank him.

XXIX

HOW CANDIDE FOUND CUNEGONDE AND THE OLD WOMAN AGAIN

While Candide, the Baron, Pangloss, Martin, and Cacambo were relating their several adventures, were reasoning on the contingent or non-contingent events of the universe, disputing on effects and causes, on moral and physical evil, on liberty and necessity, and on the consolations a slave may feel even on a Turkish galley, they arrived at the house of the Transylvanian prince on the banks of the Propontis. The first object which met their sight were Cunegonde and the old woman hanging towels out to dry.

The Baron paled at this sight. The tender, loving Candide, seeing his beautiful Cunegonde embrowned, with blood-shot eyes, withered neck, wrinkled cheeks, and rough, red arms, recoiled three paces, seized with horror, and then advanced out of good manners. She embraced Candide and her brother; they embraced the old woman, and Candide ransomed them both.

There was a small farm in the neighborhood which the old woman proposed to Candide to make a shift with till the company could be provided for in a better manner. Cunegonde did not know she had grown ugly, for nobody had told her of it; and she reminded Candide of his promise in so positive a tone that the good man durst not refuse her. He therefore intimated to the Baron that he intended marrying his sister.

"I will not suffer," said the Baron, "such meanness on her part, and such insolence on yours; I will never be reproached with this scandalous thing; my sister's children would never be able to enter the church in Germany. No; my sister shall only marry a baron of the empire."

Cunegonde flung herself at his feet, and bathed them with her tears; still he was inflexible.

"Thou foolish fellow," said Candide; "I have delivered thee out of the galleys, I have paid thy ransom, and thy sister's also; she was a scullion, and is very ugly, yet I am so condescending as to marry her; and dost thou pretend to oppose the match? I should kill thee again, were I only to consult my anger."

"Thou mayest kill me again," said the Baron, "but thou shalt not marry my sister, at least whilst I am living."

XXX

THE CONCLUSION

At the bottom of his heart Candide had no wish to marry Cunegonde. But the extreme impertinence of the Baron determined him to conclude the match, and Cunegonde pressed him so strongly that he could not go from his word. He consulted Pangloss, Martin, and the faithful Cacambo. Pangloss drew up an excellent memorial, wherein he proved that the Baron had no right over his sister, and that according to all the laws of the empire, she might marry Candide with her left hand. Martin was for throwing the Baron into the sea; Cacambo decided that it would be better to deliver him up again to the captain of the galley, after which they sought to send him back to the General Father of the Order at Rome by the first ship. This advice was well received, the old woman approved it; they said not a word to his sister; the thing was executed for a little money, and they had the double pleasure of entrapping a Jesuit, and punishing the pride of a German baron.

It is natural to imagine that after so many disasters Candide married, and living with the philosopher Pangloss, the philosopher Martin, the prudent Cacambo, and the old woman, having besides brought so many diamonds from the country of the ancient Incas, must have led a very happy life. But he was so much imposed upon by the Jews that he had nothing left except his small farm; his wife became uglier every day, more peevish and unsupportable; the old woman was infirm and even more fretful than Cunegonde. Cacambo, who worked in the garden, and took vegetables for sale to Constantinople, was fatigued with hard work, and cursed his destiny. Pangloss was in despair at not shining in some German university. For Martin, he was firmly persuaded that he would be as badly off elsewhere, and therefore bore things patiently. Candide, Martin, and Pangloss sometimes disputed about morals and metaphysics. They often saw passing under the windows of their farm boats full of Effendis, Pashas, and Cadis, who were going into banishment to Lemnos, Mitylene, or Erzeroum. And they saw other Cadis, Pashas, and Effendis coming to supply the place of the exiles, and afterwards exiled in their turn. They saw heads decently impaled for presentation to the Sublime Porte. Such spectacles as these increased the number of their dissertations; and when they did not dispute time hung so heavily upon their hands, that one day the old woman ventured to say to them:

"I want to know which is the worse, to be ravished a hundred times by Negro pirates, to have a buttock cut off, to run the gauntlet among the Bulgarians, to be whipped and hanged at an *auto-da-fé*, to be dissected, to row in the galleys—in short, to go through all the miseries we have undergone, or to stay here and have nothing to do?"

"It is a great question," said Candide.

This discourse gave rise to new reflections, and Martin especially concluded that man was born to live either in a state of distracting inquietude or of lethargic disgust. Candide did not quite agree to that, but he affirmed nothing. Pangloss owned that he had always suffered horribly, but as he had once asserted that everything went wonderfully well, he asserted it still, though he no longer believed it.

. . . . . .

In the neighborhood there lived a very famous Dervish who was esteemed the best philosopher in all Turkey, and they went to consult him. Pangloss was the speaker.

"Master," said he, "we come to beg you to tell why so strange an animal as man was made."

"With what meddlest thou?" said the Dervish; "is it thy business?"

"But, reverend father," said Candide, "there is horrible evil in this world."

"What signifies it," said the Dervish, "whether there be evil or good? When his

highness sends a ship to Egypt, does he trouble his head whether the mice on board are at their ease or not?"

"What, then, must we do?" said Pangloss.

"Hold your tongue," answered the Dervish.

"I was in hopes," said Pangloss, "that I should reason with you a little about causes and effects, about the best of possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul, and the pre-established harmony."

At these words, the Dervish shut the door in their faces.

During this conversation, the news was spread that two Viziers and the Mufti had been strangled at Constantinople, and that several of their friends had been impaled. This catastrophe made a great noise for some hours. Pangloss, Candide, and Martin, returning to the little farm, saw a good old man taking the fresh air at his door under an orange bower. Pangloss, who was as inquisitive as he was argumentative, asked the old man what was the name of the strangled Mufti.

"I do not know," answered the worthy man, "and I have not known the name of any Mufti, nor of any Vizier. I am entirely ignorant of the event you mention; I presume in general that they who meddle with the administration of public affairs die sometimes miserably, and that they deserve it; but I never trouble my head about what is transacting at Constantinople; I content myself with sending there for sale the fruits of the garden which I cultivate."

Having said these words, he invited the strangers into his house; his two sons and two daughters presented them with several sorts of sherbet, which they made themselves, with Kaimak enriched with the candied-peel of citrons, with oranges, lemons, pine-apples, pistachio-nuts, and Mocha coffee unadulterated with the bad coffee of Batavia or the American islands. After which the two daughters of the honest Mussulman perfumed the strangers' beards.

"You must have a vast and magnificent estate," said Candide to the Turk.

"I have only twenty acres," replied the old man; "I and my children cultivate them; our labor preserves us from three great evils —weariness, vice, and want."

Candide, on his way home, made profound reflections on the old man's conversation.

"This honest Turk," said he to Pangloss and Martin, "seems to be in a situation far preferable to that of the six kings with whom we had the honor of supping."

"Grandeur," said Pangloss, "is extremely dangerous according to the testimony of philosophers. For, in short, Eglon, King of Moab, was assassinated by Ehud; Absalom was hung by his hair, and pierced with three darts; King Nadab, the son of Jeroboam, was killed by Baasa; King Ela by Zimri; Ahaziah by Jehu; Athaliah by Jehoiada; the Kings Jehoiakim, Jeconiah, and Zedekiah, were led into captivity. You know how perished Croesus, Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Caesar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II of England, Edward II, Henry VI, Richard III, Mary Stuart, Charles I, the three Henrys of France, the Emperor Henry IV! You know——"

"I know also," said Candide, "that we must cultivate our garden."

"You are right," said Pangloss, "for when man was first placed in the Garden of Eden, he was put there *ut operaretur eum*, that he might cultivate it; which shows that man was not born to be idle."

"Let us work," said Martin, "without disputing; it is the only way to render life tolerable."

The whole little society entered into this laudable design, according to their different abilities. Their little plot of land produced plentiful crops. Cunegonde was, indeed, very ugly, but she became an excellent pastry cook; Paquette worked at embroidery; the old woman looked after the linen. They were all, not excepting Friar Giroflée, of some service or other; for he made a good joiner, and became a very honest man.

Pangloss sometimes said to Candide:

"There is a concatenation of events in this best of all possible worlds: for, if you had not been kicked out of a magnificent castle for love or Miss Cunegonde: if you had not walked over America: if you had not stabbed the Baron: if you had not lost all your sheep from the fine country of El Dorado: you would not be here eating preserved citrons and pistachio-nuts."

"All that is very well," answered Candide, "but let us cultivate our garden."

LORD BYRON (1788–1824)

DON JUAN

CANTO II

VIII

BUT to our tale: the Donna Inez sent
Her son to Cadiz only to embark:
To stay there had not answer'd her intent,
But why?—we leave the reader in the dark—
'Twas for a voyage that the young man was meant,
As if a Spanish ship were Noah's ark,
To wean him from the wickedness of earth,
And send him like a dove of promise forth.

IX

Don Juan bade his valet pack his things
According to direction, then received
A lecture and some money: for four springs
He was to travel; and though Inez grieved
(As every kind of parting has its stings),
She hoped he would improve—perhaps believed:
A letter, too, she gave (he never read it)
Of good advice—and two or three of credit.

X

In the mean time, to pass her hours away,
Brave Inez now set up a Sunday school
For naughty children, who would rather play
(Like truant rogues) the devil, or the fool;
Infants of three years old were taught that day,
Dunces were whipt, or set upon a stool:
The great success of Juan's education,
Spurr'd her to teach another generation.

XI

Juan embark'd—the ship got under way,
The wind was fair, the water passing rough;
A devil of a sea rolls in that bay,
As I, who've cross'd it oft, know well enough;
And, standing upon deck, the dashing spray
Flies in one's face, and makes it weather-tough:
And there he stood to take, and take again,
His first—perhaps his last—farewell of Spain.

XII

I can't but say it is an awkward sight
To see one's native land receding through
The growing waters; it unmans one quite,
Especially when life is rather new:
I recollect Great Britain's coast looks white,
But almost every other country's blue,
When gazing on them, mystified by distance,
We enter on our nautical existence.

XIII

So Juan stood, bewilder'd on the deck:
The wind sung, cordage strain'd, and sailors swore,
And the ship creak'd, the town became a speck,
From which away so fair and fast they bore.
The best of remedies is a beef-steak
Against sea-sickness: try it, sir, before
You sneer, and I assure you this is true,
For I have found it answer—so may you.

XIV

Don Juan stood, and, gazing from the stern,
Beheld his native Spain receding far:
First partings form a lesson hard to learn,
Even nations feel this when they go to war;
There is a sort of unexprest concern,
A kind of shock that sets one's heart ajar:
At leaving even the most unpleasant people
And places, one keeps looking at the steeple.

XV

But Juan had got many things to leave,
His mother, and a mistress, and no wife,
So that he had much better cause to grieve
Than many persons more advanced in life;
And if we now and then a sigh must heave
At quitting even those we quit in strife,
No doubt we weep for those the heart endears—
That is, till deeper griefs congeal our tears.

XVI

So Juan wept, as wept the captive Jews
By Babel's waters, still remembering Sion:
I'd weep,—but mine is not a weeping Muse,
And such light griefs are not a thing to die on;

Young men should travel, if but to amuse
Themselves; and the next time their servants tie on
Behind their carriages their new portmanteau,
Perhaps it may be lined with this my canto.

XVII

And Juan wept, and much he sigh'd and thought,
While his salt tears dropp'd into the salt sea,
"Sweets to the sweet;" (I like so much to quote;
You must excuse this extract,—'t is where she,
The queen of Denmark, for Ophelia brought
Flowers to the grave;) and, sobbing often, he
Reflected on his present situation,
And seriously resolved on reformation.

XVIII

"Farewell, my Spain! a long farewell!" he cried,
"Perhaps I may revisit thee no more,
But die, as many an exiled heart hath died,
Of its own thirst to see again thy shore:
Farewell, where Guadalquivir's waters glide!
Farewell, my mother! and, since all is o'er,
Farewell, too, dearest Julia!—(here he drew
Her letter out again, and read it through.)

XIX

"And oh! if e'er I should forget, I swear—
But that's impossible, and cannot be—
Sooner shall this blue ocean melt to air,
Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
Than I resign thine image, oh, my fair!
Or think of any thing excepting thee;
A mind diseased no remedy can physic—
(Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew seasick.)

XX

"Sooner shall heaven kiss earth—(here he fell sicker)
Oh, Julia! what is every other woe?—
(For God's sake let me have a glass of liquor;
Pedro, Battista, help me down below.)
Julia, my love!—(you rascal, Pedro, quicker!)—
Oh, Julia!—(this curst vessel pitches so)—
Beloved Julia, hear me still beseeching!"
(Here he grew inarticulate with retching.)

XXI

He felt that chilling heaviness of heart,
Or rather stomach, which, alas! attends,
Beyond the best apothecary's art,
The loss of love, the treachery of friends,
Or death of those we dote on, when a part
Of us dies with them as each fond hope ends:
No doubt he would have been much more pathetic,
But the sea acted as a strong emetic.

XXII

Love's a capricious power: I've known it hold
Out through a fever caused by its own heat.
But be much puzzled by a cough and cold,
And find a quinsy very hard to treat;
Against all noble maladies he's bold,
But vulgar illnesses don't like to meet,
Nor that a sneeze should interrupt his sigh
Nor inflammations redden his blind eye.

XXIII

But worst of all is nausea, or a pain
About the lower region of the bowels;
Love, who heroically breathes a vein,
Shrinks from the application of hot towels,
And purgatives are dangerous to his reign,
Sea-sickness death: his love was perfect, how else
Could Juan's passion, while the billows roar,
Resist his stomach, ne'er at sea before?

XXIV

The ship, call'd the most holy "Trinidada"
Was steering duly for the port Leghorn;
For there the Spanish family Moncada
Were settled long ere Juan's sire was born:
They were relations, and for them he had a
Letter of introduction, which the morn
Of his departure had been sent him by
His Spanish friends for those in Italy.

XXV

His suite consisted of three servants and
A tutor, the licentiate Pedrillo,
Who several languages did understand,
But now lay sick and speechless on his pillow,
And, rocking in his hammock, long'd for land,
His headache being increased by every billow;
And the waves oozing through the porthole made
His berth a little damp, and him afraid.

XXVI

'T was not without some reason, for the wind
Increased at night, until it blew a gale;
And though 't was not much to a naval mind,
Some landsmen would have look'd a little pale,
For sailors are, in fact, a different kind:
At sunset they began to take in sail,
For the sky show'd it would come on to blow,
And carry away, perhaps, a mast or so.

XXVII

At one o'clock the wind with sudden shift
Threw the ship right into the trough of the sea,
Which struck her aft, and made an awkward rift,
Started the stern-post, also shatter'd the
Whole of her stern-frame, and, ere she could lift
Herself from out her present jeopardy,
The rudder tore away: 't was time to sound
The pumps, and there were four feet water found.

XXVIII

One gang of people instantly was put
Upon the pumps, and the remainder set
To get up part of the cargo, and what not;
But they could not come at the leak as yet;
At last they did get at it really, but
Still their salvation was an even bet:
The water rush'd through in a way quite puzzling,
While they thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, bales of muslin,

XXIX

Into the opening; but all such ingredients
Would have been vain, and they must have gone down,
Despite of all their efforts and expedients,
But for the pumps: I'm glad to make them known
To all the brother tars who may have need hence,
For fifty tons of water were upthrown
By them per hour, and they had all been undone,
But for the maker, Mr. Mann, of London.

XXX

As day advanced the weather seem'd to abate,
And then the leak they reckon'd to reduce,
And keep the ship afloat, though three feet yet
Kept two hand and one chain-pump still in use.
The wind blew fresh again: as it grew late
A squall came on, and while some guns broke loose,
A gust—which all descriptive power transcends—
Laid with one blast the ship on her beam ends.

XXXI

There she lay, motionless, and seem'd upset;
The water left the hold, and wash'd the decks,
And made a scene men do not soon forget,
For they remember battles, fires, and wrecks,
Or any other thing that brings regret,
Or breaks their hopes, or hearts, or heads, or necks:
Thus drownings are much talk'd of by the divers,
And swimmers, who may chance to be survivors.

XXXII

Immediately the masts were cut away,
Both main and mizen; first the mizen went,
The main-mast follow'd: but the ship still lay
Like a mere log, and baffled our intent.
Foremast and bowsprit were cut down, and they
Eased her at last (although we never meant
To part with all till every hope was blighted),
And then with violence the old ship righted.

XXXIII

It may be easily supposed, while this
Was going on, some people were unquiet,
That passengers would find it much amiss
To lose their lives, as well as spoil their diet;
That even the able seaman, deeming his
Days nearly o'er, might be disposed to riot,
As upon such occasions tars will ask
For grog, and sometimes drink rum from the cask.

XXXIV

There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion: thus it was,

Some plunder'd, some drank spirits, some sung psalms,
The high wind made the treble, and as bass
The hoarse harsh waves kept time; fright cured the qualms
Of all the luckless landsmen's sea-sick maws:
Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,
Clamor'd in chorus to the roaring ocean.

XXXV

Perhaps more mischief had been done, but for
Our Juan, who, with sense beyond his years,
Got to the spirit-room, and stood before
It with a pair of pistols; and their fears,
As if Death were more dreadful by his door
Of fire than water, spite of oaths and tears,
Kept still aloof the crew, who, ere they sunk,
Thought it would be becoming to die drunk.

XXXVI

"Give us more grog," they cried, "for it will be
All one an hour hence." Juan answer'd, "No!
'T is true that death awaits both you and me,
But let us die like men, not sink below
Like brutes:"—and thus his dangerous post kept he,
And none liked to anticipate the blow;
And even Pedrillo, his most reverend tutor,
Was for some rum a disappointed suitor.

XXXVII

The good old gentleman was quite aghast,
And made a loud and pious lamentation;
Repented all his sins, and made a last
Irrevocable vow of reformation;
Nothing should tempt him more (this peril past)
To quit his academic occupation,
In cloisters of the classic Salamanca,
To follow Juan's wake, like Sancho Panca.

XXXVIII

But now there came a flash of hope once more;
Day broke, and the wind lull'd: the masts were gone,
The leak increased; shoals round her, but no shore,
The vessel swam, yet still she held her own.
They tried the pumps again, and though before
Their desperate efforts seem'd all useless grown,
A glimpse of sunshine set some hands to bale—
The stronger pump'd, the weaker thrumm'd a sail.

XXXIX

Under the vessel's keel the sail was past,
And for the moment it had some effect;
But with a leak, and not a stick of mast,
Nor rag of canvas, what could they expect?
But still 't is best to struggle to the last,
'T is never too late to be wholly wreck'd:
And though 't is true that man can only die once,
'T is not so pleasant in the Gulf of Lyons.

XL

There winds and waves had hurl'd them, and from thence,
Without their will, they carried them away;
For they were forced with steering to dispense,
And never had as yet a quiet day
On which they might repose, or even commence
A jurymast or rudder, or could say
The ship would swim an hour, which, by good luck,
Still swam—though not exactly like a duck.

XLI

The wind, in fact, perhaps, was rather less,
But the ship labor'd so, they scarce could hope
To weather out much longer; the distress
Was also great with which they had to cope
For want of water, and their solid mess
Was scant enough: in vain the telescope
Was used—nor sail nor shore appear'd in sight,
Nought but the heavy sea, and coming night.

XLII

Again the weather threaten'd,—again blew
A gale, and in the fore and after hold
Water appear'd; yet, though the people knew
All this, the most were patient, and some bold,

Until the chains and leathers were worn through
Of all our pumps:—a wreck complete she roll'd,
At mercy of the waves, whose mercies are
Like human beings during civil war.

XLIII

Then came the carpenter, at last, with tears
In his rough eyes, and told the captain, he
Could do no more: he was a man in years,
And long had voyaged through many a stormy sea,
And if he wept at length, they were no fears
That made his eyelids as a woman's be,
But he, poor fellow, had a wife and children,
Two things for dying people quite bewildering.

XLIV

The ship was evidently settling now
Fast by the head; and, all distinction gone,
Some went to prayers again, and made a vow
Of candles to their saints—but there were none
To pay them with; and some look'd o'er the bow;
Some hoisted out the boats; and there was one
That begg'd Pedrillo for an absolution,
Who told him to be damn'd—in his confusion.

XLV

Some lash'd them in their hammocks; some put on
Their best clothes, as if going to a fair;
Some cursed the day on which they saw the sun,
And gnash'd their teeth, and, howling, tore their hair;
And others went on as they had begun,
Getting the boats out, being well aware
That a tight boat will live in a rough sea,
Unless with breakers close beneath her lee.

XLVI

The worst of all was, that in their condition,
Having been several days in great distress,
'T was difficult to get out such provision
As now might render their long suffering less:
Men, even when dying, dislike inanition;
Their stock was damaged by the weather's stress:
Two casks of biscuit, and a keg of butter,
Were all that could be thrown into the cutter

XLVII

But in the long-boat they contrived to stow
Some pounds of bread, though injured by the wet;
Water, a twenty-gallon cask or so;
Six flasks of wine; and they contrived to get
A portion of their beef up from below,
And with a piece of pork, moreover, met,
But scarce enough to serve them for a luncheon—
Then there was rum, eight gallons in a puncheon.

XLVIII

The other boats, the yawl and pinnace, had
Been stove in the beginning of the gale;
And the long-boat's condition was but bad,
As there were but two blankets for a sail,
And one oar for a mast, which a young lad
Threw in by good luck over the ship's rail;
And two boats could not hold, far less be stored,
To save one half the people then on board.

XLIX

'T was twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters; like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep: twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

L

Some trial had been making at a raft,
With little hope in such a rolling sea,
A sort of thing at which one would have laugh'd,
If any laughter at such times could be,
Unless with people who too much have quaff'd,
And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,
Half epileptical, and half hysterical:—
Their preservation would have been a miracle.

LI

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hen-coops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
For yet they strove, although of no great use:
There was no light in heaven but a few stars,
The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short.

LII

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,—
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

LIII

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

LIV

The boats, as stated, had got off before,
And in them crowded several of the crew;
And yet their present hope was hardly more
Than what it had been, for so strong it blew
There was slight chance of reaching any shore;
And then they were too many, though so few—
Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,
Were counted in them when they got afloat.

LV

All the rest perish'd; near two hundred souls
Had left their bodies; and what's worse, alas!
When over Catholics the ocean rolls,
They must wait several weeks before a mass
Takes off one peck of purgatorial coals,
Because, till people know what's come to pass,
They won't lay out their money on the dead—
It costs three francs for every mass that's said.

LVI

Juan got into the long-boat, and there
Contrived to help Pedrillo to a place;
It seem'd as if they had exchanged their care,
For Juan wore the magisterial face
Which courage gives, while poor Pedrillo's pair
Of eyes were crying for their owner's case:
Battista, though, (a name call'd shortly Tita)
Was lost by getting at some aqua-vita.

LVII

Pedro, his valet, too, he tried to save,
But the same cause, conducive to his loss,
Left him so drunk, he jump'd into the wave
As o'er the cutter's edge he tried to cross,
And so he found a wine-and-watery grave;
They could not rescue him although so close,
Because the sea ran higher every minute,
And for the boat—the crew kept crowding in it.

LVIII

A small old spaniel,—which had been Don José's,
His father's, whom he loved, as ye may think,
For on such things the memory reposes
With tenderness—stood howling on the brink,
Knowing, (dogs have such intellectual noses!)
No doubt, the vessel was about to sink;
And Juan caught him up, and ere he stepp'd
Off, threw him in, then after him he leap'd.

LIX

He also stuff'd his money where he could
About his person, and Pedrillo's too,
Who let him do, in fact, whate'er he would,
Not knowing what himself to say, or do,
As every rising wave his dread renew'd;
But Juan, trusting they might still get through,

And deeming there were remedies for any ill,
Thus re-embark'd his tutor and his spaniel.

LX

'T was a rough night, and blew so stiffly yet,
That the sail was becalm'd between the seas,
Though on the wave's high top too much to set,
They dared not take it in for all the breeze:
Each sea curl'd o'er the stern, and kept them wet,
And made them bale without a moment's ease,
So that themselves as well as hopes were damp'd,
And the poor little cutter quickly swamp'd.

LXI

Nine souls more went in her: the long-boat still
Kept above water, with an oar for mast,
Two blankets stitch'd together, answering ill
Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast:
Though every wave roll'd menacing to fill,
And present peril all before surpass'd,
They grieved for those who perish'd with the cutter,
And also for the biscuit-cask and butter.

LXII

The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign
Of the continuance of the gale: to run
Before the sea until it should grow fine,
Was all that for the present could be done:
A few tea-spoonfuls of their rum and wine
Were served out to the people, who begun
To faint, and damaged bread wet through the bags,
And most of them had little clothes but rags.

LXIII

They counted thirty, crowded in a space
Which left scarce room for motion or exertion;
They did their best to modify their case,
One half sate up, though numb'd with the immersion,
While t' other half were laid down in their place,
At watch and watch; thus, shivering like the tertian
Ague in its cold fit, they fill'd their boat,
With nothing but the sky for a great coat.

LXIV

'T is very certain the desire of life
Prolongs it: this is obvious to physicians,
When patients, neither plagued with friends nor wife,
Survive through very desperate conditions,
Because they still can hope, nor shines the knife
Nor shears of Atropos before their visions:
Despair of all recovery spoils longevity,
And makes men's miseries of alarming brevity.

LXV

'T is said that persons living on annuities
Are longer lived than others,—God knows why,
Unless to plague the grantors,—yet so true it is,
That some, I really think, *do* never die;
Of any creditors the worst a Jew it is,
And *that's* their mode of furnishing supply:
In my young days they lent me cash that way,
Which I found very troublesome to pay.

LXVI

'T is thus with people in an open boat,
They live upon the love of life, and bear
More than can be believed, or even thought,
And stand like rocks the tempest's wear and tear;
And hardship still has been the sailor's lot,
Since Noah's ark went cruising here and there;
She had a curious crew as well as cargo,
Like the first old Greek privateer, the "Argo."

LXVII

But man is a carnivorous production,
And must have meals, at least one meal a day;
He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey;
Although his anatomical construction
Bears vegetables, in a grumbling way,
Your laboring people think beyond all question,
Beef, veal, and mutton, better for digestion.

LXVIII

And thus it was with this our hapless crew;
For on the third day there came on a calm.

And though at first their strength it might renew,
And lying on their weariness like balm,
Lull'd them like turtles sleeping on the blue
Of ocean, when they woke they felt a qualm,
And fell all ravenously on their provision,
Instead of hoarding it with due precision.

LXIX

The consequence was easily foreseen—
They ate up all they had and drank their wine,
In spite of all remonstrances, and then
On what, in fact, next day were they to dine?
They hoped the wind would rise, these foolish men!
And carry them to shore; these hopes were fine,
But as they had but one oar, and that brittle,
It would have been more wise to save their victual.

LXX

The fourth day came, but not a breath of air,
And Ocean slumber'd like an unwean'd child:
The fifth day, and their boat lay floating there,
The sea and sky were blue, and clear, and mild—
With their one oar (I wish they had had a pair)
What could they do? and hunger's rage grew wild:
So Juan's spaniel, spite of his entreating,
Was kill'd, and portion'd out for present eating.

LXXI

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,
And Juan, who had still refused, because
The creature was his father's dog that died,
Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,
With some remorse received (though first denied)
As a great favor one of the fore-paws,
Which he divided with Pedrillo, who
Devour'd it, longing for the other too.

LXXII

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun
Blister'd and scorch'd, and, stagnant on the sea,
They lay like carcasses; and hope was none,
Save in the breeze that came not; savagely
They glared upon each other—all was done,
Water, and wine, and food,—and you might see
The longings of the cannibal arise
(Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.

LXXIII

At length one whisper'd his companion, who
Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,
And then into a hoarser murmur grew,
An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound;
And when his comrade's thought each sufferer knew,
'T was but his own, suppress'd till now, he found:
And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,
And who should die to be his fellow's food.

LXXIV

But ere they came to this, they that day shared
Some leathern caps, and what remain'd of shoes;
And then they look'd around them and despair'd,
And none to be the sacrifice would choose;
At length the lots were torn up, and prepared,
But of materials that much shock the Muse—
Having no paper, for the want of better,
They took by force from Juan Julia's letter.

LXXV

The lots were made, and mark'd, and mix'd, and handed,
In silent horror, and their distribution
Lull'd even the savage hunger which demanded,
Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution;
None in particular had sought or plann'd it,
'T was nature gnaw'd them to this resolution,
By which none were permitted to be neuter—
And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor.

LXXVI

He but requested to be bled to death:
The surgeon had his instruments, and bled
Pedrillo, and so gently ebb'd his breath,
You hardly could perceive when he was dead.

He died as born, a Catholic in faith,
Like most in the belief in which they're bred,
And first a little crucifix he kiss'd,
And then held out his jugular and wrist.

. . . . . .

LXXVIII

The sailors ate him, all save three or four,
Who were not quite so fond of animal food;
To these was added Juan, who, before
Refusing his own spaniel, hardly could
Feel now his appetite increased much more;
'T was not to be expected that he should,
Even in extremity of their disaster,
Dine with them on his pastor and his master.

LXXIX

'T was better that he did not; for, in fact,
The consequence was awful in the extreme;
For they, who were most ravenous in the act,
Went raging mad—Lord! how they did blaspheme!
And foam and roll, with strange convulsions rack'd,
Drinking salt-water like a mountain-stream,
Tearing, and grinning, howling, screeching, swearing,
And, with hyæna-laughter, died despairing.

LXXX

Their numbers were much thinn'd by this infliction,
And all the rest were thin enough, Heaven knows;
And some of them had lost their recollection,
Happier than they who still perceived their woes;
But others ponder'd on a new dissection,
As if not warn'd sufficiently by those
Who had already perish'd, suffering madly,
For having used their appetites so sadly.

. . . . . .

LXXXII

Of poor Pedrillo something still remain'd,
But was used sparingly,—some were afraid,
And others still their appetites constrain'd,
Or but at times a little supper made;
All except Juan, who throughout abstain'd,
Chewing a piece of bamboo, and some lead:
At length they caught two boobies, and a noddy,
And then they left off eating the dead body.

LXXXIII

And if Pedrillo's fate should shocking be,
Remember Ugolino condescends
To eat the head of his arch-enemy
The moment after he politely ends
His tale: if foes be food in hell, at sea
'T is surely fair to dine upon our friends,
When shipwreck's short allowance grows too scanty,
Without being much more horrible than Dante.

LXXXIV

And the same night there fell a shower of rain,
For which their mouths gaped, like the cracks of earth
When dried to summer dust; till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water's worth;
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a famish'd boat's-crew had your berth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You'd wish yourself where Truth is—in a well.

LXXXV

It pour'd down torrents, but they were not richer
Until they found a ragged piece of sheet,
Which served them as a sort of spongy pitcher,
And when they deem'd its moisture was complete,
They wrung it out, and though a thirsty ditcher
Might not have thought the scanty draught so sweet
As a full pot of porter, to their thinking
They ne'er till now had known the joys of drinking.

LXXXVI

And their baked lips, with many a bloody crack,
Suck'd in the moisture, which like nectar stream'd:
Their throats were ovens, their swoln tongues were black,
As the rich man's in hell, who vainly scream'd

To beg the beggar, who could not rain back
A drop of dew, when every drop had seem'd
To taste of heaven—If this be true, indeed,
Some Christians have a comfortable creed.

LXXXVII

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view,
But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance on him, and said, "Heaven's will be done!
I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

LXXXVIII

The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

LXXXIX

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
And when the wish'd-for shower at length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

XC

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And look'd upon it long, and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watch'd it wistfully, until away
'T was borne by the rude wave wherein 't was cast;
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

XCI

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark sea,
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue;
And all within its arch appear'd to be
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
Wax'd broad and waving, like a banner free,
Then changed like to a bow that's bent, and then
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwreck'd men.

XCII

It changed, of course; a heavenly chameleon,
The airy child of vapor and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every color into one,
Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle
(For sometimes we must box without the muffle).

XCIII

Our shipwreck'd seamen thought it a good omen—
It is as well to think so, now and then;
'T was an old custom of the Greek and Roman,
And may become of great advantage when
Folks are discouraged; and most surely no men
Had greater need to nerve themselves again
Than these, and so this rainbow look'd like hope—
Quite a celestial kaleidoscope.

XCIV

About this time a beautiful white bird,
Webfooted, not unlike a dove in size
And plumage (probably it might have err'd
Upon its course), pass'd oft before their eyes,
And tried to perch, although it saw and heard
The men within the boat, and in this guise
It came and went, and flutter'd round them till
Night fell:—this seem'd a better omen still.

XCV

But in this case I also must remark,
'T was well this bird of promise did not perch,
Because the tackle of our shatter'd bark
Was not so safe for roosting as a church;
And had it been the dove from Noah's ark,
Returning there from her successful search,
Which in their way that moment chanced to fall,
They would have eat her, olive-branch and all.

XCVI

With twilight it again came on to blow,
But not with violence; the stars shone out,
The boat made way; yet now they were so low,
They knew not where nor what they were about;
Some fancied they saw land, and some said "No!"
The frequent fog-banks gave them cause to doubt—
Some swore that they heard breakers, others guns,
And all mistook about the latter once.

XCVII

As morning broke, the light wind died away,
When he who had the watch sung out and swore,
If 't was not land that rose with the sun's ray,
He wish'd that land he never might see more;
And the rest rubb'd their eyes, and saw a bay,
Or thought they saw, and shaped their course for shore;
For shore it was, and gradually grew
Distinct, and high and palpable to view.

XCVIII

And then of these some part burst into tears,
And others, looking with a stupid stare,
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,
And seem'd as if they had no further care;
While a few pray'd—(the first time for some years)—
And at the bottom of the boat three were
Asleep; they shook them by the hand and head,
And tried to awaken them, but found them dead.

XCIX

The day before, fast sleeping on the water,
They found a turtle of the hawk's-bill kind,
And by good fortune, gliding softly, caught her,
Which yielded a day's life, and to their mind
Proved even still a more nutritious matter,
Because it left encouragement behind:
They thought that in such perils, more than chance
Had sent them this for their deliverance.

C

The land appear'd a high and rocky coast,
And higher grew the mountains as they drew,
Set by a current, toward it: they were lost
In various conjectures, for none knew
To what part of the earth they had been tost,
So changeable had been the winds that blew;
Some thought it was Mount Ætna, some the highlands
Of Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, or other islands.

CI

Meantime the current, with a rising gale,
Still set them onwards to the welcome shore,
Like Charon's bark of specters, dull and pale:
Their living freight was now reduced to four,
And three dead, whom their strength could not avail
To heave into the deep with those before,
Though the two sharks still follow'd them, and dash'd
The spray into their faces as they splash'd.

CII

Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat had done
Their work on them by turns, and thinn'd them to
Such things a mother had not known her son
Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew:
By night chill'd, by day scorch'd, thus one by one
They perish'd, until wither'd to these few,
But chiefly by a species of self-slaughter,
In washing down Pedrillo with salt water.

CIII

As they drew nigh the land, which now was seen
Unequal in its aspect here and there,
They felt the freshness of its growing green,
That waved in forest-tops, and smooth'd the air,
And fell upon their glazed eyes like a screen
From glistening waves, and skies so hot and bare—
Lovely seem'd any object that should sweep
Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.

CIV

The shore look'd wild, without a trace of man,
And girt by formidable waves; but they
Were mad for land, and thus their course they ran.
Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay:
A reef between them also now began
To show its boiling surf and bounding spray,
But finding no place for their landing better,
They ran the boat for shore,—and overset her.

CV

But in his native stream, the Guadalquivir,
Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont;
And having learnt to swim in that sweet river,
Had often turn'd the art to some account:
A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,
He could, perhaps, have pass'd the Hellespont,
As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.

CVI

So here, though faint, emaciated, and stark,
He buoy'd his boyish limbs, and strove to ply
With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was dark,
The beach which lay before him, high and dry:
The greatest danger here was from a shark,
That carried off his neighbor by the thigh;
As for the other two, they could not swim,
So nobody arrived on shore but him.

CVII

Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,
Which, providentially for him, was wash'd
Just as his feeble arms could strike no more
And the hard wave o'erwhelm'd him as 't was dash'd
Within his grasp; he clung to it, and sore
The waters beat while he thereto was lash'd;
At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling, he
Roll'd on the beach, half senseless, from the sea:

CVIII

There, breathless, with his digging nails he clung
Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
Should suck him back to her insatiate grave:
And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,
Before the entrance of a cliffworn cave,
With just enough of life to feel its pain,
And deem that it was saved, perhaps in vain.

. . . . . .

POLITICAL IDEAS

POLITICAL IDEAS

THE history of political ideas, paralleling in part the history of civilization itself, is found in the writings of many philosophers, from the days of Plato and Aristotle down through the centuries to the rise of Liberalism and Socialism in the latter half of the nineteenth century. These political writers have been either recorders of political ideals already developed in their own times, or prophets and protagonists of theories of government made practical and effective only in times subsequent to their own. It is in those who have influenced political life, or have created new political ideals, that our interest centers.

The first theory of government, that of an ideal city-state, came into being in Greece. For many hundred years, indeed until the rise of Roman power, it remained the highest form of political unity the world had yet discovered. Free and independent and, for the most part, self-sufficient, the city-state had developed out of the earlier monarchies, through various forms of tyranny, into self-governing democracies. Out of these independent units developed the two empires of Athens and Sparta, which, after a long conflict between themselves, finally yielded to Philip of Macedon. Political cohesiveness was not inherent in the nature of the Greeks, and its lack was the chief cause of their ultimate failure.

The city-state of the Greeks is revealed in the works of Plato (429–348 B. C.), and Aristotle (384–322 B. C.) who gave to the world the first important treatises on government. Plato's *Republic* and his *Laws* depict an imaginary state with fixed orders and fixed duties for each man within the body politic; for the great philosopher's observation of the turbulent Athenian populace, combined as it was with an overmastering desire for permanence in the midst of the everlasting flux of material life, drove him to advocate a conservative policy. Aristotle, by pointing out the fact that reality is embodied in a changing nature and not in some fixed idea, cleared the way for changes in the State. To Aristotle, man was primarily a political being, and his *Ethics* is but a prolegomena to his later treatise on *Politics*. A wisely governed aristocracy was the ideal toward which he was working.

Rome began her career as a typical city-state, but imperial expansion very quickly changed the nature of Roman citizenship and Roman government. Cicero (106–43 B. C.) became the interpreter of the Roman conception of politics and government, and his *De Republica* and *De Legibus* are the bridge between Greek political ideas and the modern world. In this as in many other respects, Cicero represents the highest reach of the Roman mind toward a complete culture.

Surviving into the Middle Ages the Empire of Rome, was now designated as the Holy Roman Empire. The unsolved question of the proper relationship between Church and State, of spiritual and temporal authority, had long troubled the peace of Europe, and in the thirteenth century it had become acute. In the Latin treatise *De Monarchia* Dante (1265–1321) attempted to solve this burning question. He pleads for a definitive separation of these two powers, each one of which should minister in its fashion to the needs of man. Dante summed up in his personality all the passionate striving toward spiritual perfection which nearly eight hundred years of Medieval Christianity had inspired.

After Dante came the Renaissance. During this great movement toward freedom from authority in mental and spiritual life, Niccolo Machiavelli (1469–1527) stands out as the perfect spokesman of realism in politics. He had observed that a city waxed great and beautiful in proportion as the city prince was strong and powerful. With him the end justified the means—justified even secret poison and wholesale assassination. His best advice to a prince in violent and troublous times was therefore to maintain his power at whatever cost, since his enemies were ever on the watch to destroy him. In Machiavelli were embodied the whole

political theory of the Renaissance and the explanation of the succeeding age of despotism, whether benevolent or otherwise.

Not until the eighteenth century was the prescriptive right of princes to rule questioned on theoretic grounds. During that extraordinary era of French thought called the Enlightenment, two great thinkers, Baron de Montesquieu (1689–1755) and Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712–1778) laid the ideological foundations of democracy and even of more revolutionary social doctrines that have arisen in the centuries since. The first of these men, by his profoundly conceived *Spirit of Laws*, made an exhaustive analysis of the various forms of government, and thus prepared the way for modern political science. Rousseau has exerted a vast influence upon subsequent thought. "Man was born free; he is now everywhere in chains," was a call to revolution, and the author of this phrase was actually the intellectual father of the Reign of Terror.

The deepest thinker of his time upon political subjects was, however, a great English writer, Edmund Burke (1730–1797). Deeply rooted in the past and reverencing all that England had attained during a thousand years of growth, Burke feared revolution and innovation and strove to uphold the traditional order. He opposed the French Revolution as a tearing down of the delicate structure of a great civilization and the building of a new edifice upon a foundation of sand; yet, because he believed in human rights, in opposition to all forms of tyranny, he took the part of the American rebels and championed the cause of voiceless India against the misrule of Warren Hastings. His political philosophy, setting forth the principles of justice, true liberty, and free government, is the ablest exposition in literature of a reasoned conservatism. These reflections are clothed in a style of unsurpassed richness and power.

The nineteenth century was especially rich in the development of political ideas. The new historical spirit, fostered by the progress of scientific inquiry, had revealed the complex relationship between political, social, and economic forces. Socialism, or Economic Determinism, as it was called by its chief proponent, Karl Marx (1818–1883), whose *Das Kapital* was published in 1857, has become a vital opposition to the orthodox economics of capitalistic society.

PLATO (427–347 B. C.)

THE REPUBLIC

BOOK II

The Constitution of the State and the Education of the Governor

A State, I said, arises, as I conceive, out of the needs of mankind; no one is self-sufficing, but all of us have many wants. Can any other origin of a State be imagined?

There can be no other.

Then, as we have many wants, and many persons are needed to supply them, one takes a helper for one purpose and another for another; and when these partners and helpers are gathered together in one habitation the body of inhabitants is termed a State.

True, he said.

And they exchange with one another, and one gives, and another receives, under the idea that the exchange will be for their good.

Very true.

Then, I said, let us begin and create in idea a State; and yet the true creator is necessity, who is the mother of our invention.

Of course, he replied.

Now the first and greatest of necessities is food, which is the condition of life and existence.

Certainly.

The second is a dwelling, and the third clothing and the like.

True.

And now let us see how our city will be able to supply this great demand: We may suppose that one man is a husbandman, another a builder, someone else a weaver—shall we add to them a shoemaker, or perhaps some other purveyor to our bodily wants?

Quite right.

The barest notion of a State must include four or five men.

Clearly.

And how will they proceed? Will each bring the result of his labors into a common stock?—the individual husbandman, for example, producing for four, and laboring four times as long and as much as he need in the provision of food with which he supplies others as well as himself; or will he have nothing to do with others and not be at the trouble of producing for them, but provide for himself alone a fourth of the food in a fourth of the time, and in the remaining three-fourths of his time be employed in making a house or a coat or a pair of shoes, having no partnership with others, but supplying himself all his own wants?

Adeimantus thought that he should aim at producing food only and not at producing everything.

Probably, I replied, that would be the better way; and when I hear you say this, I am myself reminded that we are not all alike; there are diversities of natures among us which are adapted to different occupations.

Very true.

And will you have a work better done when the workman has many occupations, or when he has only one?

When he has only one.

Further, there can be no doubt that a work is spoilt when not done at the right time?

No doubt.

For business is not disposed to wait until the doer of the business is at leisure; but the doer must follow up what he is doing, and make the business his first object.

He must.

And if so, we must infer that all things are produced more plentifully and easily and of a better quality when one man does one thing which is natural to him and does it at the right time, and leaves other things.

Undoubtedly.

Then more than four citizens will be required; for the husbandman will not make his own plough or mattock, or other implements of agriculture, if they are to be good for anything. Neither will the builder make his tools—and he, too, needs many; and in like manner the weaver and shoemaker.

True.

Then carpenters and smiths and many other artisans will be sharers in our little State, which is already beginning to grow?

True.

Yet even if we add neatherds, shepherds, and other herdsmen, in order that our husbandmen may have oxen to plough with, and builders as well as husbandmen may have draught cattle, and curriers and weavers fleeces and hides—still our State will not be very large.

That is true; yet neither will it be a very small State which contains all these.

Then, again, there is the situation of the city—to find a place where nothing need be imported is well-nigh impossible.

Impossible.

Then there must be another class of citizens who will bring the required supply from another city?

There must.

But if the trader goes empty-handed, having nothing which they require who would supply his need, he will come back empty-handed.

That is certain.

And therefore what they produce at home must be not only enough for themselves, but such both in quantity and quality as to accommodate those from whom their wants are supplied.

Very true.

Then more husbandmen and more artisans will be required?

They will.

Not to mention the importers and exporters, who are called merchants?

Yes.

Then we shall want merchants?

We shall.

And if merchandise is to be carried over the sea, skilful sailors will also be needed, and in considerable numbers?

Yes, in considerable numbers.

Then, again, within the city, how will they exchange their productions? To secure such an exchange was, as you will remember, one of our principal objects when we formed them into a society and constituted a State.

Clearly they will buy and sell.

Then they will need a market-place, and a money-token for purposes of exchange.

Certainly.

Suppose now that a husbandman or an artisan brings some production to market,

and he comes at a time when there is no one to exchange with him—is he to leave his calling and sit idle in the market-place?

Not at all; he will find people there who, seeing the want, undertake the office of salesmen. In well-ordered States they are commonly those who are the weakest in bodily strength, and therefore of little use for any other purpose; their duty is to be in the market, and to give money in exchange for goods to those who desire to sell, and to take money from those who desire to buy.

This want, then, creates a class of retail-traders in our State. Is not "retailer" the term which is applied to those who sit in the market-place engaged in buying and selling, while those who wander from one city to another are called merchants?

Yes, he said.

And there is another class of servants, who are intellectually hardly on the level of companionship; still they have plenty of bodily strength for labor, which accordingly they sell, and are called, if I do not mistake, hirelings, "hire" being the name which is given to the price of their labor.

True.

Then hirelings will help to make up our population?

Yes.

And now, Adeimantus, is our State matured and perfected?

I think so.

Where, then, is justice, and where is injustice, and in what part of the State did they spring up?

Probably in the dealings of these citizens with one another. I cannot imagine that they are more likely to be found anywhere else.

I dare say that you are right in your suggestion, I said; we had better think the matter out, and not shrink from the inquiry.

Let us then consider, first of all, what will be their way of life, now that we have thus established them. Will they not produce corn and wine and clothes and shoes, and build houses for themselves? And when they are housed, they will work, in summer, commonly, stripped and barefoot, but in winter substantially clothed and shod. They will feed on barley-meal and flour of wheat, baking and kneading them, making noble cakes and loaves; these they will serve up on a mat of reeds or on clean leaves, themselves reclining the while upon beds strewn with yew or myrtle. And they and their children will feast, drinking of the wine which they have made, wearing garlands on their heads, and hymning the praises of the gods, in happy converse with one another. And they will take care that their families do not exceed their means; having an eye to poverty or war.

But, said Glaucon, interposing, you have not given them a relish to their meal.

True, I replied, I had forgotten; of course they must have a relish—salt and olives and cheese—and they will boil roots and herbs such as country people prepare; for a dessert we shall give them figs and peas and beans; and they will roast myrtle-berries and acorns at the fire, drinking in moderation. And with such a diet they may be expected to live in peace and health to a good old age, and bequeath a similar life to their children after them.

Yes, Socrates, he said, and if you were providing for a city of pigs, how else would you feed the beasts?

But what would you have, Glaucon? I replied.

Why, he said, you should give them the ordinary conveniences of life. People who are to be comfortable are accustomed to lie on sofas, and dine off tables, and they should have sauces and sweets in the modern style.

Yes, I said, now I understand: the question which you would have me consider is, not only how a State, but how a luxurious State is created; and possibly there is no harm in this, for in such a State we shall be more likely to see how justice and injustice originate. In my opinion the true and healthy constitution of the State is the one which I have described. But if you wish also to see a State at fever-heat, I have no objection. For I suspect that many will not be satisfied with the simpler way of life. They will be for adding sofas and tables and other furniture; also dainties and perfumes and incense and courtesans and cakes, all these not of one sort only, but in every variety. We must go beyond the necessaries of which I was at first speaking, such as houses and clothes and shoes; the arts of the painter and the embroiderer will have to be set in motion,

and gold and ivory and all sorts of materials must be procured.

True, he said.

Then we must enlarge our borders; for the original healthy State is no longer sufficient. Now will the city have to fill and swell with a multitude of callings which are not required by any natural want; such as the whole tribe of hunters and actors, of whom one large class have to do with forms and colors; another will be the votaries of music —poets and their attendant train of rhapsodists, players, dancers, contractors; also makers of divers kinds of articles, including women's dresses. And we shall want more servants. Will not tutors be also in request, and nurses wet and dry, tirewomen and barbers, as well as confectioners and cooks; and swineherds, too, who were not needed and therefore had no place in the former edition of our State, but are needed now? They must not be forgotten: and there will be animals of many other kinds, if people eat them.

Certainly.

And living in this way we shall have much greater need of physicians than before?

Much greater.

And the country which was enough to support the original inhabitants will be too small now, and not enough?

Quite true.

Then a slice of our neighbors' land will be wanted by us for pasture and tillage, and they will want a slice of ours, if, like ourselves, they exceed the limit of necessity, and give themselves up to the unlimited accumulation of wealth?

That, Socrates, will be inevitable.

And so we shall go to war, Glaucon. Shall we not?

Most certainly, he replied.

Then, without determining as yet whether war does good or harm, thus much we may affirm, that now we have discovered war to be derived from causes which are also the causes of almost all the evils in States, private as well as public.

Undoubtedly.

And our State must once more enlarge; and this time the enlargement will be nothing short of a whole army, which will have to go out and fight with the invaders for all that we have, as well as for the things and persons whom we were describing above.

Why? he said; are they not capable of defending themselves?

No, I said; not if we were right in the principle which was acknowledged by all of us when we were framing the State. The principle, as you will remember, was that one man cannot practise many arts with success.

Very true, he said.

But is not war an art?

Certainly.

And an art requiring as much attention as shoemaking?

Quite true.

And the shoemaker was not allowed by us to be a husbandman, or a weaver, or a builder—in order that we might have our shoes well made; but to him and to every other worker was assigned one work for which he was by nature fitted, and at that he was to continue working all his life long and at no other; he was not to let opportunities slip, and then he would become a good workman. Now nothing can be more important than that the work of a soldier should be well done. But is war an art so easily acquired that a man may be a warrior who is also a husbandman, or shoemaker, or other artisan; although no one in the world would be a good dice or draught player who merely took up the game as a recreation, and had not from his earliest years devoted himself to this and nothing else? No tools will make a man a skilled workman or master of defence, nor be of any use to him who has not learned how to handle them, and has never bestowed any attention upon them. How, then, will he who takes up a shield or other implement of war become a good fighter all in a day, whether with heavy-armed or any other kind of troops?

Yes, he said, the tools which would teach men their own use would be beyond price.

And the higher the duties of the guardian, I said, the more time and skill and art and application will be needed by him?

No doubt, he replied.

Will he not also require natural aptitude for his calling?

Certainly.

Then it will be our duty to select, if we can, natures which are fitted for the task of guarding the city?

It will.

And the selection will be no easy matter, I said; but we must be brave and do our best.

We must.

Is not the noble youth very like a well-bred dog in respect of guarding and watching?

What do you mean?

I mean that both of them ought to be quick to see, and swift to overtake the enemy when they see him; and strong too if, when they have caught him, they have to fight with him.

All these qualities, he replied, will certainly be required by them.

Well, and your guardian must be brave if he is to fight well?

Certainly.

And is he likely to be brave who has no spirit, whether horse or dog, or any other animal? Have you never observed how invincible and unconquerable is spirit and how the presence of it makes the soul of any creature to be absolutely fearless and indomitable?

I have.

Then now we have a clear notion of the bodily qualities which are required in the guardian.

True.

And also of the mental ones; his soul is to be full of spirit?

Yes.

But are not these spirited natures apt to be savage with one another, and with everybody else?

A difficulty by no means easy to overcome, he replied.

Whereas, I said, they ought to be dangerous to their enemies, and gentle to their friends; if not, they will destroy themselves without waiting for their enemies to destroy them.

True, he said.

What is to be done, then? I said; how shall we find a gentle nature which has also a great spirit, for the one is the contradiction of the other?

True.

He will not be a good guardian who is wanting in either of these two qualities; and yet the combination of them appears to be impossible; and hence we must infer that to be a good guardian is impossible.

I am afraid that what you say is true, he replied.

Here feeling perplexed I began to think over what had preceded. My friend, I said, no wonder that we are in a perplexity; for we have lost sight of the image which we had before us.

What do you mean? he said.

I mean to say that there do exist natures gifted with those opposite qualities.

And where do you find them?

Many animals, I replied, furnish examples of them; our friend the dog is a very good one: you know that well-bred dogs are perfectly gentle to their familiars and acquaintances, and the reverse to strangers.

Yes, I know.

Then there is nothing impossible or out of the order of nature in our finding a guardian who has a similar combination of qualities?

Certainly not.

Would not he who is fitted to be a guardian, besides the spirited nature, need to have the qualities of a philosopher?

I do not apprehend your meaning.

The trait of which I am speaking, I replied, may be also seen in the dog, and is remarkable in the animal.

What trait?

Why, a dog, whenever he sees a stranger, is angry; when an acquaintance, he welcomes him, although the one has never done him any harm, nor the other any good. Did this never strike you as curious?

The matter never struck me before; but I quite recognize the truth of your remark.

And surely this instinct of the dog is very charming; your dog is a true philosopher.

Why?

Why, because he distinguishes the face of a friend and of an enemy only by the criterion of knowing and not knowing. And must not an animal be a lover of learning who determines what he likes and dislikes by the test of knowledge and ignorance?

Most assuredly.

And is not the love of learning the love of wisdom, which is philosophy?

They are the same, he replied.

And may we not say confidently of man also, that he who is likely to be gentle to his friends and acquaintances, must by nature be a lover of wisdom and knowledge?

That we may safely affirm.

Then he who is to be a really good and noble guardian of the State will require to

unite in himself philosophy and spirit and swiftness and strength?

Undoubtedly.

Then we have found the desired natures; and now that we have found them, how are they to be reared and educated? Is not this an inquiry which may be expected to throw light on the greater inquiry which is our final end—How do justice and injustice grow up in States? for we do not want either to omit what is to the point or to draw out the argument to an inconvenient length.

Adeimantus thought that the inquiry would be of great service to us.

Then, I said, my dear friend, the task must not be given up, even if somewhat long.

Certainly not.

Come then, and let us pass a leisure hour in story-telling, and our story shall be the education of our heroes.

By all means.

And what shall be their education? Can we find a better than the traditional sort?—and this has two divisions, gymnastics for the body, and music for the soul.

True.

Shall we begin education with music, and go on to gymnastics afterward?

By all means.

And when you speak of music, do you include literature or not?

I do.

And literature may be either true or false?

Yes.

And the young should be trained in both kinds, and we begin with the false?

I do not understand your meaning, he said.

You know, I said, that we begin by telling children stories which, though not wholly destitute of truth, are in the main fictitious; and these stories are told them when they are not of an age to learn gymnastics.

Very true.

That was my meaning when I said that we must teach music before gymnastics.

Quite right, he said.

You know also that the beginning is the most important part of any work, especially in the case of a young and tender thing; for that is the time at which the character is being formed and the desired impression is more readily taken.

Quite true.

And shall we just carelessly allow children to hear any casual tales which may be devised by casual persons, and to receive into their minds ideas for the most part the very opposite of those which we should wish them to have when they are grown up?

We cannot.

Then the first thing will be to establish a censorship of the writers of fiction, and let the censors receive any tale of fiction which is good, and reject the bad; and we will desire mothers and nurses to tell their children the authorized ones only. Let them fashion the mind with such tales, even more fondly than they mould the body with their hands; but most of those which are now in use must be discarded.

Of what tales are you speaking? he said.

You may find a model of the lesser in the greater, I said; for they are necessarily of the same type, and there is the same spirit in both of them.

Very likely, he replied; but I do not as yet know what you would term the greater.

Those, I said, which are narrated by Homer and Hesiod, and the rest of the poets, who have ever been the great story-tellers of mankind.

But which stories do you mean, he said; and what fault do you find with them?

A fault which is most serious, I said; the fault of telling a lie, and, what is more, a bad lie.

But when is this fault committed?

Whenever an erroneous representation is made of the nature of gods and heroes—as when a painter paints a portrait not having the shadow of a likeness to the original.

Yes, he said, that sort of thing is certainly very blamable; but what are the stories which you mean?

First of all, I said, there was that greatest of all lies in high places, which the poet told about Uranus, and which was a bad lie too—I mean what Hesiod says that Uranus did, and how Cronus retaliated on him. The doings of Cronus, and the sufferings which in turn his son inflicted upon him, even if they were true, ought certainly not to be lightly told to young and thoughtless persons; if possible, they had better be buried in silence. But if there is an absolute necessity for their mention, a chosen few might hear them in a mystery, and they should sacrifice not a common [Eleusinian] pig, but some huge

and unprocurable victim; and then the number of the hearers will be very few indeed.

Why, yes, said he, those stories are extremely objectionable.

Yes, Adeimantus, they are stories not to be repeated in our State; the young man should not be told that in committing the worst of crimes he is far from doing anything outrageous; and that even if he chastises his father when he does wrong, in whatever manner, he will only be following the example of the first and greatest among the gods.

I entirely agree with you, he said; in my opinion those stories are quite unfit to be repeated.

Neither, if we mean our future guardians to regard the habit of quarrelling among themselves as of all things the basest, should any word be said to them of the wars in heaven, and of the plots and fightings of the gods against one another, for they are not true. No, we shall never mention the battles of the giants, or let them be embroidered on garments; and we shall be silent about the innumerable other quarrels of gods and heroes with their friends and relatives. If they would only believe us we would tell them that quarrelling is unholy, and that never up to this time has there been any quarrel between citizens; this is what old men and old women should begin by telling children; and when they grow up, the poets also should be told to compose them in a similar spirit. But the narrative of Hephæstus binding Here his mother, or how on another occasion Zeus sent him flying for taking her part when she was being beaten, and all the battles of the gods in Homer—these tales must not be admitted into our State, whether they are supposed to have an allegorical meaning or not. For a young person cannot judge what is allegorical and what is literal; anything that he receives into his mind at that age is likely to become indelible and unalterable; and therefore it is most important that the tales which the young first hear should be models of virtuous thoughts.

There you are right, he replied; but if anyone asks where are such models to be found and of what tales are you speaking—how shall we answer him?

I said to him, You and I, Adeimantus, at this moment are not poets, but founders of a State: now the founders of a State ought to know the general forms in which poets should cast their tales, and the limits which must be observed by them, but to make the tales is not their business.

Very true, he said; but what are these forms of theology which you mean?

Something of this kind, I replied: God is always to be represented as he truly is, whatever be the sort of poetry, epic, lyric, or tragic, in which the representation is given.

Right.

And is he not truly good? and must he not be represented as such?

Certainly.

And no good thing is hurtful?

No, indeed.

And that which is not hurtful hurts not?

Certainly not.

And that which hurts not does no evil?

No.

And can that which does no evil be a cause of evil?

Impossible.

And the good is advantageous?

Yes.

And therefore the cause of well-being?

Yes.

It follows, therefore, that the good is not the cause of all things, but of the good only?

Assuredly.

Then God, if he be good, is not the author of all things, as the many assert, but he is the cause of a few things only, and not of most things that occur to men. For few are the goods of human life, and many are the evils, and the good is to be attributed to God alone; of the evils the causes are to be sought elsewhere, and not in him.

That appears to me to be most true, he said.

Then we must not listen to Homer or to any other poet who is guilty of the folly of saying that two casks

Lie at the threshold of Zeus, full of lots, one of good, the other of evil lots,

and that he to whom Zeus gives a mixture of the two

Sometimes meets with evil fortune, or other times with good;

but that he to whom is given the cup of unmingled ill,

Him wild hunger drives o'er the beauteous earth.

And again—

Zeus, who is the dispenser of good and evil to us.

And if anyone asserts that the violation of oaths and treaties, which was really the work of Pandarus, was brought about by Athene and Zeus, or that the strife and contention of the gods were instigated by Themis and Zeus, he shall not have our approval; neither will we allow our young men to hear the words of Æschylus, that

God plants guilt among men when he desires utterly to destroy a house.

And if a poet writes of the sufferings of Niobe—the subject of the tragedy in which these iambic verses occur—or of the house of Pelops, or of the Trojan War or on any similar theme, either we must not permit him to say that these are the works of God, or if they are of God, he must devise some explanation of them such as we are seeking: he must say that God did what was just and right, and they were the better for being punished; but that those who are punished are miserable, and that God is the author of their misery—the poet is not to be permitted to say; though he may say that the wicked are miserable because they require to be punished, and are benefited by receiving punishment from God; but that God being good is the author of evil to anyone is to be strenuously denied, and not to be said or sung or heard in verse or prose by anyone whether old or young in any well-ordered commonwealth. Such a fiction is suicidal, ruinous, impious.

I agree with you, he replied, and am ready to give my assent to the law.

Let this then be one of our rules and principles concerning the gods, to which our poets and reciters will be expected to conform—that God is not the author of all things, but of good only.

That will do, he said.

And what do you think of a second principle? Shall I ask you whether God is a magician, and of a nature to appear insidiously now in one shape, and now in another—sometimes himself changing and passing into many forms, sometimes deceiving us with the semblance of such transformations; or is he one and the same immutably fixed in his own proper image?

I cannot answer you, he said, without more thought.

Well, I said; but if we suppose a change in anything, that change must be effected either by the thing itself or by some other thing?

Most certainly.

And things which are at their best are also least liable to be altered or discomposed; for example, when healthiest and strongest, the human frame is least liable to be affected by meats and drinks, and the plant which is in the fullest vigor also suffers least from winds or the heat of the sun or any similar causes.

Of course.

And will not the bravest and wisest soul be least confused or deranged by any external influence?

True.

And the same principle, as I should suppose, applies to all composite things—furniture, houses, garments: when good and well made, they are least altered by time and circumstances.

Very true.

Then everything which is good, whether made by art or nature, or both, is least liable to suffer change from without?

True.

But surely God and the things of God are in every way perfect?

Of course they are.

Then he can hardly be compelled by external influence to take many shapes?

He cannot.

But may he not change and transform himself?

Clearly, he said, that must be the case if he is changed at all.

And will he then change himself for the better and fairer, or for the worse and more unsightly?

If he change at all he can only change for the worse, for we cannot suppose him to be deficient either in virtue or beauty.

Very true, Adeimantus; but then, would anyone, whether God or man, desire to make himself worse?

Impossible.

Then it is impossible that God should ever be willing to change; being, as is supposed, the fairest and best that is conceivable, every God remains absolutely and forever in his own form.

That necessarily follows, he said, in my judgment.

Then, I said, my dear friend, let none of the poets tell us that

> The gods, taking the disguise of strangers from other lands, walk up and down cities in all sorts of forms;

and let no one slander Proteus and Thetis, neither let anyone, either in tragedy or in any other kind of poetry, introduce Here disguised in the likeness of a priestess asking an alms

> For the life-giving daughters of Inachus the river of Argos;

—let us have no more lies of that sort. Neither must we have mothers under the influence of the poets scaring their children with a bad version of these myths—telling how certain gods, as they say, "Go about by night in the likeness of so many strangers and in divers forms;" but let them take heed lest they make cowards of their children, and at the same time speak blasphemy against the gods.

Heaven forbid, he said.

But although the gods are themselves unchangeable, still by witchcraft and deception they may make us think that they appear in various forms?

Perhaps, he replied.

Well, but can you imagine that God will be willing to lie, whether in word or deed, or to put forth a phantom of himself?

I cannot say, he replied.

Do you not know, I said, that the true lie, if such an expression may be allowed, is hated of gods and men?

What do you mean? he said.

I mean that no one is willingly deceived in that which is the truest and highest part of himself, or about the truest and highest matters; there, above all, he is most afraid of a lie having possession of him.

Still, he said, I do not comprehend you.

The reason is, I replied, that you attribute some profound meaning to my words; but I am only saying that deception, or being deceived or uninformed about the highest realities in the highest part of themselves, which is the soul, and in that part of them to have and to hold the lie, is what mankind least like;—that, I say, is what they utterly detest.

There is nothing more hateful to them.

And, as I was just now remarking, this ignorance in the soul of him who is deceived may be called the true lie; for the lie in words is only a kind of imitation and shadowy image of a previous affection of the soul, not pure unadulterated falsehood. Am I not right?

Perfectly right.

The true lie is hated not only by the gods, but also by men?

Yes.

Whereas the lie in words is in certain cases useful and not hateful; in dealing with enemies—that would be an instance; or again, when those whom we call our friends in a fit of madness or illusion are going to do some harm, then it is useful and is a sort of medicine or preventive; also in the tales of mythology, of which we were just now speaking—because we do not know the truth about ancient times, we make falsehood as much like truth as we can, and so turn it to account.

Very true, he said.

But can any of these reasons apply to God? Can we suppose that he is ignorant of antiquity, and therefore has recourse to invention?

That would be ridiculous, he said.

Then the lying poet has no place in our idea of God?

I should say not.

Or perhaps he may tell a lie because he is afraid of enemies?

That is inconceivable.

But he may have friends who are senseless or mad?

But no mad or senseless person can be a friend of God.

Then no motive can be imagined why God should lie?

None whatever.

Then the superhuman, and divine, is absolutely incapable of falsehood?

Yes.

Then is God perfectly simple and true both in word and deed; he changes not; he deceives not, either by sign or word, by dream or waking vision.

Your thoughts, he said, are the reflection of my own.

You agree with me then, I said, that this is the second type or form in which we should write and speak about divine things. The

gods are not magicians who transform themselves, neither do they deceive mankind in any way.

I grant that.

Then, although we are admirers of Homer, we do not admire the lying dream which Zeus sends to Agamemnon; neither will we praise the verses of Æschylus in which Thetis says that Apollo at her nuptials

was celebrating in song her fair progeny whose days were to be long, and to know no sickness. And when he had spoken of my lot as in all things blessed of heaven, he raised a note of triumph and cheered my soul. And I thought that the word of Phœbus, being divine and full of prophecy, would not fail. And now he himself who uttered the strain, he who was present at the banquet, and who said this—he it is who has slain my son.

These are the kind of sentiments about the gods which will arouse our anger; and he who utters them shall be refused a chorus; neither shall we allow teachers to make use of them in the instruction of the young, meaning, as we do, that our guardians, as far as men can be, should be true worshippers of the gods and like them.

I entirely agree, he said, in these principles, and promise to make them my laws.

BOOK VI

Philosophers as Kings

. . . . . .

And the philosopher holding converse with the divine order, becomes orderly and divine, as far as the nature of man allows; but like everyone else, he will suffer from detraction.

Of course.

And if a necessity be laid upon him of fashioning, not only himself, but human nature generally, whether in States or individuals, into that which he beholds elsewhere, will he, think you, be an unskilful artificer of justice, temperance, and every civil virtue?

Anything but unskilful.

And if the world perceives that what we are saying about him is the truth, will they be angry with philosophy? Will they disbelieve us, when we tell them that no State can be happy which is not designed by artists who imitate the heavenly pattern?

They will not be angry if they understand, he said. But how will they draw out the plan of which you are speaking?

They will begin by taking the State and the manners of men, from which, as from a tablet, they will rub out the picture, and leave a clean surface. This is no easy task. But whether easy or not, herein will lie the difference between them and every other legislator—they will have nothing to do either with individual or State, and will inscribe no laws, until they have either found, or themselves made, a clean surface.

They will be very right, he said.

Having effected this, they will proceed to trace an outline of the constitution?

No doubt.

And when they are filling in the work, as I conceive, they will often turn their eyes upward and downward: I mean that they will first look at absolute justice and beauty and temperance, and again at the human copy; and will mingle and temper the various elements of life into the image of a man; and this they will conceive according to that other image, which, when existing among men, Homer calls the form and likeness of God.

Very true, he said.

And one feature they will erase, and another they will put in, until they have made the ways of men, as far as possible, agreeable to the ways of God?

Indeed, he said, in no way could they make a fairer picture.

And now, I said, are we beginning to persuade those whom you described as rushing at us with might and main, that the painter of constitutions is such a one as we were praising; at whom they were so very indignant because to his hands we committed the State; and are they growing a little calmer at what they have just heard?

Much calmer, if there is any sense in them.

Why, where can they still find any ground for objection? Will they doubt that the philosopher is a lover of truth and being?

They would not be so unreasonable.

Or that his nature, being such as we have delineated, is akin to the highest good?

Neither can they doubt this.

But again, will they tell us that such a nature, placed under favorable circumstances, will not be perfectly good and wise if any ever was? Or will they prefer those whom we have rejected?

Surely not.

Then will they still be angry at our saying, that, until philosophers bear rule, States and individuals will have no rest from evil, nor will this our imaginary State ever be realized?

I think that they will be less angry.

Shall we assume that they are not only less angry but quite gentle, and that they have been converted and for very shame, if for no other reason, cannot refuse to come to terms?

By all means, he said.

Then let us suppose that the reconciliation has been effected. Will anyone deny the other point, that there may be sons of kings or princes who are by nature philosophers?

Surely no man, he said.

And when they have come into being will anyone say that they must of necessity be destroyed; that they can hardly be saved is not denied even by us; but that in the whole course of ages no single one of them can escape—who will venture to affirm this?

Who indeed!

But, said I, one is enough; let there be one man who has a city obedient to his will, and he might bring into existence the ideal polity about which the world is so incredulous.

Yes, one is enough.

The ruler may impose the laws and institutions which we have been describing, and the citizens may possibly be willing to obey them?

Certainly.

And that others should approve, of what we approve, is no miracle or impossibility?

I think not.

But we have sufficiently shown, in what has preceded, that all this, if only possible, is assuredly for the best.

We have.

And now we say not only that our laws, if they could be enacted, would be for the best, but also that the enactment of them, though difficult, is not impossible.

Very good.

And so with pain and toil we have reached the end of one subject, but more remains to be discussed; how and by what studies and pursuits will the saviours of the constitution be created, and at what ages are they to apply themselves to their several studies?

Certainly.

I omitted the troublesome business of the possession of women, and the procreation of children, and the appointment of the rulers, because I knew that the perfect State would be eyed with jealousy and was difficult of attainment; but that piece of cleverness was not of much service to me, for I had to discuss them all the same. The women and children are now disposed of, but the other question of the rulers must be investigated from the very beginning. We were saying, as you will remember, that they were to be lovers of their country, tried by the test of pleasures and pains, and neither in hardships, nor in dangers, nor at any other critical moment were to lose their patriotism—he was to be rejected who failed, but he who always came forth pure, like gold tried in the refiner's fire, was to be made a ruler, and to receive honors and rewards in life and after death. This was the sort of thing which was being said, and then the argument turned aside and veiled her face; not liking to stir the question which has now arisen.

I perfectly remember, he said.

Yes, my friend, I said, and I then shrank from hazarding the bold word; but now let me dare to say—that the perfect guardian must be a philosopher.

Yes, he said, let that be affirmed.

And do not suppose that there will be many of them; for the gifts which were deemed by us to be essential rarely grow together; they are mostly found in shreds and patches.

What do you mean? he said.

You are aware, I replied, that quick intelligence, memory, sagacity, cleverness, and similar qualities, do not often grow together, and that persons who possess them and are at the same time high-spirited and magnanimous are not so constituted by nature as to live orderly and in a peaceful and settled manner; they are driven any way by their impulses, and all solid principle goes out of them.

Very true, he said.

On the other hand, those steadfast natures which can better be depended upon, which in a battle are impregnable to fear and immovable, are equally immovable when there is anything to be learned; they are always in

a torpid state, and are apt to yawn and go to sleep over any intellectual toil.

Quite true.

And yet we were saying that both qualities were necessary in those to whom the higher education is to be imparted, and who are to share in any office or command.

Certainly, he said.

And will they be a class which is rarely found?

Yes, indeed.

Then the aspirant must not only be tested in those labors and dangers and pleasures which we mentioned before, but there is another kind of probation which we did not mention—he must be exercised also in many kinds of knowledge, to see whether the soul will be able to endure the highest of all, or will faint under them, as in any other studies and exercises.

Yes, he said, you are quite right in testing them. But what do you mean by the highest of all knowledge?

You may remember, I said, that we divided the soul into three parts; and distinguished the several natures of justice, temperance, courage, and wisdom?

Indeed, he said, if I had forgotten, I should not deserve to hear more.

And do you remember the word of caution which preceded the discussion of them?

To what do you refer?

We were saying, if I am not mistaken, that he who wanted to see them in their perfect beauty must take a longer and more circuitous way, at the end of which they would appear; but that we could add on a popular exposition of them on a level with the discussion which had preceded. And you replied that such an exposition would be enough for you, and so the inquiry was continued in what to me seemed to be a very inaccurate manner; whether you were satisfied or not, it is for you to say.

Yes, he said, I thought and the others thought that you gave us a fair measure of truth.

But, my friend, I said, a measure of such things which in any degree falls short of the whole truth is not fair measure; for nothing imperfect is the measure of anything, although persons are too apt to be contented and think that they need search no further.

Not an uncommon case when people are indolent.

Yes, I said; and there cannot be any worse fault in a guardian of the State and of the laws.

True.

The guardian then, I said, must be required to take the longer circuit, and toil at learning as well as at gymnastics, or he will never reach the highest knowledge of all which, as we were just now saying, is his proper calling.

What, he said, is there a knowledge still higher than this—higher than justice and the other virtues?

Yes, I said, there is. And of the virtues too we must behold not the outline merely, as at present—nothing short of the most finished picture should satisfy us. When little things are elaborated with an infinity of pains, in order that they may appear in their full beauty and utmost clearness, how ridiculous that we should not think the highest truths worthy of attaining the highest accuracy!

A right noble thought; but do you suppose that we shall refrain from asking you what is this highest knowledge?

Nay, I said, ask if you will; but I am certain that you have heard the answer many times, and now you either do not understand me or, as I rather think, you are disposed to be troublesome; for you have often been told that the idea of good is the highest knowledge, and that all other things become useful and advantageous only by their use of this. You can hardly be ignorant that of this I was about to speak, concerning which, as you have often heard me say, we know so little; and, without which, any other knowledge or possession of any kind will profit us nothing. Do you think that the possession of all other things is of any value if we do not possess the good? or the knowledge of all other things if we have no knowledge of beauty and goodness?

Assuredly not.

You are further aware that most people affirm pleasure to be the good, but the finer sort of wits say it is knowledge?

Yes.

And you are aware too that the latter cannot explain what they mean by knowledge, but are obliged after all to say knowledge of the good?

How ridiculous!

Yes, I said, that they should begin by reproaching us with our ignorance of the good, and then presume our knowledge of it—for the good they define to be knowledge of the good, just as if we understood them when they use the term "good"—this is of course ridiculous.

Most true, he said.

And those who make pleasure their good are in equal perplexity; for they are compelled to admit that there are bad pleasures as well as good.

Certainly.

And therefore to acknowledge that bad and good are the same?

True.

There can be no doubt about the numerous difficulties in which this question is involved.

There can be none.

Further, do we not see that many are willing to do or to have or to seem to be what is just and honorable without the reality; but no one is satisfied with the appearance of good—the reality is what they seek; in the case of the good, appearance is despised by everyone.

Very true, he said.

Of this then, which every soul of man pursues and makes the end of all his actions, having a presentiment that there is such an end, and yet hesitating because neither knowing the nature for having the same assurance of this as of other things, and therefore losing whatever good there is in other things—of a principle such and so great as this ought the best men in our State, to whom everything is intrusted, to be in the darkness of ignorance?

Certainly not, he said.

I am sure, I said, that he who does not know how the beautiful and the just are likewise good will be but a sorry guardian of them; and I suspect that no one who is ignorant of the good will have a true knowledge of them.

That, he said, is a shrewd suspicion of yours.

And if we only have a guardian who has this knowledge, our State will be perfectly ordered?

Of course, he replied; but I wish that you would tell me whether you conceive this supreme principle of the good to be knowledge or pleasure, or different from either?

Aye, I said, I knew all along that a fastidious gentleman like you would not be contented with the thoughts of other people about these matters.

ARISTOTLE (384–322 B. C.)

THE POLITICS[1]

BOOK VI

First of all let us speak of democracy, which will also bring to light the opposite form of government commonly called oligarchy. For the purposes of this enquiry we need to ascertain all the elements and characteristics of democracy, since from the combinations of these the varieties of democratic government arise. There are several of these differing from each other, and the difference is due to two causes. One has been already mentioned,—differences of population; for the popular element may consist of husbandmen, or of mechanics, or of labourers, and if the first of these be added to the second, or the third to the two others, not only does the democracy become better or worse, but its very nature is changed. A second cause remains to be mentioned: the various properties and characteristics of democracy, when variously combined make a difference. For one democracy will have less and another will have more, and another will have all of these characteristics. There is an advantage in knowing them all, whether a man wishes to establish some new form of democracy, or only to remodel an existing one. Founders of states try to bring together all the elements which accord with the ideas of the several constitutions; but this is a mistake of theirs, as I have already remarked when speaking of the destruction and preservation of states. We will now set forth the principles, characteristics, and aims of such states.

[1]Translation by Benjamin Jowett.

The basis of a democratic state is liberty; which, according to the common opinion of men, can only be enjoyed in such a state;—this they affirm to be the great end of every democracy. One principle of liberty is for all to rule and be ruled in turn, and indeed democratic justice is the application of numerical not proportionate equality; whence it follows that the majority must be supreme, and that whatever the majority approve must be the end and the just. Every citizen, it is said, must have equality, and therefore in a democracy the poor have more power than the rich, because there are more of them, and the will of the majority is supreme. This, then, is one note of liberty which all democrats affirm to be the principle of their state. Another is that a man should live as he likes. This, they say, is the privilege of a free man, and, on the other hand, not to live as a man likes is the mark of a slave. This is the second characteristic of democracy, whence has arisen the claim of men to be ruled by none, if possible, or, if this is impossible, to rule and to be ruled in turns; and so it coincides with the freedom based upon equality.

Such being our foundation and such the nature of democracy, its characteristics are as follows:—the election of officers by all out of all; and that all should rule over each, and each in his turn over all; that the appointment to all offices, or to all but those which require experience and skill, should be made by lot; that no property qualification should be required for offices, or only a very low one; that no one should hold the same office twice, or not often, except in the case of military offices; that the tenure of all offices, or of as many as possible, should be brief; that all men should sit in judgment, or that judges selected out of all should judge in all matters, or in most, or in the greatest and most important,—such as the scrutiny of accounts, the constitution and private contracts; that the assembly should be supreme over all causes, or at any rate over the most important, and the magistrates over none or only over a very few. Of all institutions, a council is the most democratic when there is not the means of paying all the citizens, but when they are paid even this is robbed of its power; for the people then draw all cases to themselves, as I said in the previous discussion. The next characteristic of democracy is payment for services; assembly law-courts, magistrates, everybody receives pay, when it is to be had; or when it is not to be had for all, then it is given to the law-courts and to the stated assemblies, to the council and to the magistrates, or at least to any of them who are compelled to have their meals together. And whereas oligarchy is characterised by birth, wealth, and education, the notes of democracy appear to be the opposite of these,—low birth, poverty, mean employment. Another note is that no magistracy is perpetual, but if any such have survived some ancient change in the constitution it should be stripped of its power, and the holders should be elected by lot and no longer by vote. These are points common to all democracies; but democracy and demos in their truest form are based upon the recognized principle of democratic justice, that all should count equally; for equality implies that the rich should have no more share in the government than the poor, and should not be the only rulers, but that all should rule equally according to their numbers. And in this way men think that they will secure equality and freedom in their state.

Next comes the question, how is this equality to be obtained? Is the qualification to be so distributed that five hundred rich shall be equal to a thousand poor? and shall we give the thousand a power equal to that of the five hundred? or, if this is not to be the mode, ought we, still retaining the same ratio, to take equal numbers from each and give them the control of the elections and of the courts?—Which, according to the democratical notion, is the juster form of the constitution,—this or one based on numbers only?—Democrats say that justice is that to which the majority agree, oligarchs that to which the wealthier class; in their opinion the decision should be given according to the amount of property. In both principles there is some inequality and injustice. For if justice is the will of the few, any one person who has more wealth than all the rest of his class put together, ought, upon the oligarchical principle, to have the sole power—but this would be tyranny; or if justice is the will of the majority, as I was before saying, they will unjustly confiscate the property of

the wealthy minority. To find a principle of equality in which they both agree we must enquire into their respective ideas of justice.

Now they agree in saying that whatever is decided by the majority of the citizens is to be deemed law. Granted:—but not without some reserve; since there are two classes out of which a state is composed,—the poor and the rich,—that is to be deemed law, on which both or the greater part of both agree; and if they disagree, that which is approved by the greater number, and by those who have the higher qualification. For example, suppose that there are ten rich and twenty poor, and some measure is approved by six of the rich and disapproved by fifteen of the poor, and the remaining four of the rich join with the party of the poor, and remaining five of the poor with that of the rich; in such a case the will of those whose qualifications, when both sides are added up, are the greatest, should prevail. If they turn out to be equal, there is no greater difficulty than at present, when, if the assembly or the courts are divided, recourse is had to the lot, or to some similar expedient. But, although it may be difficult in theory to know what is just and equal, the practical difficulty of inducing those to forbear who can, if they like, encroach, is far greater, for the weaker are always asking for equality and justice, but the stronger care for none of these things.

Of the four kinds of democracy, as was said in the previous discussion, the best is that which comes first in order; it is also the oldest of them all. I am speaking of them according to the natural classification of their inhabitants. For the best material of democracy is an agricultural population; there is no difficulty in forming a democracy where the mass of the people live by agriculture or tending of cattle. Being poor, they have no leisure, and therefore do not often attend the assembly, and not having the necessaries of life they are always at work, and do not covet the property of others. Indeed, they find their employment pleasanter than the cares of government or office where no great gains can be made out of them, for the many are more desirous of gain than of honor. A proof is that even the ancient tyrannies were patiently endured by them, as they still endure oligarchies, if they are allowed to work and are not deprived of their property; for some of them grow quickly rich and the others are well enough off. Moreover they have the power of electing the magistrates and calling them to account; their ambition, if they have any, is thus satisfied; and in some democracies, although they do not all share in the appointment of officers, except through representatives elected in turn out of the whole people, as at Mantinea;—yet, if they have the power of deliberating, the many are contented. Even this form of government may be regarded as a democracy, and was such at Mantinea. Hence it is both expedient and customary in such a democracy that all should elect to offices, and conduct scrutinies, and sit in the law-courts, but that the great offices should be filled up by election and from the expense, even although they are unpaid themselves when the poor are paid; and secondly, causes are better tried, for wealthy persons, although they do not like to be long absent from their own affairs, do not mind going for a few days to the law-courts. Where there are revenues the demagogues should not be allowed after their manner to distribute the surplus; the poor are always receiving and always wanting more and more, for such help is like water poured into a leaky cask. Yet the true friend of the people should see that they be not too poor, for extreme poverty lowers the character of the democracy; measures also should be taken which will give them lasting prosperity; and as this is equally the interest of all classes, the proceeds of the public revenues should be accumulated and distributed among them, if possible, in such quantities as may enable them to purchase a little farm, or, at any rate, make a beginning in trade and husbandry. And if this benevolence cannot be extended to all, money should be distributed in turn according to tribes or other divisions, and in the meantime the rich should pay the fee for the attendance of the poor at the necessary assemblies; and should in turn be excused from useless public services. By administering the state in this spirit the Carthaginians retain the affections of the people; their policy is from time to time to send some of them into their dependent towns, where they grow rich. It is also worthy of a generous and sensible nobility

to divide the poor amongst them, and give them the means of going to work. The example of the people of Tarentum is also well deserving of imitation, for, by sharing the use of their own property with the poor, they gain their good will. Moreover, they divide all their offices into two classes, one-half of them being elected by vote, the other by lot; the latter that the people may participate in them, and the former that the state may be better administered. A like result may be gained by dividing the same offices, so as to have two classes of magistrates, one chosen by vote, the other by lot.

CICERO (106–43 B.C.)

THE REPUBLIC[1]

Definition of a State

Well, then, said Africanus, a commonwealth is a constitution of the entire people. But the people is not every association of men, however congregated, but the association of the entire number, bound together by the compact of justice, and the communication of utility. The first cause of this association is not so much the weakness of man, as a certain spirit of congregation which naturally belongs to him. For the human race is not a race of isolated individuals, wandering and solitary; but it is so constituted, that even in the affluence of all things, and without any need of reciprocal assistance, it spontaneously seeks society.

. . . . . .

Three Forms of Government

It is necessary to presuppose these original seeds, as it were, since we cannot discover any primary establishment of the other virtues, or even of a commonwealth itself. These unions, then, formed by the principle which I have mentioned, established their head-quarters originally in certain central positions, for the convenience of the whole population; and having fortified them by natural and artificial means, they called this collection of houses a city or town, distinguished by temples and public squares. Every people, therefore, which consists of such an association of the entire multitude as I have described, every city which consists of an assemblage of the people, and every commonwealth which embraces every member of these associations, must be regulated by a certain authority, in order to be permanent.

This intelligent authority should always refer itself to that grand first principle which established the commonwealth. It must be deposited in the hands of one supreme person, or entrusted to the administration of certain delegated rulers, or undertaken by the whole multitude. When the direction of all depends on one person, we call this individual a king; and this form of political constitution, a kingdom. When it is in the power of privileged delegates, the state is said to be ruled by an aristocracy; and when the people are all in all, they call it a democracy, or popular constitution. And if the tie of social affection, which originally united men in political associations for the sake of public interest, maintains its force, each of these governments is, I will not say perfect, nor, in my opinion, essentially good, but tolerable, and such that one may accidentally be better than another: either a just and wise king, or a selection of the most eminent citizens, or even the populace itself (though this is the least commendable form), may, if there be no interference of crime and cupidity, form a constitution sufficiently secure.

But in a monarchy, the other members of the state are often too much deprived of public counsel and jurisdiction; and under the rule of an aristocracy, the multitude can hardly possess its due share of liberty, since it is allowed no share in the public deliberation, and no power. And when all things are carried by a democracy, although it be just and moderate, yet its very equality is a culpable levelling, inasmuch as it allows no gradations of rank. Therefore, even if Cyrus, the king of the Persians, was a most righteous and wise monarch, I should still think that the interest of the people (for this

[1]Translations by Barham and Yonge.

is, as I have said before, the same as the commonwealth) could not be very effectually promoted when all things depended on the beck and nod of one individual. And though at present the people of Marseilles, our clients, are governed with the greatest justice by elected magistrates of the highest rank, still there is always in this condition of the people a certain appearance of servitude; and when the Athenians, at a certain period, having demolished their Areopagus, conducted all public affairs by the acts and decrees of the democracy alone, their state, as it no longer contained a distinct gradation of ranks, was no longer able to retain its original fair appearance.

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The Mixed Constitution

Scipio. Now to return to the argument of my discourse. It appears that this extreme license, which is the only liberty in the eyes of the vulgar, is, according to Plato, such that from it as a sort of root tyrants naturally arise and spring up. For as the excessive power of an aristocracy occasions the destruction of the noble, so this excessive liberalism of democracies brings after it the slavery of the people. Thus we find in the weather, the soil, and the animal constitution, the most favorable conditions are sometimes suddenly converted by their excess into the contrary, and this fact is especially observable in political governments; and this excessive liberty soon brings the people collectively and individually to an excessive servitude. For, as I said, this extreme liberty easily introduces the reign of tyranny, the severest of all unjust slaveries. In fact, from the midst of this unbridled and capricious populace, they elect some one as a leader in opposition to their afflicted and expelled nobles; some new chief, forsooth, audacious and impure, often insolently persecuting those who have deserved well of the state, and ready to gratify the populace at his neighbor's expense as well as his own. Then since the private condition is naturally exposed to fears and alarms, the people invest him with many powers, and these are continued in his hands. Such men, like Pisistratus of Athens, will soon find an excuse for surrounding themselves with bodyguards, and they will conclude by becoming tyrants over the very persons who raised them to dignity. If such despots perish by the vengeance of the better citizens, as is generally the case, the constitution is reestablished. But if they fall by the hands of bold insurgents, then the same faction succeeds them, which is only another species of tyranny. And the same revolution arises from the fair system of aristocracy, when any corruption has betrayed the nobles from the path of rectitude. Thus the power is like the ball, which is flung from hand to hand: it passes from kings to tyrants, from tyrants to the aristocracy, from them to democracy, and from these back again to tyrants and factions; and thus the same kind of government is seldom long maintained.

Since these are the facts of experience, royalty is, in my opinion, very far preferable to the three other kinds of political constitutions. But it is itself inferior to that which is composed of all equal mixture of the three best forms of government, united and modified by one another. I wish to establish in a commonwealth a royal and preëminent chief. Another portion of power should be deposited in the hands of the aristocracy, and certain things should be reserved to the judgment and wish of the multitude. This constitution, in the first place, possesses that great equality, without which men cannot long maintain their freedom;—secondly, it offers a great stability, while the particular separate and isolated forms easily fall into their contraries; so that a king is succeeded by a despot, an aristocracy by a faction, a democracy by a mob and confusion; and all these forms are frequently sacrificed to new revolutions. In this united and mixed constitution, however, similar disasters cannot happen without the greatest vices in public men. For there can be little to occasion revolution in a state, in which every person is firmly established in his appropriate rank, and there are but few modes of corruption into which we can fall.

But I fear, Laelius, and you, my amiable and learned friends, that if I were to dwell any longer on this argument, my words would seem rather like the lessons of a master, and not like the free conversation of one who is uniting with you in the consideration of truth. I shall therefore pass on to those

things which are familiar to all, and which I have long studied. And in these matters I believe, I feel, and affirm, that of all governments, there is none which, either in its entire constitution, or the distribution of its parts, or in the discipline of its manners, is comparable to that which our fathers received from our earliest ancestors, and which they have handed down to us.

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Scipio. I now come to the third, or democratical, form of government, in which a considerable difficulty presents itself, because all things are there said to lie at the disposition of the people, and are carried into execution just as they please. Here the populace inflict punishments at their pleasure, and act, and seize, and keep possession, and distribute property, without let or hindrance. Can you deny, my Laelius, that this is a fair definition of a democracy, where the people are all in all, and where the people constitute the state?

Laelius. There is no political constitution to which I more absolutely deny the name of a *commonwealth*, than that in which all things lie in the power of the multitude. If a commonwealth, which implies the welfare of the entire community, could not exist in Agrigentum, Syracuse, or Athens, when tyrants reigned over them, if it could not exist in Rome, when under the oligarchy of the decemvirs, neither do I see how this sacred name of commonwealth can be applied to a democracy, and the sway of the mob; because, in the first place, my Scipio, I build on your own admirable definition, that there can be no community, properly so called, unless it be regulated by a combination of rights. And, by this definition, it appears that a multitude of men may be just as tyrannical as a single despot; and it is so much the worse, since no monster can be more barbarous than the mob, which assumes the name and appearance of the people. Nor is it at all reasonable, since the laws place the property of madmen in the hands of their sane relations, that we do the very reverse in politics, and throw the property of the sane into the hands of the mad multitude.

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Rome Past and Present

Ennius has told us—

Of men and customs mighty Rome consists;

which verse, both for its precision and its verity, appears to me as if it had issued from an oracle; for neither the men, unless the state had adopted a certain system of manners—nor the manners, unless they had been illustrated by the men—could ever have established or maintained for so many ages so vast a republic, or one of such righteous and extensive sway.

Thus, long before our own times, the force of hereditary manners of itself moulded most eminent men, and admirable citizens in return gave new weight to the ancient customs and institutions of our ancestors. But our age, on the contrary, having received the commonwealth as a finished picture of another century, but one already beginning to fade through the lapse of years, has not only neglected to renew the colors of the original painting, but has not even cared to preserve its original form and prominent lineaments.

For what now remains of those antique manners, of which the poet said that our commonwealth consisted? They have now become so obsolete and forgotten, that they are not only not cultivated, but they are not even known. And as to the men, what shall I say? For the manners themselves have only perished, through a scarcity of men; of which great misfortune we are not only called to give an account, but even, as men accused of capital offenses, to a certain degree to plead our own cause in connexion with it. For it is owing to our vices, rather than to any accident, that we have retained the name of republic when we have long since lost the reality.

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THE DEFENSE OF SESTIUS

The Good Men

There have always in this city been two kinds of men who have been ambitious of being concerned in affairs of state, and of arriving at distinction by such a course; and of

these two kinds one wish to be considered popular men, and the others wish both to be, and to be considered, of the party of the best men in the state. Those whose object it was that whatever they did and whatever they said should be agreeable to the multitude, were the popular party; but those who conducted themselves in such a way as to induce all the best men to approve of their counsels, were considered of the best party.

Who then are they? Every good man. If you ask what are their numbers, they are innumerable. For if they were not, we could not stand. They are the chief men of the public council; they are those who follow their school; they are the men of the highest orders of the state, to whom the senate-house is open; they are the citizens of the municipal towns, and Roman citizens who dwell in the country; they are men engaged in business; there are even some freedmen of the best party. The number, as I have said, of this party is widely scattered in various directions; but the entire body (to prevent all mistakes) can be described and defined in a few words. All men belong to the best party, who are not guilty of any crime, nor wicked by nature, nor madmen, nor men embarrassed by domestic difficulties. Let it be laid down, then, that these men (this race, as you call them) are all those who are honest, and in their senses, and who are well off in their domestic circumstances. Those who are guided by their wishes, who consult their interests and opinions in the management of the republic, are the partisans of the best men, and are themselves accounted best men, most wise and most illustrious citizens, and chief men in the state.

What, then, is the object proposed to themselves by these directors of the republic, which they are bound to keep their eyes fixed upon, and towards which they ought to direct their course? That which is most excellent and desirable to all men in their senses, and to all good and happy men—ease conjoined with dignity. Those who seek this are all best men; those who effect it are considered the chief leaders in and the preservers of their states. For men ought not to be so elated by the dignity of the affairs which they have undertaken to manage, as to have no regard to their ease; nor ought they to dwell with fondness on any sort of ease which is inconsistent with dignity.

And of this easy dignity these are the foundations, these are the component parts, which ought to be upheld by the chief men, and to be defended even at the hazard of their lives: religious observances, the auspices, the civil power of magistrates, the authority of the senate, the laws, the usages of one's ancestors, the courts of justice, the jurisdiction of the judges, good faith, the provinces, the allies, the glory of the empire, the whole affairs of the army, the treasury. To be the defender and advocate of all these things, numerous and important as they are, is a task to employ great courage, great ability, and great firmness. In truth, in such a vast number of citizens, there is a great multitude of those men, who either, from fear of punishment, because they are conscious of their own misdeeds, are anxious for fresh changes and revolutions in the republic; or who, on account of some innate insanity of mind, feed upon the discords and seditions of the citizens; or else who, on account of the embarrassment of their estates and circumstances, had rather burn in one vast common conflagration, than in one which consumed only themselves. And when these men had found instigators, leaders in and promoters of their own objects and vices, their waves are stirred up in the republic, so that those men must watch who have demanded for themselves the helm of the country, and they must strive with all their skill and with all their diligence, in order that they may be able to preserve those things which I have just now called its foundations and component parts, and so keep in their course and reach that harbor of ease and dignity.

If, O judges, I were to deny that this path is rugged and difficult, and full of danger and snares, I should speak falsely; especially as I have not only been aware that it was so, but have been alive to its perils and labors more than any other man.

The republic is attacked by greater forces and more numerous bodies than those by which it is defended; because audacious and abandoned men are impelled on by a nod, and are even of their own accord excited by nature to be enemies to the republic. And somehow or other good men are slower in action, and overlooking the first beginnings

of things, are at last aroused by necessity itself; so that sometimes through their very delays and tardiness of movement, while they wish to retain their ease even without dignity, they, of their own accord, lose both. But those who are desirous to be defenders of the republic, if they be fickle men, soon give up the task; if they be at all timid men, they abandon it; and those alone remain and endure everything for the sake of the republic, who are such men as your father was, O Marcus Scaurus, who resisted all seditious men, from the time of Caius Gracchus to that of Quintus Varius, whom no violence, no threats, and no unpopularity ever shook; or such as Quintus Metellus, the uncle of your mother; who, when as censor he had branded a man most flourishing in the popular esteem, Lucius Saturninus, and when he had expunged a pretended Gracchus from the list of the citizens, in spite of the violence of an excited mob, and when he alone had refused to swear obedience to a law which he considered had not been legally enacted, preferred to abandon the city rather than his opinion; or, (to leave off quoting ancient examples, of which there is an abundance worthy of the glory of this empire, while yet I avoid naming any one who is now alive) such as Quintus Catullus lately was, whom neither the tempest of danger nor the breeze of honor could ever move from his straight course, either by hope or fear.

Imitate those men, I beg you in the name of the immortal gods, ye who seek for dignity, and praise, and glory. These examples are honorable; these are godlike; these are immortal; these are celebrated in fame, and are committed to the eternal recollection of our annals, and are handed down to posterity. It is a labor, I do not deny it. The dangers are great, I admit it,—

> The path of virtuous men is full of snares.

The poet says further,—

> But to demand those honors which excite
> The general envy and desire of all,
> Which can alone conduct to such a goal,
> Is purest ignorance.

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THE LAWS

The Foundation of Justice

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Marcus. Let us, then, begin to establish the principles of justice on that supreme law, which has existed from all ages before any legislative enactments were drawn up in writing, or any political government constituted.

Quintus. That will be more convenient, and more sensible with reference to the subjects of the discussion which we have determined on.

Marcus. Shall we, then, seek for the origin of justice at its fountain-head? When we have discovered which, we shall be in no doubt to what these questions which we are examining ought to be referred.

Quintus. Such is the course I would advise.

Atticus. I also subscribe to your brother's opinion.

Marcus. Since, then, we wish to maintain and preserve the constitution of that republic which Scipio, in those six books which I have written under that title, has proved to be the best, and since all our laws are to be accommodated to the kind of political government there described, we must also treat of the general principles of morals and manners, and not limit ourselves on all occasions, to written laws; but I purpose to trace back the origin of right from nature itself, who will be our best guide in conducting the whole discussion.

Atticus. You will do right, and when she is our guide it is absolutely impossible for us to err.

Marcus. Do you then grant, my Atticus, (for I know my brother's opinion already) that the entire universe is regulated by the power of the immortal Gods, that by their Nature, reason, energy, mind, divinity, or some other word of clearer signification, if there be such, all things are governed and directed? for if you will not grant me this, that is what I must begin by establishing.

Atticus. I grant you all you can desire. But owing to this singing of birds and babbling of waters, I fear my fellow learners can scarcely hear me.

Marcus. You are quite right to be on

your guard; for even the best men occasionally fall into a passion, and they will be very indignant if they hear you denying the first article of that notable book, entitled *The Chief Doctrines of Epicurus*, in which he says that God takes care of nothing, neither of himself nor of any other being!

ATTICUS. Pray proceed, for I am waiting to know what advantage you mean to take of the concession I have made you.

MARCUS. I will not detain you long. This is the bearing which they have on our subject. This animal—prescient, sagacious, complex, acute, full of memory, reason, and counsel—which we call man, has been generated by the supreme God in a most transcendent condition. For he is the only creature among all the races and descriptions of animated beings who is endued with superior reason and thought, in which the rest are deficient. And what is there, I do not say in man alone, but in all heaven and earth, more divine than reason, which, when it becomes right and perfect, is justly termed wisdom?

There exists, therefore, since nothing is better than reason, and since this is the common property of God and man, a certain aboriginal rational intercourse between divine and human natures. But where reason is common, there right reason must also be common to the same parties; and since this right reason is what we call law, God and men must be considered as associated by law. Again, there must also be a communion of right where there is a communion of law. And those who have law and right thus in common, must be considered members of the same commonwealth.

And if they are obedient to the same rule and the same authority, they are even much more so to this one celestial regency, this divine mind and omnipotent deity. So that the entire universe may be looked upon as forming one vast commonwealth of gods and men. And, as in earthly states certain ranks are distinguished with reference to the relationships of families, according to a certain principle which will be discussed in its proper place, that principle, in the nature of things, is far more magnificent and splendid by which men are connected with the Gods, as belonging to their kindred and nation. . . .

Since, then, the Deity has been pleased to create and adorn man to be the chief and president of all terrestrial creatures, so it is evident, without further argument, that human nature has also made very great advances by its own intrinsic energy; that nature, which without any other instruction than her own, has developed the first rude principles of the understanding, and strengthened and perfected reason to all the appliances of science and art.

ATTICUS. Oh ye immortal Gods! to what a distance back are you tracing the principles of justice! However, you are discoursing in such a style that I will not show any impatience to hear what I expect you to say on the Civil Law. But I will listen patiently, even if you spend the whole day in this kind of discourse; for assuredly these, which perhaps you are embracing in your argument for the sake of others, are grander topics than even the subject itself for which they prepare the way.

MARCUS. You may well describe these topics as grand, which we are now briefly discussing. But of all the questions which are ever the subject of discussion among learned men, there is none which is more important thoroughly to understand than this, that man is born for justice, and that law and equity have not been established by opinion, but by nature. This truth will become still more apparent if we investigate the nature of human association and society.

For there is no one thing so like or so equal to another, as in every instance man is to man. And if the corruption of customs, and the variation of opinions, did not induce an imbecility of minds, and turn them aside from the course of nature, no one would more nearly resemble himself than all men would resemble all men. Therefore, whatever definition we give of man, will be applicable to the whole human race. And this is a good argument that there is no dissimilarity of kind among men; because if this were the case, one definition could not include all men.

In fact, reason, which alone gives us so many advantages over beasts, by means of which we conjecture, argue, refute, discourse, and accomplish and conclude our designs, is assuredly common to all men; for the faculty of acquiring knowledge is similar in all human minds, though the knowledge itself may be endlessly diversified. By the

same senses we all perceive the same objects, and those things which move the senses at all, do move in the same way the senses of all men. And those first rude elements of intelligence which, as I before observed, are the earliest developments of thought, are similarly impressed upon all men; and that faculty of speech which is the interpreter of the mind, agrees in the ideas which it conveys, though it may differ in the words by which it expresses them. And therefore there exists not a man in any nation, who, if he adopts nature for his guide, may not arrive at virtue.

Nor is this resemblance which all men bear to each other remarkable in those things only which are in accordance with right reason, but also in errors. For all men alike are captivated by pleasure, which, although it is a temptation to what is disgraceful, nevertheless bears some resemblance to natural good; for as by its delicacy and sweetness it is delightful, it is through a mistake of the intellect adopted as something salutary.

And by an error scarcely less universal, we shun death as if it were a dissolution of nature, and cling to life because it keeps us in that existence in which we were born. Thus, likewise, we consider pain as one of the greatest evils, not only on account of its present asperity, but also because it seems the precursor of mortality. Again, on account of the apparent resemblance between renown with honor, those men appear to us happy who are honored, and miserable, who happen to be inglorious. In like manner our minds are all similarly susceptible of inquietudes, joys, desires, and fears; nor if different men have different opinions, does it follow that those who deify dogs and cats, do not labor under superstition equally with other nations, though they may differ from them in the forms of its manifestation.

Again, what nation is there which has not a regard for kindness, benignity, gratitude, and mindfulness of benefits? What nation is there in which arrogance, malice, cruelty, and unthankfulness, are not reprobated and detested? And while this uniformity of opinions proves that the whole race of mankind is united together, the last point is that a system of living properly makes men better. If what I have said meets your approbation, I will proceed; or if any doubts occur to you, we had better clear them up first.

Atticus. There is nothing which strikes us, if I may reply for both of us.

Marcus. It follows, then, that nature made us just that we might share our goods with each other, and supply each other's wants. You observe in this discussion, whenever I speak of nature, I mean nature in its genuine purity, but that there is, in fact, such corruption engendered by evil customs, that the sparks, as it were, of virtue which have been given by nature are extinguished, and that antagonist vices arise around it and become strengthened.

But if, as nature prompts them to, men would with deliberate judgment, in the words of the poet, "being men, think nothing that concerns mankind indifferent to them," then would justice be cultivated equally by all. For to those to whom nature has given reason, she also has given right reason, and therefore also law, which is nothing else than right reason enjoining what is good, and forbidding what is evil. And if nature has given us law, she hath also given us right. But she has bestowed reason on all, therefore right has been bestowed on all. And therefore did Socrates deservedly execrate the man who first drew a distinction between utility and nature, for he used to complain that this error was the source of all human vices, to which this sentence of Pythagoras refers—"The things belonging to friends are common"; and that other—"Friendly equality." Whence it appears, that when a wise man has displayed this benevolence which is so extensively and widely diffused towards one who is endowed with equal virtue, then that phenomenon takes place which is altogether incredible to some people, but which is a necessary consequence, that he loves himself not more dearly than he loves his friend. For how can a difference of interests arise where all interests are similar? If there could be ever so minute a difference of interests, then there would be an end of even the nature of friendship, the real meaning of which is such, that there is not friendship of all the moment that a person prefers anything happening to himself rather than to his friend.

Now, these preliminary remarks have been put forward as a preparation for the rest of

our discourse and argument, in order that you may more easily understand that nature herself is the foundation of justice. And when I have explained this a little more at large, then I will proceed to the consideration of that civil law from which all these arguments of mine are derived.

QUINTUS. Then you have not much to add, my brother, for the arguments you have already used have sufficiently proved to Atticus, or at all events to me, that nature is the fountain of justice.

ATTICUS. How could I maintain any other opinion, since you have now established these points—first, that we have been provided as we are and adorned by the gifts of the Gods; secondly, that all mankind has but one similar and common principle of living together; and, lastly, that all men are bound together by a certain natural indulgence and affection, as well as social rights? And as we have, rightly as I think, admitted the truth of these principles, how can we, with any consistency, separate from nature that law and justice which are her moral developments?

MARCUS. You are quite right, and that is the proper view of the case. But in conformity with the method of philosophers, (I do not mean the older sages of philosophy, but those modern ones, who have erected a magazine, as it were, of wisdom) those questions which were formerly discussed loosely and unconstrainedly, are now examined with strictness and distinctness. Nor will these men allow that we have done justice to the subject which we have now before us, unless we demonstrate in a distinct discussion that right is a part of nature.

ATTICUS. You seem to have renounced your liberty in debate, my Cicero; or are you become a man who, in discussion, rather follows the authority of others, than develops his individual sentiments?

MARCUS. Not always, Atticus. But you see what the line of this present conversation is, and how the main object of this whole discussion is to strengthen the foundation of commonwealths, to establish their forces, and to benefit their population. I am, therefore, particularly anxious to avoid arguments which have not been thoroughly examined and carefully considered. Not that I expect to demonstrate my doctrine to the satisfaction of all men, for that is impossible; but I hope to do so to that of those who think that all just and honorable things deserve to be cultivated even for their own sake, and that nothing whatsoever can be properly called a good which is not intrinsically praiseworthy, or at least that there can exist no great good whatever which is not truly laudable on its own account.

All the philosophers who flourished in the old academy with Speusippus, Xenocrates, and Polemon, or those that followed Aristotle and Theophrastus, agreeing with them in doctrine, though they might differ in their method of explaining it—whether, like Zeno, they preserved the same principles, while they changed the terms of exposition,—or whether, like Aristion, they supported that difficult and arduous sect now generally scattered and confuted, which supposed that, with the exception of virtue and vice, all other things were completely equal and indifferent: all these have adopted the principles which I have been explaining. . . .

It is therefore an absurd extravagance in some philosophers to assert, that all things are necessarily just which are established by the civil laws and the institutions of nations. Are then the laws of tyrants just, simply because they are laws? Suppose the thirty tyrants of Athens had imposed certain laws on the Athenians; or, suppose again that these Athenians were delighted with these tyrannical laws; would these laws on that account have been considered just? For my own part, I do not think such laws deserve any greater estimation than that passed during our own interregnum, which ordained that the dictator should be empowered to put to death with impunity whatever citizens he pleased, without hearing them in their own defence.

For there is but one essential justice which cements society, and one law which establishes this justice. This law is right reason, which is the true rule of all commandments and prohibitions. Whoever neglects this law, whether written or unwritten, is necessarily unjust and wicked.

But if justice consists in submission to written laws and national customs, and if, as the same school affirms, everything must be measured by utility alone, he who thinks that such conduct will be advantageous to

him will neglect the laws, and break them if it is in his power. And the consequence is, that real justice has really no existence if it have not one by nature, and if that which is established as such on account of utility is overturned by some other utility.

But if nature does not ratify law, then all the virtues may lose their sway. For what becomes of generosity, patriotism, or friendship? Where will the desire of benefiting our neighbors, or the gratitude that acknowledges kindness, be able to exist at all? For all these virtues proceed from our natural inclination to love mankind. And this is the true basis of justice, and without this not only the mutual charities of men, but the religious services of the Gods, would be at an end; for these are preserved, as I imagine, rather by the natural sympathy which subsists between divine and human beings, than by mere fear and timidity.

But if the will of the people, the decrees of the senate, the adjudications of magistrates, were sufficient to establish rights, then it might become right to rob, right to commit adultery, right to substitute forged wills, if such conduct were sanctioned by the votes or decrees of the multitude. But if the opinions and suffrages of foolish men had sufficient weight to outbalance the nature of things, then why should they not determine among them, that what is essentially bad and pernicious should henceforth pass for good and beneficial? Or why, since law can make right out of unjustice, should it not also be able to change evil into good?

But we have no other rule by which we may be capable of distinguishing between a good and a bad law than that of nature. Nor is it only right and wrong which are discriminated by nature, but generally all that is honorable is by this means distinguished from all that is shameful; for common sense has impressed in our minds the first principles of things, and has given us a general acquaintance with them, by which we connect with virtue every honorable quality, and with vice all that is disgraceful. . . .

It follows that I may now sum up the whole of this argument by asserting, as is plain to every one from these positions which have already been laid down, that all right and all that is honorable is to be sought for its own sake. In truth, all virtuous men love justice and equity for what they are in themselves; nor is it like a good man to make a mistake, and love that which does not deserve their affection. Right, therefore, is desirable and deserving to be cultivated for its own sake; and if this be true of right, it must be true also of justice. What then shall we say of liberality? Is it exercised gratuitously, or does it covet some reward and recompense? If a man does good without expecting any recompense for his kindness, then it is gratuitous: if he does expect compensation, it is a mere matter of traffic. Nor is there any doubt that he who truly deserves the reputation of a generous and kind-hearted man, is thinking of his duty, not of his interest. In the same way the virtue of justice demands neither emolument nor salary, and therefore we desire it for its own sake. And the case of all the moral virtues is the same, and so is the opinion formed of them.

Besides this, if we weigh virtue by the mere utility and profit that attend it, and not by its own merit, the one virtue which results from such an estimate will be in fact a species of vice. For the more a man refers all his actions especially to his own advantage, the further he recedes from probity; so that they who measure virtue by profit, acknowledge no other virtue than this, which is a kind of vice. For who can be called benevolent, if no one ever acts kindly for the sake of another? And where are we to find a grateful person, if those who are disposed to be so can find no benefactor to whom they can show gratitude? What will become of sacred friendship, if we are not to love our friend for his own sake with all our heart and soul, as the people say? If we are even to desert and discard him, as soon as we despair of deriving any further assistance or advantage from him? What can be imagined more inhuman than this conduct? But if friendship ought rather to be cultivated on its own account, so also for the same reason are society, equality, and justice desirable for their own sakes. If this be not so, then there can be no such thing as justice at all; for the most unjust thing of all is to seek a reward for one's just conduct.

DANTE (1265–1321)

DE MONARCHIA[1]

BOOK III

CHAPTERS XIII–XVI

XIII.—Now we have stated and set aside those erroneous reasonings on which they, who assert that the authority of the Roman Emperor depends on the Pope of Rome, do most chiefly rely. We have now to go back and show forth the truth in this third question, which we proposed in the beginning to examine. The truth will appear plainly enough if I start in my inquiry from the principle which I laid down, and then show that the authority of the Empire springs immediately from the head of all being, who is God. This truth will be made manifest, either if it be shown that the authority of the Empire does not spring from the authority of the Church; for there is no argument concerning any other authority. Or again, if it be shown by direct proof that the authority of the Empire springs immediately from God.

We prove that the authority of the Church is not the cause of the authority of the Empire in the following manner. Nothing can be the cause of power in another thing when that other thing has all its power, while the first either does not exist, or else has no power of action. But the Empire had its power while the Church was either not existing at all, or else had no power of acting. Therefore the Church is not the cause of the power of the Empire, and therefore not of its authority either, for power and authority mean the same thing. Let A be the Church, B the Empire, C the authority or power of the Empire. If C is in B while A does not exist, A cannot be the cause of C being in B, for it is impossible for an effect to exist before its cause. Further, if C is in B while A does not act, it cannot be that A is the cause of C being in B; for, to produce an effect, it is necessary that the cause, especially the efficient cause of which we are speaking, should have been at work first. The major premiss of this argument is self-evident, and the minor premiss is confirmed by Christ and the Church. Christ confirms it by His birth and His death, as we have said; the Church confirms it in the words which Paul spake to Festus in the Acts of the Apostles: "I stand at Cæsar's judgment-seat, where I ought to be judged," and by the words which an angel of God spake to Paul a little afterwards: "Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar;" and again by Paul's words to the Jews of Italy: "But when the Jews spake against it, I was constrained to appeal unto Cæsar; not that I had aught to accuse my nation of," but "to deliver my soul from death." But if Cæsar had not at that time had the authority to judge in temporal matters, Christ would not have argued thus; nor would the angel have brought these words; nor would he who spake of himself as "having a desire to depart and to be with Christ," have made an appeal to a judge not having authority.

And if Constantine had not had the authority over the patronage of the Church, those things which he allotted from the Empire he could not have had the right to allot; and so the Church would be using this gift against right; whereas God wills that offerings should be pure, as is commanded in Leviticus: "No meat offering that ye shall bring unto the Lord shall be made with leaven." And though this command appears to regard those who offer, nevertheless it also regards those who receive an offering. For it is folly to suppose that God wishes to be received that which He forbids to be offered, for in the same book there is a command to the Levites: "Ye shall not make yourselves abominable with any creeping thing that creepeth; neither shall ye make yourselves unclean with them, that ye shall be defiled thereby." But to say that the Church so misuses the patrimony assigned to her is very unseemly; therefore the premiss from which this conclusion followed is false.

XIV.—Again, if the Church had power to bestow authority on the Roman Prince, she would have it either from God, or from herself, or from some Emperor, or from the universal consent of mankind, or at least of the majority of mankind. There is no other

[1]Translation by F. J. Church.

crevice by which this power could flow down to the Church. But she has it not from any of these sources; therefore she has it not at all.

It is manifest that she has it from none of these sources; for if she had received it from God, she would have received it either by the divine or by the natural law: because what is received from nature is received from God; though the converse of this is not true. But this power is not received by the natural law; for nature lays down no law, save for the effects of nature, for God cannot fail in power, where he brings anything into being without the aid of secondary agents. Since therefore the Church is not an effect of nature, but of God who said: "Upon this rock I will build my Church," and elsewhere: "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do," it is manifest that nature did not give the Church this law.

Nor was this power bestowed by the divine law; for the whole of the divine law is contained in the bosom of the Old or of the New Testament, and I cannot find therein that any thought or care for worldly matters was commanded, either to the early or to the latter priesthood. Nay, I find rather such care taken away from the priests of the Old Testament by the express command of God to Moses, and from the priests of the New Testament by the express command of Christ to His disciples. But it could not be that this care was taken away from them, if the authority of the temporal power flowed from the priesthood; for at least in giving the authority there would be an anxious watchfulness of forethought, and afterwards continued precaution, lest he to whom authority had been given should leave the straight way.

Then it is quite plain that the Church did not receive this power from herself; for nothing can give what it has not. Therefore all that does anything, must be such in its doing, as that which it intends to do, as is stated in the book of "Simple Being." But it is plain that if the Church gave to herself this power, she had it not before she gave it. Thus she would have given what she had not, which is impossible.

But it is sufficiently manifest from what we have previously made evident that the Church has received not this power from any Emperor.

And further, that she had it not from the consent of all, or even of the greater part of mankind, who can doubt? seeing that not only all the inhabitants of Asia and Africa, but even the greater number of Europeans, hold the thought in abhorrence. It is mere weariness to adduce proofs in matters which are so plain.

XV.—Again, that which is contrary to the nature of a thing cannot be counted as one of its essential powers; for the essential powers of each individual follow on its nature, in order to gain its end. But the power to grant authority in that which is the realm of our mortal state is contrary to the nature of the Church. Therefore it is not in the number of its essential powers. For the proof of the minor premiss we must know that the nature of the Church means the form [or essence] of the Church. For although men use the word nature not only of the form of a thing, but also of its matter, nevertheless, it is of the form that they use it more properly, as is proved in the book "of Natural Learning." But the [essence or] form of the Church is nothing else than the life of Christ, as it is contained both in His sayings and in His deeds. For His life was the example and ideal of the militant Church, especially of its pastors, and above all of its chief pastor, to whom it belongs to feed the sheep and the lambs of Christ. And therefore when Christ left His life unto men for an example He said in John's Gospel: "I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you." And He said unto Peter specially, after that He had committed unto him the office of shepherd, the words which John also reports: "Peter, follow me." But Christ denied before Pilate that His rule was of this sort, saying: "My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now is my kingdom not from hence."

But this saying must not be understood to mean that Christ, who is God, is not the lord of this kingdom, for the Psalmist says: "The sea is His, and He made it, and His hands formed the dry land." We must understand it to mean that, as *the pattern of the Church*, He had not the care of this kingdom. It is as if a golden seal were to speak of itself, and say: "I am not the standard for such and such a class of things;" for in so

far as it is gold, this saying is untrue, seeing that gold is the standard of all metals; but it is true in so far as it is a sign capable of being received by impression.

It belongs, then, to the very form of the Church always to speak the same, always to think the same; and to do the opposite of this is evidently contrary to its essential form—that is to say, to its nature. And from this it may be collected that the power of bestowing authority on this kingdom is contrary to the nature of the Church; for contrariety which is in thought or word follows from contrariety which is in the thing thought and the thing said; just as truth and falsehood in speech come from the being or the not-being of the thing, as we learn from the doctrine of the *Categories*. It has then become manifest enough by means of the preceding arguments, by which the contention of our opponents has been shown to lead to an absurd result, that the authority of the Empire is not in any way dependent on the authority of the Church.

XVI.—Although it has been proved in the preceding chapter that the authority of the Empire has not its cause in the authority of the Supreme Pontiff; for we have shown that this argument led to absurd results; yet it has not been entirely shown that the authority of the Empire depends directly upon God, except as a result from our argument. For it is a consequence that, if the authority comes not from the vicar of God, it must come from God Himself. And therefore, for the complete determination of the question proposed, we have to prove directly that the emperor or monarch of the world stands in an immediate relation to the King of the universe, who is God.

For the better comprehending of this, it must be recognized that man alone, of all created things, holds a position midway between things corruptible and things incorruptible; and therefore philosophers rightly liken him to a dividing line between two hemispheres. For man consists of two essential parts, namely, the soul and the body. If he be considered in relation to his body only, he is corruptible; but if he be considered in relation to his soul only, he is incorruptible. And therefore the Philosopher spoke well concerning the incorruptible soul when he said in the second book "of the Soul:" "It is this alone which may be separated, as being eternal, from the corruptible."

If, therefore, man holds this position midway between the corruptible and the incorruptible, since every middle nature partakes of both extremes, man must share something of each nature. And since every nature is ordained to gain some final end, it follows that for man there is a double end. For as he alone of all beings participates both in the corruptible and the incorruptible, so he alone of all beings is ordained to gain two ends, whereby one is his end in so far as he is corruptible, and the other in so far as he is incorruptible.

Two ends, therefore, have been laid down by the ineffable providence of God for man to aim at: the blessedness of this life, which consists in the exercise of his natural powers, and which is prefigured in the earthly Paradise; and next, the blessedness of the life eternal, which consists in the fruition of the sight of God's countenance, and to which man by his own natural powers cannot rise, if he be not aided by the divine light; and this blessedness is understood by the heavenly Paradise.

But to these different kinds of blessedness, as to different conclusions, we must come by different means. For at the first we may arrive by the lessons of philosophy, if only we will follow them, by acting in accordance with the moral and intellectual virtues. But at the second we can only arrive by spiritual lessons, transcending human reason, so that we follow them in accordance with the theological virtues, faith, hope, and charity. The truth of the first of these conclusions and of these means is made manifest by human reason, which by the philosophers has been all laid open to us. The other conclusions and means are made manifest by the Holy Spirit, who by the mouth of the Prophets and holy writers, and by Jesus Christ, the co-eternal Son of God, and His disciples, has revealed to us supernatural truth of which we have great need. Nevertheless human passion would cast them all behind its back, if it were not that men, going astray like the beasts that perish, were restrained in their course by bit and bridle, like horses and mules.

Therefore man had need of two guides for his life, as he had a twofold end in life; whereof one is the Supreme Pontiff, to lead mankind to eternal life, according to the things

revealed to us; and the other is the Emperor, to guide mankind to happiness in this world, in accordance with the teaching of philosophy. And since none, or but a few only, and even they with sore difficulty, could arrive at this harbour of happiness, unless the waves and blandishments of human desires were set at rest, and the human race were free to live in peace and quiet, this therefore is the mark at which he who is to care for the world, and whom we call the Roman Prince, must most chiefly aim at: I mean, that in this little plot of earth belonging to mortal men, life may pass in freedom and with peace. And since the order of this world follows the order of the heavens, as they run their course, it is necessary, to the end that the learning which brings liberty and peace may be duly applied by this guardian of the world in fitting season and place, that this power should be dispensed by Him who is ever present to behold the whole order of the heavens. And this is He who alone has preordained this, that by it in His providence He might bind all things together, each in their own order.

But if this is so, God alone elects, God alone confirms: for there is none higher than God. And hence there is the further conclusion, that neither those who now are, nor any others who may, in whatsoever way, have been called "Electors," ought to have that name; rather they are to be held as declarers and announcers of the providence of God. And, therefore, it is that they to whom is granted the privilege of announcing God's will sometimes fall into disagreement; because that, all of them or some of them have been blinded by their evil desires, and have not discerned the face of God's appointment.

It is therefore clear that the authority of temporal Monarchy comes down, with no intermediate will, from the fountain of universal authority; and this fountain, one in its unity, flows through many channels out of the abundance of the goodness of God.

And now, methinks, I have reached the goal which I set before me. I have unravelled the truth of the questions which I asked: whether the office of Monarchy was necessary to the welfare of the world; whether it was by right that the Roman people assumed to themselves the office of Monarchy; and, further, that last question, whether the authority of the Monarch springs immediately from God, or from some other. Yet the truth of this latter question must not be received so narrowly as to deny that in certain matters the Roman Prince is subject to the Roman Pontiff. For that happiness, which is subject to mortality, in a sense is ordered with a view to the happiness which shall not taste of death. Let, therefore, Cæsar be reverent to Peter, as the first-born son should be reverent to his father, that he may be illuminated with the light of his father's grace, and so may be stronger to lighten the world over which he has been placed by Him alone, who is the ruler of all things spiritual as well as temporal.

NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI (1469–1527)

THE PRINCE

Chapter XV

OF THE QUALITIES IN RESPECT OF WHICH MEN, AND MOST OF ALL PRINCES, ARE PRAISED OR BLAMED

It now remains for us to consider what ought to be the conduct and bearing of a Prince in relation to his subjects and friends. And since I know that many have written on the subject, I fear it may be thought presumptuous in me to write of it also; the more so, because in my treatment of it I depart from the views that others have taken.

But since it is my object to write what shall be useful to whosoever understands it, it seems to me better to follow the real truth of things than an imaginary view of them. For many Republics and Princedoms have been imagined that were never seen or known to exist in reality. And the manner in which we live, and that in which we ought to live, are things so wide asunder, that he who quits the one to betake himself to the other is more likely to destroy than to save himself; since any one who would act up to a perfect standard of goodness in everything, must be ruined among so many who are not good. It is essential, therefore, for a

Prince who desires to maintain his position, to have learned how to be other than good, and to use or not to use his goodness as necessity requires.

Laying aside, therefore, all fanciful notions concerning a Prince, and considering those only that are true, I say that all men when they are spoken of, and Princes more than others from their being set so high, are characterized by some one of those qualities which attach either praise or blame. Thus one is accounted liberal, another miserly (which word I use, rather than avaricious, to denote the man who is too sparing of what is his own, avarice being the disposition to take wrongfully what is another's); one is generous, another greedy; one cruel, another tender-hearted; one is faithless, another true to his word; one effeminate and cowardly, another high-spirited and courageous; one is courteous, another haughty; one impure, another chaste; one simple, another crafty; one firm, another facile; one grave, another frivolous; one devout, another unbelieving; and the like. Every one, I know, will admit that it would be most laudable for a Prince to be endowed with all of the above qualities that are reckoned good; but since it is impossible for him to possess or constantly practise them all, the conditions of human nature not allowing it, he must be discreet enough to know how to avoid the infamy of those vices that would deprive him of his government, and, if possible, be on his guard also against those which might not deprive him of it; though if he cannot wholly restrain himself, he may with less scruple indulge in the latter. He need never hesitate, however, to incur the reproach of those vices without which his authority can hardly be preserved; for if he well consider the whole matter, he will find that there may be a line of conduct having the appearance of virtue, to follow which would be his ruin, and that there may be another course having the appearance of vice, by following which his safety and well-being are secured.

Chapter XVI

of liberality and miserliness

Beginning, then, with the first of the qualities above noticed, I say that it may be a good thing to be reputed liberal, but, nevertheless, that liberality without the reputation of it is hurtful; because, though it be worthily and rightly used, still if it be not known, you escape not the reproach of its opposite vice. Hence, to have credit for liberality with the world at large, you must neglect no circumstance of sumptuous display; the result being, that a Prince of a liberal disposition will consume his whole substance in things of this sort, and, after all, be obliged, if he would maintain his reputation for liberality, to burden his subjects with extraordinary taxes, and to resort to confiscations and all the other shifts whereby money is raised. But in this way he becomes hateful to his subjects, and growing impoverished is held in little esteem by any. So that in the end, having by his liberality offered many and obliged few, he is worse off than when he began, and is exposed to all his original dangers. Recognizing this, and endeavouring to retrace his steps, he at once incurs the infamy of miserliness.

A Prince, therefore, since he cannot without injury to himself practice the virtue of liberality so that it may be known, will not, if he be wise, greatly concern himself though he be called miserly. Because in time he will come to be regarded as more and more liberal, when it is seen that through his parsimony his revenues are sufficient; that he is able to defend himself against any who make war on him; that he can engage in enterprises against others without burdening his subjects; and thus exercise liberality towards all from whom he does not take, whose number is infinite, while he is miserly in respect of those only to whom he does not give, whose number is few.

In our own days we have seen no Princes accomplish great results save those who have been accounted miserly. All others have been ruined. Pope Julius II, after availing himself of his reputation for liberality to arrive at the Papacy, made no effort to preserve that reputation when making war on the King of France, but carried on all his numerous campaigns without levying from his subjects a single extraordinary tax, providing for the increased expenditure out of his long-continued savings. Had the present King of Spain been accounted liberal, he never could have engaged or succeeded in so many enterprises.

A Prince, therefore, if he is enabled thereby to forbear from plundering his subjects, to defend himself, to escape poverty and contempt, and the necessity of becoming rapacious, ought to care little though he incur the reproach of miserliness, for this is one of those vices which enable him to reign.

And should any object that Caesar by his liberality rose to power and that many others have been advanced to the highest dignities from their having been liberal and so reputed, I reply, "Either you are already a Prince or you seek to become one; in the former case liberality is hurtful, in the latter it is very necessary that you be thought liberal; Caesar was one of those who sought the sovereignty of Rome; but if after obtaining it he had lived on without retrenching his expenditure, he must have ruined the Empire." And if it be further urged that many Princes reputed to have been most liberal have achieved great things with their armies, I answer that a Prince spends either what belongs to himself and his subjects, or what belongs to others; and that in the former case he ought to be sparing, but in the latter ought not to refrain from any kind of liberality. Because for a Prince who leads his armies in person and maintains them by plunder, pillage, and forced contributions, dealing as he does with the property of others, this liberality is necessary, since otherwise he would not be followed by his soldiers. Of what does not belong to you or to your subjects you should, therefore, be a lavish giver, as were Cyrus, Caesar, and Alexander; for to be liberal with the property of others does not take from your reputation, but adds to it. What injures you is to give away what is your own. And there is no quality so self-destructive as liberality; for while you practise it you lose the means whereby it can be practised, and become poor and despised, or else, to avoid poverty, you become rapacious and hated. For liberality leads to one or other of these two results, against which, beyond all others, a Prince should guard.

Wherefore it is wiser to put up with the name of being miserly, which breeds ignominy, but without hate, than to be obliged from the desire to be reckoned liberal, to incur the reproach of rapacity, which breeds hate as well as ignominy.

Chapter XVII

Of Cruelty and Clemency, and Whether It Is Better to Be Loved or Feared

Passing to the other qualities above referred to, I say that every Prince should desire to be accounted merciful and not cruel. Nevertheless, he should be on his guard against the abuse of this quality of mercy. Cesare Borgia was reputed cruel, yet his cruelty restored Romagna, united it, and brought it to order and obedience; so that if we look at things in their true light, it will be seen that he was in reality far more merciful than the people of Florence, who, to avoid the imputation of cruelty, suffered Pistoja to be torn to pieces by factions.

A Prince should therefore disregard the reproach of being thought cruel where it enables him to keep his subjects united and obedient. For he who quells disorder by a very few signal examples will in the end be more merciful than he who from too great leniency permits things to take their course and so to result in rapine and bloodshed; for these hurt the whole State, whereas the severities of the Prince injure individuals only.

And for a new Prince, of all others, it is impossible to escape a name for cruelty, since new States are full of dangers. Wherefore Virgil, by the mouth of Dido, excuses the harshness of her reign on the plea that it was new, saying:—

> A fate unkind, and newness in my reign
> Compel me thus to guard a wide domain.

Nevertheless, the new Prince should not be too ready of belief, nor too easily set in motion; nor should he himself be the first to raise alarms; but should so temper prudence with kindliness that too great confidence in others shall not throw him off his guard, nor groundless distrust render him insupportable.

And here comes in the question whether it is better to be loved rather than feared, or feared rather than loved. It might perhaps be answered that we should wish to be both; but since love and fear can hardly exist together, if we must choose between them, it is far safer to be feared than loved. For of men it may generally be affirmed that they are thankless, fickle, false, studious to avoid

danger, greedy of gain, devoted to you while you are able to confer benefits upon them, and ready, as I said before, while danger is distant, to shed their blood, and sacrifice their property, their lives, and their children for you; but in the hour of need they turn against you. The Prince, therefore, who without otherwise securing himself builds wholly on their professions is undone. For the friendships which we buy with a price, and do not gain by greatness and nobility of character, though they be fairly earned are not made good, but fail us when we have occasion to use them.

Moreover, men are less careful how they offend him who makes himself loved than him who makes himself feared. For love is held by the tie of obligation, which, because men are a sorry breed, is broken on every whisper of private interest; but fear is bound by the apprehension of punishment which never relaxes its grasp.

Nevertheless a Prince should inspire fear in such a fashion that if he do not win love he may escape hate. For a man may very well be feared and yet not hated, and this will be the case so long as he does not meddle with the property or with the women of his citizens and subjects. And if constrained to put any to death, he should do so only when there is manifest cause or reasonable justification. But, above all, he must abstain from the property of others. For men will sooner forget the death of their father than the loss of their patrimony. Moreover, pretexts for confiscation are never to seek, and he who has once begun to live by rapine always finds reasons for taking what is not his; whereas reasons for shedding blood are fewer, and sooner exhausted.

But when a Prince is with his army, and has many soldiers under his command, he must needs disregard the reproach of cruelty, for without such a reputation in its Captain, no army can be held together or kept under any kind of control. Among other things remarkable in Hannibal this has been noted, that having a very great army, made up of men of many different nations and brought to fight in a foreign country, no dissension ever arose among the soldiers themselves, nor any mutiny against their leader, either in his good or in his evil fortunes. This we can only ascribe to the transcendent cruelty, which, joined with numberless great qualities, rendered him at once venerable and terrible in the eyes of his soldiers; for without this reputation for cruelty these other virtues would not have produced the like results.

Unreflecting writers, indeed, while they praise his achievements, have condemned the chief cause of them; but that his other merits would not by themselves have been so efficacious we may see from the case of Scipio, one of the greatest Captains, not of his own time only but of all times of which we have record, whose armies rose against him in Spain for no other cause than his too great leniency in allowing them a freedom inconsistent with military strictness. With which weakness Fabius Maximus taxed him in the Senate House, calling him the corrupter of the Roman Soldiery. Again, when the Locrians were shamefully outraged by one of his lieutenants, he neither avenged them, nor punished the insolence of his officer; and this from the natural easiness of his disposition. So that it was said in the Senate by one who sought to excuse him, that there were many who knew better how to refrain from doing wrong themselves than how to correct the wrong-doing of others. This temper, however, must in time have marred the name and fame even of Scipio, had he continued in it, and retained his command. But living as he did under the control of the Senate, this hurtful quality was not merely disguised, but came to be regarded as a glory.

Returning to the question of being loved or feared, I sum up by saying, that since his being loved depends upon his subjects, while his being feared depends upon himself, a wise Prince should build on what is his own, and not on what rests with others. Only, as I have said he must do his utmost to escape hatred.

Chapter XVIII

How Princes should keep faith

Every one understands how praiseworthy it is in a Prince to keep faith, and to live uprightly and not craftily. Nevertheless, we see from what has taken place in our own days that Princes who have set little store by their word, but have known how to overreach men by their cunning, have accom-

plished great things, and in the end got the better of those who trusted to honest dealing.

Be it known, then, that there are two ways of contending, one in accordance with the laws, the other by force; the first of which is proper to men, the second to beasts. But since the first method is often ineffectual, it becomes necessary to resort to the second. A Prince should, therefore, understand how to use well both the man and the beast. And this lesson has been covertly taught by the ancient writers, who relate how Achilles and many others of these old Princes were given over to be brought up and trained by Chiron the Centaur; since the only meaning of their having for instructor one who was half man and half beast is, that it is necessary for a Prince to know how to use both natures, and that the one without the other has no stability.

But since a Prince should know how to use the beast's nature wisely, he ought of beasts to choose both the lion and the fox; for the lion cannot guard himself from the toils, nor the fox from wolves. He must therefore be a fox to discern toils, and a lion to drive off wolves.

To rely wholly on the lion is unwise; and for this reason a prudent Prince neither can nor ought to keep his word when to keep it is hurtful to him and the causes which led him to pledge it are removed. If all men were good, this would not be good advice, but since they are dishonest and do not keep faith with you, you, in return, need not keep faith with them; and no prince was ever at a loss for plausible reasons to cloak a breach of faith. Of this numberless recent instances could be given, and it might be shown how many solemn treaties and engagements have been rendered inoperative and idle through want of faith in Princes, and that he who was best known to play the fox has had the best success.

It is necessary, indeed, to put a good colour on this nature, and to be skilful in simulating and dissembling. But men are so simple, and governed so absolutely by their present needs, that he who wishes to deceive will never fail in finding willing dupes. One recent example I will not omit. Pope Alexander VI had no care or thought but how to deceive, and always found material to work on. No man ever had a more effective manner of asseverating, or made promises with more solemn protestations, or observed them less. And yet, because he understood this side of human nature, his frauds always succeeded.

It is not essential, then, that a Prince should have all the good qualities which I have enumerated above, but it is most essential that he should seem to have them; I will even venture to affirm that if he has and invariably practises them all, they are hurtful, whereas the appearance of having them is useful. Thus, it is well to seem merciful, faithful, humane, religious, and upright, and also to be so; but the mind should remain so balanced that were it needful not to be so, you should be able and know how to change to the contrary.

And you are to understand that a Prince, and most of all a new Prince, cannot observe all those rules of conduct in respect whereof men are accounted good, being often forced, in order to preserve his Princedom, to act in opposition to good faith, charity, humanity, and religion. He must therefore keep his mind ready to shift as the winds and tides of Fortune turn, and, as I have already said, he ought not to quit good courses if he can help it, but should know how to follow evil courses if he must.

A Prince should therefore be very careful that nothing ever escapes his lips which is not replete with the five qualities above named, so that to see and hear him, one would think him the embodiment of mercy, good faith, integrity, humanity, and religion. And there is no virtue which it is more necessary for him to seem to possess than this last; because men in general judge rather by the eye than by the hand, for every one can see but few can touch. Every one sees what you seem, but few know what you are, and these few dare not oppose themselves to the opinion of the many who have the majesty of the State to back them up.

Moreover, in the actions of all men, and most of all of Princes, where there is no tribunal to which we can appeal, we look to results. Wherefore if a Prince succeeds in establishing and maintaining his authority, the means will always be judged honourable and be approved by every one. For the vulgar are always taken by appearance and

by results, and the world is made up of the vulgar, the few only finding room when the many have no longer ground to stand on.

A certain Prince of our own days, whose name it is as well not to mention, is always preaching peace and good faith, although the mortal enemy of both; and both, had he practised them as he preaches them, would, oftener than once, have lost him his kingdom and authority.

BARON DE MONTESQUIEU (1689–1755)

OF THE CORRUPTION OF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE THREE GOVERNMENTS

1.—General Idea of This Book

The corruption of every government generally begins with that of its principles.

2.—Of the Corruption of the Principles of Democracy

The principle of democracy is corrupted not only when the spirit of equality is extinct, but likewise when they fall into a spirit of extreme equality, and when each citizen would fain be upon a level with those whom he has chosen to command him. Then the people, incapable of bearing the very power they have delegated, want to manage everything themselves, to debate for the senate, to execute for the magistrate, and to decide for the judges.

When this is the case, virtue can no longer subsist in the republic. The people are desirous of exercising the functions of the magistrates, who cease to be revered. The deliberations of the senate are slighted; all respect is then laid aside for the senators, and consequently for old age. If there is no more respect for old age, there will be none presently for parents; deference to husbands will be likewise thrown off, and submission to masters. This license will soon become general, and the trouble of command be as fatiguing as that of obedience. Wives, children, slaves will shake off all subjection. No longer will there be any such thing as manners, order, or virtue.

We find in Xenophon's Banquet a very lively description of a republic in which the people abused their equality. Each guest gives in his turn the reason why he is satisfied. "Content I am," says Chamides, "because of my poverty. When I was rich, I was obliged to pay my court to informers, knowing I was more liable to be hurt by them than capable of doing them harm. The republic constantly demanded some new tax of me; and I could not decline paying. Since I have grown poor, I have acquired authority; nobody threatens me; I rather threaten others. I can go or stay where I please. The rich already rise from their seats and give me the way. I am a king, I was a slave: I paid taxes to the republic, now it maintains me: I am no longer afraid of losing: but I hope to acquire."

The people fall into this misfortune, when those in whom they confide, desirous of concealing their own corruption, endeavor to corrupt them. To disguise their own ambition, they speak to them only of the grandeur of the state; to conceal their own avarice, they incessantly flatter theirs.

The corruption will increase among the corruptors, and likewise among those who are already corrupted. The people will divide the public money among themselves, and, having added the administration of affairs to their indolence, will be for blending their poverty with the amusements of luxury. But with their indolence and luxury, nothing but the public treasure will be able to satisfy their demands.

We must not be surprised to see their suffrages given for money. It is impossible to make great largesses to the people without great extortion: and to compass this, the state must be subverted. The greater the advantages they seem to derive from their liberty, the nearer they approach towards the critical moment of losing it. Petty tyrants arise who have all the vices of a single tyrant. The small remains of liberty soon become insupportable; a single tyrant starts up, and the people are stripped of everything, even of the profits of their corruption.

Democracy has, therefore, two excesses to avoid—the spirit of inequality, which leads to aristocracy or monarchy, and the spirit of extreme equality, which leads to despotic power, as the latter is completed by conquest.

True it is, that those who corrupted the Greek republics did not always become tyrants. This was because they had a greater passion for eloquence than for the military art. Besides there reigned an implacable hatred in the breasts of the Greeks against those who subverted a republican government; and for this reason anarchy degenerated into annihilation, instead of being changed into tyranny.

But Syracuse being situated in the midst of a great number of petty states, whose government had been changed from oligarchy to tyranny, and being governed by a senate scarcely ever mentioned in history, underwent such miseries as are the consequence of a more than ordinary corruption. This city, ever a prey to licentiousness, or oppression, equally laboring under the sudden and alternate succession of liberty and servitude, and notwithstanding her external strength, constantly determined to a revolution by the least foreign power—this city, I say, had in her bosom an immense multitude of people, whose fate it was to have always this cruel alternative, either of choosing a tyrant to govern them, or of acting the tyrant themselves.

3.—Of the Spirit of Extreme Equality

As distant as heaven is from earth, so is the true spirit of equality from that of extreme equality. The former does not imply that everybody should command, or that no one should be commanded, but that we obey or command our equals. It endeavors not to shake off the authority of a master, but that its masters should be none but its equals.

In the state of nature, indeed, all men are born equal, but they cannot continue in this equality. Society makes them lose it, and they recover it only by the protection of the laws.

Such is the difference between a well-regulated democracy and one that is not so, that in the former men are equal only as citizens, but in the latter they are equal also as magistrates, as senators, as judges, as fathers, as husbands, or as masters.

The natural place of virtue is near to liberty; but it is not nearer to excessive liberty than to servitude.

4.—Particular Cause of the Corruption of the People

Great success, especially when chiefly owing to the people, intoxicates them to such a degree that it is impossible to contain them within bounds. Jealous of their magistrates, they soon become jealous likewise of the magistracy; enemies to those who govern, they soon prove enemies also to the constitution. Thus it was that the victory over the Persians in the straits of Salamis corrupted the republic of Athens; and thus the defeat of the Athenians ruined the republic of Syracuse.

Marseilles never experienced those great transitions from lowness to grandeur; this was owing to the prudent conduct of that republic, which always preserved her principles.

5.—Of the Corruption of the Principle of Aristocracy

Aristocracy is corrupted if the power of the nobles becomes arbitrary: when this is the case, there can no longer be any virtue either in the governors or the governed.

If the reigning families observe the laws, it is a monarchy with several monarchs, and in its own nature one of the most excellent; for almost all these monarchs are tied down by the laws. But when they do not observe them, it is a despotic state swayed by a great many despotic princes.

In the latter case, the republic consists only in the nobles. The body governing is the republic; and the body governed is the despotic state; which forms two of the most heterogeneous bodies in the world.

The extremity of corruption is when the power of the nobles becomes hereditary; for then they can hardly have any moderation. If they are only a few, their power is greater, but their security less: if they are a larger number, their power is less, and their

security greater, insomuch that power goes on increasing, and security diminishing, up to the very despotic prince who is encircled with excess of power and danger.

The great number, therefore, of nobles in an hereditary aristocracy renders the government less violent: but as there is less virtue, they fall into a spirit of supineness and negligence, by which the state loses all its strength and activity.

An aristocracy may maintain the full vigor of its constitution if the laws be such as are apt to render the nobles more sensible of the perils and fatigues than of the pleasure of command: and if the government be in such a situation as to have something to dread, while security shelters under its protection, and uncertainty threatens from abroad.

As a certain kind of confidence forms the glory and stability of monarchies, republics, on the contrary, must have something to apprehend. A fear of the Persians supported the laws of Greece. Carthage and Rome were alarmed, and strengthened by each other. Strange, that the greater security those states enjoyed, the more, like stagnated waters, they were subject to corruption!

6.—Of the Corruption of the Principle of Monarchy

As democracies are subverted when the people despoil the senate, the magistrates, the judges of their functions, so monarchies are corrupted when the prince insensibly deprives societies or cities of their privileges. In the former case the multitude usurp the power, in the latter it is usurped by a single person.

"The destruction of the dynasties of Tsin and Soui," says a Chinese author, "was owing to this: the princes, instead of confining themselves, like their ancestors, to a general inspection, the only one worthy of a sovereign, wanted to govern every thing immediately by themselves."

The Chinese author gives us in this instance the cause of the corruption of almost all monarchies.

Monarchy is destroyed when a prince thinks he shows a greater exertion of power in changing than in conforming to the order of things; when he deprives some of his subjects of their hereditary employments to bestow them arbitrarily upon others; and when he is fonder of being guided by fancy than judgment.

Again, it is destroyed when the prince, directing everything entirely to himself, calls the state to his capital, the capital to his court, and the court to his own person.

It is destroyed, in fine, when the prince mistakes his authority, his situation and the love of his people, and when he is not fully persuaded that a monarch ought to think himself secure, as a despotic prince ought to think himself in danger.

7.—The Same Subject Continued

The principle of monarchy is corrupted when the first dignities are marks of the first servitude, when the great men are deprived of public respect, and rendered the low tools of arbitrary power.

It is still more corrupted when honor is set up in contradiction to honors, and when men are capable of being loaded at the very same time with infamy and with dignities.

It is corrupted when the prince changes his justice into severity; when he puts, like the Roman emperors, a Medusa's head on his breast; and when he assumes that menacing and terrible air which Commodus ordered to be given to his statues.

Again, it is corrupted when mean and abject souls grow vain of the pomp attending their servitude, and imagine that the motive which induces them to be entirely devoted to their prince exempts them from all duty of their country.

But if it be true (and indeed, the experience of all ages has shown it) that in proportion as the power of the monarch becomes boundless and immense, his security diminishes, is the corrupting of this power, and the altering of its very nature, a less crime than that of high treason against the prince?

8.—Danger of the Corruption of the Principle of Monarchical Government

The danger is not when the state passes from one moderate to another moderate government, as from a republic to a monarchy, or from a monarchy to a republic;

but when it is precipitated from a moderate to a despotic government.

Most of the European nations are still governed by the principles of morality. But if from a long abuse of power or the fury of conquest, despotic sway should prevail to a certain degree, neither morals nor climate would be able to withstand its baleful influence: and then human nature would be exposed, for some time at least, even in this beautiful part of the world, to the insults with which she has been abused in the other three.

9.—How Ready the Nobility Are To Defend the Throne

The English nobility buried themselves with Charles the First under the ruins of the throne; and before that time, when Philip II endeavored to tempt the French with the allurement of liberty, the crown was constantly supported by a nobility who think it an honor to obey a king, but consider it as the lowest disgrace to share the power with the people.

The house of Austria has ever used her endeavors to oppress the Hungarian nobility; little thinking how serviceable that very nobility would be one day to her. She would fain have drained their country of money, of which they had no plenty; but took no notice of the men, with whom it abounded. When princes combined to dismember her dominions, the several parts of that monarchy fell motionless, as it were one upon another. No life was then to be seen but in those very nobles, who, resenting the affronts offered to the sovereign, and forgetting the injuries done to themselves, took up arms to avenge her cause, and considered it the highest glory bravely to die and to forgive.

10.—Of the Corruption of the Principle of Despotic Government

The principle of despotic government is subject to a continual corruption, because it is even in its nature corrupt. Other governments are destroyed by particular accidents, which do violence to the principles of each constitution: this is ruined by its own incrinsic imperfections, when some accidental causes do not prevent the corrupting of its principles. It maintains itself, therefore, only when circumstances, drawn from the climate, religion, situation, or genius of the people, oblige it to conform to order, and to admit of some rule. By these things its nature is forced without being changed; its ferocity remains; and it is made tame and tractable only for a time.

11.—Natural Effects of the Goodness and Corruption of the Principles of Government

When once the principles of government are corrupted, the very best laws become bad, and turn against the state: but when the principles are sound, even bad laws have the same effect as good; the force of the principle draws everything to it.

The inhabitants of Crete used a very singular method to keep the principal magistrates dependent on the laws, which was that of "Insurrection." Part of the citizens rose up in arms, put the magistrates to flight, and obliged them to return to a private life. This was supposed to be done in consequence of the law. One would have imagined that an institution of this nature, which established sedition to hinder the abuse of power, would have subverted any republic whatsoever; and yet it did not subvert that of Crete. The reason is this.

When the ancients would cite a people that had the strongest affection for their country, they were sure to mention the inhabitants of Crete: "Our Country," said Plato, "a name so dear to the Cretans." They called it by a name which signifies the love of a mother for her children. Now the love of our country sets everything right.

The laws of Poland have likewise their Insurrection: but the inconveniences thence arising plainly show that the people of Crete alone were capable of using such a remedy with success.

The gymnic exercises established among the Greeks had the same dependence on the goodness of the principle of government. "It was the Lacedaemonians and Cretans," said Plato, "that opened those celebrated academies which gave them so eminent a rank in the world. Modesty at first was alarmed; but it yielded to the public utility."

In Plato's time these institutions were admirable: as they bore a relation to a very important object, which was the military art. But when virtue fled from Greece, the military art was destroyed by these institutions; people appeared then on the arena, not for improvement, but for debauch.

Plutarch informs us that the Romans in his time were of opinion that those games had been the principal cause of the slavery into which the Greeks had fallen. On the contrary, it was the slavery of the Greeks that corrupted those exercises. In Plutarch's time, their fighting naked in the parks, and their wrestling, infected the young people with a spirit of cowardice, inclined them to infamous passions, and made them mere dancers. But under Epaminondas the exercise of wrestling made the Thebans win the famous battle of Leuctra.

There are very few laws which are not good, while the state retains its principles: here I may apply what Epicurus said of riches. "It is not the liquor, but the vessel that is corrupted."

12.—The Same Subject Continued

In Rome the judges were chosen at first from the order of senators. This privilege the Gracchi transferred to the knights; Drusus gave it to the senators and knights; Sylla to the senators only: Cotta to the senators, knights, and public treasurers; Caesar excluded the latter; Antony made decuries of senators, knights, and centurions.

When once a republic is corrupted, there is no possibility of remedying any of the growing evils, but by removing the corruption and restoring its lost principles; every other correction is either useless or a new evil. While Rome preserved her principles entire, the judicial power might without any abuse be lodged in the hands of senators; but as soon as this city became corrupt, to whatsoever body that power was transferred, whether to the senate, to the knights, to the treasurers, to two of those bodies, to all three together, or to any other, matters still went wrong. The knights had no more virtue than the senate, the treasurers no more than the knights, and these as little as the centurions.

After the people of Rome had obtained the privilege of sharing the magistracy with the patricians, it was natural to think that their flatterers would immediately become arbiters of the government. But no such things ever happened.—It was observable that the very people who had rendered the plebeians capable of public offices ever fixed their choice upon the patricians. Because they were virtuous, they were magnanimous; and because they were free, they had a contempt of power. But when their morals were corrupted, the more power they were possessed of, the less prudent was their conduct, till at length, upon becoming their own tyrants and slaves, they lost the strength of liberty to fall into the weakness and impotency of licentiousness.

13.—The Effect of an Oath among Virtuous People

There is no nation, says Livy, that has been longer uncorrupted than the Romans; no nation where moderation and poverty have been longer respected.

Such was the influence of an oath among those people, that nothing bound them more strongly to the laws. They often did more for the observance of an oath than they would ever have performed for the thirst of glory or for the love of their country.

When Quintus Cincinnatus the consul wanted to raise an army in the city against the Æqui and the Volsci, the tribunes opposed him. "Well," said he, "let all those who have taken an oath to the consul of the preceding year march under my banner." In vain did the tribunes cry out that this oath was no longer binding, and that when they took it Quintus was but a private person: the people were more religious than those who pretended to direct them; they would not listen to the distinctions or equivocations of the tribunes.

When the same people thought of retiring to the Sacred Mount, they felt some remorse from the oath they had taken to the consuls, that they would follow them into the field. They entered then into a design of killing the consuls; but dropped it when they were given to understand that their oath would still be binding. Now it is easy to judge of the notion they entertained of the violation

of an oath from the crime they intended to commit.

After the battle of Cannae, the people were seized with such a panic that they would fain have retired to Sicily. But Scipio having prevailed upon them to swear they would not stir from Rome, the fear of violating this oath surpassed all other apprehensions. Rome was a ship held by two anchors, religion and morality, in the midst of a furious tempest.

14.—How the Smallest Change of the Constitution Is Attended with the Ruin of Its Principles

Aristotle mentions the city of Carthage as a well-regulated republic. Polybius tells us that there was this inconvenience at Carthage in the second Punic war, that the senate had lost almost all its authority. We are informed by Livy that when Hannibal returned to Carthage he found that the magistrates and the principal citizens had abused their power, and converted the public revenues to their private emolument. The virtue, therefore, of the magistrates, and the authority of the senate, both fell at the same time; and all was owing to the same cause.

Every one knows the wonderful effects of the censorship among the Romans. There was a time when it grew burdensome; but still it was supported because there was more luxury than corruption. Claudius weakened its authority, by which means the corruption became greater than the luxury, and the censorship dwindled away of itself. After various interruptions and resumptions, it was entirely laid aside, till it became altogether useless—that is, till the reigns of Augustus and Claudius.

15.—Sure Methods of Preserving the Three Principles

I shall not be able to make myself rightly understood till the reader has perused the four following chapters.

16.—Distinctive Properties of a Republic

It is natural for a republic to have only a small territory; otherwise it cannot long subsist. In an extensive republic there are men of large fortunes, and consequently of less moderation; there are trusts too considerable to be placed in any single subject; he has interests of his own; he soon begins to think that he may be happy and glorious, by oppressing his fellow-citizens; and that he may raise himself to grandeur on the ruins of his country.

In an extensive republic the public good is sacrificed to a thousand private views; it is subordinate to exceptions, and depends on accidents. In a small one, the interest of the public is more obvious, better understood, and more within the reach of every citizen; abuses have less extent, and, of course, are less protected.

The long duration of the republic of Sparta was owing to her having continued in the same extent of territory after all her wars. The sole aim of Sparta was liberty; and the sole advantage of her liberty, glory.

It was the spirit of the Greek republics to be as contented with their territories as with their laws. Athens was first fired with ambition and gave it to Lacedaemon; but it was an ambition rather of commanding a free people than of governing slaves; rather of directing than of breaking the union. All was lost upon the starting up of monarchy—a government whose spirit is more turned to increase of dominion.

Excepting particular circumstances, it is difficult for any other than a republican government to subsist longer in a single town. A prince of so petty a state would naturally endeavor to oppress his subjects, because his power would be great, while the means of enjoying it or of causing it to be respected would be inconsiderable. The consequence is, he would trample upon his people. On the other hand, such a prince might be easily crushed by a foreign or even a domestic force; the people might any instant unite and rise up against him. Now as soon as the sovereign of a single town is expelled, the quarrel is over; but if he has many towns, it only begins.

17.—Distinctive Properties of a Monarchy

A monarchical state ought to be of moderate extent. Were it small, it would form

itself into a republic; were it very large, the nobility, possessed of great estates, far from the eye of the prince, with a private court of their own, and secure, moreover, from sudden executions by the laws and manners of the country—such a nobility, I say, might throw off their allegiance, having nothing to fear from too slow and too distant a punishment.

Thus Charlemagne had scarcely founded his empire when he was obliged to divide it; whether the governors of the provinces refused to obey; or whether, in order to keep them more under subjection, there was a necessity of parcelling the empire into several kingdoms.

After the decease of Alexander his empire was divided. How was it possible for those Greek and Macedonian chiefs, who were each of them free and independent, or commanders at least of the victorious bands dispersed throughout that vast extent of conquered land—how was it possible, I say, for them to obey?

Attila's empire was dissolved soon after his death; such a number of kings, who were no longer under restraint, could not resume their fetters.

The sudden establishment of unlimited power is a remedy which in those cases may prevent a dissolution: but how dreadful the remedy, which after the enlargement of dominion opens a new scene of misery!

The rivers hasten to mingle their waters with the sea; and monarchies lose themselves in despotic power.

18.—Particular Case of the Spanish Monarchy

Let not the example of Spain be produced against me; it rather proves what I affirm. To preserve America she did what even despotic power itself does not attempt: she destroyed the inhabitants. To preserve her colony, she was obliged to keep it dependent even for its subsistence.

In the Netherlands, she essayed to render herself arbitrary; and as soon as she abandoned the attempt, her perplexity increased. On the one hand the Walloons would not be governed by Spaniards; and on the other, the Spanish soldiers refused to submit to Walloon officers.

In Italy she maintained her ground, merely by exhausting herself and by enriching that country. For those who would have been pleased to have got rid of the King of Spain were not in a humor to refuse his gold.

19.—Distinctive Properties of a Despotic Government

A large empire supposes a despotic authority in the person who governs. It is necessary that the quickness of the prince's resolutions should supply the distance of the places they are sent to; that fear should prevent the remissness of the distant governor or magistrate; that the law should be derived from a single person, and should shift continually, according to the accidents which incessantly multiply in a state in proportion to its extent.

20.—Consequence of the Preceding Chapters

If it be, therefore, the natural property of small states to be governed as a republic, of middling ones to be subject to a monarch, and of large empires to be swayed by a despotic prince; the consequence is, that in order to preserve the principles of the established government, the state must be supported in the extent it has acquired, and that the spirit of this state will alter in proportion as it contracts or extends its limits.

21.—Of the Empire of China

Before I conclude this book, I shall answer an objection that may be made to the foregoing doctrine.

Our missionaries inform us that the government of the vast Empire of China is admirable, and that it has a proper mixture of fear, honor, and virtue. Consequently I must have given an idle distinction in establishing the principles of the three governments.

But I cannot conceive what this honor can be among a people who act only through fear of being bastinadoed.

Again, our merchants are far from giving us any such accounts of the virtue so much talked of by the missionaries; we need only consult them in relation to the robberies and

extortions of the mandarins. I likewise appeal to another unexceptionable witness, the great Lord Anson.

Besides, Father Perennin's letters concerning the emperor's proceedings against some of the princes of the blood who had incurred his displeasure by their conversion, plainly show us a settled plan of tyranny, and barbarities committed by rule, that is, in cold blood.

We have likewise Monsieur de Mairan's, and the same Father Perennin's, letters on the government of China. I find, therefore, that after a few proper questions and answers the whole mystery is unfolded.

Might not our missionaries have been deceived by an appearance of order? Might not they have been struck with that constant exercise of a single person's will—an exercise by which they themselves are governed, and which they are so pleased to find in the courts of the Indian princes; because as they go thither only in order to introduce great changes, it is much easier to persuade those princes that there are no bounds to their power, than to convince the people that there are none to their submission.

In fine, there is frequently some kind of truth even in errors themselves. It may be owing to particular and, perhaps, very extraordinary circumstances that the Chinese government is not so corrupt as one might naturally expect. The climate and some other physical causes may, in that country, have had so strong an influence on their morals as in some measure to produce wonders.

The climate of China is surprisingly favorable to the propagation of the human species. The women are the most prolific in the whole world. The most barbarous tyranny can put no stop to the progress of propagation. The prince cannot say there like Pharaoh, "Let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply." He would be rather reduced to Nero's wish, that mankind had all but one head. In spite of tyranny, China by the force of its climate will be ever populous, and triumph over the tyrannical oppressor.

China, like all other countries that live chiefly upon rice, is subject to frequent famines. When the people are ready to starve, they disperse in order to seek for nourishment; in consequence of which, gangs of robbers are formed on every side. Most of them are extirpated in their very infancy; others swell, and are likewise suppressed. And yet in so great a number of such distant provinces, some band or other may happen to meet with success. In that case they maintain their ground, strengthen their party, form themselves into a military body, march up to the capital, and place their leader on the throne.

From the very nature of things, a bad administration is here immediately punished. The want of subsistence in so populous a country produces sudden disorders. The reason for the difficulty is, because their efforts are not immediately felt; the prince is not informed in so sudden and sensible a manner as in China.

The Emperor of China is not taught like our princes, that if he governs ill he will be less happy in the other life, less powerful and less opulent in this. He knows that if his government be not just he will be stripped both of empire and life.

As China grows every day more populous, notwithstanding the exposing of children, the inhabitants are incessantly employed in tilling the lands for their subsistence. This requires a very extraordinary attention in the government. It is their perpetual concern that every man should have it in his power to work, without the apprehension of being deprived of the fruits of his labor. Consequently this is not so much a civil as a domestic government.

Such has been the origin of those regulations which have been so greatly extolled. They wanted to make the laws reign in conjunction with despotic power; but whatever is joined to the latter loses all its force. In vain did this arbitrary sway, laboring under its own inconveniences, desire to be fettered; it armed itself with its chains, and has become still more terrible.

China is, therefore, a despotic state, whose principle is fear. Perhaps in the earliest dynasties, when the empire had not so large an extent, the government might have deviated a little from this spirit: but the case is otherwise at present.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU (1712–1778)

FROM THE DISCOURSE ON INEQUALITY

THE first man, who, after enclosing a piece of ground, took it into his head to say, "This is mine," and found people simple enough to believe him, was the true founder of civil society. How many crimes, how many wars, how many murders, how many misfortunes and horrors, would that man have saved the human species, who pulling up the stakes or filling up the ditches should have cried to his fellows: Be sure not to listen to this imposter; you are lost, if you forget that the fruits of the earth belong equally to us all, and the earth itself to nobody! But it is highly probable that things were now come to such a pass, that they could not continue much longer in the same way; for as this idea of property depends on several prior ideas which could only spring up gradually one after another, it was not formed all at once in the human mind: men must have made great progress; they must have acquired a great stock of industry and knowledge, and transmitted and increased it from age to age before they could arrive at this last term of the state of nature. Let us therefore take up things a little higher, and collect into one point of view, and in their most natural order, this slow succession of events and mental improvements.

The first sentiment of man was that of his existence, his first care that of preserving it. The production of the earth yielded him all the assistance he required; instinct prompted him to make use of them. Among the various appetites, which made him at different times experience different modes of existence, there was one that excited him to perpetuate his species; and this blind propensity, quite void of anything like pure love or affection, produced nothing but an act that was merely animal. The present heat once allayed, the sexes took no further notice of each other, and even the child ceased to have any tie in his mother, the moment he ceased to want her assistance.

Such was the condition of infant man; such was the life of an animal confined at first to pure sensations, and so far from harbouring any thought of forcing her gifts from nature, that he scarcely availed himself of those which she offered to him of her own accord. But difficulties soon arose, and there was a necessity for learning how to surmount them: the height of some trees, which prevented his reaching their fruits; the competition of other animals equally fond of the same fruits; the fierceness of many that even aimed at his life; these were so many circumstances, which obliged him to apply to bodily exercise. There was a necessity for becoming active, swift-footed, and sturdy in battle. The natural arms, which are stones and the branches of trees, soon offered themselves to his assistance. He learned to surmount the obstacles of nature, to contend in case of necessity with other animals, to dispute his subsistence even with other men, or indemnify himself for the loss of whatever he found himself obliged to part with to the strongest.

In proportion as the human species grew more numerous, and extended itself, its pain likewise multiplied and increased. The difference of soils, climates and seasons, might have forced men to observe some differences in their way of living. Bad harvests, long and severe winters, and scorching summers which parched up all the fruits of the earth, required extraordinary exertions of industry. On the sea shore, and the banks of rivers they invented the line and the hook, and became fishermen and ichthyophagous. In the forests they made themselves bows and arrows, and became huntsmen and warriors. In the cold countries they covered themselves with the skins of the beasts they had killed; thunder, a volcano, or some happy accident made them acquainted with fire, a new resource against the rigours of winter: they discovered the method of preserving this element, then that of reproducing it, and lastly the way of preparing with it the flesh of animals, which heretofore they devoured raw from the carcass.

This reiterated application of various beings to himself, and to one another, must have naturally engendered in the mind of man the

idea of certain relations. These relations, which we express by the words, great, little, strong, weak, swift, slow, fearful, bold, and the like, compared occasionally, and almost without thinking of it, produced in him some kind of reflection, or rather a mechanical prudence, which pointed out to him the precautions most essential to his preservation and safety.

The new lights resulting from this development increased his superiority over other animals, by making him sensible of it. He laid himself out to ensnare them; he played them a thousand tricks; and though several surpassed him in strength or in swiftness, he in time became the master of those that could be of any service to him, and a sore enemy to those that could do him any mischief. 'Tis thus, that the first look he gave into himself produced the first emotion of pride in him; 'tis thus that, at a time he scarce knew how to distinguish between the different ranks of existence, by attributing to his species the first rank among animals in general, he prepared himself at a distance to pretend to it as an individual among those of his own species in particular.

Though other men were not to him what they are to us, and he had scarce more intercourse with them than with other animals, they were not overlooked in his observations. The conformities, which in time he might discover between them, and between himself and his female, made him judge of those he did not perceive; and seeing that they all behaved as himself would have done in similar circumstances, he concluded that their manner of thinking and willing was quite conformable to his own; and this important truth, when once engraved deeply on his mind, made him follow, by a presentiment as sure as any logic, and withal much quicker, the best rules of conduct, which for the sake of his own safety and advantage it was proper he should observe towards them.

Instructed by experience that the love of happiness is the sole principle of all human actions, he found himself in a condition to distinguish the few cases, in which common interest might authorize him to build upon the assistance of his fellow, and those still fewer, in which a competition of interests might justly render it suspected. In the first case he united with them in the same flock, or at most by some kind of free association which obliged none of its members, and lasted no longer than the transitory necessity that had given birth to it. In the second case every one aimed at his own private advantage, either by open force if he found himself strong enough, or by cunning and address if he thought himself too weak to use violence.

Such was the manner in which men might have insensibly acquired some gross idea of their mutual engagements and the advantage of fulfilling them, but this only as far as their present and sensible interest required; for as to foresight they were utter strangers to it, and far from troubling their heads about a distant futurity, they scarce thought of the day following. Was a deer to be taken? Every one saw that to succeed he must faithfully stand to his post; but suppose a hare to have slipped by within reach of any one of them, it is not to be doubted but he pursued it without scruple, and when he had seized his prey never reproached himself with having made his companions miss theirs.

We may easily conceive that such an intercourse scarce required a more refined language than that of crows and monkeys, which flock together almost in the same manner. Inarticulate exclamations, a great many gestures, and some imitative sounds, must have been for a long time the universal language of mankind, and by joining to these in every country some articulate and conventional sounds, of which, as I have already hinted, it is not very easy to explain the institution, there arose particular languages, but rude, imperfect, and such nearly as are to be found at this day among several savage nations. My pen straightened by the rapidity of time, the abundance of things I have to say, and the almost insensible progress of the first improvements, flies like an arrow over numberless ages, for the slower the succession of events, the quicker I may allow myself to be in relating them.

At length, these first improvements enabled man to improve at a greater rate. Industry grew perfect in proportion as the mind became more enlightened. Men soon ceasing to fall asleep under the first tree, or take shelter in the first cavern, lit upon some hard and sharp kinds of stone resembling spades or hatchets, and employed them to

dig the ground, cut down trees, and with the branches built huts, which they afterwards bethought themselves of plastering over with clay or dirt. This was the epoch of a first revolution, which produced the establishment and distinction of families, and which introduced a species of property, and along with it perhaps a thousand quarrels and battles. As the strongest however were probably the first to make themselves cabins, which they knew they were able to defend, we may conclude that the weak found it much shorter and safer to imitate than to attempt to dislodge them: and as to those, who were already provided with cabins, no one could have any great temptation to seize upon that of his neighbour, not so much because it did not belong to him, as because it could be of no service to him; and as besides to make himself master of it, he must expose himself to a very sharp conflict with the present occupiers.

The first developments of the heart were the effects of a new situation, which united husbands and wives, parents and children, under one roof; the habit of living together gave birth to the sweetest sentiments the human species is acquainted with, conjugal and paternal love. Every family became a little society, so much the more firmly united, as a mutual attachment and liberty were the only bonds of it; and it was now that the sexes, whose way of life had been hitherto the same, began to adopt different manners and customs. The women became more sedentary, and accustomed themselves to stay at home and look after the children, while the men rambled abroad in quest of subsistence for the whole family. The two sexes likewise by living a little more at their ease began to lose somewhat of their usual ferocity and sturdiness; but if on the one hand individuals became less able to engage separately with wild beasts, they on the other were more easily got together to make a common resistance against them.

In this new state of things, the simplicity and solitariness of man's life, the limitedness of his wants, and the instruments which he had invented to satisfy them, leaving him a great deal of leisure, he employed it to supply himself with several conveniences unknown to his ancestors; and this was the first yoke he inadvertently imposed upon himself, and the first source of mischief which he prepared for his children; for besides continuing in this manner to soften both body and mind, these conveniences having through use lost almost all their aptness to please, and even degenerated into real wants, the privation of them became far more intolerable than the possession of them had been agreeable; to lose them was a misfortune, to possess them no happiness.

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This is the last term of inequality, the extreme point which closes the circle and meets that from which we set out. 'Tis here that all private men return to their primitive equality, because they are no longer of any account; and that, the subjects having no longer any law but that of their master, nor the master any other law but his passions, all notions of good and principles of justice again disappear. 'Tis here that everything returns to the sole law of the strongest, and of course to a new state of nature different from that with which we began, in as much as the first was the state of nature in its purity, and the last the consequence of excessive corruption. There is, in other respects, so little difference between these two states, and the contract of government is so much dissolved by despotism, that the despot is no longer master than he continues the strongest, and that, as soon as his slaves can expel him, they may do it without his having the least right to complain of their using him ill. The insurrection, which ends in the death or despotism of a sultan, is as juridical an act as any by which the day before he disposed of the lives and fortunes of his subjects. Force alone upheld him, force alone overturns him. Thus all things take place and succeed in their natural order; and whatever may be the upshot of these hasty and frequent revolutions, no one man has reason to complain of another's injustice, but only of his own indiscretion or bad fortune.

By thus discovering and following the lost and forgotten tracks, by which man from the natural must have arrived at the civil state; by restoring, with the intermediate positions which I have been just indicating, those which want of leisure obliges me to suppress, or which my imagination has not suggested,

every attentive reader must unavoidably be struck at the immense space which separates these two states. 'Tis in this slow succession of things he may meet with the solution of an infinite number of problems in morality and politics, which philosophers are puzzled to solve. He will perceive that, the mankind of one age not being the mankind of another, the reason why Diogenes could not find a man was, that he sought among his contemporaries the man of an earlier period: Cato, he will then see, fell with Rome and with liberty, because he did not suit the age in which he lived; and the greatest of men served only to astonish that world, which would have cheerfully obeyed him, had he come into it five hundred years earlier. In a word, he will find himself in a condition to understand how the soul and the passions of men by insensible alterations change as it were their nature; how it comes to pass, that at the long run our wants and our pleasures change objects; that, original man vanishing by degrees, society no longer offers to our inspection but an assemblage of artificial men and factitious passions, which are the work of all these new relations, and have no foundation in nature. Reflection teaches us nothing on that head, but what experience perfectly confirms. Savage man and civilized man differ so much at bottom in point of inclinations and passions, that what constitutes the supreme happiness of the one would reduce the other to despair. The first sighs for nothing but repose and liberty; he desires only to live, and to be exempt from labour; nay, the ataraxy of the most confirmed Stoic falls short of his consummate indifference for every other object. On the contrary, the citizen always in motion, is perpetually sweating and toiling, and racking his brains to find out occupations still more laborious. He continues a drudge to his last minute; nay, he courts death to be able to live, or renounces life to acquire immortality. He cringes to men in power whom he hates, and to rich men whom he despises; he sticks at nothing to have the honour of serving them; he is not ashamed to value himself on his own weakness and the protection they afford him; and proud of his chains, he speaks with disdain of those who have not the honour of being the partner of his bondage. What a spectacle must the painful and envied labours of an European minister of state form in the eyes of a Caribbean! How many cruel deaths would not this indolent savage prefer to such a horrid life, which very often is not even sweetened by the pleasure of doing good? But to see the drift of so many cares, his mind should first have affixed some meaning to these words power and reputation; he should be apprised that there are men who consider as something the looks of the rest of mankind, who know how to be happy and satisfied with themselves on the testimony of others sooner than upon their own. In fact, the real source of all those differences, is that the savage lives within himself, whereas the citizen, constantly beside himself, knows only how to live in the opinion of others; insomuch that it is, if I may say so, merely from their judgment that he derives the consciousness of his own existence. It is foreign to my subject to show how this disposition engenders so much indifference for good and evil, notwithstanding so many and such fine discourses of morality; how everything, being reduced to appearances, becomes mere art and mummery; honour, friendship, virtue, and often vice itself, which we at last learn the secret to boast of; how, in short, ever inquiring of others what we are, and never daring to question ourselves what we are, on so delicate a point, in the midst of so much philosophy, humanity, and politeness, and so many sublime maxims, we have nothing to show for ourselves but a deceitful and frivolous exterior, honour without virtue, reason without wisdom, and pleasure without happiness. It is sufficient that I have proved that this is not the original condition of man, and that it is merely the spirit of society, and the inequality which society engenders, that thus change and transform all our natural inclinations.

I have endeavoured to exhibit the origin and progress of inequality, the institution and abuse of political societies, as far as these things are capable of being deduced from the nature of man by the mere light of reason, and independently of those sacred maxims which give to the sovereign authority the sanction of divine right. It follows from this picture, that as there is scarce any inequality among men in a state

of nature, all that which we now behold owes its force and its growth to the development of our faculties and the improvement of our understanding, and at last becomes permanent and lawful by the establishment of property and of laws. It likewise follows that moral inequality, authorised by any right that is merely positive, clashes with natural right, as often as it does not combine in the same proportion with physical inequality: a distinction which sufficiently determines, what we are able to think in that respect of that kind of inequality which obtains in all civilised nations, since it is evidently against the law of nature that infancy should command old age, folly conduct wisdom, and a handful of men should be ready to choke with superfluities, while the famished multitude want the commonest necessaries of life.

EDMUND BURKE (1729–1797)

REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE

The Real Rights of Men

Far am I from denying in theory, full as far is my heart from withholding in practice, (if I were of power to give or to withhold,) the *real* rights of men. In denying their false claims of right, I do not mean to injure those which are real, and are such as their pretended rights would totally destroy. If civil society be made for the advantage of man, all the advantages for which it is made become his right. It is an institution of beneficence; and law itself is only beneficence acting by a rule. Men have a right to live by that rule; they have a right to do justice, as between their fellows, whether their fellows are in public function or in ordinary occupation. They have a right to the fruits of their industry; and to the means of making their industry fruitful. They have a right to the acquisitions of their parents; to the nourishment and improvement of their offspring; to instruction in life, and to consolation in death. Whatever each man can separately do, without trespassing upon others, he has a right to do for himself; and he has a right to a fair portion of all which society, with all its combinations of skill and force, can do in his favor. In this partnership all men have equal rights; but not to equal things. He that has but five shillings in the partnership, has as good a right to it, as he that has five hundred pounds has to his larger proportion. But he has not a right to an equal dividend in the product of the joint stock; and as to the share of power, authority, and direction which each individual ought to have in the management of the state, that I must deny to be amongst the direct original rights of man in civil society; for I have in my contemplation the civil social man, and no other. It is a thing to be settled by convention.

If civil society be the offspring of convention, that convention must be its law. That convention must limit and modify all the descriptions of constitution which are formed under it. Every sort of legislative, judicial, or executory power are its creatures. They can have no being in any other state of things; and how can any man claim under the conventions of civil society, rights which do not so much as suppose its existence? rights which are absolutely repugnant to it? One of the first motives to civil society, and which becomes one of its fundamental rules, is, *that no man should be judge in his own cause*. By this each person has at once divested himself of the first fundamental right of uncovenanted man, that is, to judge for himself, and to assert his own cause. He abdicates all right to be his own governor. He inclusively, in a great measure, abandons the right of self-defense, the first law of nature. Men cannot enjoy the rights of an uncivil and of a civil state together. That he may obtain justice, he gives up his right of determining what it is in points the most essential to him. That he may secure some liberty, he makes a surrender in trust of the whole of it.

Government is not made in virtue of natural rights, which may and do exist in total independence of it; and exist in much greater

clearness, and in a much greater degree of abstract perfection; but their abstract perfection is their practical defect. By having a right to everything they want everything. Government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human *wants*. Men have a right that these wants should be provided for by this wisdom. Among these wants is to be reckoned the want, out of civil society, of a sufficient restraint upon their passions. Society requires not only that the passions of individuals should be subjected, but that even in the mass and body, as well as in the individuals, the inclinations of men should frequently be thwarted, their will controlled, and their passions brought into subjection. This can only be done *by a power out of themselves;* and not, in the exercise of its function, subject to that will and to those passions which it is its office to bridle and subdue. In this sense the restraints on men, as well as their liberties, are to be reckoned amongst their rights. But as the liberties and the restrictions vary with times and circumstances, and admit of infinite modifications, they cannot be settled upon any abstract rule; and nothing is so foolish as to discuss them upon that principle.

The moment you abate anything from the full rights of men, each to govern himself, and suffer any artificial, positive limitation upon those rights, from that moment the whole organization of government becomes a consideration of convenience. This it is which makes the constitution of a state, and the due distribution of its powers, a matter of the most delicate and complicated skill. It requires a deep knowledge of human nature and human necessities, and of the things which facilitate or obstruct the various ends, which are to be pursued by the mechanism of civil institutions. The state is to have recruits to its strength, and remedies to its distempers. What is the use of discussing a man's abstract right to food or medicine? The question is upon the method of procuring and administering them. In that deliberation I shall always advise to call in the aid of the farmer and the physician, rather than the professor of metaphysics.

The science of constructing a commonwealth, or renovating it, or reforming it, is, like every other experimental science, not to be taught *a priori*. Nor is it a short experience that can instruct us in that practical science; because the real effects of moral causes are not always immediate; but that which in the first instance is prejudicial may be excellent in its remoter operation; and its excellence may arise even from the ill effects it produces in the beginning. The reverse also happens: and very plausible schemes, with very pleasing commencements, have often shameful and lamentable conclusions. In states there are often some obscure and almost latent causes, things which appear at first view of little moment, on which a very great part of its prosperity or adversity may most essentially depend. The science of government being therefore so practical in itself, and intended for such practical purposes, a matter which requires experience, and even more experience than any person can gain in his whole life, however sagacious and observing he may be, it is with infinite caution that any man ought to venture upon pulling down an edifice, which has answered in any tolerable degree for ages the common purposes of society, or on building it up again, without having models and patterns of approved utility before his eyes.

These metaphysic rights entering into common life, like rays of light which pierce into a dense medium, are, by the laws of nature, refracted from their straight line. Indeed in the gross and complicated mass of human passions and concerns, the primitive rights of men undergo such a variety of refractions and reflections, that it becomes absurd to talk of them as if they continued in the simplicity of their original direction. The nature of man is intricate; the objects of society are of the greatest possible complexity: and therefore no simple disposition or direction of power can be suitable either to man's nature, or to the quality of his affairs. When I hear the simplicity of contrivance aimed at and boasted of in any new political constitutions, I am at no loss to decide that the artificers are grossly ignorant of their trade, or totally negligent of their duty. The simple governments are fundamentally defective, to say no worse of them. If you were to contemplate society in but one point of view, all these simple modes of polity are infinitely captivating. In effect each would answer its single end much more

perfectly than the more complex is able to attain all its complex purposes. But it is better that the whole should be imperfectly anomalously answered than that, while some parts are provided for with great exactness, others might be totally neglected, or perhaps materially injured, by the over-care of a favorite member.

The pretended rights of these theorists are all extremes: and in proportion as they are metaphysically true, they are morally and politically false. The rights of men are in a sort of *middle*, incapable of definition, but not impossible to be discerned. The rights of men in governments are their advantages; and these are often in balances between differences of good; in compromises sometimes between good and evil, and sometimes between evil and evil. Political reason is a computing principle; adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing, morally and not metaphysically, or mathematically, true moral denominations.

By these theorists the right of the people is almost always sophistically confounded with their power. The body of the community, whenever it can come to act, can meet with no effectual resistance; but till power and right are the same, the whole body of them has no right inconsistent with virtue, and the first of all virtues, prudence. Men have no right to what is not reasonable, and to what is not for their benefit; for though a pleasant writer said, *Liceat perire poetis*, when one of them, in cold blood, is said to have leaped into the flames of a volcanic revolution. *Ardentem frigidus Ætnam insiluit*, I consider such a frolic rather as an unjustifiable poetic license, than as one of the franchises of Parnassus; and whether he were poet, or divine, or politician, that chose to exercise this kind of right, *I* think that more wise, because more charitable thoughts would urge me rather to save the man, than to preserve his brazen slippers as the monuments of his folly.

Church and State

First, I beg leave to speak of our church establishment, which is the first of our prejudices, not a prejudice destitute of reason, but involving in it profound and extensive wisdom. I speak of it first. It is first, and last, and midst in our minds. For, taking ground on that religious system, of which we are now in possession, we continue to act on the early received and uniformly continued sense of mankind. That sense not only, like a wise architect, hath built up the august fabric of states, but like a provident proprietor, to preserve the structure from profanation and ruin, as a sacred temple purged from all the impurities of fraud, and violence, and injustice, and tyranny, hath solemnly and forever consecrated the commonwealth, and all that officiate in it. This consecration is made, that all who administer in the government of men, in which they stand in the person of God himself, should have high and worthy notions of their function and destination; that their hope should be full of immortality; that they should not look to the paltry pelf of the moment, nor to the temporary and transient praise of the vulgar, but to a solid, permanent existence, in the permanent part of their nature, and to a permanent fame and glory, in the example they leave as a rich inheritance to the world.

Such sublime principles ought to be infused into persons of exalted situations; and religious establishments provided, that may continually revive and enforce them. Every sort of moral, every sort of civil, every sort of politic institution, aiding the rational and natural ties that connect the human understanding and affections to the divine, are not more than necessary, in order to build up that wonderful structure, Man; whose prerogative it is, to be in a great degree a creature of his own making; and who, when made as he ought to be made, is destined to hold no trivial place in the creation. But whenever man is put over men, as the better nature ought ever to preside, in that case more particularly, he should as nearly as possible be approximated to his perfection.

The consecration of the state, by a state religious establishment, is necessary also to operate with a wholesome awe upon free citizens; because, in order to secure their freedom, they must enjoy some determinate portion of power. To them therefore a religion connected with the state, and with their duty towards it, becomes even more necessary than in such societies, where the people, by the terms of their subjection, are

confined to private sentiments, and the management of their own family concerns. All persons possessing any portion of power ought to be strongly and awfully impressed with an idea that they act in trust: and that they are to account for their conduct in that trust to the one great Master, Author, and Founder of society.

This principle ought even to be more strongly impressed upon the minds of those who compose the collective sovereignty, than upon those of single princes. Without instruments, these princes can do nothing. Whoever uses instruments, in finding helps, finds also impediments. Their power is therefore by no means complete; nor are they safe in extreme abuse. Such persons, however elevated by flattery, arrogance, and self-opinion, must be sensible, that, whether covered or not by positive law, in some way or other they are accountable even here for the abuse of their trust. If they are not cut off by a rebellion of their people, they may be strangled by the very janissaries kept for their security against all other rebellion. Thus we have seen the king of France sold by his soldiers for an increase of pay. But where popular authority is absolute and unrestrained, the people have an infinitely greater, because a far better founded, confidence in their own power. They are themselves, in a great measure, their own instruments. They are nearer to their objects. Besides, they are less under responsibility to one of the greatest controlling powers on earth, the sense of fame and estimation. The share of infamy, that is likely to fall to the lot of each individual in public acts, is small indeed; the operation of opinion being in the inverse ratio to the number of those who abuse power. Their own approbation of their own acts has to them the appearance of a public judgment in their favor. A perfect democracy is therefore the most shameless thing in the world. As it is the most shameless, it is also the most fearless. No man apprehends in his person that he can be made subject to punishment. Certainly the people at large never ought: for as all punishments are for example towards the conservation of the people at large, the people at large can never become the subject of punishment by any human hand. It is therefore of infinite importance that they should not be suffered to imagine that their will, any more than that of kings, is the standard of right and wrong. They ought to be persuaded that they are full as little entitled, and far less qualified with safety to themselves, to use any arbitrary power whatsoever; that therefore they are not, under a false show of liberty, but in truth, to exercise an unnatural, inverted dominion, tyrannically to exact, from those who officiate in the state, not an entire devotion to their interest, which is their right, but an abject submission to their occasional will; extinguishing thereby, in all those who serve them, all moral principle, all sense of dignity, all use of judgment, and all consistency of character; whilst by the very same process they give themselves up a proper, suitable, but a most contemptible prey to the servile ambition of popular sycophants, or courtly flatterers.

When the people have emptied themselves of all the lust of selfish will, which without religion it is utterly impossible they ever should, when they are conscious that they exercise, and exercise perhaps in a higher link of the order of delegation, the power, which to be legitimate must be according to that eternal, immutable law in which will and reason are the same, they will be more careful how they place power in base and incapable hands. In their nomination to office, they will not appoint to the exercise of authority, as to a pitiful job, but as to a holy function; not according to their sordid, selfish interest, nor to their wanton caprice, nor to their arbitary will; but they will confer that power (which any man may well tremble to give or to receive) on those only, in whom they may discern that predominant proportion of active virtue, and wisdom, taken together and fitted to the charge, such, as in the great and inevitable mixed mass of human imperfections and infirmities, is to be found.

When they are habitually convinced that no evil can be acceptable, either in the act or the permission, to him whose essence is good, they will be better able to extirpate out of the minds of all magistrates, civil, ecclesiastical, or military, anything that bears the least resemblance to a proud and lawless domination.

But one of the first and most leading

principles on which the commonwealth and the laws are consecrated, is lest the temporary possessors and life-renters in it, unmindful of what they have received from their ancestors, or of what is due their posterity, should act as if they were the entire masters; that they should not think it among their rights to cut off the entail, or commit waste on the inheritance, by destroying at their pleasure the whole original fabric of their society; hazarding to leave to those who come after them a ruin instead of an habitation—and teaching these successors as little to respect their contrivances, as they had themselves respected the institutions of their forefathers. By this unprincipled facility of changing the state as often, and as much, and in as many ways, as there are floating fancies or fashions, the whole chain and continuity of the commonwealth would be broken. No one generation could link with the other. Men would become little better than the flies of a summer.

And first of all, the science of jurisprudence, the pride of the human intellect, which, with all its defects, redundancies, and errors, is the collected reason of ages, combining the principles of original justice with the infinite variety of human concerns, as a heap of old exploded errors, would be no longer studied. Personal self-sufficiency and arrogance (the certain attendance upon all those who have never experienced a wisdom greater than their own) would usurp the tribunal. Of course no certain laws, establishing invariable grounds of hope and fear, would keep the actions of men in a certain course, or direct them to a certain end. Nothing stable in the modes of holding property, or exercising function, could form a solid ground on which any parent could speculate in the education of his offspring, or in a choice for their future establishment in the world. No principles would be early worked into the habits. As soon as the most able instructor had completed his laborious course of instruction, instead of sending forth his pupil, accomplished in a virtuous discipline, fitted to procure him attention and respect, in his place in society, he would find everything altered; and that he had turned out a poor creature to the contempt and derision of the world, ignorant of the true grounds of estimation. Who would insure a tender and delicate sense of honor to beat almost with the first pulses of the heart, when no man could know what would be the test of honor in a nation, continually varying the standard of its coin? No part of life would retain its acquisitions. Barbarism with regard to science and literature, unskillfulness with regard to arts and manufactures, would infallibly succeed to the want of a steady education and settled principle; and thus the commonwealth itself would in a few generations crumble away, be disconnected into the dust and powder of individuality, and at length disperse to all the winds of heaven.

To avoid therefore the evils of inconstancy and versatility, ten thousand times worse than those of obstinacy and the blindest prejudice, we have consecrated the state, that no man should approach to look into its defects or corruptions but with due caution; that he should never dream of beginning its reformation by its subversion; that he should approach to the faults of the state as to the wounds of a father, with pious awe and trembling solicitude. By this wise prejudice we are taught to look with horror on those children of their country, who are prompt rashly to hack that aged parent in pieces, and put him into the kettle of magicians, in hopes that by their poisonous weeds, and wild incantations, they may regenerate the paternal constitution, and renovate their father's life.

Society is indeed a contract. Subordinate contracts for objects of mere occasional interest may be dissolved at pleasure—but the state ought not to be considered as nothing better than a partnership agreement in a trade of pepper and coffee, calico or tobacco, or some other such low concern, to be taken up for a little temporary interest, and to be dissolved by the fancy of the parties. It is to be looked on with other reverence; because it is not a partnership in things subservient only to the gross animal existence of a temporary and perishable nature. It is a partnership in all science; a partnership in all art; partnership in every virtue, and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born. Each contract of each

particular state is but a clause in the great primæval contract of eternal society, linking the lower with the higher natures, connecting the visible and invisible world, according to a fixed compact sanctioned by the inviolable oath which holds all physical and all moral natures, each in their appointed place. This law is not subject to the will of those, who by an obligation above them, and infinitely superior, are bound to submit their will to that law. The municipal corporations of that universal kingdom are not morally at liberty at their pleasure, and on their speculations of a contingent improvement, wholly to separate and tear asunder the bands of their subordinate community, and to dissolve it into an unsocial, uncivil, unconnected chaos of elementary principles. It is the first and supreme necessity only, a necessity that is not chosen, but chooses, a necessity paramount to deliberation, that admits no discussion, and demands no evidence, which alone can justify a resort to anarchy. This necessity is no exception to the rule; because this necessity itself is a part too of that moral and physical disposition of things, to which man must be obedient by consent or force: but if that which is only submission to necessity should be made the object of choice, the law is broken, nature is disobeyed, and the rebellious are outlawed, cast forth, and exiled, from this world of reason, and order, and peace, and virtue, and fruitful penitence, into the antagonist world of madness, discord, vice, confusion, and unavailing sorrow.

These, my dear Sir, are, were, and, I think, long will be, the sentiments of not the least learned and reflecting part of this kingdom. They, who are included in this description, form their opinions on such grounds as such persons ought to form them. The less inquiring receive them from an authority, which those whom Providence dooms to live on trust need not be ashamed to rely on. These two sorts of men move in the same direction, though in a different place. They both move with the order of the universe. They all know or feel this great ancient truth: *Quod illi principi et præpotenti Deo qui omnem hunc mundum regit, nihil eorum quæ quidem fiant in terris acceptius quam concilia et cœtus hominum jure sociati quæ civitates appellantur.* They take this tenet of the head and heart, not from the great name which it immediately bears, nor from the greater from whence it is derived; but from that which alone can give true weight and sanction to any learned opinion, the common nature and common relation of men. Persuaded that all things ought to be done with reference, and referring all to the point of reference to which all should be directed, they think themselves bound, not only as individuals in the sanctuary of the heart, or as congregated in that personal capacity, to renew the memory of their high origin and cast; but also in their corporate character to perform their national homage to the institutor, and author, and protector of civil society; without which civil society man could not by any possibility arrive at the perfection of which his nature is capable, nor even make a remote and faint approach to it. They conceive that He who gave our nature to be perfected by our virtue, willed also the necessary means of its perfection—He willed therefore the state—He willed its connection with the source and original archtype of all perfection. They who are convinced of this will, which is the law of laws, and the sovereign of sovereigns, cannot think it reprehensible that this our corporate fealty and homage, that this our recognition of a signiory paramount, I had almost said this oblation of the state itself, as a worthy offering on the high altar of universal praise, should be performed as all public, solemn acts are performed, in buildings, in music, in decoration, in speech, in the dignity of persons, according to the customs of mankind, taught by their nature; this is, with modest splendor and unassuming state, with mild majesty and sober pomp. For those purposes they think some part of the wealth of the country is as usefully employed as it can be in fomenting the luxury of individuals. It is the public ornament. It is the public consolation. It nourishes the public hope. The poorest man finds his own importance and dignity in it, whilst the wealth and pride of individuals at every moment makes the man of humble rank and fortune sensible of his inferiority, and degrades and vilifies his condition. It is for the man in humble life, and to raise his nature, and to put him in mind of a state in which the privileges of opulence will cease, when he will be equal

by nature, and may be more than equal by virtue, that this portion of the general wealth of his country is employed and sanctified.

Conservative Reform

At once to preserve and to reform is quite another thing. When the useful parts of an old establishment are kept, and what is superadded is to be fitted to what is retained, a vigorous mind, steady, persevering attention, various powers of comparison and combination, and the resources of an understanding fruitful in expedients, are to be exercised; they are to be exercised in a continued conflict with the combined force of opposite vices, with the obstinacy that rejects all improvement, and the levity that is fatigued and disgusted with everything of which it is in possession. But you may object—"A process of this kind is slow. It is not fit for an assembly, which glories in performing in a few months the work of ages. Such a mode of reforming, possibly, might take up many years." Without question it might; and it ought. It is one of the excellencies of a method in which time is amongst the assistants, that its operation is slow, and in some cases almost imperceptible. If circumspection and caution are a part of wisdom, when we work only upon inanimate matter, surely they become a part of duty too, when the subject of our demolition and construction is not brick and timber, but sentient beings, by the sudden alteration of whose state, condition, and habits, multitudes may be rendered miserable. But it seems as if it were the prevalent opinion in Paris, that an unfeeling heart, and an undoubting confidence, are the sole qualifications for a perfect legislator. Far different are my ideas of that high office. The true lawgiver ought to have a heart full of sensibility. He ought to love and respect his kinds, and to fear himself. It may be allowed to his temperament to catch his ultimate object with an intuitive glance; but his movements towards it ought to be deliberate. Political arrangement, as it is a work for social ends, is to be only wrought by social means. There mind must conspire with mind. Time is required to produce that union of minds which alone can produce all the good we aim at. Our patience will achieve more than our force. If I might venture to appeal to what is so much out of fashion in Paris, I mean to experience, I should tell you, that in my course I have known, and, according to my measure, have coöperated with great men; and I have never yet seen any plan which has not been mended by the observations of those who were much inferior in understanding to the person who took the lead in the business. By a slow but well-sustained progress, the effect of each step is watched; the good or ill success of the first gives light to us in the second; and so, from light to light, we are conducted with safety through the whole series. We see that the parts of the system do not clash. The evils latent in the most promising contrivances are provided for as they arise. One advantage is as little as possible sacrificed to another. We compensate, we reconcile, we balance. We are enabled to unite into a consistent whole the various anomalies and contending principles that are found in the minds and affairs of men. From hence arises, not an excellence in simplicity, but one far superior, an excellence in composition. Where the great interests of mankind are concerned through a long succession of generations, that succession ought to be admitted into some share in the councils which are so deeply to affect them. If justice requires this, the work itself requires the aid of more minds than one age can furnish. It is from this view of things that the best legislators have been often satisfied with the establishment of some sure, solid, and ruling principle in government; a power like that which some of the philosophers have called a plastic nature; and having fixed the principle, they have left it afterwards to its own operation.

To proceed in this manner, that is, to proceed with a presiding principle, and a prolific energy, is with me the criterion of profound wisdom. What your politicians think the marks of a bold, hardy genius, are only proofs of a deplorable want of ability. By their violent haste and their defiance of the process of nature, they are delivered over blindly to every projector and adventurer, to every alchemist and empiric. They despair of turning to account anything that is common. Diet is nothing in their system

of remedy. The worst of it is, that this their despair of curing common distempers by regular methods, arises not only from defect of comprehension, but, I fear, from some malignity of disposition. Your legislators seem to have taken their opinions of all professions, ranks, and offices, from the declamations and buffooneries of satirists; who would themselves be astonished if they were held to the letter of their own descriptions. By listening only to these, your leaders regard all things only on the side of their vices and faults, and view those vices and faults under every color of exaggeration. It is undoubtedly true, though it may seem paradoxical; but in general, those who are habitually employed in finding and displaying faults, are unqualified for the work of reformation: because their minds are not only unfurnished with patterns of the fair and good, but by habit they come to take no delight in the contemplation of those things. By hating vices too much, they come to love men too little. It is therefore not wonderful, that they should be indisposed and unable to serve them. From hence arises the complexional disposition of some of your guides to pull everything in pieces. At this malicious game they display the whole of their *quadrimanous* activity. As to the rest, the paradoxes of eloquent writers, brought forth purely as a sport of fancy, to try their talents, to rouse attention and excite surprise, are taken up by these gentlemen, not in the spirit of the original authors, as means of cultivating their taste and improving their style. These paradoxes become with them serious grounds of action, upon which they proceed in regulating the most important concerns of the state. Cicero ludicrously describes Cato as endeavoring to act, in the commonwealth, upon the school paradoxes, which exercised the wits of the junior students in the Stoic philosophy. If this was true of Cato, these gentlemen copy after him in the manner of some persons who lived about his time—*pede nudo Catonem.* Mr. Hume told me that he had from Rousseau himself the secret of his principles of composition. That acute though eccentric observer had perceived, that to strike and interest the public, the marvellous must be produced; that the marvellous of the heathen mythology had long since lost its effects; that giants, magicians, fairies, and heroes of romance which succeeded, had exhausted the portion of credulity which belonged to their age; that now nothing was left to the writer but that species of the marvellous which might still be produced, and with as great an effect as ever, though in another way; that is, the marvellous in life, in manners, in characters, and in extraordinary situations, giving rise to new and unlooked-for strokes in politics and morals. I believe, that were Rousseau alive, and in one of his lucid intervals, he would be shocked at the practical frenzy of his scholars, who, in their paradoxes, are servile imitators; and even in their incredulity discover an implicit faith.

True Liberty

The effects of the incapacity shown by the popular leaders in all the great members of the commonwealth are to be covered with the "all-atoning name" of liberty. In some people I see great liberty indeed; in many, if not in the most, an oppressive, degrading servitude. But what is liberty without wisdom, and without virtue? It is the greatest of all possible evils; for it is folly, vice, and madness, without tuition or restraint. Those who know what virtuous liberty is, cannot bear to see it disgraced by incapable heads, on account of their having high-sounding words in their mouths. Grand, swelling sentiments of liberty I am sure I do not despise. They warm the heart; they enlarge and liberalize our minds; they animate our courage in a time of conflict. Old as I am, I read the fine raptures of Lucan and Corneille with pleasure. Neither do I wholly condemn the little arts and devices of popularity. They facilitate the carrying of many points of moment; they keep the people together; they refresh the mind in its exertions; and they diffuse occasional gaiety over the severe brow of moral freedom. Every politician ought to sacrifice to the graces; and to join compliance with reason. But in such an undertaking as that in France, all these subsidiary sentiments and artifices are of little avail. To make a government requires no great prudence. Settle the seat of power; teach obedience: and the work is done. To give freedom is

still more easy. It is not necessary to guide; it only requires to let go the rein. But to form a *free government;* that is, to temper together these opposite elements of liberty and restraint in one consistent work, requires much thought, deep reflection, a sagacious, powerful, and combining mind. This I do not find in those who take the lead in the National Assembly. Perhaps they are not so miserably deficient as they appear. I rather believe it. It would put them below the common level of human understanding. But when the leaders choose to make themselves bidders at an auction of popularity, their talents, in the construction of the state, will be of no service. They will become flatterers instead of legislators; the instruments, not the guides, of the people. If any of them should happen to propose a scheme of liberty, soberly limited, and defined with proper qualifications, he will be immediately outbid by his competitors, who will produce something more splendidly popular. Suspicions will be raised of his fidelity to his cause. Moderation will be stigmatized as the virtue of cowards; and compromise as the prudence of traitors; until, in hopes of preserving the credit which may enable him to temper, and moderate, on some occasions, the popular leader is obliged to become active in propagating doctrines, and establishing powers, that will afterwards defeat any sober purpose at which he ultimately might have aimed.

But am I so unreasonable as to see nothing at all that deserves commendation in the indefatigable labors of this Assembly? I do not deny that, among an infinite number of acts of violence and folly, some good may have been done. They who destroy everything certainly will remove some grievance. They who make everything new, have a chance that they may establish something beneficial. To give them credit for what they have done in virtue of the authority they have usurped, or which can excuse them in the crimes by which that authority has been acquired, it must appear, that the same things could not have been accomplished without producing such a revolution. Most assuredly they might; because almost every one of the regulations made by them, which is not very equivocal, was either in the cession of the king, voluntarily made at the meeting of the states, or in the concurrent instructions to the orders. Some usages have been abolished on just grounds; but they were such, that if they had stood as they were to all eternity, they would little detract from the happiness and prosperity of any state. The improvements of the National Assembly are superficial, their errors fundamental.

Whatever they are, I wish my countrymen rather to recommend to our neighbors the example of the British constitution, than to take models from them for the improvement of our own. In the former they have got an invaluable treasure. They are not, I think, without some causes of apprehension and complaint; but these they do not owe to their constitution, but to their own conduct. I think our happy situation owing to our constitution; but owing to the whole of it, and not to any part singly; owing in a great measure to what we have left standing in our several reviews and reformations, as well as to what we have altered or superadded. Our people will find employment enough for a truly patriotic, free and independent spirit, in guarding what they possess from violation. I would not exclude alteration neither; but even when I changed, it should be to preserve. I should be led to my remedy by a great grievance. In what I did, I should follow the example of our ancestors. I would make the reparation as nearly as possible in the style of the building. A politic caution, a guarded circumspection, a moral rather than a complexional timidity, were among the ruling principles of our forefathers in their most decided conduct. Not being illuminated with the light of which the gentlemen of France tell us they have got so abundant a share, they acted under a strong impression of the ignorance and fallibility of mankind. He that had made them thus fallible, rewarded them for having in their conduct attended to their nature. Let us imitate their caution, if we wish to deserve their fortune, or to retain their bequests. Let us add, if we please, but let us preserve what they have left: and standing on the firm ground of the British constitution, let us be satisfied to admire, rather than attempt to follow in their desperate flights, the aëronauts of France.

I have told you candidly my sentiments.

I think they are not likely to alter yours. I do not know that they ought. You are young; you cannot guide, but must follow the fortune of your country. But, hereafter they may be of some use to you, in some future form which your commonwealth may take. In the present it can hardly remain; but before its final settlement it may be obliged to pass, as one of our poets says, "through great varieties of untried being," and in all its transmigrations to be purified by fire and blood.

I have little to recommend my opinions but long observation and much impartiality. They come from one who has been no tool of power, no flatterer of greatness; and who in his last acts does not wish to belie the tenor of his life. They come from one, almost the whole of whose public exertion has been a struggle for the liberty of others; from one in whose breast no anger durable or vehement has ever been kindled, but by what he considered as tyranny; and who snatches from his share in the endeavors which are used by good men to discredit opulent oppression, the hours he has employed on your affairs; and who in so doing persuades himself he has not departed from his usual office; they come from one who desires honors, distinctions, and emoluments, but little; and who expects them not at all; who has no contempt for fame, and no fear of obloquy; who shuns contention, though he will hazard an opinion; from one who wishes to preserve consistency, but who would preserve consistency by varying his means to secure the unity of his end; and, when the equipoise of the vessel in which he sails may be endangered by overloading it upon one side, is desirous of carrying the small weight of his reasons to that which may preserve its equipoise.

KARL MARX AND FREDERICK ENGELS

COMMUNIST MANIFESTO

BOURGEOIS AND PROLETARIANS[1]

THE history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles.

Freeman and slave, patrician and plebeian, lord and serf, guild-master and journeyman, in a word, oppressor and oppressed, stood in constant opposition to one another, carried on an uninterrupted, now hidden, now open fight, a fight that each time ended, either in a revolutionary re-constitution of society at large, or in the common ruin of the contending classes.

In the earlier epochs of history, we find almost everywhere a complicated arrangement of society into various orders, a manifold graduation of social rank. In ancient Rome we have patricians, knights, plebeians, slaves; in the middle ages, feudal lords, vassals, guild-masters, journeymen, apprentices, serfs; in almost all of these classes, again, subordinate gradations.

The modern bourgeois society that has sprouted from the ruins of feudal society, has not done away with class antagonisms. It has but established new classes, new conditions of oppression, new forms of struggle in place of the old ones.

Our epoch, the epoch of the bourgeoisie, possesses, however, this distinctive feature; it has simplified the class antagonisms. Society as a whole is more and more splitting up into two great hostile camps, into two great classes directly facing each other: Bourgeoisie and Proletariat.

From the serfs of the middle ages sprang the chartered burghers of the earliest towns. From these burgesses the first elements of the bourgeoisie were developed.

The discovery of America, the rounding of the Cape, opened up fresh ground for the rising bourgeoisie. The East-Indian and Chinese markets, the colonization of America, trade with the colonies, the increase in the means of exchange and in commodities generally, gave to commerce, to navigation, to industry, an impulse never before known,

[1] By bourgeoisie is meant the class of modern Capitalists, owners of the means of social production and employers of wage-labor. By proletariat, the class of modern wage-laborers who, having no means of production of their own, are reduced to selling their labor-power in order to live.

and thereby, to the revolutionary element in the tottering feudal society, a rapid development.

The feudal system of industry, under which industrial production was monopolized by close guilds, now no longer suffices for the growing wants of the new markets. The manufacturing system took its place. The guild-masters were pushed on one side by the manufacturing middle-class; division of labor between the different corporate guilds vanished in the face of division of labor in each single workshop.

Meantime the markets kept ever growing; the demand, ever rising. Even manufacture no longer sufficed. Thereupon, steam and machinery revolutionized industrial production. The place of manufacture was taken by the giant, Modern Industry, the place of the industrial middle-class, by industrial millionaires, the leaders of whole industrial armies, the modern bourgeois.

Modern industry has established the world-market, for which the discovery of America paved the way. This market has given an immense development to commerce, to navigation, to communication by land. This development has, in its turn, reacted on the extension of industry; and in proportion as industry, commerce, navigation, railways extended, in the same proportion the bourgeoisie developed, increased its capital, and pushed into the background every class handed down from the Middle Ages.

We see, therefore, how the modern bourgeoisie is itself the product of a long course of development, of a series of revolutions in the modes of production and of exchange.

Each step in the development of the bourgeoisie was accompanied by a corresponding political advance of that class. An oppressed class under the sway of the feudal nobility, an armed and self-governing association in the medieval commune, here independent urban republic (as in Italy and Germany), there taxable "third estate" of the monarchy (as in France), afterwards, in the period of manufacture proper, serving either the semi-feudal or the absolute monarchy as a counterpoise against the nobility, and, in fact, corner stone of the great monarchies in general, the bourgeoisie has at last, since the establishment of modern industry and of the world-market, conquered for itself, in the modern representative state, exclusive political sway. The executive of the modern state is but a committee for managing the common affairs of the whole bourgeoisie.

The bourgeoisie, historically, has played a most revolutionary part.

The bourgeoisie, wherever it has got the upper hand, has put an end to all feudal, patriarchal, idyllic relations. It has pitilessly torn asunder the motley feudal ties that bound man to his "natural superiors," and has left remaining no other nexus between man and man than naked self-interest, than callous "cash payment." It has drowned the most heavenly ecstacies of religious fervor, of chivalrous enthusiasm, of philistine sentimentalism, in the icy water of egotistical calculation. It has resolved personal worth into exchange value, and in place of the numberless indefeasible chartered freedoms, has set up that single, unconscionable freedom—Free Trade. In one word, for exploitation, veiled by religious and political illusions, it has substituted naked, shameless, direct brutal exploitation.

The bourgeoisie has stripped of its halo every occupation hitherto honored and looked up to with reverent awe. It has converted the physician, the lawyer, the priest, the poet, the man of science, into its paid wage-laborers.

The bourgeoisie has torn away from the family its sentimental veil, and has reduced the family relation to a mere money relation.

The bourgeoisie has disclosed how it came to pass that the brutal display of vigor in the Middle Ages, which reactionists so much admire, found its fitting complement in the most slothful indolence. It has been the first to show what man's activity can bring about. It has accomplished wonders far surpassing Egyptian pyramids, Roman aqueducts, and Gothic cathedrals; it has conducted expeditions that put in the shade all former Exoduses of nations and crusades.

The bourgeoisie cannot exist without constantly revolutionizing the instruments of production, and thereby the relations of production, and with them the whole relations of society. Conservation of the old modes of production in unaltered form, was, on the contrary, the first condition of existence for all earlier industrial classes. Constant revo-

lutionizing of production, uninterrupted disturbance of all social conditions, everlasting uncertainty and agitation distinguish the bourgeois epoch from all earlier ones. All fixed, fast-frozen relations, with their train of ancient and venerable prejudices and opinions, are swept away, all new-formed ones become antiquated before they can ossify. All that is solid melts into air, all that is holy is profaned, and man is at last compelled to face with sober senses, his real conditions of life, and his relations with his kind.

The need of a constantly expanding market for its products chases the bourgeoisie over the whole surface of the globe. It must nestle everywhere, settle everywhere, establish connections everywhere.

The bourgeoisie has through its exploitation of the world-market given a cosmopolitan character to production and consumption in every country. To the great chagrin of reactionists, it has drawn from under the feet of industry the national ground on which it stood. All old-established national industries have been destroyed or are daily being destroyed. They are dislodged by new industries that no longer work up indigenous raw material, but raw material drawn from the remotest zones; industries whose products are consumed, not only at home, but in every quarter of the globe. In place of the old wants, satisfied by the productions of the country, we find new wants, requiring for their satisfaction the products of distant lands and climes. In place of the old local and national seclusion and self-sufficiency, we have intercourse in every direction, universal inter-dependence of nations. And as in material, so also in intellectual production. The intellectual creations of individual nations become common property. National one-sidedness and narrow-mindedness become more and more impossible, and from the numerous national and local literatures there arises a world-literature.

The bourgeoisie, by the rapid improvement of all instruments of production, by the immensely facilitated means of communication, draws all, even the most barbarian, nations into civilization. The cheap prices of its commodities are the heavy artillery with which it forces the barbarians' intensely obstinate hatred of foreigners to capitulate. It compels all nations, on pain of extinction, to adopt the bourgeois mode of production; it compels them to introduce what it calls civilization into their midst, i. e., to become bourgeois themselves. In a word, it creates a world after its own image.

The bourgeoisie has subjected the country to the rule of the towns. It has created enormous cities, has greatly increased the urban population as compared with the rural, and has thus rescued a considerable part of the population from the idiocy of rural life. Just as it has made the country dependent on the towns, so it has made barbarian and semi-barbarian countries dependent on the civilized ones, nations of peasants on nations of bourgeois, the East on the West.

The bourgeoisie keeps more and more doing away with the scattered state of the population, of the means of production, and of property. It has agglomerated population, centralized means of production, and has concentrated property in a few hands. The necessary consequence of this was political centralization. Independent, or but loosely connected provinces, with separate interests, laws, governments, and systems of taxation, become lumped together in one nation, with one government, one code of laws, one national class-interest, one frontier, and one customs-tariff.

The bourgeoisie, during its rule of scarce one hundred years, has created more massive and more colossal productive forces than had all preceding generations together. Subjection of Nature's forces to man, machinery, application of chemistry to industry and agriculture, steam-navigation, railways, electric telegraphs, clearing of whole continents for cultivation, canalization of rivers, whole populations conjured out of the ground—what earlier century had even a presentiment that such productive forces slumbered in the lap of social labor?

We see then—the means of production and of exchange on whose foundation the bourgeoisie built itself up, were generated in feudal society. At a certain stage in the development of these means of production and exchange, the conditions under which feudal society produced and exchanged, the feudal organization of agriculture and manufacturing industry, in one word, the feudal relations of property become no longer compatible with the already developed produc-

tive forces; they became so many fetters. They had to burst asunder; they were burst asunder.

Into their places stepped free competition, accompanied by a social and political constitution adapted to it, and by the economical and political sway of the bourgeois class.

A similar movement is going on before our own eyes. Modern bourgeois society with its relations of production, of exchange and of property, a society that has conjured up such gigantic means of production and of exchange, is like the sorcerer, who is no longer able to control the powers of the nether world whom he has called up by his spells. For many a decade past the history of industry and commerce is but the history of the revolt of modern productive forces against modern conditions of production, against the property relations that are the conditions for the existence of the bourgeoisie and of its rule. It is enough to mention the commercial crises that by their periodical return put on its trial, each time more threateningly, the existence of the entire bourgeois society. In these crises a great part not only of the existing products, but also of the previously created productive forces, are periodically destroyed. In these crises there breaks out an epidemic that, in all earlier epochs would have seemed an absurdity—the epidemic of over-production. Society suddenly finds itself put back into a state of momentary barbarism; it appears as if a famine, a universal war of devastation had cut off the supply of every means of subsistence; industry and commerce seem to be destroyed; and why? Because there is too much civilization, too much means of subsistence, too much industry, too much commerce. The productive forces at the disposal of society no longer tend to further the development of the conditions of bourgeois property; on the contrary, they have become too powerful for these conditions, by which they are fettered, and so soon as they overcome these fetters, they bring disorder into the whole of bourgeois society, endanger the existence of bourgeois property. The conditions of bourgeois society are too narrow to comprise the wealth created by them. And how does the bourgeoisie get over these crises? On the one hand by enforced destruction of a mass of productive forces; on the other, by the conquest of new markets, and by the more thorough exploitation of the old ones. That is to say, by paving the way for more extensive and more destructive crises, and by diminishing the means whereby crises are prevented.

The weapons with which the bourgeoisie felled feudalism to the ground are now turned against the bourgeoisie itself.

But not only has the bourgeoisie forged the weapons that bring death to itself; it has also called into existence the men who are to wield those weapons—the modern working-class—the proletarians.

In proportion as the bourgeoisie, i. e., capital, is developed, in the same proportion is the proletariat, the modern working-class, developed, a class of laborers, who live only so long as they find work, and who find work only so long as their labor increases capital. These laborers, who must sell themselves piecemeal, are a commodity, like every other article of commerce, and are consequently exposed to all the vicissitudes of competition, to all the fluctuations of the market.

Owing to the extensive use of machinery and to division of labor, the work of the proletarians has lost all individual character, and, consequently, all charm for the workman. He becomes an appendage of the machine, and it is only the most simple, most monotonous, and most easily acquired knack that is required of him. Hence the cost of production of a workman is restricted almost entirely to the means of subsistence that he requires for his maintenance, and for the propagation of his race. But the price of a commodity, and also of labor, is equal to its cost of production. In proportion, therefore, as the repulsiveness of the work increases, the wage decreases. Nay more, in proportion as the use of machinery and division of labor increases, in the same proportion the burden of toil also increases, whether by prolongation of the working hours, by increase of the work enacted in a given time, or by increased speed of the machinery, etc.

Modern industry has converted the little workshop of the patriarchal master into the great factory of the industrial capitalist. Masses of laborers, crowded into the factory, are organized like soldiers. As privates of the industrial army they are placed under the command of a perfect hierarchy of officers

and sergeants Not only are they the slaves of the bourgeois class, and of the bourgeois state, they are daily and hourly enslaved by the machine, by the over-looker, and, above all, by the individual bourgeois manufacturer himself. The more openly this despotism proclaims gain to be its end and aim, the more petty, the more hateful, and the more embittering it is.

The less the skill and exertion of strength implied in manual labor, in other words, the more modern industry becomes developed the more is the labor of men superseded by that of women. Differences of age and sex have no longer any distinctive social validity for the working class. All are instruments of labor, more or less expensive to use, according to their age and sex.

No sooner is the exploitation of the laborer by the manufacturer so far at an end that he receives his wages in cash, than he is set upon by the other portions of the bourgeoisie, the landlord, the shopkeeper, the pawnbroker, etc.

The lower strata of the middle class—the small tradespeople, shopkeepers, and retired tradesmen generally, the handicraftsmen and peasants—all these sink gradually into the proletariat, partly because their diminutive capital does not suffice for the scale on which modern industry is carried on, and is swamped in the competition with the large capitalists, partly because their specialized skill is rendered worthless by new methods of production. Thus the proletariat is recruited from all classes of the population.

The proletariat goes through various stages of development. With its birth begins its struggle with the bourgeoisie. At first the contest is carried on by individual laborers, then by the work-people of a factory, then by the operatives of one trade, in one locality, against the individual bourgeois who directly exploits them. They direct their attacks not against the individual bourgeois who directly exploits them. They direct their attacks not against the bourgeois conditions of production, but against the instruments of production themselves; they destroy imported wares that compete with their labor, they smash to pieces machinery, they set factories ablaze, they seek to restore by force the vanished status of the workman of the Middle Ages.

At this stage the laborers still form an incoherent mass scattered over the whole country, and broken up by their mutual competition. If anywhere they unite to form more compact bodies, this is not yet the consequence of their own active union, but of the union of the bourgeoisie, which class, in order to attain its own political ends, is compelled to set the whole proletariat in motion, and is moreover yet, for a time, able to do so. At this stage, therefore, the proletarians do not fight their enemies, but the enemies of their enemies, the remnants of absolute monarchy, the landowners, the non-industrial bourgeois, the petty bourgeois. Thus the whole historical movement is concentrated in the hands of the bourgeoisie; every victory so obtained is a victory for the bourgeoisie.

But with the development of industry the proletariat not only increases in number, it becomes concentrated in greater masses, its strength grows, and it feels that strength more. The various interests and conditions of life within the ranks of the proletariat are more and more equalized, in proportion as machinery obliterates all distinctions of labor, and nearly everywhere reduces wages to the same low level. The growing competition among the bourgeois, and the resulting commercial crises, make the wages of the workers ever more fluctuating. The unceasing improvement of machines, ever more rapidly developing, makes their livelihood more and more precarious; the collisions between individual workmen and individual bourgeois take more and more the character of collisions between two classes. Thereupon the workers begin to form combinations (Trades' Unions) against the bourgeois; they club together in order to keep up the rate of wages; they found permanent associations in order to make provision beforehand for these occasional revolts. Here and there the contest breaks out into riots.

Now and then the workers are victorious, but only for a time. The real fruit of their battles lies, not in the immediate result, but in the ever-expanding union of the workers. This union is helped on by the improved means of communication that are created by modern industry, and that place the workers of different localities in contact with one another. It was just this contact that was needed to centralize the numerous local struggles, all of the same character, into one national struggle between classes. But every

class struggle is a political struggle. And that union, to attain which the burghers of the Middle Ages, with their miserable highways, required centuries, the modern proletarians, thanks to railways, achieve in a few years.

This organization of the proletarians into a class, and consequently into a political party, is continually being upset again by the competition between the workers themselves. But it ever rises up again, stronger, firmer, mightier. It compels legislative recognition of particular interests of the workers, by taking advantage of the divisions among the bourgeoisie itself. Thus the ten-hour bill in England was carried.

Altogether collisions between the classes of the old society further, in many ways, the course of development of the proletariat. The bourgeoisie finds itself involved in a constant battle. At first with the aristocracy; later on, with those portions of the bourgeosie itself, whose interests have become antagonistic to the progress of industry; at all times, with the bourgeoisie of foreign countries. In all these battles it sees itself compelled to appeal to the proletariat, to ask for its help, and thus, to drag it into the political arena. The bourgeoisie itself, therefore, supplies the proletariat with its own elements of political and general education, in other words, it furnishes the proletariat with weapons for fighting the bourgeoisie.

Further, as we have already seen, entire sections of the ruling classes are, by the advance of industry, precipitated into the proletariat, or are at least threatened in their conditions of existence. These also supply the proletariat with fresh elements of enlightenment and progress.

Finally, in times when the class-struggle nears the decisive hour, the process of dissolution going on with the ruling class, in fact, within the whole range of old society, assumes such a violent, glaring character, that a small section of the ruling class cuts itself adrift, and joins the revolutionary class, the class that holds the future in its hands. Just as, therefore, at an earlier period, a section of the nobility went over to the bourgeoisie, so now a portion of the bourgeoisie goes over to the proletariat, and in particular, a portion of the bourgeois ideologists, who have raised themselves to the level of comprehending theoretically the historical movements as a whole.

Of all the classes that stand face to face with the bourgeoisie today, the proletariat alone is a really revolutionary class. The other classes decay and finally disappear in the face of modern industry; the proletariat is its special and essential product.

The lower middle-class, the small manufacturer, the shopkeeper, the artisan, the peasant, all these fight against the bourgeoisie, to save from extinction their existence as fractions of the middle class. They are, therefore, not revolutionary, but conservative. Nay more, they are reactionary, for they try to roll back the wheel of history. If by chance they are revolutionary, they are so, only in view of their impending transfer into the proletariat; they thus defend not their present, but their future interests; they desert their own standpoint to place themselves at that of the proletariat.

The "dangerous class," the social scum, that passively rotting mass thrown off by the lowest layers of old society, may, here and there, be swept into the movement by a proletarian revolution; its conditions of life, however, prepare it far more for the part of a bribed tool of reactionary intrigue.

In the conditions of the proletariat, those of old society at large are already virtually swamped. The proletarian is without property; his relation to his wife and children has no longer anything in common with the bourgeois family-relations; modern industrial labor, modern subjection to capital, the same in England as in France, in America as in Germany, has stripped him of every trace of national character. Law, morality, religion, are to him so many bourgeois prejudices, behind which lurk in ambush just as many bourgeois interests.

All the preceding classes that got the upper hand, sought to fortify their already acquired status by subjecting society at large to their conditions of appropriation. The proletarians cannot become masters of the productive forces of society, except by abolishing their own previous mode of appropriation, and thereby also every other previous mode of appropriation. They have nothing of their own to secure and to fortify; their mission is to destroy all previous securities for, and insurances of, individual property.

All previous historical movements were movements of minorities, or in the interest of minorities. The proletarian movement is the self-conscious, independent movement of the immense majority, in the interest of the immense majority. The proletariat, the lowest stratum of our present society, cannot stir, cannot raise itself up, without the whole superincumbent strata of official society being sprung into the air.

Though not in substance, yet in form, the struggle of the proletariat with the bourgeoisie is at first a national struggle. The proletariat of each country must, of course, first of all settle matters with its own bourgeoisie.

In depicting the most general phases of the development of the proletariat, we traced the more or less veiled civil war, raging within existing society, up to the point where that war breaks out into open revolution, and where the violent overthrow of the bourgeoisie, lays the foundation for the sway of the proletariat.

Hitherto, every form of society has been based, as we have already seen, on the antagonism of oppressing and oppressed classes. But in order to oppress a class, certain conditions must be assured to it under which it can, at least, continue its slavish existence. The serf, in the period of serfdom, raised himself to membership in the commune, just as the petty bourgeois, under the yoke of feudal absolutism, managed to develop into a bourgeois. The modern laborer, on the contrary, instead of rising with the progress of industry, sinks deeper and deeper below the conditions of existence of his own class. He becomes a pauper, and pauperism develops more rapidly than population and wealth. And here it becomes evident, that the bourgeoisie is unfit any longer to be the ruling class in society, and to impose its conditions of existence upon society as an overriding law. It is unfit to rule, because it is incompetent to assure an existence to its slave within his slavery, because it cannot help letting him sink into such a state that it has to feed him, instead of being fed by him. Society can no longer live under this bourgeoisie, in other words, its existence is no longer compatible with society.

The essential condition for the existence, and for the sway of the bourgeois class, is the formation and augmentation of capital; the condition for capital is wage-labor. Wage-labor rests exclusively on competition between the laborers. The advance of industry, whose involuntary promoter is the bourgeoisie, replaces the isolation of the laborers, due to competition, by their involuntary combination, due to association. The development of modern industry, therefore, cuts from under its feet the very foundation on which the bourgeoisie produces and appropriates products. What the bourgeoisie therefore produces, above all, are its own grave-diggers. Its fall and the victory of the proletariat are equally inevitable.

Proletarians and Communists

In what relation do the Communists stand to the proletarians as a whole?

The Communists do not form a separate party opposed to other working-class parties.

They have no interests separate and apart from those of the proletariat as a whole.

They do not set up any sectarian principles of their own, by which to shape and mould the proletarian movement.

The Communists are distinguished from the other working class parties by this only: 1. In the national struggles of the proletarians of the different countries, they point out and bring to the front the common interests of the entire proletariat independently of all nationality. 2. In the various stages of development which the struggle of the working class against the bourgeoisie has to pass through, they always and everywhere represent the interests of the movement as a whole.

The Communists, therefore, are on the one hand, practically, the most advanced and resolute section of the working class parties of every country, that section which pushes forward all others; on the other hand, theoretically, they have over the great mass of the proletariat the advantage of clearly understanding the line of march, the conditions, and the ultimate general results of the proletarian movement.

The immediate aim of the Communists is the same as that of all the other proletarian parties; formation of the proletariat into a class, overthrow of the bourgeois supremacy, conquest of political power by the proletariat.

The theoretical conclusions of the Com-

munists are in no way based on ideas or principles that have been invented, or discovered, by this or that would-be universal reformer.

They merely express, in general terms, actual relations springing from an existing class struggle, from a historical movement going on under our very eyes. The abolition of existing property relations is not at all a distinctive feature of Communism.

All property relations in the past have continually been subject to historical change consequent upon the change in historical conditions.

The French Revolution, for example, abolished feudal property in favor of bourgeois property.

The distinguishing feature of Communism is not the abolition of property generally, but the abolition of bourgeois property. But modern bourgeois private property is the final and most complete expression of the system of producing and appropriating products, that is based on class antagonism, on the exploitation of the many by the few.

In this sense, the theory of the Communists may be summed up in the single sentence: Abolition of private property.

We Communists have been reproached with the desire of abolishing the right of personally acquiring property as the fruit of a man's own labor, which property is alleged to be the ground work of all personal freedom, activity, and independence.

Hard-won, self-acquired, self-earned property! Do you mean the property of the petty artisan and of the small peasant, a form of property that preceded the bourgeois form? There is no need to abolish that; the development of industry has to a great extent already destroyed it, and is still destroying it daily.

Or do you mean modern bourgeois private property?

But does wage-labor create any property for the laborer? Not a bit. It creates capital, i. e., that kind of property which exploits wage-labor, and which cannot increase except upon condition of getting a new supply of wage-labor for fresh exploitation. Property, in its present form, is based on the antagonism of capital and wage-labor. Let us examine both sides of this antagonism.

To be a capitalist is to have not only a purely personal, but a social status in production. Capital is a collective product, and only by the united action of many members, nay, in the last resort, only by the united action of all members of society, can it be set in motion.

Capital is therefore not a personal, it is a social power.

When, therefore, capital is converted into common property, into the property of all members of society, personal property is not thereby transformed into social property. It is only the social character of the property that is changed. It loses its class-character.

Let us now take wage-labor.

The average price of wage-labor is the minimum wage, i. e., that quantum of the means of subsistence, which is absolutely requisite to keep the laborer in bare existence as a laborer. What, therefore, the wage-laborer appropriates by means of his labor, merely suffices to prolong and reproduce a bare existence. We by no means intend to abolish this personal appropriation of the products of labor, an appropriation that is made for the maintenance and reproduction of human life, and that leaves no surplus wherewith to command the labor of others. All that we want to do away with is the miserable character of this appropriation, under which the laborer lives merely to increase capital, and is allowed to live only in so far as the interest of the ruling class requires it.

In bourgeois society, living labor is but a means to increase accumulated labor. In Communist society, accumulated labor is but a means to widen, to enrich, to promote the existence of the laborer.

In bourgeois society, therefore, the past dominates the present; in Communist society, the present dominates the past. In bourgeois society capital is independent and has individuality, while the living person is dependent and has no individuality.

And the abolition of this state of things is called by the bourgeois, abolition of individuality and freedom! And rightly so. The abolition of bourgeois individuality, bourgeois independence, and bourgeois freedom is undoubtedly aimed at.

By freedom is meant, under the present bourgeois conditions of production free trade, free selling and buying.

But if selling and buying disappears, free

selling and buying disappears also. This talk about free selling and buying, and all the other "brave words" of our bourgeoisie about freedom in general, have a meaning, if any, only in contrast with restricted selling and buying, with the fettered traders of the Middle Ages, but have no meaning when opposed to the Communistic abolition of buying and selling, of the bourgeois conditions of production, and of the bourgeoisie itself.

You are horrified at our intending to do away with private property. But in your existing society, private property is already done away with for nine-tenths of the population; its existence for the few is solely due to its non-existence in the hands of those nine-tenths. You reproach us, therefore, with intending to do away with a form of property, the necessary condition for whose existence is, the non-existence of any property for the immense majority of society.

In one word, you reproach us with intending to do away with your property. Precisely so; that is just what we intend.

From the moment when labor can no longer be converted into capital, money, or rent, into a social power capable of being monopolized, i. e., from the moment when individual property can no longer be transformed into bourgeois property, into capital, from that moment, you say, individuality vanishes.

You must, therefore, confess that by "individual" you mean no other person than the bourgeois, than the middle-class owner of property. This person must, indeed, be swept out of the way, and made impossible.

Communism deprives no man of the power to appropriate the products of society: all that it does is to deprive him of the power to subjugate the labor of others by means of such appropriation.

It has been objected, that upon the abolition of private property all work will cease, and universal laziness will overtake us.

According to this, bourgeois society ought long ago to have gone to the dogs through sheer idleness; for those of its members who work, acquire nothing, and those who acquire anything, do not work. The whole of this objection is but another expression of the tautology: that there can no longer be any wage-labor when there is no longer any capital.

All objections urged against the Communistic mode of producing and appropriating material products, have, in the same way, been urged against the Communistic modes of producing and appropriating intellectual products. Just as, to the bourgeois, the disappearance of class property is the disappearance of production itself, so the disappearance of class culture is to him identical with the disappearance of all culture.

That culture, the loss of which he laments, is, for the enormous majority, a mere training to act as a machine.

But don't wrangle with us so long as you apply, to our intended abolition of bourgeois property, the standard of your bourgeois notions of freedom, culture, law, etc. Your very ideas are but the outgrowth of the conditions of your bourgeois production and bourgeois property, just as your jurisprudence is but the will of your class made into a law for all, a will, whose essential character and direction are determined by the economic conditions of existence of your class.

The selfish misconception that induces you to transform into eternal laws of nature and of reason, the social forms springing from your present mode of production and form of property—historical relations that rise and disappear in the progress of production—this misconception you share with every ruling class that has preceded you. What you see clearly in the case of ancient property, what you admit in the case of feudal property, you are of course forbidden to admit in the case of your own bourgeois form of property.

Abolition of the family! Even the most radical flare up at this infamous proposal of the Communists.

On what foundation is the present family, the bourgeois family, based? On capital, on private gain. In its completely developed form this family exists only among the bourgeoisie. But this state of things finds its complement in the practical absence of the family among the proletarians, and in public prostitution.

The bourgeois family will vanish as a matter of course when its complement vanishes, and both will vanish with the vanishing of capital.

Do you charge us with wanting to stop the

exploitation of children by their parents? To this crime we plead guilty.

But, you will say, we destroy the most hallowed of relations, when we replace home education by social.

And your education! Is not that also social, and determined by the social conditions under which you educate, by the intervention, direct or indirect, of society by means of schools, etc.? The Communists have not invented the intervention of society in education; they do but seek to alter the character of that intervention, and to rescue education from the influence of the ruling class.

The bourgeois clap-trap about the family and education, about the hallowed co-relation of parent and child, becomes all the more disgusting, the more, by the action of modern industry, all family ties among the proletarians are torn asunder, and their children transformed into simple articles of commerce and instruments of labor.

But you Communists would introduce community of women, screams the whole bourgeoisie in chorus.

The bourgeois sees in his wife a mere instrument of production. He hears that the instruments of production are to be exploited in common, and, naturally, can come to no other conclusion, than that the lot of being common to all will likewise fall to the women.

He has not even a suspicion that the real point aimed at is to do away with the status of women as mere instruments of production.

For the rest, nothing is more ridiculous than the virtuous indignation of our bourgeois at the community of women which, they pretend, is to be openly and officially established by the Communists. The Communists have no need to introduce community of women; it has existed almost from time immemorial.

Our bourgeois, not content with having the wives and daughters of their proletarians at their disposal, not to speak of common prostitutes, take the greatest pleasure in seducing each others' wives.

Bourgeois marriage is in reality a system of wives in common and thus, at the most, what the Communists might possibly be reproached with, is that they desire to introduce, in substitution for a hypocritically concealed, an openly legalized community of women. For the rest, it is self-evident, that the abolition of the present system of production must bring with it the abolition of the community of women springing from that system, i. e., of prostitution both public and private.

The Communists are further reproached with desiring to abolish countries and nationalities.

The working men have no country. We cannot take from them what they have not got. Since the proletariat must first of all acquire political supremacy, must rise to be the leading class of the nation, must constitute itself the nation, it is, so far, itself national, though not in the bourgeois sense of the word.

National differences, and antagonisms between peoples, are daily more and more vanishing, owing to the development of the bourgeoisie, to freedom of commerce, to the world-market, to uniformity in the mode of production and in the conditions of life corresponding thereto.

The supremacy of the proletariat will cause them to vanish still faster. United action, of the leading civilized countries at least, is one of the first conditions for the emancipation of the proletariat.

In proportion as the exploitation of one individual by another is put an end to, the exploitation of one nation by another will also be put an end to. In proportion as the antagonism between classes within the nation vanishes, the hostility of one nation to another will come to an end.

The charges against Communism made from a religious, a philosophical, and generally, from an idealogical standpoint, are not deserving of serious examination.

Does it require deep intuition to comprehend that man's ideas, views, and conceptions, in one word, man's consciousness, changes with every change in the conditions of his material existence, in his social relations and in his social life?

What else does the history of ideas prove, than that intellectual production changes in character in proportion as material production is changed? The ruling ideas of each age have ever been the ideas of its ruling class.

When people speak of ideas that revolutionize society, they do but express the fact, that within the old society, the elements of a

new one have been created, and that the dissolution of the old ideas keeps even pace with the dissolution of the old conditions of existence.

When the ancient world was in its last throes, the ancient religions were overcome by Christianity. When Christian ideas succumbed in the 18th century to rationalist ideas, feudal society fought its death-battle with the then revolutionary bourgeoisie. The ideas of religious liberty and freedom of conscience, merely gave expression to the sway of free competition within the domain of knowledge.

"Undoubtedly," it will be said, "religious, moral, philosphical, and juridical ideas have been modified in the course of historical development. But religion, morality, philosophy, political science, and law constantly survived this change.

"There are, besides, eternal truths, such as freedom, justice, etc., that are common to all states of society. But Communism abolishes eternal truths, it abolishes all religion, and all morality, instead of constituting them on a new basis; it therefore acts in contradiction to all past historical experience."

What does this accusation reduce itself to? The history of all past society has consisted in the development of class antagonisms that assumed different forms at different epochs.

But whatever form they may have taken, one fact is common to all past ages, viz., the exploitation of one part of society by the other. No wonder, then, that the social consciousness of past ages, despite all the multiplicity and variety it displays, moves within certain common forms, or general ideas, which cannot completely vanish except with the total disappearance of class antagonisms.

The Communist revolution is the most radical rupture with traditional property-relations; no wonder that its development involves the most radical rupture with traditional ideas.

But let us have done with the bourgeois objections to Communism.

We have seen above, that the first step in the revolution by the working class, is to raise the proletariat to the position of ruling class, to win the battle of democracy.

The proletariat will use its political supremacy, to wrest, by degrees, all capital from the bourgeoisie, to centralize all instruments of production in the hands of the state, i. e., of the proletariat organized as the ruling class; and to increase the total of productive forces as rapidly as possible.

Of course, in the beginning, this cannot be effected except by means of despotic inroads on the rights of property, and on the conditions of bourgeois production; by means of measures, therefore, which appear economically insufficient and untenable, but which, in the course of the movement, outstrip themselves, necessitate further inroads upon the old social order, and are unavoidable as a means of entirely revolutionizing the mode of production.

These measures will of course be different in different countries.

Nevertheless in the most advanced countries the following will be pretty generally applicable:

1. Abolition of property in land and application of all rents of land to public purposes.
2. A heavy progressive or graduated income tax.
3. Abolition of all right of inheritance.
4. Confiscation of the property of all emigrants and rebels.
5. Centralization of credit in the hands of the state, by means of a national bank with state capital and an exclusive monopoly.
6. Centralization of the means of communication and transport in the hands of the state.
7. Extension of factories and instruments of production owned by the state; the bringing into cultivation of waste lands, and the improvement of the soil generally in accordance with a common plan.
8. Equal liability of all to labor. Establishment of industrial armies, especially for agriculture.
9. Combination of agriculture with manufacturing industries; gradual abolition of the distinction between town and country, by a more equable distribution of population over the country.
10. Free education for all children in public schools. Abolition of children's factory labor in its present form. Combination of education with industrial production, etc., etc.

When, in the course of development, class distinctions have disappeared, and all production has been concentrated in the hands

of a vast association of the whole nation, the public power will lose its political character. Political power, properly so called, is merely the organized power of one class for oppressing another. If the proletariat during its contest with the bourgeoisie is compelled, by the force of circumstances, to organize itself as a class, if, by means of a revolution, it makes itself the ruling class, and, as such, sweeps away by force the old conditions of production, then it will, along with these conditions, have swept away the conditions for the existence of class antagonisms, and of classes generally, and will thereby have abolished its own supremacy as a class.

In place of the old bourgeois society, with its classes and class antagonisms, we shall have an association, in which the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all.

Position of the Communists in Relation to the Various Existing Opposition Parties

The Communists fight for the attainment of the immediate aims, for the enforcement of the momentary interests of the working class; but in the movement of the present, they also represent and take care of the future of that movement. In France the Communists ally themselves with the Social-Democrats, against the conservative and radical bourgeois, reserving, however, the right to take up a critical position in regard to phrases and illusions traditionally handed down from the great Revolution.

In Switzerland they support the Radicals, without losing sight of the fact that this party consists of antagonistic elements, partly of Democratic Socialists, in the French sense, partly of radical bourgeois.

In Poland they support the party that insists on an agrarian revolution, as the prime condition for national emancipation, that party which fomented the insurrection of Cracow in 1846.

In Germany they fight with the bourgeoisie whenever it acts in a revolutionary way, against the absolute monarchy, the feudal squirearchy, and the petty bourgeoisie.

But they never cease, for a single instant, to instill into the working class the clearest possible recognition of the hostile antagonism between bourgeoisie and proletariat, in order that the German workers may straightway use, as so many weapons against the bourgeoisie, the social and political conditions that the bourgeoisie must necessarily introduce along with its supremacy, and in order that, after the fall of the reactionary classes in Germany, the fight against the bourgeoisie itself may immediately begin.

The Communists turn their attention chiefly to Germany, because that country is on the eve of a bourgeois revolution, that is bound to be carried out under more advanced conditions of European civilization, and with a more developed proletariat, than that of England was in the seventeenth, and of France in the eighteenth century, and because the bourgeois revolution in Germany will be but the prelude to an immediately following proletarian revolution.

In short, the Communists everywhere support every revolutionary movement against the existing social and political order of things.

In all these movements they bring to the front, as the leading question in each, the property question, no matter what its degree of development at the time.

Finally, they labor everywhere for the union and agreement of the democratic parties of all countries.

The Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions. Let the ruling classes tremble at a Communistic revolution. The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win.

Working men of all countries, unite!

PHILOSOPHICAL DISCOURSE

PHILOSOPHICAL DISCOURSE

PHILOSOPHICAL DISCOURSE IS a type of literature revealing unity of subject matter rather than of form. It may include (1) the ethical teachings of great religious leaders of the world; or (2) detached thoughts clustered around a single idea; or (3) sublime poetical treatises; or (4) informal essays of critical observation. The writers of all these are preoccupied with the spiritual or moral life of mankind.

The teachings of the religious leaders of the world.—In this group belong the works of five great teachers of antiquity: Buddha, Confucius (Kung-Fu-Tse), Plato, Aristotle, and Jesus of Nazareth.

Siddharatta Gautama, known as the Buddha, the "Awakened," in the seventh century before Christ, sought through a prolonged period of self-discipline an escape from rebirth into a life which he considered not worth living. At length he received illumination and proceeded to teach to his disciples the Four Great Truths and the Eightfold Path, by means of which one may be released from sorrow and pain. In the Four Great Truths he taught (1) that misery always accompanies existence; (2) that all modes of existence result from passions, or desires; (3) that there is no escape from existence except by destruction of desire; and (4) that desire may be overcome by following the Eightfold way to Nirvana.

Confucius (Kung-Fu-Tse), in the sixth century before Christ, was the first great moralist who did not seek religious sanctions for his ethical teachings. Laying no claim to divine revelation, he established, by conversation and example, a way of life in the world which has been cherished by a third of the human race, and his character and teachings are still impressed upon the institutions of China.

Plato (429–348 B. C.) has written more profoundly of the soul than any other Greek. His *Apology* gives us a full-length portrait of Socrates, the loftiest spirit of the Ancient World and the foremost critical mind among the Greeks. By his vexatious questioning Socrates aroused in his pupils a consuming desire to examine the foundations of their beliefs. Plato's accounts of Socrates' defense of his own life before judges and accusers, and of the philosopher's calm acceptance of death, are of the highest literary and spiritual value.

Plato's *Republic* depicts, in the form of an allegory of the ideal state, the nature of justice (righteousness) and its relation to the soul of man. The *Allegory of the Cave*, illustrating man's enlightenment as to the nature of true reality, is one of the most celebrated passages in the work of this great poet-philosopher.

Aristotle (384–322 B.C.), in Dante's words, "the Father of those who know," possessed one of the most comprehensive minds in history. In ethics, he was most distinctly a great humanist, for he embodied the Greek ideal of temperate living more completely than any other philosopher. The *Nichomachean Ethics* explains the nature of the Summum Bonum, or Happiness, and the Golden Mean as an ethical ideal. Implicit are the famous Greek precepts: "Know thyself" and "Nothing too much." Indeed, self-knowledge and a sense of limitation sum up with tolerable completeness the Greek attitude toward life. The influence of Plato and Aristotle upon the subsequent history of European thought cannot be overestimated. Out of the one grew the doctrines of the Stoics and the Epicureans, Neo-Platonism, vast changes in the early Christian Church, the doctrine of universals in Medieval theology, the wonderful Platonic revival during the palmy days of the Renaissance, and the spiritual striving in the modern world. Out of the other came the very form and texture of Medieval scholasticism, and the later combination of deductive with inductive logic, which constitutes the method of modern science.

To Jesus of Nazareth, the founder of the Christian religion, the Western world is indebted for its most widespread ethical and philosophical doctrines. The teachings of altruism, humility, and otherworldliness as stated by Jesus in the Sermon on the

Mount and by his followers, Luke, John, and Paul, have influenced the current thinking of the white races for more than two thousand years. Moreover today its principle of the Golden Rule, prized as a standard of individual and social conduct, is coming to have, in the minds of leading philosophers and statesmen, a valuable and practical application to international relations.

Reflections, epigrams, maxims.—The group of those who have uttered in aphoristic or epigrammatic form the result of their meditations upon the meaning of life, ranges all the way from the deeply conceived *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (121–180 A. D.) and the sayings reported of the philosopher Epictetus (fl. 60 A. D.), representatives of moral wisdom during the Roman Empire, to the utterances of such modern spirits as Schopenhauer and Emerson and Nietzsche.

Boethius (470–524 A. D.) was the last of the great pagan philosophers. His *Meditations* harked back rather to Greek than to Christian tradition, but was long used as a book of edification by the authority of the Church. Moreover, Boethius had been converted to Christianity before the composition of this work. The *Meditations* take the form of a vision in which the poet, in prison, pursues endless conversations with a lady who calls herself Philosophy and who instructs him in the Supreme Good which is God. The book was a favorite of Dante's during the early period of his development.

Literature in the Middle Ages was theological, homiletical, or popular. In the first group, though the greatest minds for nearly a thousand years engaged in theological controversy, we can, as students of literature, have little or no interest; the third group, consisting of the prevailing romance, the ballad, and other forms of secular literature, is represented in other parts of this book; the second group, however—the works of devotion or confession—deserve a place among philosophical reflection. Two writers, one near the beginning of this long period of history and one living close to its end, may represent the spiritual strivings of this age of authority and tradition. St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo (360–430), a convert to Christianity and one of the most renowned of the Fathers of the Church, wrote his *City of God*, the way of God against the world, as a defense of the Christian Church against the declining Roman Empire. It remains one of the most eloquent treatises on religious subjects ever composed by a Christian. The *Confessions* is one of those rare spiritual documents which reveal the inner soul of a great man while he is passing through the process of conversion. The *Imitation of Christ*, a celebrated devotional work, written in Latin and generally attributed to Thomas à Kempis, a monk of the fifteenth century, still maintains its position among devotional works, especially in Germany. His spiritual discipline was, in brief, a renunciation of this world through a literal acceptance of the Cross of Christ.

In the seventeenth century, the French developed a conscious manner of observation and criticism of life which they brought to perfection in maxim writing. Neoclassicism in literature, elegance and formalism in social life, and authority in religion, characterized the period—perhaps the greatest of which French literature can boast. Common sense was the ruling passion, and a penetrating cynicism, such as is always accepted by a highly civilized society, discovered the springs of human nature. The Duc de la Rochefoucauld (1613–1680) was a soldier and a courtier who knew the world of his contemporaries as few did; and, applying that common sense upon which this classical age prided itself, he found the ruling passion or motive in the conduct of men to be self-love (*amour propre*). His *Maximes*, developing this interpretation of life, has proved an entertaining book to all who have experienced disillusionment as to the motives of their fellows. Beside him might be named Jean de la Fontaine, whose exquisitely satirical *Fables* created a new genre in French literature, and Jean de la Bruyère, whose *Characters of our Age* are distinguished for the exactness and variety of the portraits. These three writers frankly based their observations on reason; quite otherwise was it with that other Frenchman, Blaise Pascal (1629–1662), one of the greatest minds the French race has produced. A great mathematician and scientist, he has yet in what he named his *Thoughts*—fragmentary reflections never built into an organic whole—proved himself a religious thinker of surpass-

ing power. His reason halts appalled before the vast gulf it cannot span, and at last declares itself powerless to attain absolute truth. Pascal, moreover, is usually regarded as the founder of modern French prose. Joseph Joubert (1754–1824), living in a century when most of the ideals of the classical age had yielded to the onrush of revolution, remains alive to us by a thin book of aphorisms; but so delicate, so just, so beautifully expressed are his observations upon life and letters that his little book remains one of the precious evidences of the critical spirit.

This critical spirit, in one form or another, impelled by the overpowering influence of natural science, or repelled by it, has dominated the thought of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. They have been predominantly prose centuries, even though much fine poetry has been written during this time, and their principal characteristic may be called an unimpassioned search into the nature and the causes of all phenomena, all beliefs, and all social conditions. Under the pressure of industrialism and scientific naturalism, the world has suffered a depression of spirits from which it seems unable to recover.

Three great Germans and one American have uttered characteristic reflections inspired by the spirit of the age. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832) is often regarded as the wisest of modern men and the most comprehensive soul among men of letters. A great epic dramatist, a supreme lyric poet, a prose writer, and a dramatist of the first order, he ran the gamut of the intellectual life of his time and country, from the sentimentalism of the *Sorrows of Werther* through the romanticism and humanitarianism of *Egmont* and *Wilhelm Meister* to the classical repose of his old age. It is with the reflections of the latest period of his life that we are concerned, a period of Olympian serenity, when he could overlook the entire scene of human life and pronounce his judgments upon it.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882) "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit," by his doctrine of self-reliance and the serene optimism he derived from it became a powerful stimulus to the growing individualism of the American people. Perhaps more young Americans have suddenly found intellectual freedom by reading the pages of this gentle seer than by any other means.

Two Germans reveal the intense spiritual depression consequent upon the transformation of the world into its modern guise. Arthur Schopenhauer (1788–1860) lived during the period when the high hopes of the Romantic School fell to as deep a despair. He is *par excellence* the philosopher of pessimism, seeing clearly the emptiness of existence and the Will to Live as the only means whereby this world of miserable humanity continues to endure. When, however, one grasps his central bias, his essays prove thoughtful and stimulating. Friedrich Nietzsche (1844–1900) is the last of the philosophers who revolted against the weakness of modern life. Upon certain aspects of Christianity as expressed in the religion of humanitarian pity, he bestowed only unutterable contempt. His slogans are, "Be hard" and "Live dangerously"; he advocates progress through "the will to power" toward a finer type of humanity to be embodied in the Superman.

Poetical Meditations.—The Hebrew Scriptures contain, as is universally known, a great variety of literature of the highest merit. The Old Testament, in particular, possesses sublime philosophic discourses in such books, for example, as *Job* and *Ecclesiastes*. *Ecclesiastes* is a gently cynical comment upon the vanities of this life with an adjuration to accept its pleasures while we may. Its severely moral passages are now regarded by scholars as later interpolations. Lucretius (95–51 B. C.) was an impassioned Roman philosopher-poet who yearned to emancipate mankind from the debasing effects of superstition. His materialism, a worship of nature and of reason, is promulgated in *De Rerum Natura*, one of the great philosophical poems of the world.

Ethical Essays.—Two great representatives of the ethical essay are Montaigne and Bacon, the one entirely informal in his method of approach, the other quite impersonal in his terse discussions of men and things. Michel de Montaigne (1533–1592), who lived in the time of the Civil Wars in France, retired to his castle near Bordeaux. Here, after a period of classical reading and

self-examination, he composed his celebrated *Essays*. He is the most friendly and companionable of essayists. A wise skeptic who studied and wrote about himself in order to learn human nature, he represents the Renaissance ideals of serenity, toleration, and joy in an active but contented life. The essays of Sir Francis Bacon (1561–1626) contain the shrewd observations of a man of great affairs. The practical aspect of the many-sided Renaissance is to be discovered in his condensed essays upon human nature.

BUDDHISTIC WRITINGS (568?–488? B.C.)

THE SUMMUM BONUM[1]

THUS have I heard.

On a certain occasion The Blessed One was dwelling at Savatthi in Jetavana monastery in Anathapindika's Park. Then The Blessed One, having put on his tunic in the morning, and taken his bowl and his robes, entered Savatthi for alms.

Then a great number of priests drew near to where the venerable Ananda was; and having drawn near, they spoke to the venerable Ananda as follows:

"It is a long time, brother Ananda, since we listened to a doctrinal discourse from the mouth of The Blessed One. Come, brother Ananda, let us obtain an opportunity to listen to a doctrinal discourse from the mouth of The Blessed One."

"Well, then, venerable sirs, draw near to the monastery of Rammaka the Brahman. Perchance you may obtain an opportunity to listen to a doctrinal discourse from the mouth of The Blessed One."

"Yes, brother," said the priests to the venerable Ananda in assent.

Then The Blessed One, when he had gone the rounds for alms in Savatthi, returned from his begging, and after breakfast, addressed the venerable Ananda:

"Let us go hence, Ananda, and to Eastern Monastery, and to the storied mansion of Migara's mother will we draw near for our noon-day rest."

"Yes, Reverend Sir," said the venerable Ananda to The Blessed One in assent.

Then The Blessed One, in company with the venerable Ananda, drew near to Eastern Monastery, and to the storied mansion of Migara's mother, for his noon-day rest. Then The Blessed One, in the afternoon, rose from meditation, and addressed the venerable Ananda:

"Let us go hence, Ananda, and to Eastern Tank will we draw near to bathe our limbs."

"Yes, Reverend Sir," said the venerable Ananda to The Blessed One in assent.

Then The Blessed One, in company with the venerable Ananda, drew near to Eastern Tank to bathe his limbs; and having bathed his limbs in Eastern Tank and come up out of the water, he stood with but a single garment on, drying his limbs.

Then the venerable Ananda spoke to The Blessed One as follows:

"Reverend Sir, here is the monastery of Rammaka the Brahman, but a short way off. Delightful, Reverend Sir, is the monastery of Rammaka the Brahman; enchanting, Reverend Sir, pray let The Blessed One be so kind as to draw near to where the monastery of Rammaka the Brahman is." And The Blessed One consented by his silence.

Then The Blessed One drew near to where the monastery of Rammaka the Brahman was. Now at that time a great number of priests were seated in the monastery of Rammaka the Brahman, engaged in doctrinal discourse. Then The Blessed One stood outside in the entrance porch, and awaited the end of the discourse. The Blessed One, when he perceived that the discourse had come to an end, coughed, and rattled the bolt of the door. And the priests opened the door for The Blessed One. Then The Blessed One entered the monastery of Rammaka, the Brahman, and sat on the seat that was spread for him. And when The Blessed One had sat down, he addressed the priests:

"What, O priests, was the subject of the present meeting? and what the discourse you were holding?"

"Reverend Sir, our doctrinal discourse

[1]Translated from the Majjhima-Nikaya, and constituting Sutta 26.

was concerning The Blessed One, and then The Blessed One arrived."

"Well said, O priests! This, O priests, is worthy of you as youths of good family, who have through faith retired from the household life to the houseless one, that ye sit together in doctrinal discourse. O priests, one of two things should you do when you meet together: either hold a doctrinal discourse, or maintain a noble silence.

"There are two cravings, O priests; the noble one, and the ignoble one. And what, O priests, is the ignoble craving?

"We may have, O priests, the case of one who, himself subject to birth, craves what is subject to birth; himself subject to old age, craves what is subject to old age; himself subject to disease, . . . death, . . . sorrow, . . . corruption, craves what is subject to corruption.

"And what, O priests, should one consider as subject to birth?

"Wife and child, O priests, are subject to birth; slaves, male and female, . . . goats and sheep . . . fowls and pigs . . . elephants, cattle, horses and mares . . . gold and silver are subject to birth. All the substrata of being, O priests, are subject to birth; and enveloped, besotted, and immersed in them, this person, himself subject to birth, craves what is subject to birth.

"And what, O priests, should one consider as subject to old age . . . disease . . . death . . . sorrow . . . corruption?

"Wife and child, O priests, are subject to corruption; slaves, male and female, . . . goats and sheep . . . fowls and pigs . . . elephants, cattle, horses and mares . . . gold and silver are subject to corruption; and enveloped, besotted, and immersed in them, this person, himself subject to corruption, craves what is subject to corruption.

"This, O priests, is the ignoble craving.

"And what, O priests, is the noble craving?

"We may have, O priests, the case of one who, himself subject to birth, perceives the wretchedness of what is subject to birth, and craves the incomparable security of a Nirvana free from birth; himself subject to old age, . . . disease, . . . death, . . . sorrow, . . . corruption, perceives the wretchedness of what is subject to corruption, and craves the incomparable security of a Nirvana free from corruption.

"This, O priests, is the noble craving.

"Now I, O priests, before my Buddhaship, being not yet a Buddha, but a Future Buddha, myself subject to birth, craved what was subject to birth; myself subject to old age, . . . disease, . . . death, . . . sorrow, . . . corruption, craved what was subject to corruption. And it occurred to me, O priests, as follows:

"'Why, myself subject to birth, do I crave what is subject to birth? myself subject to old age, . . . disease, . . . death, . . . sorrow, . . . corruption, do I crave what is subject to corruption? What if now, myself subject to birth, and perceiving the wretchedness of what is subject to birth, I were to crave the incomparable security of a Nirvana free from birth; myself subject to old age, . . . disease, . . . death, . . . sorrow, . . . corruption, I were to crave the incomparable security of a Nirvana free from corruption?'

"Subsequently, O priests, although of tender age, with the black hair of a lad, and in the hey-day of my youth, and just entering on my prime, and although my mother and my father were unwilling, and tears streamed from their eyes, I had my hair and my beard shaved off, and put on yellow garments, and retired from the household life to the houseless one. And having thus retired from the world, and craving the summum bonum, the incomparable peaceful state, I drew near to where Alāra Kālāma was; and having drawn near, I spoke to Alāra Kālāma as follows:

"'Brother Kālāma, I would like to lead the religious life under your doctrine and discipline.'

"When I had thus spoken, O priests, Alāra Kālāma spoke me as follows:

"'Let your venerable worship do so. Such is this doctrine that in no long time an intelligent man can learn for himself, realize, and live in the possession of all that his master has to teach.'

"Then I, O priests, in no long time quickly acquired that doctrine. And I, O priests, and others with me, by a mere lip-profession, and a mere verbal assertion,

claimed that we knew and had perceived the true knowledge and the orthodox doctrine. And it occurred to me, O priests, as follows:

"'It is not through mere faith in this doctrine that Alāra Kālāma announces that he has learnt it for himself, realized it, and lives in the possession of it. Alāra Kālāma surely knows and perceives this doctrine.'"

"Then, O priests, I drew near to where Alāra Kālāma was; and having drawn near, I spoke to Alāra Kālāma as follows:

"'Brother Kālāma, how far does this doctrine conduct, concerning which you announce that you have learnt it for yourself, realized it, and entered upon it?'

"When I had thus spoken, O priests, Alāra Kālāma announced that it conducted to the realms of nothingness. And it occurred to me, O priests, as follows:

"'Faith is not peculiar to Alāra Kālāma: I also have faith. Heroism . . . contemplation . . . concentration . . . wisdom is not peculiar to Alāra Kālāma: I also have wisdom. What if now I were to strive for the realization of that doctrine, concerning which Alāra Kālāma announces that he has learnt it for himself, realized it, and lives in the possession of it.' Then I, O priests, in no long time, quickly learnt that doctrine for myself, realized it, and lived in the possession of it. Then, O priests, I drew near to where Alāra Kālāma was; and having drawn near, I spoke to Alāra Kālāma as follows:

"'Brother Kālāma, is this as far as the doctrine conducts, concerning which you announce that you have learnt it for yourself, realized it, and entered upon it?'

"'This, brother, is as far as the doctrine conducts, concerning which I announce that I have learnt it for myself, realized it, and entered upon it.'

"'I also, brother, have learnt this doctrine for myself, realized it, and entered upon it.'

"'I also, brother, have learnt this doctrine for myself, realized it, and live in the possession of it.'

"'How fortunate, brother, are we! What supreme good fortune, brother, is ours that we should light on such a coreligionist as is your venerable worship. Thus the doctrine concerning which I announce that I have learnt it for myself, realized it, and entered upon it, that doctrine you have learnt for yourself, realized, and live in the possession of; the doctrine which you have learnt for yourself, realized, and live in the possession of, concerning that doctrine I announce that I have learnt it for myself, realized it, and entered upon it. Thus you know this doctrine, and I know this doctrine. You are the same as I am, and I am the same as you are. Come, brother, let us lead this following in common.'

"Thus, O priests, did Alāra Kālāma, my teacher, take me, his pupil, and make me every whit the equal of himself, and honor me with very great honor. And it occurred to me, O priests, as follows:

"'This doctrine does not lead to aversion, absence of passion, cessation, quiescence, knowledge, supreme wisdom, and Nirvana, but only as far as the realm of nothingness.'

"And I, O priests, did not honor that doctrine with my adhesion, and being averse to that doctrine, I departed on my journey.

"And craving, O priests, the summum bonum, the incomparable peaceful state, I drew near to where Uddaka, the disciple of Rāma, was; and having drawn near, I spoke to Uddaka, the disciple of Rāma, as follows:

"'Brother, I would like to lead the religious life under your doctrine and discipline.'

"When I had thus spoken, O priests, Uddaka, the disciple of Rāma, spoke to me as follows:

"'Let your venerable worship do so. Such is this doctrine that in no long time an intelligent man can learn for himself, realize, and live in the possession of all that his master has to teach.'

"Then I, O priests, in no long time, quickly acquired that doctrine. And I, O priests, and others with me, by a mere lip-profession, and a mere verbal assertion, claimed that we knew and had perceived the true knowledge and the orthodox doctrine. And it occurred to me, O priests, as follows:

"'It was not through mere faith in this doctrine that Rāma announced that he had learnt it for himself, realized it, and lived in the possession of it. Rāma surely knew and perceived this doctrine.'

"Then, O priests, I drew near to where Uddaka, the disciple of Rāma, was; and having drawn near, I spoke to Uddaka, the disciple of Rāma, as follows:

"'Brother, how far does this doctrine conduct, concerning which Rāma made known that he had learnt it for himself, realized it, and entered upon it?'

"When I had thus spoken, O priests, Uddaka, the disciple of Rāma, announced that it conducted to the realm of neither perception nor yet non-perception. And it occurred to me, O priests, as follows:

"'Faith is not peculiar to Rāma: I also have faith. Heroism . . . contemplation . . . concentration . . . wisdom is not peculiar to Rāma: I also have wisdom. What if now I were to strive for that doctrine, concerning which Rāma announced that he had learnt it for himself, realized it, and lived in the possession of it.' Then I, O priests, in no long time, quickly learnt that doctrine for myself, realized it, and lived in the possession of it. Then, O priests, I drew near to where Uddaka, the disciple of Rāma, was; and having drawn near, I spoke to Uddaka, the disciple of Rāma, as follows:

"'Brother, is this as far as the doctrine conducts, concerning which Rāma announced that he had learnt it for himself, realized it, and entered upon it?'

"'This, brother, is as far as the doctrine conducts, concerning which Rāma announced that he had learnt it for himself, realized, and entered upon it.'

"'I also, brother, have learnt this doctrine for myself, realized it, and live in the possession of it.'

"'How fortunate, brother, are we! What supreme good fortune, brother, is ours that we should light on such a coreligionist as is your venerable worship. Thus the doctrine concerning which Rāma announced that he had learnt it for himself, realized it, and entered upon it, that doctrine you have learnt for yourself, realized, and live in the possession of; the doctrine which you have learnt for yourself, realized, and live in the possession of, concerning that doctrine Rāma announced that he had learnt it for himself, realized it and entered upon it. Thus you know this doctrine, and Rāma knew this doctrine. You are the same as Rāma was, and Rāma was the same as you are. Come, brother, lead this following.'

"Thus, O priests, did Uddaka, the disciple of Rāma, my coreligionist, make me his teacher, and honor me with very great honor. And it occurred to me, O priests, as follows:

"'This doctrine does not lead to aversion, absence of passion, cessation, quiescence, knowledge, supreme wisdom, and Nirvana, but only as far as the realm of neither perception nor yet non-perception.'

"And I, O priests, did not honor that doctrine with my adhesion; and being averse to that doctrine, I departed on my journey.

"And craving, O priests, the summum bonum, the incomparable peaceful state, I came in the course of my journeyings among the Magadhans to Uruvelā, the General's Town. There I perceived a delightful spot with an enchanting grove of trees, and a silvery flowing river, easy of approach and delightful, and a village near by in which to beg. And it occurred to me, O priests, as follows:

"'Truly, delightful in this spot, enchanting this grove of trees, and this silvery river flows by, easy of approach and delightful, and there is a village near by in which to beg. Truly, there is here everything necessary for a youth of good family who is desirous of struggling.'

"And there I settled down, O priests, as everything was suitable for struggling.

"And being, O priests, myself subject to birth, I perceived the wretchedness of what is subject to birth, and craving the incomparable security of a Nirvana free from birth, I attained the incomparable security of a Nirvana free from birth; myself subject to old age, . . . disease, . . . death, . . . sorrow, . . . corruption, I perceived the wretchedness of what is subject to corruption, and craving the incomparable security of a Nirvana free from corruption, I attained the incomparable security of a Nirvana free from corruption. And the knowledge and the insight sprang up within me, 'my deliverance is unshakable; this is my last existence; no more shall I be born again.' And it occurred to me, O priests, as follows:

"'This doctrine to which I have attained is profound, recondite, and difficult of comprehension, good, excellent, and not to be reached by mere reasoning, subtile, and intelligible only to the wise. Mankind, on the other hand. is captivated, entranced,

held spell-bound by its lusts; and forasmuch as mankind is captivated, entranced, and held spell-bound by its lusts, it is hard for them to understand the law of dependence on assignable reasons, the doctrine of Dependent Origination, and it is also hard for them to understand how all the constituents of being may be made to subside, all the substrata of being be relinquished, and desire to be to vanish, and absence of passion, cessation, and Nirvana be attained. If I were to teach the Doctrine, others would fail to understand me, and my vexation and trouble would be great.'

"Then, O priests, the following stanzas occurred to me, not heard of before from any one else:

"This Doctrine out of toil begot
I see 't is useless to proclaim:
Mankind 's by lusts and hates enthralled,
'T is hopeless they should master it.

"Repugnant, abstruse would it prove,
Deep, subtile, and beyond their ken;
Th' infatuates live in clouds of lusts,
And cannot for the darkness see.

"Thus, O priests, did I ponder, and my mind was disinclined to action, and to any proclaiming of the Doctrine.

"Then, O priests, Brahma Sahampati perceived what was in my mind, and it occurred to him as follows:

"'Lo, the world is lost, is ruined! For the mind of The Tathāgata, The Saint, The Supreme Buddha, is disinclined to action, and to any proclaiming of the Doctrine.'

"Then, O priests, Brahma Sahampati, as quickly as a strong man might stretch out his bent arm, or might draw in his outstretched arm, even so, having vanished from the Brahma-world, appeared in my presence.

"Then, O priests, Brahma Sahampati threw his upper garment over his shoulder and, stretching out to me his joined palms, spoke as follows:

"'Reverend Sir, let The Blessed One teach the Doctrine, let The Happy One teach the Doctrine. There are some beings having but little moral defilement, and through not hearing the Doctrine they perish. Some will be found to understand the Doctrine.'

"Thus, O priests, spoke Brahma Sahampati, and having thus spoken, he continued as follows:

"The Magadhans hold hitherto a doctrine
Impure, thought out by men themselves not spotless.
Ope thou the door that to the deathless leadeth:
Him let them hear who is himself unspotted.

"As one who standeth on a rocky pinnacle,
Might thence with wide-extended view behold mankind,
Climb thou, Wise One, the top of Doctrine's palace,
And thence gaze down serene on all the peoples,
Behold how all mankind is plunged in sorrow,
And how old age and death have overwhelmed them.

"Rise thou, O Hero, Victor in the Battle!
O Leader, Guiltless One, go 'mongst the nations!
The Doctrine let The Buddha Teach,
Some will be found to master it.

"Then I, O priests, perceiving the desire of Brahma, and having compassion on living beings, gazed over the world with the eye of a Buddha. And as I gazed over the world with the eye of a Buddha, I saw people of every variety: some having but little moral defilement, and some having great moral defilement; some of keen faculties, and some of dull faculties; some of good disposition, and some of bad disposition; some that were docile, and some that were not docile; and also some who saw the terrors of the hereafter and of blameworthy actions. Just as in a pond of blue lotuses, of water-roses, or of white lotuses, some of the blossoms which have sprung up and grown in the water, do not reach the surface of the water but grow under water; some of the blossoms which have sprung up and grown in the water, are even with the surface of the water; and some of the blossoms which have sprung up and grown in the water, shoot up above the water and are not touched by the water; in exactly the same way, O priests, as I gazed over the world with the eye of a Buddha, I saw people of every variety: some having but little moral defilement, and some having great moral defilement; some of keen faculties, and some of dull faculties; some of good disposition, and some of bad disposition; some that were docile, and some that were not docile; and also some who saw the terrors

of the hereafter and of blameworthy actions. And when I had seen this, O priests, I addressed Brahma Sahampati in the following stanza:

"Let those with ears to hear come give me credence,
For lo! the door stands open to the deathless.
O Brahma, 't was because I feared annoyance
That I was loath to tell mankind the Doctrine.

"Then, O priests, thought Brahma Sahampati, 'The Blessed One has granted my request that he should teach the Doctrine,' and saluting me, he turned his right side towards me, and straightway disappeared.

"Then, O priests, it occurred to me as follows:

"'To whom had I best teach the Doctrine first? Who would quickly comprehend this Doctrine?'

"Then, O priests, it occurred to me as follows:

"'Here is this Alāra Kālāma, who is learned, skilled, intelligent, and has long been a person having but little defilement. What if I teach the Doctrine to Alāra Kālāma first? He would quickly comprehend this Doctrine.'

"Then, O priests, a deity announced to me,

"'Reverend Sir, Alāra Kālāma is dead these seven days.'

"Also in me the knowledge sprang up, 'Alāra Kālāma is dead these seven days.'

"Then, O priests, it occurred to me as follows:

"'Here is this Uddaka, the disciple of Rāma who is learned, skilled, intelligent, and has long been a person having but little defilement. What if I teach the Doctrine to Uddaka, the disciple of Rāma, first? He would quickly comprehend this Doctrine.'

"Then, O priests, a deity announced to me,

"'Reverend Sir, Uddaka, the disciple of Rāma, died yesterday at night-fall.'

"Also in me, O priests, the knowledge sprang up, 'Uddaka, the disciple of Rāma, died yesterday at night-fall.'

"Then, O priests, it occurred to me as follows:

"'A noble man was Uddaka, the disciple of Rāma. Surely, if he could have heard this Doctrine, he would quickly have comprehended it.'

"Then, O priests, it occurred to me as follows:

"'To whom had I best teach the Doctrine first? Who would quickly comprehend this Doctrine?'

"Then, O priests, it occurred to me as follows:

"'Of great service has this band of five priests been, who waited upon me while I devoted myself to the struggle. What if I teach the Doctrine to the band of five priests first?'

"Then, O priests, it occurred to me as follows:

"'Where does the band of five priests dwell at present?'

"And I, O priests, with my divinely clear vision surpassing that of men, saw the band of five priests dwelling at Benares, in the deer-park Isipatana.

"Then, O priests, having dwelt at Uruvela as long as I wished, I proceeded on my wanderings in the direction of Benares. And Upaka, a naked ascetic, beheld me proceeding along the highway between the Bo-tree and Gaya. And having seen me, he spoke to me as follows:

"'Placid, brother, are all your organs of sense; clear and bright is the color of your skin. To follow whom, brother, did you retire from the world? Who is your teacher? and whose doctrine do you approve?

"When, O priests, Upaka, the naked ascetic, had thus spoken, I addressed him in the following stanzas:

"All-conquering have I now become, all-knowing;
Untainted by the elements of being.
I've left all things, am freed through thirst's destruction
All wisdom's mine: what teacher should I follow?

"I have no teacher anywhere;
My equal nowhere can be found;
In all the world with all its gods,
No one to rival me exists.

"The saintship, verily, I've gained,
I am The Teacher, unsurpassed;
I am The Buddha, sole, supreme;
Lust's fire is quenched, Nirvana gained.

"To found the Doctrine's reign I seek
Benares, chief of Kāsi's towns;
And for this blinded world I'll cause
The drum of deathlessness to beat.

"'Which is as much as to say, brother, that you profess to be a saint, an immeasurable Conqueror.'

"Yea, were The Conquerors like to me,
Well rid of all depravity.
I've conquered every evil trait;
Thus, Upaka, a Conqueror I.

"'You may be right, brother,' replied Upaka, the naked ascetic; and shaking his head, he took another road and departed.

"Then, O priests, I proceeded on my wanderings from place to place, and drew near to Benares, to the deer-park Isipatana, and to where the band of five priests was. And, O priests, the band of five priests saw me approaching from afar, and, when they had seen me, they made an agreement among themselves, saying:

"'Here, brethren, is the monk Gotama approaching, that luxurious fellow who gave up the struggle and devoted himself to a life of luxury. Let us not salute him, nor rise and go to meet him, nor relieve him of his bowl and his robe. We will merely spread a seat for him: he can then sit down, if he is so inclined.'

"But, O priests, as I gradually approached, the band of five priests found themselves unable to hold to their agreement, and rising to meet me, one of them relieved me of my bowl and my robe, another spread a seat for me, and another brought water for washing my feet. But, O priests, they addressed me by my name, and by the title of 'Brother.'

"When, O priests, I noticed this, I spoke to the band of five priests as follows:

"'O priests, address not The Tathāgata by his name, nor by the title of "Brother." A saint, O priests, is The Tathāgata, a Supreme Buddha. Give ear, O priests! The deathless has been gained, and I will instruct you, and teach you the Doctrine. If ye will do according to my instructions, in no long time, and in the present life, ye shall learn for yourselves, and shall realize and live in the possession of that highest good to which the holy life conducts, and for the sake of which youths of good family so nobly retire from the household life to the houseless one.'

"When I had thus spoken, O priests, the band of five priests said to me as follows:

"'Brother Gotama, those practices of yours, that method of procedure, those stern austerities did not enable you to transcend human limitations and attain to pre-eminence in full and sublime knowledge and insight. How, then, now that you are luxurious, and have given up the struggle and devoted yourself to a life of luxury, can you have transcended human limitations and attained to pre-eminence in full and sublime knowledge and insight?'

"When they had thus spoken, O priests, I said to the band of five priests as follows:

"'O priests, The Tathāgata is not luxurious, and has not given up the struggle and devoted himself to a life of luxury. A saint, O priests, is The Tathāgata, a Supreme Buddha. Give ear, O priests! The deathless has been gained, and I will instruct you, and teach you the Doctrine. If ye will do according to my instructions, in no long time, and in the present life, ye shall learn for yourselves, and shall realize and live in the possession of that highest good to which the holy life conducts, and for the sake of which youths of good family so nobly retire from the household life to the houseless one.'

. . . . . .

"'Confess, O priests, have I ever before spoken to you as I have done this day?'

"'Nay, verily, Reverend Sir.'

"'A saint, O priests, is The Tathāgata, a Supreme Buddha. Give ear, O priests! The deathless has been gained, and I will instruct you, and teach you the Doctrine. If ye will do according to my instructions, in no long time, and in the present life, ye shall learn for yourselves, and shall realize and live in the possession of that highest good to which the holy life conducts, and for the sake of which youths of good family so nobly retire from the household life to the houseless one.'

"And I, O priests, succeeded in winning over the band of five priests.

"Then, O priests, the band of five priests, thus exhorted and instructed by me, themselves subject to birth, perceived the wretchedness of what is subject to birth, and craving the incomparable security of a Nirvana free from birth, attained the incomparable security of a Nirvana free from birth; themselves subject to old age, . . . disease,

. . . death, . . . sorrow, . . . corruption, . . . perceived the wretchedness of what is subject to corruption, and craving, the incomparable security of a Nirvana free from corruption, attained the incomparable security of a Nirvana free from corruption. And the knowledge and the insight sprang up within them, 'Our deliverance is unshakable; this is our last existence; no more shall we be born again.'

"There are five sensual pleasures, O priests. And what are the five? Forms perceivable by the eye, delightful, pleasant, charming, lovely, accompanied with sensual pleasure, and exciting passion; sounds perceivable by the ear, . . . odors perceivable by the nose, . . . tastes perceivable by the tongue, . . . things tangible perceivable by the body, delightful, pleasant, charming, lovely, accompanied with sensual pleasure, and exciting passion. These, O priests, are the five sensual pleasures.

"All monks and Brahmans, O priests, who partake of these sensual pleasures, and are enveloped, besotted, immersed in them, and perceive not their wretchedness, and know not the way of escape, of them it is to be understood as follows: 'They have lighted on misfortune, have lighted on destruction, and are in the power of the Wicked One.'

"On the other hand, O priests, all monks and Brahmans who partake of these sensual pleasures, and are not enveloped, besotted, and immersed in them, but perceive their wretchedness, and know the way of escape, of them is it to be understood as follows: 'They have not lighted on misfortune, have not lighted on destruction, and are not in the power of the Wicked One.'

"Just as if, O priests, a deer of the forest were to step into a snare, and were not to be caught by it. Concerning this deer it is to be understood as follows: 'It has not lighted on misfortune, has not lighted on destruction, and is not in the power of the hunter. When the hunter shall come, it will be able to make its escape.' In exactly the same way, O priests, all monks and Brahmans who do not partake of these sensual pleasures, and not enveloped, nor besotted, nor immersed in them, perceive their wretchedness, and know the way of escape, of them is it to be understood as follows: 'They have not lighted on misfortune, have not lighted on destruction, and are not in the power of the Wicked One.'

"Just as if, O priests, a deer of the forest were to roam the woods and mountain slopes; he can walk, stand, squat, and lie down in confident security. And why? Because, O priests, he is out of the reach of the hunter. In exactly the same way, O priests, a priest, having isolated himself from sensual pleasures, having isolated himself from demeritorious traits, and still exercising reasoning, still exercising reflection, enters upon the first trance which is produced by isolation, and characterized by joy and happiness. Of such a priest, O priests, is it said, 'He has blinded Māra, made useless the eye of Māra, gone out of the sight of the Wicked One.'

"But again, O priests, a priest, through the subsidence of reasoning and reflection, and still retaining joy and happiness, enters upon the second trance, which is an interior tranquilization and intentness of the thoughts, and is produced by concentration. Of such a priest, O priests, is it said, 'He has blinded Māra, made useless the eye of Māra, gone out of sight of the Wicked One.'

"But again, O priests, a priest through the paling of joy, indifferent, contemplative, conscious, and in the experience of bodily happiness—that state which eminent men describe when they say, 'Indifferent, contemplative, and living happily'—enters upon the third trance. Of such a priest, O priests, is it said, 'He blinded Māra, made useless the eye of Māra, gone out of sight of the Wicked One.'

"But again, O priests, a priest through the abandonment of happiness, through the abandonment of misery, through the disappearance of all antecedent gladness or grief, enters upon the fourth trance, which has neither misery nor happiness but is contemplation as refined by indifference. Of such a priest, O priests, is it said, 'He has blinded Māra, made useless the eye of Māra, gone out of sight of the Wicked One.'

"But again, O priests, a priest through having completely overpassed all perceptions of form, through the perishing of perceptions of inertia, and through ceasing to dwell on perceptions of diversity, says to himself, 'Space is infinite,' and dwells in the realm of the infinity of space. Of such a priest, O priests, is it said, 'He has blinded

Māra, made useless the eye of Māra, gone out of sight of the Wicked One.'

"But again, O priests, a priest through having completely overpassed the realm of the infinity of space, says to himself, 'Consciousness is infinite,' and dwells in the realm of the infinity of consciousness. Of such a priest, O priests, is it said, 'He blinded Māra, made useless the eye of Māra, gone out of the sight of the Wicked One.'

"But again, O priests, a priest through having completely overpassed the realm of the infinity of consciousness, says to himself, 'Nothing exists,' and dwells in the realm of nothingness. Of such a priest, O priests, is it said, 'He has blinded Māra, made useless the eye of Māra, gone out of sight of the Wicked One.'

"But again, O priests, a priest through having completely overpassed the realm of nothingness, dwells in the realm of neither perception nor yet non-perception. Of such a priest, O priests, is it said, 'He blinded Māra, made useless the eye of Māra, gone out of sight of the Wicked One.'

"But again, O priests, a priest through having completely overpassed the realm of neither perception nor yet non-perception, arrives at the cessation of perception and sensation, and before the clear vision of wisdom all his depravity wastes away. Of such a priest, O priests, is it said, 'He has blinded Māra, made useless the eye of Māra, gone out of sight of the Wicked One, and passed beyond all adhesion to the world.' He walks, stands, squats, and lies down in confident security. And why? Because, O priests, he is out of the reach of Māra."

Thus spake The Blessed One; and the delighted priests applauded the speech of The Blessed One.

[*The Noble-Craving Sermon.*]

CONFUCIUS (551–479 B. C.)

ANALECTS

II

(1) The Master said: "In governing, cleave to good; as the north star holds his place, and the multitude of stars revolve upon him."

(2) The Master said: "To sum up the three hundred songs in a word, they are free from evil thought."

(3) The Master said: "Guide the people by law, subdue them by punishment; they may shun crime, but will be void of shame. Guide them by example, subdue them by courtesy; they will learn shame, and come to be good."

(4) The Master said: "At fifteen, I was bent on study; at thirty, I could stand; at forty, doubts ceased; at fifty, I understood the laws of Heaven; at sixty, my ears obeyed me; at seventy, I could do as my heart lusted, and never swerve from right."

(5) Meng Yi asked the duty of a son.

The Master said: "Obedience."

As Fan Ch'ih was driving him, the Master said: "Meng-sun asked me the duty of a son; I answered 'Obedience.'"

"What did ye mean?" said Fan Ch'ih.

"To serve our parents with courtesy whilst they live," said the Master; "to bury them with all courtesy when they die; and to worship them with all courtesy."

(6) Meng Wu asked the duty of a son.

The Master said: "What weighs on your father and mother is concern for your health."

(7) Tzu-yu asked the duty of a son.

The Master said: "To-day a man is called dutiful if he keep both our dogs and horses, and unless we honour parents, is it not all one?"

(8) Tzu-hsia asked the duty of a son.

The Master said: "Our manner is the hard part. For the young to be a stay in toil, and leave the wine and cakes to their elders, is this to fulfil their duty?"

(9) The Master said: "If I talk all day to Hui, like a dullard, he never stops me. But when he is gone, if I pry into his life, I find he can do what I say. No, Hui is no dullard."

(10) The Master said: "Look at a man's acts; watch his motives; find out what pleases him: can the man evade you? Can the man evade you?"

(11) The Master said: "Who keeps the old akindle and adds new knowledge is fitted to be a teacher."

(12) The Master said: "A gentleman is not a vessel."

(13) Tzu-kung asked, What is a gentleman?

The Master said: "He puts words into deeds first, and sorts what he says to the deed."

(14) The Master said: "A gentleman is broad and fair: the vulgar are biassed and petty."

(15) The Master said: "Study without thought is vain: thought without study is dangerous."

(16) The Master said: "Work on strange doctrines does harm."

(17) The Master said: "Yu, shall I teach thee what is understanding? To know what we know, and know what we do not know, that is understanding."

(18) Tzu-chang studied with an eye to pay.

The Master said: "Listen much, keep silent when in doubt, and always take heed of the tongue; thou wilt make few mistakes. See much, beware of pitfalls, and always give heed to thy walk; thou wilt have little to rue. If thy words are seldom wrong, thy deeds leave little to rue, pay will follow."

(19) Duke Ai asked, What should be done to make the people loyal?

Confucius answered: "Exalt the straight, set aside the crooked, the people will be loyal. Exalt the crooked, set aside the straight, the people will be disloyal."

(20) Chi K'ang asked how to make the people lowly, faithful, and willing.

The Master said: "Behave with dignity, they will be lowly: be pious and merciful, they will be faithful: exalt the good, teach the unskilful, they will grow willing."

(21) One said to Confucius: "Why are ye not in power, Sir?"

The Master answered: "What does the book say of a good son? 'An always dutiful son, who is a friend to his brothers, showeth the way to rule.' This also is to rule. What need to be in power?"

(22) The Master said: "Without truth I know not how man can live. A cart without a crosspole, a carriage without harness, how could they be moved?"

(23) Tzu-chang asked whether we can know what is to be ten generations hence.

The Master said: "The Yin inherited the manners of the Hsia; the harm and the good that they wrought them is known. The Chou inherited the manners of the Yin; the harm and the good that they wrought them is known. And we may know what is to be, even an hundred generations hence, when others follow Chou."

(24) The Master said: "To worship the ghosts of strangers is fawning. To see the right and not do it is want of courage."

IV

(1) The Master said: "Love makes a spot beautiful: who chooses not to dwell in love, has he got wisdom?"

(2) The Master said: "Loveless men cannot bear need long, they cannot bear fortune long. Loving hearts find peace in love; clever heads find profit in it."

(3) The Master said: "Love can alone love others, or hate others."

(4) The Master said: "A heart set on love will do no wrong."

(5) The Master said: "Wealth and honours are what men desire; but abide not in them by help of wrong. Lowliness and want are hated of men; but forsake them not by help or wrong.

"Shorn of love, is a gentleman worthy the name? Not for one moment may a gentleman sin against love; not in flurry and haste, nor yet in utter overthrow."

(6) The Master said: "A friend to love, a foe to evil, I have yet to meet. A friend to love will set nothing higher. In love's service, a foe to evil will let no evil touch him. Were a man to give himself to love, but for one day, I have seen no one whose strength would fail him. Such men there may be, but I have not seen one."

(7) The Master said: "A man and his faults are of a piece. By watching his faults we learn whether love be his."

(8) The Master said: "To learn the truth at daybreak and die at eve were enough."

(9) The Master said: "A scholar in search of truth who is ashamed of poor clothes and poor food it is idle talking to."

(10) The Master said: "A gentleman has no likes and no dislikes below heaven. He follows right."

(11) The Master said: "Gentlemen cherish worth; the vulgar cherish dirt. Gentle-

men trust in justice; the vulgar trust in favour."

(12) The Master said: "The chase of gain is rich in hate."

(13) The Master said: "Be not concerned at want of place; be concerned that thou stand thyself. Sorrow not at being unknown, but seek to be worthy of note."

(14) The Master said: "What is it to sway a kingdom by courteous yielding? Who cannot by courteous yielding sway a kingdom, what can be known of courtesy?"

(15) The Master said: "One thread, Shen, runs through all my teaching."

"Yes," said Tseng-tzu.

After the Master had left, the disciples asked what was meant.

Tseng-tzu said: "The Master's teaching all hangs on faithfulness and fellow-feeling."

(16) The Master said: "A gentleman considers what is right; the vulgar consider what will pay."

(17) The Master said: "At sight of worth, think to grow like it. When evil meets thee, search thine own heart."

(18) The Master said: "A father or mother may be gently chidden. If they will not bend, be the more lowly, but persevere; nor murmur if trouble follow."

(19) The Master said: "Whilst thy father and mother live, do not wander afar. If thou must travel, hold a set course."

(20) The Master said: "If for three years a son do not forsake his father's ways, he may be called dutiful."

(21) The Master said: "A father's and a mother's age must be borne in mind; with joy on the one hand, fear on the other."

(22) The Master said: "Men of old were loth to speak; lest a word that they could not make good should shame them."

(23) The Master said: "Who contains himself goes seldom wrong."

(24) The Master said: "A gentleman wishes to be slow to speak and quick to act."

(25) The Master said: "Good is no hermit. It has ever neighbours."

(26) Tzu-yu said: "Preaching to princes brings disgrace, nagging at friends estrangement."

XII

(1) YEN YUAN asked, What is love?

The Master said: "Love is to conquer self and turn to courtesy. Could we conquer self and turn to courtesy for but one day, all mankind would turn to love. Does love flow from within, or does it flow from others?"

Yen Yuan said: "May I ask what are its signs?"

The Master said: "To be ever courteous of eye and ever courteous of ear; to be ever courteous in word and ever courteous in deed."

Yen Yuan said: "Dull as I am, I hope to live by these words."

(2) Chung-kung asked, What is love?

The Master said: "Without the door to behave as though a great guest were come; to treat the people as though we tendered the high sacrifice; not to do unto others what we would not they should do unto us; to breed no wrongs on the state and breed no wrongs in the home."

Chung-kung said: "Dull as I am, I hope to live by these words."

(3) Ssu-ma Niu asked, What is love?

The Master said: "Love is slow to speak."

"To be slow to speak! Can that be called love?"

The Master said: "That which is hard to do, can it be lightly spoken?"

(4) Ssu-ma Niu asked, What is a gentleman?

The Master said: "A gentleman knows neither sorrow nor fear."

"No sorrow and no fear! Can that be called a gentleman?"

The Master said: "He finds no sin in his heart, so why should he sorrow, what should he fear?"

(5) Ssu-ma Miu cried sadly: "All men have brothers, I alone have none!"

Tzu-hsia said: "I have heard that life and death are allotted, that wealth and honours are in Heaven's hand. A gentleman is careful and does not trip; he is humble towards others and courteous. All within the four seas are brethren; how can a gentleman mourn his lack of them?"

(6) Tzu-chang asked, What is insight?

The Master said: "To be unmoved by lap and wash of slander, or by plaints that pierce to the quick, may be called insight. Yea, whom lap and wash of slander, or plaints that pierce to the quick cannot move may be called far-sighted."

(7) Tzu-kung asked, What is kingcraft? The Master said: "Food enough, troops enough, and a trusting people."

Tzu-kung said: "Were there no help for it, which could best be spared of the three?"

"Troops," said the Master.

"And were there no help for it, which could better be spared of the other two?"

"Food," said the Master. "From of old all men die, but without trust a people cannot stand."

(8) Chi Tzu-ch'eng said: "A gentleman is all nature: what can art do for him?"

"Alas! my lord," said Tzu-kung, "how ye speak of a gentleman! No team overtakes the tongue! Nature is not more than art; art is not more than nature. Without the fur, a tiger or a leopard's hide is as the hide of a dog, or goat."

(9) Duke Ai said to Yu Jo: "In this year of dearth I have not enough for my wants; what should be done?"

"Ye might tithe the people," answered Yu Jo.

"A fifth is all too little," said the dukes; "how could a tenth avail?"

"When the people all live in plenty," answered Yu Jo, "will the king alone be in want? If the people are all in want, can the king alone live in plenty?"

(10) Tzu-chang asked how to raise the mind and scatter delusions.

The Master said: "Make faithfulness and truth thy masters, and follow the right; the mind will be raised. We wish life to things we love, death to things we hate. To wish them both life and death is a delusion.

> "Whether prompted by wealth,
> Yet ye made a distinction."

(11) Ching, Duke of Ch'i asked Confucius, What is kingcraft?

Confucius answered: "When the king is king and the minister is minister; when the father is father and the son is son."

"True indeed!" said the duke. "Were the king no king and the minister no minister, were the father no father and the son no son, could I get aught to eat, though the grain were there?"

(12) The Master said: "To stint a quarrel with half a word Yu is the man."

Tzu-lu never slept over a promise.

(13) The Master said: "At hearing lawsuits I am no better than another. What is needed is to stay lawsuits."

(14) Tzu-chang asked, What is kingcraft?

The Master said: "To be tireless of spirit and faithful at work."

(15) The Master said: "Breadth of reading and the ties of courtesy will also keep a man from error's path."

(16) The Master said: "A gentleman shapes the good in man; he does not shape the bad in him. Contrariwise the vulgar."

(17) Chi K'ang asked Confucius how to rule.

Confucius answered: "To rule is to set straight. If we give an upright lead, sir, who will dare walk crooked?"

(18) Chi K'ang being vexed by robbers spake of it to Confucius.

Confucius answered: "But for your greed, sir, though ye rewarded thieves, no man would steal."

(19) Chi K'ang, speaking of kingcraft, said to Confucius: "To help the good, should we kill the bad?"

Confucius answered: "Sir, what need has a ruler to kill? Were ye set on good, sir, your people would do good. The king's mind is the wind, and grass are the minds of the people: whither the wind blows, thither the grass bends."

(20) Tzu-chang asked, When may a scholar be called eminent?

The Master said: "What dost thou mean by eminence?"

Tzu-chang answered: "To be famous in the state, and famous in his home."

The Master said: "That is fame, not eminence. The eminent man is plain and straight. He loves right, weighs men's words, and scans their looks. At pains to step down to them, he will be eminent in the state, and eminent in his home. The famous man wears a mask of love, but his deeds belie it. He knows no misgivings, and fame will be his in the state and fame be his in his home."

(21) Whilst wandering through the Rain God's glade with the Master, Fan Ch'ih said to him: "May I ask how to raise the mind, amend evil, and scatter errors?"

The Master said: "A good question! Rate the task above the prize; will not the mind be raised? Fight thine own faults,

not the faults of others; will not evil be mended? One angry morning to forget both self and kin, is that no error?"

(22) Fan Ch'ih asked, What is love?

The Master said: "To love mankind."

He asked, What is wisdom?

The Master said: "To know mankind."

Fan Ch'ih did not understand.

The Master said: "Exalt the straight, put aside the crooked; the crooked will grow straight."

Fan Ch'ih withdrew, and meeting Tzu-hsia, said to him: "I was received by the Master and asked him 'What is wisdom?' The Master answered: 'Exalt the straight, put aside the crooked; the crooked will grow straight.' What did he mean?"

"How rich a saying!" said Tzu-hsia. "When Shun was lord of the earth, he chose Kao-yao from the many, exalted him, and evil vanished. When T'ang was lord of the earth, he chose Yi-yin from the many, exalted him, and evil vanished."

(23) Tzu-kung asked about friends.

The Master said: "Talk faithfully to them: guide them with skill. If this prove vain, stop. Do not court shame."

(24) Tseng-tzu said: "A gentleman gathers friends by culture and props love with friendship."

XVII

(6) TZU-CHANG asked Confucius, What is love?

"Love," said Confucius, "is to mete out five things to all below heaven."

"May I ask what they are?"

"Modesty and bounty," said Confucius, "truth, earnestness, and kindness. Modesty escapes insult; bounty wins the many; truth gains men's trust; earnestness brings success; kindness is the key to men's work."

(7) Pi Hsi summoned the Master, who fain would have gone.

Tzu-lu said: "Master, I have heard you say of yore: 'When the man in touch with the soul does evil, a gentleman stands aloof.' Pi Hsi holds Chung-mou in rebellion: how, Sir, could ye join him?"

"Yes, I said so," answered the Master. "But is not a thing called hard that cannot be ground thin; white, if steeping will not turn it black? and am I a gourd? can I hang without eating?"

(8) The Master said: "Hast thou heard the six words, Yu, or the six they sink into?"

He answered: "No."

"Sit down that I may tell thee. The thirst for love, without love of learning, sinks into fondness. Love of knowledge, without love of learning, sinks into presumption. Love of truth, without love of learning, sinks into harshness. Love of courage, without love of learning, sinks into turbulence. Love of strength, without love of learning sinks into oddity."

(9) The Master said: "My boys, why do ye not study poetry? Poetry would ripen you; teach you insight, fellow-feeling, and forbearance; show you first your duty to your father, then your duty to the king; and would teach you the names of many birds and beasts, plants and trees."

(10) The Master said to Po-yu: "Hast thou conned the Chou-nan and Shao-nan? Who has not conned the Chou-nan and Shao-nan is as a man standing with his face to the wall."

(11) The Master said: "'Courtesy, courtesy,' is the cry: but are jade and silk the whole of courtesy? 'Harmony, harmony,' is the cry: but are bells and drums the whole of harmony?"

(12) The Master said: "A fierce outside and a weak core, is it not like a paltry fellow, like a thief who crawls through a hole in the wall?"

(13) The Master said: "The bane of all things noble is the pattern citizen."

(14) The Master said: "To proclaim each truth, as soon as learned, to the highwayside, is to lay waste the soul."

(15) The Master said: "How can one serve the king with a sordid colleague, itching to get what he wants, trembling to lose what he has? This trembling to lose what he had may lead him anywhere."

(16) The Master said: "Men of old had three failings, which have, perhaps, died out to-day. Ambitious men of old were not nice: ambitious men to-day are unprincipled. Masterful men of old were rough: masterful men to-day are quarrelsome. Simple men of old were straight: simple men to-day are false. That is all."

(17) The Master said: "Honeyed words and flattering looks seldom speak of love."

(18) The Master said: "I hate the ousting of scarlet by purple. I hate the strains of Cheng, confounders of sweet music. I hate a sharp tongue, the ruin of kingdom and home."

(19) The Master said: "I long for silence."

Tzu-kung said: "If ye, Sir, were silent, what would your disciples have to tell?"

The Master said: "Does Heaven speak? The seasons four revolve, and all things multiply. Does Heaven speak?"

(20) Ju Pei wished to see Confucius. Confucius excused himself on the plea of sickness. As the messenger went out, Confucius took a lute and sang to it, so that he should hear.

(21) Tsai Wo asked about the three years mourning. He thought one enough.

"If for three years pomp is scouted by the gentry, will not courtesy suffer? If music stop for three years, will not music decay? The old grain vanishes, the new springs up; the round of woods for the fire-drill is ended in one year."

The Master said: "Feeding on rice, clad in brocade, couldst thou feel happy?"

"I could feel happy," he answered.

"Then do what makes thee happy. A gentleman, when in mourning, has no taste for sweets, no ear for music; he is unhappy in his home. And so he forsakes these things. But since thou art happy in them, keep them."

When Tsai Wo had left, the Master said: "A man without love! At the age of three a child first leaves his parents' arms, and three years is the time for mourning everywhere below heaven. But did Yu enjoy for three years a father's and a mother's love?"

(22) The Master said: "Bad it is when a man eats his fill all day, and has nought to task the mind! Could he not play at chequers? Even that were better."

(23) Tzu-lu said: "Does a gentleman honour courage?"

The Master said: "Right comes first for a gentleman. Courage, without sense of right, makes rebels of the great, and robbers of the poor."

(24) Tzu-kung said: "Does a gentleman also hate?"

"He does," said the Master. "He hates the sounding of evil deeds; he hates men of low estate who slander their betters; he hates courage without courtesy; he hates daring matched with blindness."

"And Tz'u," he added, "dost thou hate too?"

"I hate those who mistake spying for wisdom. I hate those who take want of deference for courage. I hate evil speaking, cloaked as honesty."

(25) The Master said: "Only girls and servants are hard to train. Draw near to them, they grow unruly; hold them off, they pay you with spite."

(26) The Master said: "When a man of forty is hated, it will be so to the end."

XX

(1) Tzu-chang asked Confucius: "How should men be governed?"

The Master said: "He who would govern men must honour the five graces, spurn the four vices."

Tzu-chang said: "What are the five graces?"

The Master said: "A gentleman is kind, but not wasteful; he burdens, but does not embitter; he is covetous, not sordid; high-minded, not proud; he inspires awe, and not fear."

Tzu-chang said: "What is meant by kindness without waste?"

The Master said: "To further what furthers the people, is not that kindness without waste? If burdens be sorted to strength, who will grumble? To covet love and win love, is that sordid? Few or many, small or great, all in one to a gentleman: he dare not slight any man. Is not this to be high-minded and not proud? A gentleman straightens his robe and settles his face. He is stern, and men look up to him with dread. Is not this to inspire awe, and not fear?"

Tzu-chang said: "What are the four vices?"

The Master said: "To leave untaught and then kill is cruelty: to ask full tale without warning is tyranny: to give careless orders, and be strict when the day comes is robbery; to be stingy in rewarding men is littleness."

(3) The Master said: "A man who is blind to doom can be no gentleman. Without knowledge of courtesy we must want foothold. Without a knowledge of words there is no understanding men."

ECCLESIASTES

Chapter I (12–18)

THE DISILLUSION OF EXPERIENCE

I THE Preacher was king over Israel in Jerusalem. And I gave my heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven; this sore travail hath God given to the sons of man to be exercised therewith. I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit. That which is crooked cannot be made straight; and that which is wanting cannot be numbered. I communed with mine own heart, saying, Lo, I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom than all they that have been before me in Jerusalem; yea, my heart had great experience of wisdom and knowledge. And I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly; I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit. For in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.

Chapter II (1–11)

THE SEARCH FOR PLEASURE

I SAID in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure; and, behold, this also is vanity. I said of laughter, It is mad: and of mirth, What doeth it? I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine, yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom; and to lay hold on folly, till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life. I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits; I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees; I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; also I had great possessions of great and small cattle above all that were in Jerusalem before me; I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces; I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts.

So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem; also my wisdom remained with me. And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy: for my heart rejoiced in all my labor: and this was my portion of all my labor.

Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do; and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.

Chapter III

TO EVERYTHING A SEASON

TO EVERYTHING there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:
A time to be born, and a time to die;
A time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;
A time to kill, and a time to heal;
A time to break down, and a time to build up;
A time to weep, and a time to laugh;
A time to mourn, and a time to dance;
A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;
A time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
A time to get, and a time to lose;
A time to keep, and a time to cast away;
A time to rend, and a time to sew;
A time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
A time to love, and a time to hate;
A time of war, and a time of peace.

What profit hath he that worketh in that wherein he laboreth? I have seen the travail, which God hath given to the sons of men to be exercised in it. He hath made everything beautiful in his time; also he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end. I know that there is no good in them, but for a man to rejoice, and to do good in his life. And also that every man should eat and drink, and enjoy the good of all his labor, it is the gift of God.

I know that, whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever; nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it; and God doeth it, that men should fear before him. That which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been; and God requireth that which is past.

And moreover I saw under the sun the place of judgment, that wickedness was there; and the place of righteousness, that iniquity was there. I said in mine heart, God shall judge the righteous and the wicked: for there is a time there for every purpose and for every work.

I said in mine heart concerning the estate of the sons of men, that God might manifest them, and that they might see that they themselves are beasts. For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no preëminence above a beast; for all is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?

Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion; for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?

Chapter VII (1–6)

THE BETTER THINGS

A good name is better than precious ointment;
And the day of death than the day of one's birth.

It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting; for that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to his heart.

Sorrow is better than laughter; for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better. The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning; but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth.

It is better to hear the rebuke of the wise, than for a man to hear the song of fools. For as the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool; this also is vanity.

Chapter XI

THE JOY OF YOUTH

Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.

Give a portion to seven, and also to eight, for thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth.

If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth: and if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be.

He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.

As thou knowest not what is the way of the spirit, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child; even so thou knowest not the works of God who maketh all.

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun; but if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness; for they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh: for childhood and youth are vanity.

Chapter XII (1–7)

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;
While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened,
Nor the clouds return after the rain;
In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble,
And the strong men shall bow themselves,
And the grinders cease because they are few,

And those that look out of the windows be darkened,
And the doors shall be shut in the streets,
When the sound of the grinding is low,
And he shall rise up at the voice of the bird,
And all the daughters of music shall be brought low;
Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high,
And fears shall be in the way,
And the almond tree shall flourish,
And the grasshopper shall be a burden,
And desire shall fail:
Because man goeth to his long home,
And the mourners go about the streets:
Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken,
Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain,
Or the wheel broken at the cistern.
Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was;
And the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Chapter XII (8–14)

VANITY OF VANITIES

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity. And moreover, because the preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea, he gave good heed, and sought out, and set in order many proverbs. The preacher sought to find out acceptable words; and that which was written was upright, even words of truth. The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd. And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

CHRISTIAN TEACHINGS

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW

Chapter IV

From that time began Jesus to preach, and to say, Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

And walking by the sea of Galilee, he saw two brethren, Simon who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea; for they were fishers. And he saith unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left the nets, and followed him. And going on from thence he saw other two brethren, James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, in the boat with Zebedee their father, mending their nets; and he called them. And they straightway left the boat and their father, and followed him.

And Jesus went about in all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of disease and all manner of sickness among the people. And the report of him went forth into all Syria: and they brought unto him all that were sick, holden with divers diseases and torments, possessed with devils, and epileptic, and palsied; and he healed them. And there followed him great multitudes from Galilee and Decapolis and Jerusalem and Judea and from beyond Jordan.

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into the mountain: and when he had sat down, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying:

Blessed are the poor in spirit: For theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God. Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and

persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth. But if the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men.

Ye are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a lamp, and put it under the bushel, but on the stand; and it shineth unto all that are in the house. Even so let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Think not that I came to destroy the law or the prophets: I came not to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass away, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass away from the law, till all things be accomplished. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, he shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven. Ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgement: but I say unto you, that every one who is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgement; and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council; and whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of the hell of fire. If therefore thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art with him in the way; lest haply the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison: verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou have paid the last farthing. Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt not commit adultery: but I say unto you, that every one that looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart. And if thy right eye causeth thee to stumble, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not thy whole body be cast into hell. And if thy right hand causeth thee to stumble, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not thy whole body go into hell. It was said also, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement: but I say unto you, that every one that putteth away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, maketh her an adulteress: and whosoever shall marry her when she is put away committeth adultery. Again, ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths: but I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by the heaven, for it is the throne of God; nor by the earth, for it is the footstool of his feet; nor by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King; neither shalt thou swear by thy head, for thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your speech be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: and whatsoever is more than these is of the evil one. Ye have heard that it was said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, Resist not him that is evil: but whosoever smiteth thee on thy cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man would go to law with thee, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away. Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you; that ye may be sons of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust. For if ye love them that love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more

than others? do not even the Gentiles the same? Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN

Chapter XIV

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way? Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

Philip saith unto him, Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself; but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very works' sake. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.

If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever, even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you. Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me Because I live, ye shall live also. At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you. He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

Judas saith unto him, not Iscariot, Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world? Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings; and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me.

These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

Ye have heard how I said unto you, I go away, and come again unto you. If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father; for my Father is greater than I. And now I have told you before it come to pass, that, when it is come to pass, ye might believe. Hereafter I will not talk much with you; for the prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me. But that the world may know that I love the Father; and as the Father gave me commandment, even so I do. Arise, let us go hence.

Chapter XV (1–17)

THE TRUE VINE

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of it-

self, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned. If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples. As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue ye in my love. If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love. These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you. Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain; that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you. These things I command you, that ye love one another.

THE EPISTLE OF PAUL THE APOSTLE TO THE ROMANS

Chapter XII

A LIVING SACRIFICE

I BESEECH you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God. For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith. For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office, so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every-one members one of another.

Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophesy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith; or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching; or he that exhorteth, on exhortation; he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that showeth mercy, with cheerfulness.

Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good. Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another; not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer; distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

Bless them which persecute you; bless, and curse not. Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits. Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

Chapter XIII

THE HIGHER POWERS

LET every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation.

For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same; for he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil. Wherefore ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake.

For this cause pay ye tribute also; for they are God's ministers, attending continually upon this very thing. Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honor to whom honor. Owe no man any thing, but to love one another; for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law. And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep; for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light. Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.

THE EPISTLE OF PAUL THE APOSTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS

Chapter XIII

THE GREATEST OF THE VIRTUES

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; charity never faileth. But whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face. Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

PLATO (427–347 B. C.)

THE REPUBLIC

BOOK VII

The Allegory of the Cave

Socrates, Glaucon

And now, I said, let me show in a figure how far our nature is enlightened or unenlightened: Behold! human beings living in an underground den, which has a mouth open toward the light and reaching all along the den; here they have been from their childhood, and have their legs and necks chained so that they cannot move, and can only see before them, being prevented by the chains from turning round their heads. Above and behind them a fire is blazing at a distance, and between the fire and the prison-

ers there is a raised way; and you will see, if you look, a low wall built along the way, like the screen which marionette-players have in front of them, over which they show the puppets.

I see.

And do you see, I said, men passing along the wall carrying all sorts of vessels, and statues and figures of animals made of wood and stone and various materials, which appear over the wall? Some of them are talking, others silent.

You have shown me a strange image, and they are strange prisoners.

Like ourselves, I replied; and they see only their own shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave?

True, he said; how could they see anything but the shadows if they were never allowed to move their heads?

And of the objects which are being carried in like manner they would only see the shadows?

Yes, he said.

And if they were able to converse with one another, would they not suppose that they were naming what was actually before them?

Very true.

And suppose further that the prison had an echo which came from the other side, would they not be sure to fancy when one of the passers-by spoke that the voice which they heard came from the passing shadow?

No question, he replied.

To them, I said, the truth would be literally nothing but the shadows of the images.

That is certain.

And now look again, and see what will naturally follow if the prisoners are released and disabused of their error. At first, when any of them is liberated and compelled suddenly to stand up and turn his neck round and walk and look toward the light, he will suffer sharp pains; the glare will distress him, and he will be unable to see the realities of which in his former state he had seen the shadows; and then conceive someone saying to him, that what he saw before was an illusion, but that now, when he is approaching nearer to being and his eye is turned toward more real existence, he has a clearer vision—what will be his reply? And you may further imagine that his instructor is pointing to the objects as they pass and requiring him to name them—will he not be perplexed? Will he not fancy that the shadows which he formerly saw are truer than the objects which are now shown to him?

Far truer.

And if he is compelled to look straight at the light, will he not have a pain in his eyes which will make him turn away to take refuge in the objects of vision which he can see, and which he will conceive to be in reality clearer than the things which are now being shown to him?

True, he said.

And suppose once more, that he is reluctantly dragged up a steep and rugged ascent, and held fast until he is forced into the presence of the sun himself, is he not likely to be pained and irritated? When he approaches the light his eyes will be dazzled, and he will not be able to see anything at all of what are now called realities.

Not all in a moment, he said.

He will require to grow accustomed to the sight of the upper world. And first he will see the shadows best, next the reflections of men and other objects in the water, and then the objects themselves; then he will gaze upon the light of the moon and the stars and the spangled heaven; and he will see the sky and the stars by night better than the sun or the light of the sun by day?

Certainly.

Last of all he will be able to see the sun, and not mere reflections of him in the water, but he will see him in his own proper place, and not in another; and he will contemplate him as he is.

Certainly.

He will then proceed to argue that this is he who gives the season and the years, and is the guardian of all that is in the visible world, and in a certain way the cause of all things which he and his fellows have been accustomed to behold?

Clearly, he said, he would first see the sun and then reason about him.

And when he remembered his old habitation, and the wisdom of the den and his fellow-prisoners, do you not suppose that he would felicitate himself on the change, and pity him?

Certainly, he would.

And if they were in the habit of conferring honors among themselves on those who were quickest to observe the passing shadows and to remark which of them went before, and which followed after, and which were together; and who were therefore best able to draw conclusions as to the future, do you think that he would care for such honors and glories, or envy the possessors of them? Would he not say with Homer,

Better to be the poor servant of a poor master,

and to endure anything, rather than think as they do and live after their manner?

Yes, he said, I think that he would rather suffer anything than entertain these false notions and live in this miserable manner.

Imagine once more, I said, such a one coming suddenly out of the sun to be replaced in his old situation; would he not be certain to have his eyes full of darkness?

To be sure, he said.

And if there were a contest, and he had to compete in measuring the shadows with the prisoners who had never moved out of the den, while his sight was still weak, and before his eyes had become steady (and the time which would be needed to acquire this new habit of sight might be very considerable), would he not be ridiculous? Men would say of him that up he went and down he came without his eyes; and that it was better not even to think of ascending; and if anyone tried to loose another and lead him up to the light, let them only catch the offender, and they would put him to death.

No question, he said.

This entire allegory, I said, you may now append, dear Glaucon, to the previous argument; the prison-house is the world of sight, the light of the fire is the sun, and you will not misapprehend me if you interpret the journey upward to be the ascent of the soul into the intellectual world according to my poor belief, which, at your desire, I have expressed—whether rightly or wrongly, God knows. But, whether true or false, my opinion is that in the world of knowledge the idea of good appears last of all, and is seen only with an effort; and, when seen, is also inferred to be the universal author of all things beautiful and right, parent of light and of the lord of light in this visible world, and the immediate source of reason and truth in the intellectual; and that this is the power upon which he who would act rationally either in public or private life must have his eye fixed.

I agree, he said, as far as I am able to understand you.

Moreover, I said, you must not wonder that those who attain to this beatific vision are unwilling to descend to human affairs; for their souls are ever hastening into the upper world where they desire to dwell; which desire of theirs is very natural, if our allegory may be trusted.

Yes, very natural.

And is there anything surprising in one who passes from divine contemplations to the evil state of man, misbehaving himself in a ridiculous manner; if, while his eyes are blinking and before he has become accustomed to the surrounding darkness, he is compelled to fight in courts of law, or in other places, about the images or the shadows of images of justice, and is endeavoring to meet the conceptions of those who have never yet seen absolute justice?

Anything but surprising, he replied.

Anyone who has common-sense will remember that the bewilderments of the eyes are of two kinds, and arise from two causes, either from coming out of the light or from going into the light, which is true of the mind's eye, quite as much as of the bodily eye; and he who remembers this when he sees anyone whose vision is perplexed and weak, will not be too ready to laugh; he will first ask whether that soul of man has come out of the brighter life, and is unable to see because unaccustomed to the dark, or having turned from darkness to the day is dazzled by excess of light. And he will count the one happy in his condition and state of being, and he will pity the other; or, if he have a mind to laugh at the soul which comes from below into the light, there will be more reason in this than in the laugh which greets him who returns from above out of the light into the den.

That, he said, is a very just distinction.

But then, if I am right, certain professors of education must be wrong when they say that they can put a knowledge into the soul which was not there before, like sight into blind eyes.

They undoubtedly say this, he replied.

Whereas, our argument shows that the power and capacity of learning exists in the soul already; and that just as the eye was unable to turn from darkness to light without the whole body, so too the instrument of knowledge can only by the movement of the whole soul be turned from the world of becoming into that of being, and learn by degrees to endure the sight of being, and of the brightest and best of being, or, in other words, of the good.

Very true.

THE APOLOGY OF SOCRATES[1]

The Conclusion

THERE are many reasons why I am not grieved, O men of Athens, at the vote of condemnation. I expected this, and am only surprised that the votes are so nearly equal; for I had thought that the majority against me would have been far larger; but now, had thirty votes gone over to the other side, I should have been acquitted. And I may say that I have escaped Meletus. And I may say more; for without the assistance of Anytus and Lycon, he would not have had a fifth part of the votes, as the law requires, in which case he would have incurred a fine of a thousand drachmae, as is evident.

And so he proposes death as the penalty. And what shall I propose on my part, O men of Athens? Clearly that which is my due. And what is that which I ought to pay or to receive? What shall be done to the man who has never had the wit to be idle during his whole life; but has been careless of what the many care about—wealth, and family interests, and military offices, and speaking in the assembly, and magistracies, and plots, and parties. Reflecting that I was really too honest a man to follow in this way and live, I did not go where I could do no good to you or to myself; but where I could do the greatest good privately to every one of you, thither I went, and sought to persuade every man among you, that he must look to himself, and seek virtue and wisdom before he looks to his private interests, and look to the state before he looks to the interests of the state; and that this should be the order which he observes in all his actions. What shall be done to such a one? Doubtless some good thing, O men of Athens, if he has his reward; and the good should be of a kind suitable to him. What would be a reward suitable to a poor man who is your benefactor, who desires leisure that he may instruct you? There can be no more fitting reward than maintenance in the prytaneum, O men of Athens, a reward which he deserves far more than the citizen who has won the prize at Olympia in the horse or chariot race, whether the chariots were drawn by two horses or by many. For I am in want, and he has enough; and he only gives you the appearance of happiness, and I give you the reality. And if I am to estimate the penalty justly, I say that maintenance in the prytaneum is the just return.

Perhaps you may think that I am braving you in saying this, as in what I said before about the tears and prayers. But that is not the case. I speak rather because I am convinced that I never intentionally wronged any one, although I cannot convince you of that—for we have had a short conversation only; but if there were a law at Athens, such as there is in other cities, that a capital cause should not be decided in one day, then I believe that I should have convinced you; but now the time is too short. I cannot in a moment refute great slanders; and, as I am convinced that I never wronged another, I will assuredly not wrong myself. I will not say of myself that I deserve any evil, or propose any penalty. Why should I? Because I am afraid of the penalty of death which Meletus proposes? When I do not know whether death is a good or an evil, why should I propose a penalty which would certainly be an evil? Shall I say imprisonment? And why should I live in prison, and be the slave of the magistrates of the year—of the eleven? Or shall the penalty be a fine, and imprisonment until the fine is paid? There is the same objection. I should have to lie in prison, for money I have none, and cannot pay. And if I say exile (and this may possibly be the penalty which you will affix), I must indeed be blinded by the love of life, if I were to consider that when you, who are my own

[1] Translation by Benjamin Jowett.

citizens, cannot endure my discourses and words, and have found them so grievous and odious that you would fain have done with them, others are likely to endure me. No indeed, men of Athens, that is not very likely. And what a life should I lead, at my age, wandering from city to city, living in ever-changing exile, and always being driven out! For I am quite sure that into whatever place I go, as here so also there, the young men will come to me; and if I drive them away, their elders will drive me out at their desire: and if I let them come, their fathers and friends will drive me out for their sakes.

Some one will say: Yes, Socrates, but cannot you hold your tongue, and then you may go into a foreign city, and no one will interfere with you? Now I have great difficulty in making you understand my answer to this. For if I tell you that this would be a disobedience to a divine command, and therefore that I cannot hold my tongue, you will not believe that I am serious; and if I say again that the greatest good of man is daily to converse about virtue, and all that concerning which you hear me examining myself and others, and that the life which is unexamined is not worth living—that you are still less likely to believe. And yet what I say is true, although a thing of which it is hard for me to persuade you. Moreover, I am not accustomed to think that I deserve any punishment. Had I money I might have proposed to give you what I had, and have been none the worse. But you see that I have none, and can only ask you to proportion the fine to my means. However, I think that I could afford a mina, and therefore I propose that penalty; Plato, Crito, Critobulus, and Apollodorus, my friends here, bid me say thirty minae, and they will be the sureties. Well, then, say thirty minae, let that be the penalty; for that they will be ample security to you.

Not much time will be gained, O Athenians, in return for the evil name which you will get from the detractors of the city, who will say that you killed Socrates, a wise man; for they will call me wise even although I am not wise when they want to reproach you. If you had waited a little while, your desire would have been fulfilled in the course of nature. For I am far advanced in years, as you may perceive, and not far from death.

I am speaking now only to those of you who have condemned me to death. And I have another thing to say to them: You think that I was convicted through deficiency of words—I mean, that if I had thought fit to leave nothing undone, nothing unsaid, I might have gained an acquittal. Not so; the deficiency which led to my conviction was not of words—certainly not. But I had not the boldness or impudence or inclination to address you as you would have liked me to address you, weeping and wailing and lamenting, and saying and doing many things which you have been accustomed to hear from others, and which, as I say, are unworthy of me. But I thought that I ought not to do anything common or mean in the hour of danger: nor do I now repent of the manner of my defense, and I would rather die having spoken after my manner, than speak in your manner and live. For neither in war nor yet at law ought any man to use every way of escaping death. For often in battle there is no doubt that if a man will throw away his arms, and fall on his knees before his pursuers, he may escape death; and in other dangers there are other ways of escaping death if a man is willing to say and do anything. The difficulty, my friends, is not in avoiding death, but in avoiding unrighteousness; for that runs faster than death. I am old and move slowly, and the slower runner has overtaken me, and my accusers are keen and quick, and the faster runner, who is unrighteousness, has overtaken them. And now I depart hence condemned by you to suffer the penalty of death, and they too go their ways condemned by the truth to suffer the penalty of villainy and wrong; and I must abide by my award—let them abide by theirs. I suppose that these things may be regarded as fated,—and I think that they are well.

And now, O men who have condemned me, I would fain prophesy to you; for I am about to die, and that is the hour in which men are gifted with prophetic power. And I prophesy to you who are my murderers, that immediately after my death punishment far heavier than you have inflicted on me will surely await you. Me you have killed because you wanted to escape the accuser, and not to give an account of your lives. But that will not be as you suppose: far

otherwise. For I say that there will be more accusers of you than there are now; accusers whom hitherto I have restrained: and as they are younger they will be more severe with you, and you will be more offended at them. For if you think that by killing men you can avoid the accuser censuring your lives, you are mistaken; that is not a way of escape which is either possible or honorable; the easiest and the noblest way is not to be crushing others, but to be improving yourselves. This is the prophecy which I utter before my departure to the judges who have condemned me.

Friends, who would have acquitted me, I would like also to talk with you about this thing which has happened, while the magistrates are busy, and before I go to the place at which I must die. Stay then a while, for we may as well talk with one another while there is time. You are my friends, and I should like to show you the meaning of this event which has happened to me. O my judges—for you I may truly call judges—I should like to tell you of a wonderful circumstance. Hitherto the familiar oracle within me has constantly been in the habit of opposing me even about trifles, if I was going to make a slip or error about anything; and now as you see there has come upon me that which may be thought, and is generally believed to be, the last and worst evil. But the oracle made no sign of opposition, either as I was leaving my house and going out in the morning, or when I was going up into this court, or while I was speaking, at anything which I was going to say; and yet I have often been stopped in the middle of a speech, but now in nothing I either said or did touching this matter has the oracle opposed me. What do I take to be the explanation of this? I will tell you. I regard this as a proof that what has happened to me is a good, and that those of us who think that death is an evil are in error. This is a great proof to me of what I am saying, for the customary sign would surely have opposed me had I been going to evil and not to good.

Let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that there is great reason to hope that death is a good, for one of two things: either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or, as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain. For if a person were to select the night in which his sleep was undisturbed even by dreams, and were to compare with this the other days and nights of his life, and then were to tell us how many days and nights he had passed in the course of his life better and more pleasantly than this one, I think that any man, I will not say a private man, but even the great king will not find many such days or nights, when compared with the others. Now if death is like this, I say that to die is gain; for eternity is then only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead are, what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? If indeed when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there, Minos and Rhadamanthus and Aeacus and Triptolemus, and other sons of God who were righteous in their own life, that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Musaeus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I, too, shall have a wonderful interest in a place where I can converse with Palamedes, and Ajax the son of Telamon, and other heroes of old, who have suffered death through an unjust judgment; and there will be no small pleasure, as I think, in comparing my own suffering with theirs. Above all, I shall be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge; as in this world, so also in that; I shall find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise, and is not. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition; or Odysseus or Sisyphus, or numberless others, men and women too! What infinite delight would there be in conversing with them and asking them questions! For in that world they do not put a man to death for this; certainly not. For besides being happier in that world than in this, they will be immortal, if what is said is true.

Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth—that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or in after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that to die and be released was better for me; and therefore the oracle gave no sign. For which reason, also, I am not angry with my accusers or my condemners; they have done me no harm, although neither of them meant to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them.

Still I have a favor to ask of them. When my sons are grown up, I would ask you, O my friends, to punish them; and I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing,—then reprove them, as I have reproved you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, and thinking that they are something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, I and my sons will have received justice at your hands.

The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better God only knows.

THE PHAEDO

The Death of Socrates

"Wherefore, Simmias, seeing all these things, what ought not we to do in order to obtain virtue and wisdom in this life? Fair is the prize, and the hope great.

"I do not mean to affirm that the description which I have given of the soul and her mansions is exactly true—a man of sense ought hardly to say that. But I do say that, inasmuch as the soul is shown to be immortal, he may venture to think, not improperly or unworthily, that something of the kind is true. The venture is a glorious one, and he ought to comfort himself with words like these, which is the reason why I lengthen out the tale. Wherefore, I say, let a man be of good cheer about his soul, who has cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body as alien to him, and rather hurtful in their effects, and has followed after the pleasures of knowledge in this life; who has adorned the soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, and justice, and courage, and nobility, and truth—in these she is ready to go on her journey to the world below, when her time comes. You, Simmias and Cebes, and all other men, will depart at some time or other. Me already, as the tragic poet would say, the voice of fate calls. Soon I must drink the poison; and I think I had better repair to the bath first, in order that the women may not have the trouble of washing my body after I am dead."

When he had done speaking, Crito said: "And have you any commands for us, Socrates—anything to say about your children, or any other matter in which we can serve you?"

"Nothing particular," he said: "only, as I have always told you, I would have you look to yourselves; that is a service which you may always be doing to me and mine as well as to yourselves. And you need not make professions; for if you take no thought for yourselves, and walk not according to the precepts which I have given you, not now for the first time, the warmth of your professions will be of no avail."

"We will do our best," said Crito. "But in what way would you have us bury you?"

"In any way that you like; only you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not walk away from you." Then he turned to us, and added with a smile: "I cannot make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who have been talking and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body—and he asks, How shall he bury me? And though I have spoken many words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed,—these words of mine, with which I comforted you and myself, have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me now, as he was surety for me at the trial: but let the promise be of another sort; for he was my surety to the judges that I would remain, but you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not

be grieved when he sees my body being burned or buried. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, Thus we lay out Socrates, or, Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that as is usual, and as you think best."

When he had spoken these words, he arose and went into the bath-chamber with Crito, who bid us wait; and we waited, talking and thinking of the subject of the discourse, and also of the greatness of our sorrow; he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to pass the rest of our lives as orphans. When he had taken the bath his children were brought to him—(he had two young sons and an elder one); and the women of his family also came, and he talked to them and gave them a few directions in the presence of Crito; and he then dismissed them and returned to us.

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out, he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant of the eleven, entered and stood by him, saying: "To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison—indeed I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly that must needs be; you know my errand." Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said: "I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid." Then turning to us, he said: "How charming the man is: since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good as could be to me, and now see how generously he sorrows for me. But we must do as he says, Crito; let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared: if not, let the attendant prepare some."

"Yet," said Crito, "the sun is still upon the hill-tops, and many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and indulged in sensual delights; do not hasten then, there is still time."

Socrates said: "Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing thus, for they think that they will gain by the delay; but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should be sparing and saving a life which is already gone: I could only laugh at myself for this. Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me."

Crito, when he heard this, made a sign to the servant; and the servant went in, and remained for some time, and then returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said: "You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed." The man answered: "You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act." At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, Echecrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said: "What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not?" The man answered: "We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough." "I understand," he said: "yet I may and must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world—may this then, which is my prayer, be granted to me." Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could not longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a companion. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that moment, Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out into a loud cry which made

cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness. "What is this strange outcry?" he said. "I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience." When we heard that, we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard and asked him if he could feel; and he said, No; and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said: "When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end." He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said (they were his last words)—he said: "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt?" "The debt shall be paid," said Crito; "is there anything else?" There was no answer to this question; but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, and justest, and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

ARISTOTLE (384–322 B. C.)

THE NICHOMACHEAN ETHICS

BOOK I

The Summum Bonum

And now let us revert to the Good of which we are in search: what can it be? for manifestly it is different in different actions and arts: for it is different in the healing art and in the art military, and similarly in the rest. What then is the Chief Good in each? Is it not "that for the sake of which the other things are done?" and this in the healing art is health, and in the art military victory, and in that of housebuilding a house, and in any other thing something else; in short, in every action and moral choice the End, because in all cases men do everything else with a view to this. So that if there is some one End of all things which are and may be done, this must be the Good proposed by doing, or if more than one, then these.

Thus our discussion after some traversing about has come to the same point which we reached before. And this we must try yet more to clear up.

Now since the ends are plainly many, and of these we choose some with a view to others (wealth, for instance, musical instruments, and, in general, all instruments), it is clear that all are not final: but the Chief Good is manifestly something final; and so, if there is some one only which is final, this must be the object of our search: but if several, then the most final of them will be it.

Now that which is an object of pursuit in itself we call more final than that which is so with a view to something else; that again which is never an object of choice with a view to something else than those which are so both in themselves and with a view to this ulterior object: and so by the term "absolutely final," we denote that which is an object of choice always in itself, and never with a view to any other.

And of this nature Happiness is mostly thought to be, for this we choose always for its own sake, and never with a view to anything further: whereas honour, pleasure, intellect, in fact every excellence we choose for their own sakes, it is true (because we would choose each of these even if no result were to follow), but we choose them also with a view to happiness, conceiving that through their instrumentality we shall be happy: but no man chooses happiness with a view to them, nor in fact with a view to any other thing whatsoever.

The same result is seen to follow also from the notion of self-sufficiency, a quality thought to belong to the final good. Now by sufficient for Self, we mean not for a single individual living a solitary life, but for his

parents also and children and wife, and, in general, friends and countrymen; for man is by nature adapted to a social existence. But of these, of course, some limit must be fixed: for if one extends it to parents and descendants and friends' friends, there is no end to it. This point, however, must be left for future investigation: for the present we define that to be self-sufficient "which taken alone makes life choice-worthy, and to be in want of nothing;" now of such kind we think Happiness to be: and further, to be most choice-worthy of all things; not being reckoned with any other thing, for if it were so reckoned, it is plain we must then allow it, with the addition of ever so small a good, to be more choice-worthy than it was before: because what is put to it becomes an addition of so much more good, and of goods the greater is ever the more choice-worthy.

So then Happiness is manifestly something final and self-sufficient, being the end of all things which are and may be done.

But, it may be, to call Happiness the Chief Good is a mere truism, and what is wanted is some clearer account of its real nature. Now this object may be easily attained, when we have discovered what is the work of man; for as in the case of flute-player, statuary, or artisan of any kind, or, more generally, all who have any work, or course of action, their Chief Good and Excellence is thought to reside in their work, so it would seem to be with man, if there is any work belonging to him.

Are we then to suppose, that while carpenter and cobbler have certain works and courses of action, Man as Man has none, but is left by Nature without a work? or would not one rather hold, that as eye, hand, and foot, and generally each of his members, has manifestly some special work; so too the whole Man, as distinct from all these, has some work of his own?

What then can this be? not mere life, because that plainly is shared with him even by vegetables, and we want what is peculiar to him. We must separate off then the life of mere nourishment and growth, and next will come the life of sensation: but this again manifestly is common to horses, oxen, and every animal. There remains then a kind of life of the Rational Nature apt to act: and of this Nature there are two parts denominated Rational, the one as being obedient to Reason, the other as having and exerting it. Again, as this life is also spoken of in two ways, we must take that which is in the way of actual working, because this is thought to be most properly entitled to the name. If then the work of Man is a working of the soul in accordance with reason, or at least not independently of reason, and we say that the work of any given subject, and of that subject good of its kind, are the same in kind (as, for instance, of a harp-player and a good harp-player, and so on in every case, adding to the work eminence in the way of excellence; I mean, the work of a harp-player is to play the harp, and of a good harp-player to play it well); if, I say, this is so, and we assume the work of Man to be life of a certain kind, that is to say a working of the soul, and actions with reason, and of a good man to do these things well and nobly, and in fact everything is finished off well in the way of the excellence which peculiarly belongs to it: if all this is so, then the Good of Man comes to be "a working of the Soul in the way of Excellence," or, if Excellence admits of degrees, in the way of the best and most perfect Excellence.

And we must add, in a complete life; for as it is not one swallow or one fine day that makes a spring, so it is not one day or a short time that makes a man blessed and happy.

Let this then be taken for a rough sketch of the Chief Good: since it is probably the right way to give first the outline, and fill it in afterwards. And it would seem that any man may improve and connect what is good in the sketch, and that time is a good discoverer and coöperator in such matters: it is thus in fact that all improvements in the various arts have been brought about, for any man may fill up a deficiency.

You must remember also what has been already stated, and not seek for exactness in all matters alike, but in each according to the subject-matter, and so far as properly belongs to the system. The carpenter and geometrician, for instance, inquire into the right line in different fashion: the former so far as he wants it for his work, the latter inquires into its nature and properties, because he is concerned with the truth.

So then should one do in other matters,

that the incidental matters may not exceed the direct ones.

And again, you must not demand the reason either in all things alike, because in some it is sufficient that the fact has been well demonstrated, which is the case with first principles; and the fact is the first step, *i.e.* starting-point or principle.

And of these first principles some are obtained by induction, some by perception, some by a course of habituation, others in other different ways. And we must try to trace up each in their own nature, and take pains to secure their being well defined, because they have great influence on what follows: it is thought, I mean, that the starting-point or principle is more than half the whole matter, and that many of the points of inquiry come simultaneously into view thereby.

We must now inquire concerning Happiness, not only from our conclusion and the data on which our reasoning proceeds, but likewise from what is commonly said about it: because with what is true all things which really are are in harmony, but with that which is false the true very soon jars.

Now there is a common division of goods into three classes; one being called external, the other two those of the soul and body respectively, and those belonging to the soul we call most properly and specially good. Well, in our definition we assume that the actions and workings of the soul constitute Happiness, and these of course belong to the soul. And so our account is a good one, at least according to this opinion, which is of ancient date, and accepted by those who profess philosophy. Rightly too are certain actions and workings said to be the end, for thus it is brought into the number of the goods of the soul instead of the external. Agreeing also with our definition is the common notion, that the happy man lives well and does well, for it has been stated by us to be pretty much a kind of living well and doing well.

But further, the points required in Happiness are found in combination in our account of it.

For some think it is virtue, others practical wisdom, others a kind of scientific philosophy; others that it is these, or else some of them, in combination with pleasure, or at least not independently of it; while others again take in external prosperity.

Of these opinions, some rest on the authority of numbers or antiquity, others on that of few, and those men of note: and it is not likely that either of these classes should be wrong in all points, but be right at least in some one, or even in most.

Now with those who assert it to be Virtue (Excellence), or some kind of Virtue, our account agrees: for working in the way of Excellence surely belongs to Excellence.

And there is perhaps no unimportant difference between conceiving of the Chief Good as in possession or as in use, in other words, as a mere state or as a working. For the state or habit may possibly exist in a subject without effecting any good, as, for instance, in him who is asleep, or in any other way inactive; but the working cannot so, for it will of necessity act, and act well. And as at the Olympic games it is not the finest and strongest men who are crowned, but they who enter the lists, for out of these the prize-men are selected; so too in life, of the honourable and the good, it is they who act who rightly win the prizes.

Their life too is in itself pleasant: for the feeling of pleasure is a mental sensation, and that is to each pleasant of which he is said to be fond: a horse, for instance, to him who is fond of horses, and a sight to him who is fond of sights: and so in like manner just acts to him who is fond of justice, and more generally the things in accordance with virtue to him who is fond of virtue. Now in the case of the multitude of men the things which they individually esteem pleasant clash, because they are not such by nature, whereas to the lovers of nobleness those things are pleasant which are such by nature: but the actions in accordance with virtue are of this kind, so that they are pleasant both to the individuals and also in themselves.

So then their life has no need of pleasure as a kind of additional appendage, but involves pleasure in itself. For, besides what I have just mentioned, a man is not a good man at all who feels no pleasure in noble actions, just as no one would call that man just who does not feel pleasure in acting justly, or liberal who does not in liberal actions, and similarly in the case of the other virtues which might be enumerated: and if

this be so, then the actions in accordance with virtue must be in themselves pleasurable. Then again they are certainly good and noble, and each of these in the highest degree; if we are to take as right the judgment of the good man, for he judges as we have said.

Thus then Happiness is most excellent, most noble, and most pleasant, and these attributes are not separated as in the well-known Delian inscription—

> Most noble is that which is most just, but best is health;
> And naturally most pleasant is the obtaining one's desires.

For all these co-exist in the best acts of working: and we say that Happiness is these, or one, that is, the best of them.

Still it is quite plain that it does require the addition of external goods, as we have said: because without appliances it is impossible, or at all events not easy, to do noble actions: for friends, money, and political influence are in a manner instruments whereby many things are done: some things there are again in which a deficiency mars blessedness; good birth, for instance, or fine offspring, or even personal beauty: for he is not at all capable of Happiness who is very ugly, or is ill-born, or solitary and childless; and still less perhaps supposing him to have very bad children or friends, or to have lost good ones by death. As we have said already, the addition of prosperity of this kind does seem necessary to complete the idea of Happiness; hence some rank good fortune, and others virtue, with Happiness.

And hence too a question is raised, whether it is a thing that can be learned, or acquired by habituation or discipline of some other kind, or whether it comes in the way of divine dispensation, or even in the way of chance.

Now to be sure, if anything else is a gift of the Gods to men, it is probable that Happiness is a gift of theirs too, and specially because of all human goods it is the highest. But this, it may be, is a question belonging more properly to an investigation different from ours: and it is quite clear, that on the supposition of its not being sent from the Gods direct, but coming to us by reason of virtue and learning of a certain kind, or discipline, it is yet one of the most Godlike things; because the prize and End of virtue is manifestly somewhat most excellent, nay divine and blessed.

It will also on this supposition be widely participated, for it may through learning and diligence of a certain kind exist in all who have not been maimed for virtue.

And if it is better we should be happy thus than as a result of chance, this is in itself an argument that the case is so; because those things which are in the way of nature, and in like manner of art, and of every cause, and specially the best cause, are by nature in the best way possible: to leave them to chance what is greatest and most noble would be very much out of harmony with all these facts.

The question may be determined also by a reference to our definition of Happiness, that it is a working of the soul in the way of excellence or virtue of a certain kind: and of the other goods, some we must have to begin with, and those which are coöperative and useful are given by nature as instruments.

These considerations will harmonise also with what we said at the commencement: for we assumed the End of πολιτικὴ to be most excellent: now this bestows most care on making the members of the community of a certain character; good that is and apt to do what is honourable.

With good reason then neither ox nor horse nor any other brute animal do we call happy, for none of them can partake in such working: and for this same reason a child is not happy either, because by reason of his tender age he cannot yet perform such actions: if the term is applied, it is by way of anticipation.

For to constitute Happiness, there must be, as we have said, complete virtue and a complete life: for many changes and chances of all kinds arise during a life, and he who is most prosperous may become involved in great misfortunes in his old age, as in the heroic poems the tale is told of Priam: but the man who has experienced such fortune and died in wretchedness, no man calls happy.

Are we then to call no man happy while he lives, and, as Solon would have us, look to the end? And again, if we are to maintain this position, *is* a man then happy when he is dead? or is not this a complete absurdity,

specially in us who say Happiness is a working of a certain kind?

If on the other hand we do not assert that the dead man is happy, and Solon does not mean this, but only that one would then be safe in pronouncing a man happy, as being thenceforward out of the reach of evils and misfortunes, this too admits of some dispute, since it is thought that the dead has somewhat both of good and evil (if, as we must allow, a man may have when alive but not aware of the circumstances), as honour and dishonour, and good and bad fortune of children and descendants generally.

Nor is this view again without its difficulties: for, after a man has lived in blessedness to old age and died accordingly, many changes may befall him in right of his descendants; some of them may be good and obtain positions in life accordant to their merits, others again quite the contrary: it is plain too that the descendants may at different intervals or grades stand in all manner of relations to the ancestors. Absurd indeed would be the position that even the dead man is to change about with them and become at one time happy and at another miserable. Absurd however it is on the other hand that the affairs of the descendants should in no degree and during no time affect the ancestors.

But we must revert to the point first raised, since the present question will be easily determined from that.

If then we are to look to the end and then pronounce the man blessed, not as being so but as having been so at some previous time, surely it is absurd that when he *is* happy the truth is not to be asserted of him, because we are unwilling to pronounce the living happy by reason of their liability to changes, and because, whereas we have conceived of happiness as something stable and no way easily changeable, the fact is that good and bad fortune are constantly circling about the same people: for it is quite plain, that if we are to depend upon the fortunes of men, we shall often have to call the same man happy, and a little while after miserable, thus representing our happy man.

Chameleon-like, and based on rottenness.

Is not this the solution? that to make our sentence dependent on the changes of fortune, is no way right: for not in them stands the well, or the ill, but though human life needs these as accessories (which we have allowed already), the workings in the way of virtue are what determine Happiness, and the contrary the contrary.

And, by the way, the question which has been here discussed, testifies incidentally to the truth of our account of Happiness. For to nothing does a stability of human results attach so much as it does to the workings in the way of virtue, since these are held to be more abiding even than the sciences: and of these last again the most precious are the most abiding, because the blessed live in them most and most continuously, which seems to be the reason why they are not forgotten. So then this stability which is sought will be in the happy man, and he will be such through life, since always, or most of all, he will be doing and contemplating the things which are in the way of virtue: and the various chances of life he will bear most nobly, and at all times and in all ways harmoniously, since he is the truly good man, or in the terms of our proverb "a faultless cube."

And whereas the incidents of chance are many, and differ in greatness and smallness, the small pieces of good or ill fortune evidently do not affect the balance of life, but the great and numerous, if happening for good, will make life more blessed (for it is their nature to contribute to ornament, and the using of them comes to be noble and excellent), but if for ill, they bruise as it were and maim the blessedness: for they bring in positive pain, and hinder many acts of working. But still, even in these, nobleness shines through when a man bears contentedly many and great mischances not from insensibility to pain but because he is noble and high-spirited.

And if, as we have said, the acts of working are what determine the character of the life, no one of the blessed can ever become wretched, because he will never do those things which are hateful and mean. For the man who is truly good and sensible bears all fortunes, we presume, becomingly, and always does what is noblest under the circumstances, just as a good general employs to the best advantage the force he has with him; or a good shoemaker makes the hand-

somest shoe he can out of the leather which has been given him; and all other good artisans likewise. And if this be so, wretched never can the happy man come to be: I do not mean to say he will be blessed should he fall into fortunes like those of Priam.

Nor, in truth, is he shifting and easily changeable, for on the one hand from his happiness he will not be shaken easily nor by ordinary mischances, but, if at all, by those which are great and numerous; and, on the other, after such mischances he cannot regain his happiness in a little time; but, if at all, in a long and complete period, during which he has made himself master of great and noble things.

Why then should we not call happy the man who works in the way of perfect virtue, and is furnished with external goods sufficient for acting his part in the drama of life: and this during no ordinary period but such as constitutes a complete life as we have been describing it.

Or we must add, that not only is he to live so, but his death must be in keeping with such life, since the future is dark to us, and Happiness we assume to be in every way an end and complete. And, if this be so, we shall call them among the living blessed who have and will have the things specified, but blessed *as Men*.

On these points then let it suffice to have defined thus much.

Now that the fortunes of their descendants, and friends generally, contribute nothing towards forming the condition of the dead, is plainly a very heartless notion, and contrary to the current opinions.

But since things which befall are many, and differ in all kinds of ways, and some touch more nearly, others less, to go into minute particular distinctions would evidently be a long and endless task: and so it may suffice to speak generally and in outline.

If then, as of the misfortunes which happen to one's self, some have a certain weight and turn the balance of life, while others are, so to speak, lighter; so it is likewise with those which befall all our friends alike; if further, whether they whom each suffering befalls be alive or dead makes much more difference than in a tragedy the presupposing or actual perpetration of the various crimes and horrors, we must take into our account this difference also, and still more perhaps the doubt concerning the dead whether they really partake of any good or evil; it seems to result from all these considerations, that if anything does pierce the veil and reach them, be the same good or bad, it must be something trivial and small, either in itself or to them; or at least of such a magnitude or such a kind as neither to make happy them that are not so otherwise, nor to deprive of their blessedness them that are.

It is plain then that the good or ill fortunes of their friends do affect the dead somewhat: but in such kind and degree as neither to make the happy unhappy nor produce any other such effect.

Having determined these points, let us examine with respect to Happiness, whether it belongs to the class of things praiseworthy or things precious; for to that of faculties it evidently does not.

Now it is plain that everything which is a subject of praise is praised for being of a certain kind and bearing a certain relation to something else: for instance, the just, and the valiant, and generally the good man, and virtue itself, we praise because of the actions and the results: and the strong man, and the quick runner, and so forth, we praise for being of a certain nature and bearing a certain relation to something good and excellent (and this is illustrated by attempts to praise the gods; for they are presented in a ludicrous aspect by being referred to our standard, and this results from the fact, that all praise does, as we have said, imply reference to a standard). Now if it is to such objects that praise belongs, it is evident that what is applicable to the best objects is not praise, but something higher and better: which is plain matter of fact, for not only do we call the gods blessed and happy, but of men also we pronounce those blessed who most nearly resemble the gods. And in like manner in respect of goods; no man thinks of praising Happiness as he does the principle of justice, but calls it blessed, as being somewhat more godlike and more excellent.

Eudoxus too is thought to have advanced a sound argument in support of the claim of pleasure to the highest prize: for the fact that, though it is one of the good things, it is not praised, he took for an indication of its

superiority to those which are subjects of praise: a superiority he attributed also to a god and the Chief Good, on the ground that they form the standard to which everything besides is referred. For praise applies to virtue, because it makes men apt to do what is noble; but encomia to definite works of body or mind.

However, it is perhaps more suitable to a regular treatise on encomia to pursue this topic with exactness: it is enough for our purpose that from what has been said it is evident that Happiness belongs to the class of things precious and final. And it seems to be so also because of its being a starting-point; which it is, in that with a view to it we all do everything else that is done; now the starting-point and cause of good things we assume to be something precious and divine.

Moreover, since Happiness is a kind of working of the soul in the way of perfect Excellence, we must inquire concerning Excellence: for so probably shall we have a clearer view concerning Happiness; and again, he who is really a statesman is generally thought to have spent most pains on this, for he wishes to make the citizens good and obedient to the laws. (For examples of this class we have the lawgivers of the Cretans and Lacedæmonians and whatever other such there have been.) But if this investigation belongs properly to πολιτικὴ, then clearly the inquiry will be in accordance with our original design.

Well, we are to inquire concerning Excellence, *i.e.* Human Excellence of course, because it was the Chief Good of Man and the Happiness of Man that we were inquiring of just now.

By Human Excellence we mean not that of man's body but that of his soul; for we call Happiness a working of the Soul.

And if this is so, it is plain that some knowledge of the nature of the Soul is necessary for the statesman, just as for the Oculist a knowledge of the whole body, and the more so in proportion as πολιτικὴ is more precious and higher than the healing art: and in fact physicians of the higher class do busy themselves much with the knowledge of the body.

So then the statesman is to consider the nature of the Soul: but he must do so with these objects in view, and so far only as may suffice for the objects of his special inquiry: for to carry his speculations to a greater exactness is perhaps a task more laborious than falls within his province.

In fact, the few statements made on the subject in my popular treatises are quite enough, and accordingly we will adopt them here: as, that the Soul consists of two parts, the Irrational and the Rational (as to whether these are actually divided, as are the parts of the body, and everything that is capable of division; or are only metaphysically speaking two, being by nature inseparable, as are convex and concave circumferences, matters not in respect of our present purpose). And of the Irrational, the one part seems common to other objects, and in fact vegetative; I mean the cause of nourishment and growth (for such a faculty of the Soul one would assume to exist in all things that receive nourishment, even in embryos, and this the same as in the perfect creatures; for this is more likely than that it should be a different one).

Now the Excellence of this manifestly is not peculiar to the human species but common to others: for this part and this faculty is thought to work most in time of sleep, and the good and bad man are least distinguishable while asleep; whence it is a common saying that during one half of life there is no difference between the happy and the wretched; and this accords with our anticipations, for sleep is an inactivity of the soul, in so far as it is denominated good or bad, except that in some wise some of its movements find their way through the veil and so the good come to have better dreams than ordinary men. But enough of this: we must forego any further mention of the nutritive part, since it is not naturally capable of the Excellence which is peculiarly human.

And there seems to be another Irrational Nature of the Soul, which yet in a way partakes of Reason. For in the man who controls his appetites, and in him who resolves to do so and fails, we praise the Reason or Rational part of the Soul, because it exhorts aright and to the best course: but clearly there is in them, beside the Reason, some other natural principle which fights with and strains against the Reason. (For in plain terms, just as paralysed limbs of the body when their owners would move them to the right are borne aside in a contrary direc-

tion to the left, so is it in the case of the Soul, for the impulses of men who cannot control their appetites are to contrary points: the difference is that in the case of the body we do see what is borne aside but in the case of the soul we do not. But, it may be, not that less on that account are we to suppose that there is in the Soul also somewhat besides the Reason, which is opposed to this and goes against it; as to *how* it is different, that is irrelevant.)

But of Reason this too does evidently partake, as we have said: for instance, in the man of self-control it obeys Reason: and perhaps in the man of perfected self-mastery, or the brave man, it is yet more obedient; in them it agrees entirely with the Reason.

So then the Irrational is plainly twofold: the one part, the merely vegetative, has no share of Reason, but that of desire, or appetition generally, does partake of it in a sense, in so far as it is obedient to it and capable of submitting to its rule. (So too in common phrase we say that we have λόγος of our father or friends, and this in a different sense from that in which we say we have λόγος of mathematics.)

Now that the Irrational is in some way persuaded by the Reason, admonition, and every act of rebuke and exhortation indicate. If then we are to say that this also has Reason, then the Rational, as well as the Irrational, will be twofold, the one supremely and in itself, the other paying it a kind of filial regard.

The Excellence of Man then is divided in accordance with this difference: we make two classes, calling the one Intellectual, and the other Moral; pure science, intelligence, and practical wisdom—Intellectual: liberality, and perfected self-mastery—Moral: in speaking of a man's Moral character, we do not say he is a scientific or intelligent but a meek man, or one of perfected self-mastery: and we praise the man of science in right of his mental state; and of these such as are praiseworthy we call Excellences.

BOOK II

The Golden Mean

Well: human Excellence is of two kinds, Intellectual and Moral: now the Intellectual springs originally, and is increased subsequently, from teaching (for the most part that is), and needs therefore experience and time; whereas the Moral comes from custom, and so the Greek term denoting it is but a slight deflection from the term denoting custom in that language.

From this fact it is plain that not one of the Moral Virtues comes to be in us merely by nature: because of such things as exist by nature, none can be changed by custom: a stone, for instance, by nature gravitating downwards, could never by custom be brought to ascend, not even if one were to try and accustom it by throwing it up ten thousand times; nor could fire again be brought to descend, nor in fact could anything whose nature is in one way be brought by custom to be in another. The Virtues then come to be in us neither by nature, nor in despite of nature, but we are furnished by nature with a capacity for receiving them, and are perfected in them through custom.

Again, in whatever cases we get things by nature, we get the faculties first and perform the acts of working afterwards; an illustration of which is afforded by the case of our bodily senses, for it was not from having often seen or heard that we got these senses, but just the reverse: we had them and so exercised them, but did not have them because we had exercised them. But the Virtues we get by first performing single acts of working, which, again, is the case of other things, as the arts for instance; for what we have to make when we have learned how, these we learn how to make by making: men come to be builders, for instance, by building; harp-players, by playing on the harp: exactly so, by doing just actions we come to be just; by doing the actions of self-mastery we come to be perfected in self-mastery; and by doing brave actions brave.

And to the truth of this testimony is borne by what takes place in communities: because the law-givers make the individual members good men by habituation, and this is the intention certainly of every law-giver, and all who do not effect it well fail of their intent; and herein consists the difference between a good Constitution and a bad.

Again, every Virtue is either produced or destroyed from and by the very same circumstances: art too in like manner; I mean

it is by playing the harp that both the good and the bad harp-players are formed: and similarly builders and all the rest; by building well men will become good builders; by doing it badly bad ones: in fact, if this had not been so, there would have been no need of instructors, but all men would have been at once good or bad in their several arts without them.

So too then is it with the Virtues: for by acting in the various relations in which we are thrown with our fellow men, we come to be, some just, some unjust: and by acting in dangerous positions and being habituated to feel fear or confidence, we come to be, some brave, others cowards.

Similarly is it also with respect to the occasions of lust and anger: for some men come to be perfected in self-mastery and mild, others destitute of all self-control and passionate; the one class by behaving in one way under them, the other by behaving in another. Or, in one word, the habits are produced from the acts of working like to them: and so what we have to do is to give a certain character to these particular acts, because the habits formed correspond to the differences of these.

So then, whether we are accustomed this way or that straight from childhood, makes not a small but an important difference, or rather I would say it makes all the difference.

Since then the object of the present treatise is not mere speculation, as it is of some others (for we are inquiring not merely that we may know what virtue is but that we may become virtuous, else it would have been useless), we must consider as to the particular actions how we are to do them, because, as we have just said, the quality of the habits that shall be formed depends on these.

Now, that we are to act in accordance with Right Reason is a general maxim, and may for the present be taken for granted: we will speak of it hereafter, and say both what Right Reason is, and what are its relations to the other virtues.

But let this point be first thoroughly understood between us, that all which can be said on moral action must be said in outline, as it were, and not exactly: for as we remarked at the commencement, such reasoning only must be required as the nature of the subject-matter admits of, and matters of moral action and expediency have no fixedness any more than matters of health. And if the subject in its general maxims is such, still less in its application to particular cases is exactness attainable: because these fall not under any art or system of rules, but it must be left in each instance to the individual agents to look to the exigencies of the particular case, as it is in the art of healing, or that of navigating a ship. Still, though the present subject is confessedly such, we must try and do what we can for it.

First then this must be noted, that it is the nature of such things to be spoiled by defect and excess; as we see in the case of health and strength (since for the illustration of things which cannot be seen we must use those that can), for excessive training impairs the strength as well as deficient: meat and drink, in like manner, in too great or too small quantities, impair the health: while in due proportion they cause, increase, and preserve it.

Thus it is therefore with the habits of perfected Self-Mastery and Courage and the rest of the Virtues: for the man who flies from and fears all things, and never stands up against anything, comes to be a coward; and he who fears nothing, but goes at everything, comes to be rash. In like manner too, he that tastes of every pleasure and abstains from none comes to lose all self-control; while he who avoids all, as do the dull and clownish, comes as it were to lose his faculties of perception: that is to say, the habits of perfected Self-Mastery and Courage are spoiled by the excess and defect, but by the mean state are preserved.

Furthermore, not only do the origination, growth, and marring of the habits come from and by the same circumstances, but also the acts of working after the habits are formed will be exercised on the same: for so it is also with those other things which are more directly matters of sight, strength for instance: for this comes by taking plenty of food and doing plenty of work, and the man who has attained strength is best able to do these: and so it is with the Virtues, for not only do we by abstaining from pleasures come to be perfected in Self-Mastery, but when we have come to be so we can best abstain from them: similarly too with Courage: for it is

by accustoming ourselves to despise objects of fear and stand up against them that we come to be brave; and after we have come to be so we shall be best able to stand up against such objects.

And for a test of the formation or the habits we must take the pleasure or pain which succeeds the acts; for he is perfected in Self-Mastery who not only abstains from the bodily pleasures but is glad to do so; whereas he who abstains but is sorry to do it has not Self-Mastery: he again is brave who stands up against danger, either with positive pleasure or at least without any pain; whereas he who does it with pain is not brave.

For Moral Virtue has for its object-matter pleasures and pains, because by reason of pleasure we do what is bad, and by reason of pain decline doing what is right (for which cause, as Plato observes, men should have been trained straight from their childhood to receive pleasure and pain from proper objects, for this is the right education). Again: since Virtues have to do with actions and feelings, and on every feeling and every action pleasure and pain follow, here again is another proof that Virtue has for its object-matter pleasure and pain. The same is shown also by the fact that punishments are effected through the instrumentality of these; because they are of the nature of remedies, and it is the nature of remedies to be the contraries of the ills they cure. Again, to quote what we said before: every habit of the Soul by its very nature has relation to, and exerts itself upon, things of the same kind as those by which it is naturally deteriorated or improved: now such habits do come to be vicious by reason of pleasures and pains, that is, by men pursuing or avoiding respectively, either such as they ought not, or at wrong times, or in wrong manner, and so forth (for which reason, by the way, some people define the Virtues as certain states of impassibility and utter quietude, but they are wrong because they speak without modification, instead of adding, "as they ought," "as they ought not," and "when," and so on). Virtue then is assumed to be that habit which is such, in relation to pleasures and pains, as to effect the best results, and Vice the contrary.

The following considerations may also serve to set this in a clear light. There are principally three things moving us to choice and three to avoidance, the honourable, the expedient, the pleasant; and their three contraries, the dishonourable, the hurtful, and the painful: now the good man is apt to go right, and the bad man wrong, with respect to all these of course, but most specially with respect to pleasure: because not only is this common to him with all animals but also it is a concomitant of all those things which move to choice, since both the honourable and the expedient give an impression of pleasure.

Again, it grows up with us all from infancy, and so it is a hard matter to remove from ourselves this feeling, engrained as it is into our very life.

Again, we adopt pleasure and pain (some of us more, and some less) as the measure even of actions: for this cause then our whole business must be with them, since to receive right or wrong impressions of pleasure and pain is a thing of no little importance in respect of the actions. Once more; it is harder, as Heraclitus says, to fight against pleasure than against anger: now it is about that which is more than commonly difficult that art comes into being, and virtue too, because in that which is difficult the good is of a higher order: and so for this reason too both virtue and moral philosophy generally must wholly busy themselves respecting pleasures and pains, because he that uses these well will be good, he that does so ill will be bad.

Let us then be understood to have stated, that Virtue has for its object-matter pleasures and pains, and that it is either increased or marred by the same circumstances (differently used) by which it is originally generated, and that it exerts itself on the same circumstances out of which it was generated.

Now I can conceive a person perplexed as to the meaning of our statement, that men must do just actions to become just, and those of self-mastery to acquire the habit of self-mastery; "for," he would say, "if men are doing the actions they have the respective virtues already, just as men are grammarians or musicians when they do the actions of either art." May we not reply by saying that it is not so even in the case of the

arts referred to: because a man may produce something grammatical either by chance or the suggestion of another; but then only will he be a grammarian when he not only produces something grammatical but does so grammarian-wise, *i.e.* in virtue of the grammatical knowledge he himself possesses.

Again, the cases of the arts and the virtues are not parallel: because those things which are produced by the arts have their excellence in themselves, and it is sufficient therefore that these when produced should be in a certain state: but those which are produced in the way of the virtues, are, strictly speaking, actions of a certain kind (say of Justice or perfected Self-Mastery), not merely if in themselves they are in a certain state but if also he who does them does them being himself in a certain state, first if knowing what he is doing, next if with deliberate preference, and with such preference for the things' own sake; and thirdly if being himself stable and unapt to change. Now to constitute possession of the arts these requisites are not reckoned in, excepting the one point of knowledge: whereas for possession of the virtues knowledge avails little or nothing, but the other requisites avail not a little, but, in fact, are all in all, and these requisites as a matter of fact do come from oftentimes doing the actions of Justice and perfected Self-Mastery.

The facts, it is true, are called by the names of these habits when they are such as the just or perfectly self-mastering man would do; but he is not in possession of the virtues who merely does these facts, but he who also so does them as the just and self-mastering do them.

We are right then in saying, that these virtues are formed in a man by his doing the actions; but no one, if he should leave them undone, would be even in the way to become a good man. Yet people in general do not perform these actions, but taking refuge in talk they flatter themselves they are philosophising, and that they will so be good men: acting in truth very like those sick people who listen to the doctor with great attention but do nothing that he tells them: just as these then cannot be well bodily under such a course of treatment, so neither can those be mentally by such philosophising.

Next, we must examine what Virtue is. Well, since the things which come to be in the mind are, in all, of three kinds, Feelings, Capacities, States, Virtue of course must belong to one of the three classes.

By Feelings, I mean such as lust, anger, fear, confidence, envy, joy, friendship, hatred, longing, emulation, compassion. in short all such as are followed by pleasure or pain: by Capacities, those in right of which we are said to be capable of these feelings; as by virtue of which we are able to have been made angry, or grieved, or to have compassionated; by States, those in right of which we are in a certain relation good or bad to the aforementioned feelings; to having been made angry, for instance, we are in a wrong relation if in our anger we were too violent or too slack, but if we were in the happy medium we are in a right relation to the feeling. And so on of the rest.

Now Feelings neither the virtues nor vices are, because in right of the Feelings we are not denominated either good or bad, but in right of the virtues and vices we are.

Again, in right of the Feelings we are neither praised nor blamed (for a man is not commended for being afraid or being angry, nor blamed for being angry merely but for being so in a particular way), but in right of the virtues and vices we are.

Again, both anger and fear we feel without moral choice, whereas the virtues are acts of moral choice, or at least certainly not independent of it.

Moreover, in right of the Feelings we are said to be moved, but in right of the virtues and vices not to be moved, but disposed, in a certain way.

And for these same reasons they are not Capacities, for we are not called good or bad merely because we are able to feel, nor are we praised or blamed.

And again, Capacities we have by nature, but we do not come to be good or bad by nature, as we have said before.

Since then the virtues are neither Feelings nor Capacities, it remains that they must be States.

Now what the genus of Virtue is has been said; but we must not merely speak of it thus, that it is a state but say also what kind of a state it is.

We must observe then that all excellence makes that whereof it is the excellence both

to be itself in a good state and to perform its work well. The excellence of the eye, for instance, makes both the eye good and its work also: for by the excellence of the eye we see well. So too the excellence of the horse makes a horse good, and good in speed, and in carrying his rider, and standing up against the enemy. If then this is universally the case, the excellence of Man, *i.e.*, Virtue, must be a state whereby Man comes to be good and whereby he will perform well his proper work. Now how this shall be it is true we have said already, but still perhaps it may throw light on the subject to see what is its characteristic nature.

In all quantity then, whether continuous or discrete, one may take the greater part, the less, or the exactly equal, and these either with reference to the thing itself, or relatively to us: and the exactly equal is a mean between excess and defect. Now by the mean of the thing, *i.e.* absolute mean, I denote that which is equidistant from either extreme (which of course is one and the same to all), and by the mean relatively to ourselves, that which is neither too much nor too little for the particular individual. This of course is not one nor the same to all: for instance, suppose ten is too much and two too little, people take six for the absolute mean; because it exceeds the smaller sum by exactly as much as it is itself exceeded by the larger, and this mean is according to arithmetical proportion.

But the mean relatively to ourselves must not be so found; for it does not follow, supposing ten minæ is too large a quantity to eat and two too small, that the trainer will order his man six; because for the person who is to take it this also may be too much or too little: for Milo it would be too little, for a man just commencing his athletic exercises too much: similarly too of the exercises themselves, as running or wrestling.

So then it seems every one possessed of skill avoids excess and defect, but seeks for and chooses the mean, not the absolute but the relative.

Now if all the skill thus accomplishes well its work by keeping an eye on the mean, and bringing the works to this point (whence it is common enough to say of such works as are in a good state, "one cannot add to or take ought from them," under the notion of excess or defect destroying goodness but the mean state preserving it), and good artisans, as we say, work with their eye on this, and excellence, like nature, is more exact and better than any art in the world, it must have an aptitude to aim at the mean.

It is moral excellence, *i.e.* Virtue, of course which I mean, because this it is which is concerned with feelings and actions, and in these there can be excess and defect and the mean: it is possible, for instance, to feel the emotions of fear, confidence, lust, anger, compassion, and pleasure and pain generally, too much or too little, and in either case wrongly; but to feel them when we ought, on what occasions, towards whom, why, and as, we should do, is the mean, or in other words the best state, and this is the property of Virtue.

In like manner too with respect to the actions, there may be excess and defect and the mean. Now Virtue is concerned with feelings and actions, in which the excess is wrong and the defect is blamed but the mean is praised and goes right; and both these circumstances belong to Virtue. Virtue then is in a sense a mean state, since it certainly has an aptitude for aiming at the mean.

Again, one may go wrong in many different ways (because, as the Pythagoreans expressed it, evil is of the class of the infinite, good of the finite), but right only in one; and so the former is easy, the latter difficult; easy to miss the mark, but hard to hit it: and for these reasons, therefore, both the excess and defect belong to Vice, and the mean state to Virtue; for, as the poet has it,

> Men may be bad in many ways,
> But good in one alone.

Virtue then is "a state apt to exercise deliberate choice, being in the relative mean, determined by reason, and as the man of practical wisdom would determine."

It is a middle state between too faulty ones, in the way of excess on one side and of defect on the other: and it is so moreover, because the faulty states on one side fall short of, and those on the other exceed, what is right, both in the case of the feelings and the actions; but Virtue finds, and when found adopts, the mean.

And so, viewing it in respect of its essence and definition, Virtue is a mean state; but in

reference to the chief good and to excellence it is the highest state possible.

But it must not be supposed that every action or every feeling is capable of subsisting in this mean state, because some there are which are so named as immediately to convey the notion of badness, as malevolence, shamelessness, envy; or, to instance in actions, adultery, theft, homicide; for all these and suchlike are blamed because they are in themselves bad, not the having too much or too little of them.

In these then you never can go right, but must always be wrong: nor in such does the right or wrong depend on the selection of a proper person, time, or manner (take adultery for instance), but simply doing any one soever of those things is being wrong.

You might as well require that there should be determined a mean state, an excess and a defect in respect of acting unjustly, being cowardly, or giving up all control of the passions: for at this rate there will be of excess and defect a mean state; of excess, excess; and of defect, defect.

But just as of perfected self-mastery and courage there is no excess and defect, because the mean is in one point of view the highest possible state, so in neither of those faulty states can you have a mean state, excess, or defect, but howsoever done they are wrong: you cannot, in short, have of excess and defect a mean state, nor of a mean state excess and defect.

It is not enough, however, to state this in general terms, we must also apply it to particular instances, because in treatises on moral conduct general statements have an air of vagueness, but those which go into detail one of greater reality: for the actions after all must be in detail, and the general statements, to be worth anything, must hold good here.

We must take these details then from the Table.

I. In respect of fears and confidence or boldness:

The Mean state is Courage: men may exceed, of course, either in absence of fear or in positive confidence: the former has no name (which is a common case), the latter is called rash: again, the man who has too much fear and too little confidence is called a coward.

II. In respect of pleasures and pains (but not all, and perhaps fewer pains than pleasures):

The Mean state here is perfected Self-Mastery, the defect total absence of Self-control. As for defect in respect of pleasure, there are really no people who are chargeable with it, so, of course, there is really no name for such characters, but, as they are conceivable, we will give them one and call them insensible.

III. In respect of giving and taking wealth (*a*):

The mean state is Liberality, the excess Prodigality, the defect Stinginess: here each of the extremes involves really an excess and defect contrary to each other: I mean, the prodigal gives out too much and takes in too little, while the stingy man takes in too much and gives out too little. (It must be understood that we are now giving merely an outline and summary, intentionally: and we will, in a later part of the treatise, draw out the distinctions with greater exactness.)

IV. In respect of wealth (*b*):

There are other dispositions besides these just mentioned; a mean state called Munificence (for the munificent man differs from the liberal, the former having necessarily to do with great wealth, the latter with but small); the excess called by the names either of Want of taste or Vulgar Profusion, and the defect Paltriness (these also differ from the extremes connected with liberality, and the manner of their difference shall also be spoken of later).

V. In respect of honour and dishonour (*a*):

The mean state Greatness of Soul, the excess which may be called braggadocio, and the defect Littleness of Soul.

VI. In respect of honour and dishonour (*b*):

Now there is a state bearing the same relation to Greatness of Soul as we said just now Liberality does to Munificence, with the difference that is of being about a small amount of the same thing: this state having reference to small honour, as Greatness of Soul to great honour; a man may, of course, grasp at honour either more than he should or less; now he that exceeds in his grasping at it is called ambitious, he that falls short unambitious, he that is just as he should be has no proper name: nor in fact have the states,

except that the disposition of the ambitious man is called ambition. For this reason those who are in either extreme lay claim to the mean, as a debatable land, and we call the virtuous character sometimes by the name ambitious, sometimes by that of unambitious, and we commend sometimes the one and sometimes the other. Why we do it shall be said in the subsequent part of the treatise; but now we will go on with the rest of the virtues after the plan we have laid down.

VII. In respect of anger:

Here too there is excess, defect, and a mean state; but since they may be said to have really no proper names, as we call the virtuous character Meek, we will call the mean state Meekness, and of the extremes, let the man who is excessive be denominated Passionate, and the faulty state Passionateless, and him who is deficient Angerless, and the defect Angerlessness.

There are also three other mean states, having some mutual resemblance, but still with differences; they are alike in that they all have for their object-matter intercourse of words and deeds, and they differ in that one has respect to truth herein, the other two to what is pleasant; and this in two ways, the one in relaxation and amusement, the other in all things which occur in daily life. We must say a word or two about these also, that we may the better see that in all matters the mean is praiseworthy, while the extremes are neither right nor worthy of praise but of blame.

Now of these, it is true, the majority have really no proper names, but still we must try, as in the other cases, to coin some for them for the sake of clearness and intelligibleness.

I. In respect of truth:

The man who is in the mean state we will call Truthful, and his state Truthfulness, and as to the disguise of truth, if it be on the side of exaggeration, Braggadocia, and him that has it a Braggadocio; if on that of diminution, Reserve and Reserved shall be the terms.

II. In respect of what is pleasant in the way of relaxation or amusement:

The mean state shall be called Easy-pleasantry, and the character accordingly a man of Easy-pleasantry; the excess Buffoonery, and the man a Buffoon; the man deficient herein a Clown, and his state Clownishness.

III. In respect of what is pleasant in daily life:

He that is as he should be may be called Friendly, and his mean state Friendliness: he that exceeds, if it be without any interested motive, somewhat too Complaisant, if with such motive, a Flatterer: he that is deficient and in all instances unpleasant, Quarrelsome and Cross.

There are mean states likewise in feelings and matters concerning them. Shamefacedness, for instance, is no virtue, still a man is praised for being shamefaced: for in these too the one is denominated the man in the mean state, the other in the excess; the Dumbfoundered, for instance, who is overwhelmed with shame on all and any occasion: the man who is in the defect, *i.e.* who has no shame at all in his composition, is called Shameless: but the right character Shamefaced.

Indignation against successful vice, again, is a state in the mean between Envy and Malevolence: they all three have respect to pleasure and pain produced by what happens to one's neighbour: for the man who has this right feeling is annoyed at undeserved success of others, while the envious man goes beyond him and is annoyed at all success of others, and the malevolent falls so far short of feeling annoyance that he even rejoices [at misfortune of others].

But for the discussion of these also there will be another opportunity, as of Justice too, because the term is used in more senses than one. So after this we will go accurately into each and say how they are mean states: and in like manner also with respect to the Intellectual Excellences.

Now as there are three states in each case, two faulty either in the way of excess or defect, and one right, which is the mean state, of course all are in a way opposed to one another; the extremes, for instance, not only to the mean but also to one another, and the mean to the extremes: for just as the half is greater if compared with the less portion, and less if compared with the greater, so the mean states, compared with the defects, exceed, whether in feelings or actions, and *vice versâ*. The brave man, for instance, shows as rash when compared with

the coward, and cowardly when compared with the rash; similarly too the man of perfected self-mastery, viewed in comparison with the man destitute of all perception, shows like a man of no self-control, but in comparison with the man who really has no self-control, he looks like one destitute of all perception: and the liberal man compared with the stingy seems prodigal, and by the side of the prodigal, stingy.

And so the extreme characters push away, so to speak, towards each other the man in the mean state; the brave man is called a rash man by the coward, and a coward by the rash man, and in the other cases accordingly. And there being this mutual opposition, the contrariety between the extremes is greater than between either and the mean, because they are further from one another than from the mean, just as the greater or less portion differ more from each other than either from the exact half.

Again, in some cases an extreme will bear a resemblance to the mean; rashness, for instance, to courage, and prodigality to liberality; but between the extremes there is the greatest dissimilarity. Now things which are furthest from one another are defined to be contrary, and so the further off the more contrary will they be.

Further: of the extremes in some cases the excess, and in others the defect, is most opposed to the mean: to courage, for instance, not rashness which is the excess, but cowardice which is the defect; whereas to perfected self-mastery not insensibility which is the defect but absence of all self-control which is the excess.

And for this there are two reasons to be given; one from the nature of the thing itself, because from the one extreme being nearer and more like the mean, we do not put this against it, but the other; as, for instance, since rashness is thought to be nearer to courage than cowardice is, and to resemble it more, we put cowardice against courage rather than rashness, because those things which are further from the mean are thought to be more contrary to it. This then is one reason arising from the thing itself; there is another arising from our own constitution and make: for in each man's own case those things give the impression of being more contrary to the mean to which we individually have a natural bias. Thus we have a natural bias towards pleasures, for which reason we are much more inclined to the rejection of all self-control, than to self-discipline.

These things then to which the bias is, we call more contrary, and so total want of self-control (the excess) is more contrary than the defect is to perfected self-mastery.

Now that Moral Virtue is a mean state, and how it is so, and that it lies between two faulty states, one in the way of excess and another in the way of defect, and that it is so because it has an aptitude to aim at the mean both in feelings and actions, all this has been set forth fully and sufficiently.

And so it is hard to be good: for surely hard it is in each instance to find the mean, just as to find the mean point or centre of a circle is not what any man can do, but only he who knows how: just so to be angry, to give money, and be expansive, is what any man can do, and easy: but to do these to the right person, in due proportion, at the right time, with a right object, and in the right manner, this is not as before what any man can do, nor is it easy; and for this cause goodness is rare, and praiseworthy, and noble.

Therefore he who aims at the mean should make it his first care to keep away from that extreme which is more contrary than the other to the mean; just as Calypso in Homer advises Ulysses,

> Clear of this smoke and surge thy barque direct;

because of the two extremes the one is always more, and the other less, erroneous; and, therefore, since to hit exactly on the mean is difficult, one must take the least of the evils as the safest plan; and this a man will be doing, if he follows this method.

We ought also to take into consideration our own natural bias; which varies in each man's case, and will be ascertained from the pleasure and pain arising in us. Furthermore, we should force ourselves off in the contrary direction, because we shall find ourselves in the mean after we have removed ourselves far from the wrong side, exactly as men do in straightening bent timber.

But in all cases we must guard most carefully against what is pleasant, and pleasure itself, because we are not impartial judges of it.

We ought to feel in fact towards pleasure as did the old counsellors towards Helen, and in all cases pronounce a similar sentence; for so by sending it away from us, we shall err the less.

Well, to speak very briefly, these are the precautions by adopting which we shall be best able to attain the mean.

Still, perhaps, after all it is a matter of difficulty, and specially in the particular instances: it is not easy, for instance, to determine exactly in what manner, with what persons, for what causes, and for what length of time, one ought to feel anger: for we ourselves sometimes praise those who are defective in this feeling, and we call them meek; at another, we term the hot-tempered manly and spirited.

Then, again, he who makes a small deflection from what is right, be it on the side of too much or too little, is not blamed, only he who makes a considerable one; for he cannot escape observation. But to what point or degree a man must err in order to incur blame, it is not easy to determine exactly in words: nor in fact any of those points which are matters of perception by the Moral Sense: such questions are matters of detail, and the decision of them rests with the Moral Sense.

At all events thus much is plain, that the mean state is in all things praiseworthy, and that practically we must deflect sometimes towards excess sometimes towards defect, because this will be the easiest method of hitting on the mean, that is, on what is right.

EPICTETUS (c. 60 A. D.)

THE ENCHEIRIDION, OR MANUAL

Of things some are in our power, and others are not. In our power are opinion, movement toward a thing, desire, aversion (turning from a thing); and in a word, whatever are our own acts: not in our power are the body, property, reputation, offices (magisterial power), and in a word, whatever are not our own acts. And the things in our power are by nature free, not subject to restraint nor hindrance: but the things not in our power are weak, slavish, subject to restraint, in the power of others. Remember then that if you think the things which are by nature slavish to be free, and the things which are in the power of others to be your own, you will be hindered, you will lament, you will be disturbed, you will blame both gods and men: but if you think that only which is your own to be your own, and if you think that what is another's, as it really is, belongs to another, no man will ever compel you, no man will hinder you, you will never blame any man, you will accuse no man, you will do nothing involuntarily, no man will harm you, you will have no enemy, for you will not suffer any harm.

If then you desire such great things, remember that you must not lay hold of them with a small effort; but you must leave alone some things entirely, and postpone others for the present. But if you wish for these things also, and power and wealth, perhaps you will not gain even these very things because you aim also at those former things: certainly you will fail in those things through which alone happiness and freedom are secured. Straightway then practice saying to every harsh appearance. You are an appearance, and in no manner what you appear to be. Then examine it by the rules which you possess, and by this first and chiefly, whether it relates to the things which are in our power or to the things which are not in our power: and if it relates to anything which is not in our power, be ready to say, that it does not concern you.

Men are disturbed not by the things which happen, but by the opinions about the things: for example, death is nothing terrible, for if it were it would have seemed so to Socrates; for the opinion about death, that it is terrible, is the terrible thing. When then we are impeded or disturbed or grieved, let us never blame others, but ourselves, that is, our opinions. It is the act of an ill-instructed man to blame others for his bad condition; it is the act of one who has begun

to be instructed, to lay the blame on himself; and of one whose instruction is completed, neither to blame another, nor himself.

Seek not that the things which happen should happen as you wish; but wish the things which happen to be as they are, and you will have a tranquil flow of life.

If you would have your children and your wife and your friends to live forever, you are silly; for you would have the things which are not in your power to be in your power, and the things which belong to others to be yours. So if you would have your slave to be free from faults, you are a fool; for you would have badness not to be badness, but something else. But if you wish not to fail in your desires, you are able to do that. Practice then this which you are able to do. He is the master of every man who has the power over the things, which another person wishes or does not wish, the power to confer them on him or to take them away. Whoever then wishes to be free, let him neither wish for anything nor avoid anything which depends on others: if he does not observe this rule, he must be a slave.

Remember that in life you ought to behave as at a banquet. Suppose that something is carried round and is opposite to you. Stretch out your hand and take a portion with decency. Suppose that it passes by you. Do not detain it. Suppose that it is not yet come to you. Do not send your desire forward to it, but wait till it is opposite to you. Do so with respect to children, so with respect to a wife, so with respect to magisterial offices, so with respect to wealth, and you will be some time a worthy partner of the banquets of the gods. But if you take none of the things which are set before you, and even despise them, then you will be not only a fellow-banqueter with the gods, but also a partner with them in power. For by acting thus Diogenes and Heracleitus and those like them were deservedly divine, and were so called.

When you see a person weeping in sorrow either when a child goes abroad or when he is dead, or when the man has lost his property, take care that the appearance do not hurry you away with it, as if he were suffering in external things. But straightway make a distinction in your own mind, and be in readiness to say, it is not that which has happened that afflicts this man, for it does not afflict another, but it is the opinion about this thing which afflicts the man. So far as words then do not be unwilling to show him sympathy, and even if it happens so, to lament with him. But take care that you do not lament internally also.

Remember that thou art an actor in a play of such a kind as the author may choose; if short, of a short one; if long, of a long one: if he wishes you to act the part of a poor man, see that you act the part naturally; if the part of a lame man, of a magistrate, of a private person, (do the same). For this is your duty, to act well the part that is given to you; but to select the part, belongs to another.

Remember that it is not he who reviles you or strikes you, who insults you, but it is your opinion about these things as being insulting. When then a man irritates you, you must know that it is your own opinion which has irritated you. Therefore especially try not to be carried away by the appearance. For if you once gain time and delay, you will more easily master yourself.

Let death and exile and every thing which appears dreadful be daily before your eyes; but most of all death: and you will never think of anything mean nor will you desire anything extravagantly.

If you desire philosophy, prepare yourself from the beginning to be ridiculed, to expect that many will sneer at you, and say, He has all at once returned to us as a philosopher; and whence does he get this supercilious look for us? Do you not show a supercilious look; but hold on to the things which seem to you best as one appointed by God to this station. And remember that if you abide in the same principles, these men who first ridiculed will afterward admire you: but if you shall have been overpowered by them, you will bring on yourself double ridicule.

Let not these thoughts afflict you, I shall live unhonored and be nobody nowhere. For if want of honor is an evil, you cannot be in evil through the means of another any more than you can be involved in anything base. Is it then your business to obtain the rank of a magistrate, or to be received at a banquet? By no means. How then can this be want of honor? And how will you

be nobody nowhere, when you ought to be somebody in those things only which are in your power, in which indeed it is permitted to you to be a man of the greatest worth? But your friends will be without assistance! What do you mean by being without assistance? They will not receive money from you, nor will you make them Roman citizens. Who then told you that these are among the things which are in our power, and not in the power of others? And who can give to another what he has not himself? Acquire money then, your friends say, that we also may have something. If I can acquire money and also keep myself modest, and faithful and magnanimous, point out the way, and I will acquire it. But if you ask me to lose the things which are good and my own, in order that you may gain the things which are not good, see how unfair and silly you are. Besides, which would you rather have, money or a faithful and modest friend? For this end then rather help me to be such a man, and do not ask me to do this by which I shall lose that character. But my country, you say, as far as it depends on me, will be without my help. I ask again, what help do you mean? It will not have porticoes or baths through you. And what does this mean? For it is not furnished with shoes by means of a smith, nor with arms by means of a shoemaker. But it is enough if every man fully discharges the work that is his own: and if you provided it with another citizen faithful and modest, would you not be useful to it? Yes. Then you also cannot be useless to it. What place then, you say, shall I hold in the city? Whatever you can, if you maintain at the same time your fidelity and modesty. But if when you wish to be useful to the state, you shall lose these qualities, what profit could you be to it, if you were made shameless and faithless?

Immediately prescribe some character and some form to yourself, which you shall observe both when you are alone and when you meet with men.

And let silence be the general rule, or let only what is necessary be said, and in few words. And rarely and when the occasion calls we shall say something; but about none of the common subjects, nor about gladiators, nor horse-races, nor about athletes, nor about eating or drinking, which are the usual subjects; and especially not about men, as blaming them or praising them, or comparing them. If then you are able, bring over by your conversation the conversation of your associates to that which is proper; but if you should happen to be confined to the company of strangers, be silent.

Let not your laughter be much, nor on many occasions, nor excessive.

Refuse altogether to take an oath, if it is possible; if it is not refuse as far as you are able.

Avoid banquets which are given by strangers and by ignorant persons. But if ever there is occasion to join in them, let your attention be carefully fixed, that you slip not into the manners of the vulgar. For you must know, that if your companion be impure, he also who keeps company with him must become impure, though he should happen to be pure.

Take the things which relate to the body as far as the bare use, as food, drink, clothing, house, and slaves: but exclude everything which is for show or luxury.

In company take care not to speak much and excessively about your own acts or dangers: for as it is pleasant to you to make mention of your dangers, it is not so pleasant to others to hear what has happened to you. Take care also not to provoke laughter; for this is a slippery way toward vulgar habits, and is also adapted to diminish the respect of your neighbors. It is a dangerous habit also to approach obscene talk. When then anything of this kind happens, if there is a good opportunity, rebuke the man who has proceeded to this talk: but if there is not an opportunity, by your silence at least, and blushing and expression of dissatisfaction by your countenance, show plainly that you are displeased at such talk.

If you have received the impression of any pleasure, guard yourself against being carried away by it; but let the thing wait for you, and allow yourself a certain delay on your own part. Then think of both times, of the time when you will enjoy the pleasure, and of the time after the enjoyment of the pleasure when you will repent and will reproach yourself. And set against these things how you will rejoice if you have abstained from the pleasure, and how you will

commend yourself. But if it seem to you seasonable to undertake (do) the thing, take care that the charm of it, and the pleasure, and the attraction of it shall not conquer you: but set on the other side the consideration how much better it is to be conscious that you have gained this victory.

When you have decided that a thing ought to be done and are doing it, never avoid being seen doing it, though the many shall form an unfavorable opinion about it. For if it is not right to do it, avoid doing the thing; but if it is right, why are you afraid of those who shall find fault wrongly?

It is mark of a mean capacity to spend much time on the things which concern the body, such as much exercise, much eating, much drinking, much easing of the body, much copulation. But these things should be done as subordinate things: and let all your care be directed to the mind.

When at a small cost you are supplied with everything for the body, do not be proud of this; nor, if you drink water, say on every occasion, I drink water. But consider first how much more frugal the poor are than we, and how much more enduring of labor. And if you ever wish to exercise yourself in labor and endurance, do it for yourself and not for others: do not embrace statues. But if you are ever very thirsty, take a draught of cold water, and spit it out, and tell no man.

The condition and characteristic of an uninstructed person is this: he never expects from himself profit nor harm, but from externals. The condition and characterisitic of a philosopher is this: he expects all advantage and all harm from himself. The signs of one who is making progress are these: he censures no man, he praises no man, he blames no man, he accuses no man, he says nothing about himself as if he were somebody or knew something; when he is impeded at all or hindered, he blames himself if a man praises him, he ridicules the praiser to himself: if a man censures him, he makes no defense: he goes about like weak persons, being careful not to move any of the things which are placed, before they are firmly fixed he removes all desire from himself, and he transfers aversion to those things only of the things within our power which are contrary to nature: he employs a moderate movement toward everything: whether he is considered foolish or ignorant, he cares not: and in a word he watches himself as if he were an enemy and lying in ambush.

In What Manner We Ought To Bear Sickness

We should have all our principles ready for use on every occasion. At dinner, such as relate to dinner; in the bath, such as relate to the bath; in the bed, such as relate to the bed.

Again; in a fever, we should have such principles ready as relate to a fever; and not, as soon as we are taken ill, forget all. Provided I do but act like a philosopher, let what will happen. Some way or other depart I must from this frail body, whether a fever comes or not. What is it to be a philsopher? Is it not to be prepared against events? Do you not comprehend that you then say, in effect, "If I am but prepared to bear all events with calmness, let what will happen;" otherwise, you are like an athlete, who, after receiving a blow, should quit the combat. In that case, indeed, you might leave off without a penalty. But what shall we get by leaving off philosophy?

Now is your time for a fever. Bear it well. For thirst; bear it well. For hunger; bear it well. Is it not in your power? Who shall restrain you? A physician may restrain you from drinking; but he cannot restrain you from bearing your thirst well. He may restrain you from eating; but he cannot restrain you from bearing hunger well.

What is it to bear a fever well? Not to blame either God or man; not to be afflicted at what happens; to wait death in a right and becoming manner; and to do what is to be done. When the physician enters, not to dread what he may say; nor, if he should tell you that you are doing well, to be too much rejoiced; for what good has he told you? When you were in health, what good did it do you? Not to be dejected when he tells you that you are very ill; for what is it to be very ill? To be near the separation of soul and body. What harm is there in this, then? If you are not near it now, will you not be near it hereafter? What, will the world be quite overturned when you die? Why, then, do you flatter your physician? Why do you say, "If you please, sir, I shall do

well?" Why do you furnish an occasion to his pride? Why do you not treat a physician with regard to an insignificant body,—which is not yours, but by nature mortal,—as you do a shoemaker about your foot, or a carpenter about your house? It is the season for these things, to one in a fever. If he fulfills these, he has what belongs to him. For it is not the business of a philosopher to take care of these mere externals, of his wine, his oil, or his body; but of his Reason. And how with regard to externals? Not to behave inconsiderately about them.

How We Are To Exercise Ourselves against the Semblances of Things

In the same manner as we exercise ourselves against sophistical questions, we should exercise ourselves likewise in relation to such semblances as every day occur; for these, too, offer questions to us. Such a one's son is dead. What think you of it? Answer: it is a thing inevitable, and therefore not an evil. Such a one is disinherited by his father. What think you of it? It is inevitable, and so not an evil. Cæsar has condemned him. This is inevitable, and so not an evil. He has been afflicted by it. This is controllable by Will; it is an evil. He has supported it bravely. This is within the control of Will; it is a good.

If we train ourselves in this manner we shall make improvement; for we shall never assent to anything but what the semblance itself includes. A son is dead. What then? A son is dead. Nothing more? Nothing. A ship is lost. What then? A ship is lost. He is carried to prison. What then? He is carried to prison. That he is *unhappy* is an addition that everyone must make for himself. "But Zeus does not order these things rightly." Why so? Because he has made you to be patient? Because he has made you to be brave? Because he has made them to be no evils? Because it is permitted you, while you suffer them, to be happy? Because he has opened you the door whenever they do not suit you? Go out, man, and do not complain!

MARCUS AURELIUS (121–180 A. D.)

MEDITATIONS[1]

1. Begin the morning by saying to thyself, I shall meet with the busybody, the ungrateful, arrogant, deceitful, envious, unsocial. All these things happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil. But I who have seen the nature of the good that it is beautiful and of the bad that it is ugly, and the nature of him who does wrong, that it is akin to me, not (only) of the same blood or seed, but that it participates in (the same) intelligence and the same portion of the divinity, I can neither be injured by any of them, for no one can fix on me what is ugly, nor can I be angry with my kinsman, nor hate him. For we are made for co-operation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth. To act against one another then is contrary to nature; and it is acting against one another to be vexed and to turn away.

2. Every moment think steadily as a Roman and a man to do what thou hast in hand with perfect and simple dignity, and feeling of affection, and freedom, and justice; and to give thyself relief from all other thoughts. And thou wilt give thyself relief, if thou doest every act of thy life as if it were the last, laying aside all carelessness and passionate aversion from the commands of reason, and all hypocrisy, and self-love, and discontent with the portion which has been given to thee. Thou seest how few the things are, the which if a man lays hold of, he is able to live a life which flows in quiet, and is like the existence of the gods; for the gods on their part will require nothing more from him who observes these things.

3. Of the human life the time is a point, and the substance is in a flux, and the perception dull, and the composition of the whole body subject to putrefaction, and the soul of a whirl, and fortune hard to divine, and fame a thing devoid of judgment. And, to say all in a word, everything which belongs to the body is a stream, and what be-

[1] Translation by George Long.

longs to the soul is a dream and vapour, and life is a warfare and a stranger's sojourn, and after-fame is oblivion. What, then, is that which is able to conduct a man? One thing, and only one—philosophy. But this consists in keeping the daemon within a man free from violence and unharmed, superior to pains and pleasures, doing nothing without a purpose, nor yet falsely and with hypocrisy, not feeling the need of another man's doing or not doing anything; and besides, accepting all that happens, and all that is allotted, as coming from thence, wherever it is, from whence he himself came; and, finally, waiting for death with a cheerful mind, as being nothing else than a dissolution of the elements of which every living being is compounded. But if there is no harm to the elements themselves in each continually changing into another, why should a man have any apprehension about the change and dissolution of all the elements? For it is according to nature, and nothing is evil which is according to nature.

4. We ought to consider not only that our life is daily wasting away and a smaller part of it is left, but another thing also must be taken into the account, that if a man should live longer it is quite uncertain whether the understanding will still continue sufficient for the comprehension of things, and retain the power of contemplation which strives to acquire the knowledge of the divine and the human. For if he shall begin to fall into dotage, perspiration and nutrition and imagination and appetite, and whatever else there is of the kind, will not fail; but the powers of making use of ourselves, and filling up the measure of our duty, and clearly separating all appearances, and considering whether a man should now depart from life, and whatever else of the kind absolutely requires a disciplined reason, all this is already extinguished. We must make haste then, not only because we are daily nearer to death, but also because the conception of things and the understanding of them cease first.

5. Do not waste the remainder of thy life in thoughts about others, when thou dost not refer thy thoughts to some object of common utility. For thou losest the opportunity of doing something else when thou hast such thoughts as these, What is such a person doing, and why, and what is he saying, and what is he thinking of, and what is he contriving, and whatever else of the kind makes us wander away from the observation of our own ruling power. We ought then to check in the series of our thoughts everything that is without a purpose and useless, but most of all the overcurious feeling and the malignant; and a man should use himself to think of those things only about which if one should suddenly ask, What hast thou now in thy thoughts? with perfect openness thou mightest immediately answer, This or That; so that from thy words it should be plain that everything in thee is simple and benevolent, and such as befits a social animal, one that cares not for thoughts about pleasure or sensual enjoyments at all, nor has any rivalry or envy and suspicion, or anything else for which thou wouldst blush if thou shouldst say that thou hadst it in thy mind. For the man who is such and no longer delays being among the number of the best, is like a priest and minister of the gods, using too the deity which is planted within him, which makes the man uncontaminated by pleasure, unharmed by any pain, untouched by any insult, feeling no wrong, a fighter in the noblest fight, one who cannot be overpowered by any passion, dyed deep with justice, accepting with all his soul everything which happens and is assigned to him as his portion; and not often, nor yet without necessity and for the general interest, imagining what another says, or does, or thinks. For it is only what belongs to himself that he makes the matter for his activity; and he constantly thinks of that which is allotted to himself out of the sum total of things, and he makes his own acts fair, and he is persuaded that his own portion is good. For the lot which is assigned to each man is carried along with him and carries him along with it. And he remembers also that every rational animal is his kinsman, and that to care for all men is according to man's nature; and a man should hold on to the opinion not of all but of those only who confessedly live according to nature. But as to those who live not so, he always bears in mind what kind of men they are both at home and from home, both by night and by day, and what they are, and with what men they live an impure

life. Accordingly, he does not value at all the praise which comes from such men, since they are not even satisfied with themselves.

6. Labour not unwillingly, nor without regard to the common interest, nor without due consideration, nor with distraction; nor let studied ornament set off thy thoughts, and be not either a man of many words, or busy about too many things. And further, let the deity which is in thee be the guardian of a living being, manly and of ripe age, and engaged in matter political, and a Roman, and a ruler, who has taken his post like a man waiting for the signal which summons him from life, and ready to go, having need neither of oath nor of any man's testimony. Be cheerful also, and seek not external help nor the tranquillity which others give. A man then must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.

7. If thou findest in human life anything better than justice, truth, temperance, fortitude, and, in a word, anything better than thy own mind's self-satisfaction in the things which it enables thee to do according to right reason, and in the condition that is assigned to thee without thy own choice; if, I say, thou seest anything better than this, turn to it with all thy soul, and enjoy that which thou hast found to be the best. But if nothing appears to be better than the deity which is planted in thee, which has subjected to itself all thy appetites, and carefully examines all the impressions, and as Socrates said, has detached itself from the persuasions of sense, and has submitted itself to the gods, and cares for mankind; if thou findest everything else smaller and of less value than this, give place to nothing else, for if thou dost once diverge and incline to it, thou wilt no longer without distraction be able to give the preference to that good thing which is thy proper possession and thy own; for it is not right that anything of any other kind, such as praise from the many, or power, or enjoyment of pleasure, should come into competition with that which is rationally and politically (or, practically) good. All these things, even though they may seem to adapt themselves to (the better things) in a small degree, obtain the superiority all at once, and carry us away. But do thou, I say, simply and freely choose the better, and hold to it. —But that which is useful is the better.—Well then, if it is only useful to thee as a rational being, keep to it; but if it is only useful to thee as an animal, say so, and maintain thy judgment without arrogance; only take care that thou makest the inquiry by a sure method.

8. That which rules within, when it is according to nature, is so affected with respect to the events which happen, that it always easily adapts itself to that which is possible and is presented to it. For it requires no definite material, but it moves towards its purpose, under certain conditions however; and it makes a material for itself out of that which opposes it, as fire lays hold of what falls into it, by which a small light would have been extinguished; but when the fire is strong, it soon appropriates to itself the matter which is heaped on it, and consumes it, and rises higher by means of this very material.

9. Let no act be done without a purpose, nor otherwise than according to the perfect principles of art.

10. Men seek retreats for themselves, houses in the country, seashores and mountains; and thou too art wont to desire such things very much. But this is altogether a mark of the most common sort of men, for it is in thy power whenever thou shalt choose to retire into thyself. For nowhere, either with more quiet or more freedom from trouble, does a man retire than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts that by looking into them he is immediately in perfect tranquillity; and I affirm that tranquillity is nothing else then the good ordering of the mind. Constantly then give to thyself this retreat, and renew thyself; and let thy principles be brief and fundamental, which, as soon as thou shalt recur to them, will be sufficient to cleanse the soul completely, and to send thee back free from all discontent with the things to which thou returnest. For with what art thou discontented? With the badness of men? Recall to thy mind this conclusion, that rational animals exist for one another, and that to endure is a part of justice, and that men do wrong involuntarily; and consider how many already, after mutual enmity, suspicion, hatred and fighting, have been stretched dead, reduced to ashes; and be quiet at last.—But perhaps thou art dis-

satisfied with that which is assigned to thee out of the universe.—Recall to thy recollection that alternative; either there is providence or atoms (fortuitious concurrence of things); or remember the arguments by which it has been proved that the world is a kind of a political community, and be quiet at last.—But perhaps corporeal things will still fasten upon thee.—Consider then further that the mind mingles not with the breath, whether moving gently or violently, when it has once drawn itself apart and discovered its own power, and think also of all that thou hast heard and assented to about pain and pleasure, and be quiet at last.—But perhaps the desire of the thing called fame will torment thee.—See how soon everything is forgotten, and look at the chaos of infinite time on each side of the present, and the emptiness of applause, and the changeableness and want of judgment in those who pretend to give praise, and the narrowness of the space within which it is circumscribed, and be quiet at last. For the whole earth is a point, and how small a nook in it is this thy dwelling, and how few are there in it, and what kind of people are they who will praise thee.

11. This then remains: Remember to retire into this little territory of thy own, and, above all, do not distract or strain thyself, but be free, and look at things as a man, as a human being, as a citizen, as a mortal. But among the things readiest to thy hand to which thou shalt turn, let there be these, which are two. One is that things do not touch the soul, for they are external and remain immovable; but our perturbations come only from the opinion which is within. The other is that all these things, which thou seest, change immediately and will no longer be; and constantly bear in mind how many of these changes thou hast already witnessed. The universe is transformation: life is opinion.

12. If our intellectual part is common, the reason also, in respect of which we are rational beings, is common: if this is so, common also is the reason which commands us what to do, and what not to do; if this is so, there is a common law also; if this is so, we are fellow-citizens; if this is so, we are members of some political community; if this is so, the world is in a manner a state. For of what other common political community will any one say that the whole human race are members? And from thence, from this common political community comes also our very intellectual faculty and reasoning faculty and our capacity for laws; or whence do they come? For as my earthly part is a portion given to me from certain earth, and that which is watery from another element, and that which is hot and fiery from some peculiar source (for nothing comes out of that which is nothing, as nothing also returns to non-existence), so also the intellectual part comes from some source.

13. Death is such as generation is, a mystery of nature; a composition out of the same elements, and a decomposition into the same; and altogether not a thing of which any man should be ashamed, for it is not contrary to the nature of a reasonable animal, and not contrary to the reason of our constitution.

14. Occupy thyself with few things, says the philosopher, if thou wouldst be tranquil. —But consider if it would not be better to say, Do what is necessary, and whatever the reason of the animal which is naturally social requires, and as it requires. For this brings not only the tranquillity which comes from doing well, but also that which comes from doing few things. For the greatest part of what we say and do being unnecessary, if a man takes this away, he will have more leisure and less uneasiness. Accordingly on every occasion a man should ask himself, Is this one of the unnecessary things? Now a man should take away not only unnecessary acts but also unnecessary thoughts, for thus superfluous acts will not follow after.

15. Try how the life of the good man suits thee, the life of him who is satisfied with his portion out of the whole, and satisfied with his own just acts and benevolent disposition.

16. Hast thou seen those things? Look also at these. Do not disturb thyself. Make thyself all simplicity. Does any one do wrong? It is to himself that he does the wrong. Has anything happened to thee? Well, out of the universe from the beginning everything which happens has been apportioned and spun out to thee. In a word, thy life is short. Thou must turn to profit the present by the aid of reason and justice. Be sober in thy relaxation.

17. Either it is a well arranged universe or a chaos huddled together, but still a universe. But can a certain order subsist in thee, and disorder in the All? And this, too, when all things are so separated and diffused and sympathetic.

18. In the morning when thou risest unwillingly, let this thought be present—I am rising to the work of a human being. Why then am I dissatisfied if I am going to do the things for which I exist and for which I was brought into the world? Or have I been made for this, to lie in the bed-clothes and keep myself warm?—But this is more pleasant.—Dost thou exist then to take thy pleasure, and not at all for action or exertion? Dost thou not see the little plants, the little birds, the ants, the spiders, the bees working together to put in order their several parts of the universe? And art thou unwilling to do the work of a human being, and dost thou not make haste to do that which is according to thy nature?—But it is necessary to take rest also.—It is necessary: however, nature has fixed bounds to this too: she has fixed bounds both to eating and drinking, and yet thou goest beyond these bounds, beyond what is sufficient; yet in thy acts it is not so, but thou stoppest short of what thou canst do. So thou lovest not thyself, for if thou didst, thou wouldst love thy nature and her will. But those who love their several arts exhaust themselves in working at them unwashed and without food; but thou valuest thy own nature less than the turner values the turning art, or the dancer the dancing art, or the lover of money values his money, or the vainglorious man his little glory. And such men, when they have a violent affection to a thing, choose neither to eat nor to sleep rather than to perfect the things which they care for. But are the acts which concern society more vile in thy eyes and less worthy of thy labour?

19. How easy it is to repel and to wipe away every impression which is troublesome or unsuitable, and immediately to be in all tranquillity.

20. Judge every word and deed which are according to nature to be fit for thee; and be not diverted by the blame which follows from any people, nor by their words, but if a thing is good to be done or said, do not consider it unworthy of thee. For those persons have their peculiar leading principle and follow their peculiar movement; which things do not thou regard, but go straight on, following thy own nature and the common nature; and the way of both in one.

21. I go through the things which happen according to nature until I shall fall and rest, breathing out my breath into that element out of which I daily draw it in, and falling upon that earth out of which my father collected the seed, and my mother the blood, and my nurse the milk; out of which during so many years I have been supplied with food and drink; which bears me when I tread on it and abuse it for so many purposes.

22. Thou sayest, men cannot admire the sharpness of thy wits.—Be it so; but there are many other things of which thou canst not say, I am not formed for them by nature. Show those qualities then which are altogether in thy power: sincerity, gravity, endurance of labour, aversion to pleasure, contentment with thy portion and with few things, benevolence, frankness, no love of superfluity, freedom from trifling magnanimity. Dost thou not see how many qualities thou art immediately able to exhibit, in which there is no excuse of natural incapacity and unfitness, and yet thou still remainest voluntarily below the mark? or art thou compelled through being defectively furnished by nature to murmur, and to be stingy, and to flatter, and to find fault with thy poor body, and to try to please men, and to make great display, and to be restless in thy mind? No, by the gods: but thou mightest have been delivered from these things long ago. Only if in truth thou canst be charged with being rather slow and dull of comprehension, thou must exert thyself about this also, not neglecting it nor yet taking pleasure in thy dullness.

23. Be not disgusted, nor discouraged, nor dissatisfied, if thou dost not succeed in doing everything according to right principles; but when thou hast failed, return back again, and be content if the greater part of what thou doest is consistent with man's nature, and love this to which thou returnest; and do not return to philosophy as if she were a master, but act like those who have sore eyes and apply a bit of sponge and egg, or as another applies a plaster, or drenching with water. For thus thou will not fail to obey reason

and thou wilt repose in it. And remember that philosophy requires only the things which thy nature requires; but thou wouldst have something else which is not according to nature. It may be objected, Why, what is more agreeable than this (which I am doing)? But is not this the very reason why pleasure deceives us? And consider if magnanimity, freedom, simplicity, equanimity, piety are not more agreeable. For what is more agreeable than wisdom itself, when thou thinkest of the security and the happy course of all things which depend on the faculty of understanding and knowledge?

24. About what am I now employing my own soul? On every occasion I must ask myself this question, and inquire, what have I now in this part of me which they call the ruling principle? and whose soul have I now? that of a child, or of a young man, or of a feeble woman, or of a tyrant, or of a domestic animal, or of a wild beast.

25. What kind of things those are which appear good to the many, we may learn even from this. For if any man should conceive certain things really good, such as prudence, temperance, justice, fortitude, he would not after having first conceived these endure to listen to anything which should not be in harmony with what is really good. But if a man has first conceived as good the things which appear to the many to be good, he will listen and readily receive as very applicable that which was said by the comic writer. Thus even the many perceive the difference. For were it not so, this saying would not offend and would not be rejected (in the first case), while we receive it when it is said of wealth, and of the means which further luxury and fame, as said fitly and wittily. Go on then and ask if we should value and think those things to be good, to which after their first conception in the mind the words of the comic writer might be aptly applied—that he who has them, through pure abundance has not a place to ease himself in.

26. Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts. Dye is then with a continuous series of such thoughts as these: for instance, that where a man can live, there he can also live well. But he must live in a palace—well then, he can also live well in a palace. And again, consider that for whatever purpose each thing has been constituted, for this it has been constituted, and toward this it is carried; and its end is in that toward which it is carried; and where the end is, there also is the advantage and the good of each thing. Now the good for the reasonable animal is society; for that we are made for society has been shown above. . . .

27. To seek what is impossible is madness: and it is impossible that the bad should not do something of this kind.

28. Nothing happens to any man which he is not formed by nature to bear. The same things happen to another, and either because he does not see that they have happened or because he would show a great spirit he is firm and remains unharmed. It is a shame then that ignorance and conceit should be stronger than wisdom.

29. Things themselves touch not the soul, not in the least degree; nor have they admission to the soul, nor can they turn or move the soul; but the soul turns and moves itself alone, and whatever judgments it may think proper to make, such it makes for itself the things which present themselves to it.

30. In one respect man is the nearest thing to me, so far as I must do good to men and endure them. But so far as some men make themselves obstacles to my proper acts, man becomes to me one of the things which are indifferent, no less than the sun or wind or a wild beast. Now it is true that these may impede my action, but they are no impediments to my affects and disposition, which have the power of acting conditionally and changing: for the mind converts and changes every hindrance to its activity into an aid; and so that which is a hindrance is made a furtherance to an act; and that which is an obstacle on the road helps us on this road.

31. Reverence that which is best in the universe; and this is that which makes use of all things and directs all things. And in like manner also reverence that which is best in thyself; and this of the same kind as that. For in thyself also, that which makes use of everything else, in this, and thy life is directed by this.

32. That which does no harm to the state, does no harm in the citizens. In the

case of every appearance of harm apply this rule: if the state is not harmed by this, neither am I harmed. But if the state is harmed, thou must not be angry with him who does harm to the state. Show him where his error is.

33. Often think of the rapidity with which things pass by and disappear, both the things which are and the things which are produced. For substance is like a river in a continual flow, and the activities of things are in constant change, and the causes work in infinite varieties; and there is hardly anything which stands still. And consider this which is near to thee, this boundless abyss of the past and of the future in which all things disappear. How then is he not a fool who is puffed up with such things or plagued about them or makes himself miserable? for they vex him only for a time, and a short time.

34. Think of the universal substance, of which thou hast a very small portion; and of universal time, of which a short and indivisible interval has been assigned to thee; and of that which is fixed by destiny, and how small a part of it thou art.

35. Does another do me wrong? Let him look to it. He has his own disposition, his own activity. I now have what the universal nature wills me to have; and I do what my nature now wills me to do.

36. Let the part of thy soul which leads and governs be undisturbed by the movements in the flesh, whether of pleasure or of pain; and let it not unite with them, but let it circumscribe itself and limit those affects to their parts. But when these affects rise up to the mind by virtue of that one, then thou must not strive to resist the sensation, for it is natural: but let not the ruling part of itself add to the sensation the opinion that it is either good or bad.

37. Live with the gods. And he does live with the gods who constantly shows to them that his own soul is satisfied with that which is assigned to him, and that it does all that the daemon wishes, which Zeus hath given to every man for his guardian and guide, a portion of himself. And this is every man's understanding and reason.

38. Thou canst pass thy life in an equable flow of happiness, if thou canst go by the right way, and think and act in the right way. These two things are common both to the soul of God and to the soul of man, and to the soul of every rational being, not to be hindered by another; and to hold good to consist in the disposition to justice and the practice of it, and in this to let thy desire find its termination.

39. If this is neither my own badness, nor an effect of my own badness, and the common weal is not injured, why am I troubled about it? and what is the harm to the common weal?

40. Do not be carried along inconsiderately by the appearance of things, but give help to all according to thy ability and their fitness; and if they should have sustained loss in matters which are indifferent, do not imagine this to be a damage. For it is a bad habit. But as the old man, when he went away, asked back his foster-child's top, remembering that it was a top, so do thou in this case also.

41. When thou art calling out on the Rostra, hast thou forgotten, man, what these things are? Yes; but they are objects of great concern to these people—wilt thou too then be made a fool for these things? I was once a fortunate man, but I lost it, I know not how. But fortunate means that a man has assigned to himself a good fortune; and a good fortune is good disposition of the soul, good emotions, good actions.

42. Let it make no difference to thee whether thou art cold or warm, if thou art doing thy duty; and whether thou art drowsy or satisfied with sleep; and whether ill-spoken of or praised; and whether dying or doing something else. For it is one of the acts of this life, this act by which we die; it is sufficient then in this act also to do well what we have in hand.

43. Look within. Let neither the peculiar quality of anything nor its value escape thee.

44. All existing things soon change, and they will either be reduced to vapor, if indeed all substance is one, or they will be dispersed.

45. The reason which governs knows what its own disposition is, and what it does, and on what material it works.

46. The best way of avenging thyself is not to become like the wrong doer.

47. Take pleasure in one thing and rest

in it, in passing from one social act to another social act, thinking of God.

48. When thou hast been compelled by circumstances to be disturbed in a manner, quickly return to thyself and do not continue out of tune longer than the compulsion lasts; for thou wilt have more mastery over the harmony by continually recurring to it.

49. He who has seen present things has seen all, both everything which has taken place from all eternity and everything which will be for time without end; for all things are of one kin and of one form.

50. Frequently consider the connection of all things in the universe and their relation to one another. For in a manner all things are implicated with one another, and all in this way are friendly to one another; for one thing comes in order after another, and this is by virtue of the active movement and mutual conspiration and the unity of the substance.

51. Adapt thyself to the things with which thy lot has been cast; and the men among whom thou hast received thy portion, love them, but do it truly (sincerely).

52. Retire into thyself. The rational principle which rules has this nature, that it is content with itself when it does what is just, and so secures tranquillity.

53. Wipe out the imagination. Stop the pulling of the strings. Confine thyself to the present. Understand well what happens either to thee or to another. Divide and distribute every object into the casual (formal) and the material. Think of thy last hour. Let the wrong which is done by a man stay there where the wrong was done.

54. Direct thy attention to what is said. Let thy understanding enter into the things that are doing and the things which do them.

55. Adorn thyself with simplicity and modesty and with indifference towards the things which lie between virtue and vice. Love mankind. Follow God. The poet says that Law rules all. And it is enough to remember that law rules all.

56. About death: whether it is a dispersion, or a resolution into atoms, or annihilation, it is either extinction or change.

57. About pain: the pain which is intolerable carries us off; but that which lasts a long time is tolerable; and the mind maintains its own tranquillity by retiring into itself, and the ruling faculty is not made worse. But the parts which are harmed by pain, let them, if they can, give their opinion about it.

58. About fame: look at the minds (of those who seek fame), observe what they are, and what kind of things they avoid, and what kind of things they pursue. And consider that as the heaps of sand piled on one another hide the former sands, so in life the events which go before are soon covered by those which come after.

59. From Plato: the man who has an elevated mind and takes a view of all time and of all substance, dost thou suppose it possible for him to think that human life is anything great? It is not possible, he said. Such a man then will think that death also is no evil. Certainly not.

60. From Antisthenes; It is royal to do good and to be abused.

61. It is a base thing for the countenance to be obedient and to regulate and compose itself as the mind commands, and for the mind not to be regulated and composed by itself.

62. It is not right to vex ourselves at things,

For they care nought about it.

63. This is a fine saying of Plato: That he who is discoursing about men should look also at earthly things as if he viewed them from some higher place; should look at them in their assemblies, armies, agricultural labours, marriages, treaties, births, deaths, noise of the courts of justice, desert places, various nations of barbarians, feasts, lamentations, markets, a mixture of all things and an orderly combination of contraries.

64. It is in thy power to live free from all compulsion in the greatest tranquillity of mind, even if all the world cry out against thee as much as they choose, and even if wild beasts tear in pieces the members of this kneaded matter which has grown around thee. For what hinders the mind in the midst of all this from maintaining itself in tranquillity, and in a just judgment of all surrounding things, and in a ready use of the objects which are presented to it, so that the judgment may say to the thing which falls under its observation: This thou art in substance (reality), though in men's opinion thou

mayest appear to be of a different kind; and the use shall say to that which falls under the hand: Thou art the thing that I was seeking; for to me that which presents itself is always a material for virtue, both rational and political, and, in a word, for the exercise of art, which belongs to man or God. For everything which happens has a relationship either to God or man, and is neither new nor difficult to handle, but usual and apt matter to work on.

65. The perfection of moral character consists in this, in passing every day as the last, and in being neither violently excited nor torpid, nor playing the hypocrite.

66. The gods who are immortal are not vexed because during so long a time they must tolerate continually men such as they are and so many of them bad; and besides this, they also take care of them in all ways. But thou, who art destined to end so soon, art thou wearied of enduring the bad, and this too when thou art one of them?

67. It is a ridiculous thing for a man not to fly from his own badness, which is indeed possible, but to fly from other men's badness, which is impossible.

68. He who acts unjustly acts impiously. For since the universal nature has made rational animals for the sake of one another to help one another according to their deserts, but in no way to injure one another, he who transgresses her will, is clearly guilty of impiety towards the highest divinity. And he too who lies is guilty of impiety to the same divinity; for the universal nature is the nature of things that are; and things that are have a relation to all things that come into existence. And further, his universal nature is named truth, and is the prime cause of all things that are true. He then who lies intentionally is guilty of impiety inasmuch as he acts unjustly by deceiving; and he also who lies unintentionally, inasmuch as he is at variance with the universal nature, and inasmuch as he disturbs the order by fighting against the nature of the world; for he fights against it, who is moved of himself to that which is contrary to truth, for he had received powers from nature through the neglect of which he is not able now to distinguish falsehood from truth. And indeed he who pursues pleasure as good, and avoids pain as evil, is guilty of impiety. For of necessity such a man must often find fault with the universal nature, alleging that it assigns things to the bad and the good contrary to their deserts, because frequently the bad are in the enjoyment of pleasure and possess the things which procure things which cause pain. And further, he who is afraid of pain will sometimes also be afraid of some of the things which will happen in the world, and even this is impiety. And he who pursues pleasure will not abstain from injustice, and this is plainly impiety. Now, with respect to the things towards which the universal nature is equally affected —for it would not have made both, unless it was equally affected towards both—towards these they who wish to follow nature should be of the same mind with it, and equally affected. With respect to pain, then, and pleasure, or death and life, or honour and dishonour, which the universal nature employs equally, whoever is not equally affected is manifestly acting impiously. And I say that the universal nature employs them equally, instead of saying that they happen alike to those who are produced in continuous series and to those who come after them by virtue of a certain original movement of Providence, according to which it moved from a certain beginning to this ordering of things, having conceived certain principles of the things which were to be, and having determined powers productive of beings and of changes and of such like successions.

69. It would be a man's happiest lot to depart from mankind without having had any taste of lying and hypocrisy and luxury and pride. However to breathe out one's life when a man has had enough of these things is the next best voyage, as the saying is. Hast thou determined to abide with vice, and has not experience yet induced thee to fly from this pestilence? For the destruction of the understanding is a pestilence, much more indeed than any such corruption and change of this atmosphere which surrounds us. For this corruption is a pestilence of animals so far as they are animals; but the other is a pestilence of men so far as they are men.

70. Do not despise death, but be well content with it, since this too is one of those things which nature wills. For such as it is

to be young and to grow old, and to increase and to reach maturity, and to have teeth and beard and gray hairs, and to beget, and to be pregnant, and to bring forth, and all the other natural operations which the seasons of thy life bring, such also is dissolution. This, then, is consistent with the character of a reflecting man, to be neither careless nor impatient nor contemptuous with respect to death, but to wait for it as one of the operations of nature. As thou now waitest for the time when the child shall come out of thy wife's womb, so be ready for the time when thy soul shall fall out of this envelope. But if thou requirest also a vulgar kind of comfort which shall reach thy heart, thou wilt be made best reconciled to death by observing the objects from which thou art going to be removed, and the morals of those with whom thy soul will no longer be mingled. For it is no way right to be offended with men, but it is thy duty to care for them and to bear with them gently; and yet to remember that thy departure will be not from men who have the same principles as thyself. For this is the only thing, if there be any, which could draw us the contrary way and attach us to life, to be permitted to live with those who have the same principles as ourselves. But now thou seest how great is the trouble arising from the discordance of those who live together, so that thou mayest say, Come quick, O death, lest perchance I, too, should forget myself.

71. He who does wrong does wrong against himself. He who acts unjustly acts unjustly to himself, because he makes himself bad.

72. He often acts unjustly who does not do a certain thing; not only he who does a certain thing.

73. Thy present opinion founded on understanding, and thy present conduct directed to social good, and thy present disposition of contentment with everything which happens—that is enough.

74. Acquire the contemplative way of seeing how all things change into one another, and constantly attend to it, and exercise thyself about this part (of philosophy). For nothing is so much adapted to produce magnanimity. Such a man has put off the body, and as he sees that he must, no one knows how soon, go away from among men and leave everything here, he gives himself up entirely to just doing in all his actions, and in everything else that happens he resigns himself to the universal nature. But as to what any man shall say or think about him, or do against him, he never even thinks of it, being himself contented with these two things, with acting justly in what he now does, and being satisfied with what is assigned to him; and he lays aside all distracting and busy pursuits, and desires nothing else than to accomplish the straight course through the law, and by accomplishing the straight course to follow God.

75. What need is there of suspicious fear, since it is in thy power to inquire what ought to be done? And if thou seest clear, go by this way content, without turning back: but if thou dost not see clear, stop and take the best advisers. But if any other things oppose thee, go on according to thy powers with due consideration, keeping to that which appears to be just. For it is best to reach this object, and if thou dost fail, let thy failure be in attempting this. He who follows reason in all things is both tranquil and active at the same time, and also cheerful and collected.

76. Short is the little which remains to thee of life. Live as on a mountain. For it makes no difference whether a man lives there or here, if he lives everywhere in the world as in a state (political community). Let men see, let them know a real man who lives according to nature. If they cannot endure him, let them kill him. For that is better than to live thus (as men do).

77. No longer talk at all about the kind of man that a good man ought to be, but be such.

78. Constantly contemplate the whole of time and the whole of substance, and consider that all individual things as to substance are a grain of a fig, and as to time the turning of a gimlet.

79. Look at everything that exists, and observe that it is already in dissolution and in change, and as it were putrefaction or dispersion, or that everything is so constituted by nature as to die.

80. As to living in the best way, this power is in the soul, if it be indifferent to things which are indifferent. And it will be indifferent, if it looks on each of these things

separately and all together, and if it remembers that not one of them produces in us an opinion about itself, nor comes to us; but these things remain immovable, and it is we ourselves who produce the judgments about them, and, as we may say, write them in ourselves, it being in our power not to write them, and it being in our power, if perchance these judgments have imperceptibly got admission to our minds, to wipe them out; and if we remember also that such attention will only be for a short time, and then life will be at an end. Besides, what trouble is there at all in doing this? For if these things are according to nature, rejoice in them, and they will be easy to thee: but if contrary to nature, seek what is conformable to thy own nature, and strive towards this, even if it bring no reputation; for every man is allowed to seek his own good.

81. Socrates used to say, What do you want? Souls of rational men or irrational? —Souls of rational men.—Of what rational men?—Sound or unsound?—Sound.—Why then do you not seek for them?—Because we have them.—Why then do you fight and quarrel?

82. What dost thou wish? to continue to exist? Well, dost thou wish to have sensation? movement? growth? and then again to cease to grow? to use thy speech? to think? What is there of all these things which seem to thee worth desiring? But if it is easy to set little value on all these things, turn to that which remains, which is to follow reason and God. But it is inconsistent with honouring reason and God to be troubled because by death a man will be deprived of the other things.

How small a part of the boundless and unfathomable time is assigned to every man? for it is very soon swallowed up in the eternal. And how small a part of the soul? and on what a small clod of the whole earth thou creepest? Reflecting on all this consider nothing to be great, except to act as thy nature leads thee, and to endure that which the common nature brings.

LUCRETIUS (95–51 B. C.)

ON THE NATURE OF THINGS[1]

I

The Evils of Superstition

Lo! to the view I spread the rise of things;
Unfold th' immortals, and their blest abodes:
How Nature all creates, sustains, matures,
And how, at length, dissolves; what forms the mass,
Termed by the learned, Matter, Seeds of Things,
And generative Atoms, or, at times,
Atoms primordial, as hence all proceeds.
Far, far from mortals, and their vain concerns,
In peace perpetual dwell th' immortal gods:
Each self-dependent, and from human wants
Estranged for ever. There, nor pain pervades,
Nor danger threatens; every passion sleeps;
Vice no revenge, no rapture virtue prompts
Not thus mankind. Them long the tyrant power
Of *Superstition* swayed, uplifting proud
Her head to heaven, and with horrific limbs
Brooding o'er earth; till he, the man of Greece,[2]
Auspicious rose, who first the combat dared,
And broke in twain the monster's iron rod.
No thunder him, no fell revenge pursued
Of heaven incensed, or deities in arms.
Urged rather, hence, with more determined soul,
To burst through Nature's portals, from the crowd
With jealous caution closed; the flaming walls
Of heaven to scale, and dart his dauntless eye,
Till the vast whole beneath him stood displayed.
Hence taught he us, triumphant, what might spring,

[1]Translation by John Mason Good.

[2]Epicurus.

And what forbear: what powers inherent lurk,
And where their bounds and issues. And, hence, we,
Triumphant too, o'er *Superstition* rise,
Contemn her terrors, and unfold the heavens.
Nor deem the truths *Philosophy* reveals
Corrupt the mind, or prompt to impious deeds.
No: *Superstition* may, and nought so soon,
But Wisdom never. *Superstition* 'twas
Urged the fell *Grecian* chiefs, with virgin blood,
To stain the virgin altar. Barbarous deed!
And fatal to their laurels! *Aulis* saw,
For there *Diana* reigns, th' unholy rite.
Around she looked; the pride of Grecian maids,
The lovely *Iphigenia*, round she looked,—
Her lavish tresses, spurning still the bond
Of sacred fillet, flaunting o'er her cheeks,—
And sought, in vain, protection. She surveyed
Near her, her sad, sad sire; th' officious priests
Repentant half, and hiding their keen steel,
And crowds of gazers weeping as they viewed.
Dumb with alarm, with supplicating knee,
And lifted eye, she sought compassion still;
Fruitless and unavailing: vain her youth,
Her innocence, and beauty; vain the boast
Of regal birth; and vain that first herself
Lisped the dear name of Father, eldest born,
Forced from her suppliant posture, straight she viewed
The altar full prepared: not there to blend
Connubial vows, and light the bridal torch;
But, at the moment when mature in charms,
While Hymen called aloud, to fall, e'en then,
A father's victim, and the price to pay
Of *Grecian* navies, favoured thus with gales.—
Such are the crimes that *Superstition* prompts!
And dost thou still resist us? trusting still
The fearful tale by priests and poets told?—
I, too, could feign such fables; and combine
As true to fact, and of as potent spell,
To freeze thy blood, and harrow every nerve.—
Nor wrong th' attempt. Were mortal man assured
Eternal death would close this life of woe,
And nought remain of curse beyond the grave,
E'en then religion half its force would lose;
Vice no alarm, and virtue feel no hope.
But, whilst the converse frights him, man will dread
Eternal pain, and flee from impious deeds.
Yet doubtful is the doctrine, and unknown
Whether, co-eval with th' eternal frame,
The soul first lives, when lives the body first,
Or boasts of a date anterior: whether doomed
To common ruin, and one common grave,
Or through the gloomy shades, the lakes, the caves,
Of *Erebus* to wander.

II

The Flux of Things

When, on the bosom of maternal *Earth*,
His showers redundant genial *Ether* pours,
The dulcet drops seem lost: but harvests rise,
Jocund and lovely; and, with foliage fresh,
Smiles every tree, and bends beneath its fruit.
Hence man and beast are nourished; hence o'erflow
Our joyous streets with crowds of frolic youth;
And with fresh songs th' umbrageous groves resound.
Hence the herds fatten, and repose at ease,
O'er the gay meadows, their unwieldy forms;
While from each full-distended udder drops
The candid milk spontaneous; and hence, too,
With tottering footsteps, o'er the tender grass,
Gambol their wanton young, each little heart
Quivering beneath the genuine nectar quaffed.
So nought can perish, that the sight surveys,
With utter death; but Nature still renews
Each from the other, nor can form afresh
One substance, till another be destroyed.
But come, my friend, and, since the muse has sung
Things cannot spring from, or return to nought,

Lest thou should'st urge, still sceptic, that no eye
Their generative atoms e'er has traced;
Mark in what scenes thyself must own perforce,
Still atoms dwell, thou viewless still to sense.
And, first, th' excited wind torments the deep;
Wrecks the tough bark, and tears the shivering clouds;
Now, with wide whirlwind, prostrating alike
O'er the waste champaign, trees, and bending blade;
And now, perchance, with forest-rending force,
Rocking the mighty mountains on their base.
So vast its fury!—But that fury flows
Alone from viewless atoms, that, combined,
Thus form the fierce tornado, raging wild
O'er heaven, and earth, and ocean's dread domain.
As when a river, down its verdant banks
Soft-gliding, sudden from the mountains round
Swells with the rushing rain—the placid stream
All limit loses, and, with furious force,
In its resistless tide, bears down, at once,
Shrubs, shattered trees, and bridges, weak alike
Before the tumbling torrent: such its power!—
Loud roars the raging flood, and triumphs still,
O'er rocks, and mounds, and all that else contends.
So roars th' enraged wind: so, like a flood,
Where'er it aims, before its mighty tide,
Sweeps all created things: or round, and round,
In its vast vortex curls their tortured forms.—
Though viewless, then, the matter thus that acts,
Still there is matter: and, to Reason's ken,
Conspicuous as the visual texture traced
In the wild wave that emulates its strength.

III

The Futility of Worldly Things

How sweet to stand, when tempests tear the main,
On the firm cliff, and mark the seaman's toil!
Not that another's danger soothes the soul,
But from such toil how sweet to feel secure!
How sweet, at distance from the strife, to view
Contending hosts, and hear the clash of war!
But sweeter far on Wisdom's height serene,
Upheld by Truth, to fix our firm abode;
To watch the giddy crowd that, deep below,
For ever wander in pursuit of bliss;
To make the strife for honours and renown,
For wit and wealth, insatiate, ceaseless urged,
Day after day, with labour unrestrained.
O wretched mortals!—race perverse and blind!
Through what dread dark, what perilous pursuit,
Pass ye this round of being!—know ye not
Of all ye toil for Nature nothing asks,
But for the body freedom from disease,
And sweet, unanxious quiet, for the mind?
And little claims the body to be sound:
But little serves to strew the paths we tread
With joys beyond e'en Nature's utmost wish.
What though the dome be wanting, whose proud walls
A thousand lamps irradiate, propt sublime
By frolic forms of youths in massy gold,
Flinging their splendours o'er the midnight feast:
Though gold and silver blaze not o'er the board,
Nor music echo round the gaudy roof?
Yet listless laid the velvet grass along
Near gliding streams, by shadowy trees o'erarched,
Such pomps we need not; such still less when spring
Leads forth her laughing train, and the warm year
Paints the green meads with roseate flowers profuse.
On down reclined, or wrapped in purple robe,
The thirsty fever burns with heat as fierce
As when its victim on a pallet pants.
Since, then, nor wealth, nor splendour, nor the boast
Of birth illustrious, nor e'en regal state
Avails the body, so the free-born mind
Their aid as little asks. Unless, perchance,

The warlike host thou deem, for thee arrayed
In martial pomp, and o'er the fiery field
Panting for glory; and the gorgeous fleet,
For thee unmoored, and ardent,—can dispel
Each superstitious terror; from the breast
Root out and dread of death, and lull to peace
The cares, the tumults that distract thy soul.
But if all this be idle, if the *Cares*,
The *Terrors* still that haunt and harass man,
Dread not the din of arms—o'er kings and chiefs
Press unabashed, unawed by glittering pomp,
The purple robe unheeding—canst thou doubt
Man pants for these from poverty of mind,
Wandering in darkness, and through life misled?

IV

Body and Soul Are Mortal

The soul, the mind, then, one same substance forms
Minutely blended; but, in vulgar phrase,
That call we mind, or spirit, which pervades,
As chief, the heart's deep avenues, and rules
The total frame. Here grief, and terror spring,
Here pleasure plays; and here we hence conceive
Dwells mind, or spirit; while the remnant soul,
Through every limb diffused, the mind's dread nod
Obeys, and yields submissive to its will.
Of its own powers, mind reasons and exults,
While soul, like flesh, can never rouse alone.
As oft the head, or eye, some anguish keen
Sustains, while yet the general frame escapes,
So, in itself, the mind, full oft, endures
Rapture or pain, while yet the soul at large,
Spread through the members, nought of change perceives.
But when the mind some shock severe subdues,
The total soul then sympathizes: then,
Should deadly horror sway o'er all the frame
Spreads the cold sweat, the livid paleness spreads,
Clouds dim the sight, the palsied tongue is mute,
Tingles the ear, and every limb dissolves.
Oft, too, from mental terror faints the frame:
Whence may'st thou mark how close the bond that knits
The soul and spirit; this exciting that,
And that, when roused, deep-rousing every nerve.
Hence prove we, too, that both alike exist
Corporeal:—hence, since every member yields
With quick submission to the joint behest:
Since bursts from sleep the body, since the face
Obsequious varies, and the total man
Feels the full sway profound; for nought can act
Where touch subsists not, nor can touch subsist
Void of corporeal base:—can we, then, doubt
That soul, that spirit must corporeal spring?
Can, then, the soul, thus impotent of frame,
When once disrobed, abandoned, and exposed,
Through the wide air, to every boisterous breeze,
Can it then triumph, dost thou firmly deem,
Not o'er all time, but e'en one moment live?
Nor do the dying e'er the soul perceive
Rush out entire, when exiled from the heart,
The bronchial tube first filling, then the throat,
And mouth successive; but at once it fails
In its own region, as each sense alike
Fails in its destined theatre of power.
Were, too, its date immortal, man no more,
At his last hour, would mourn the severing blow:
Charmed to throw off his vesture, like the snake,
Or, like the stag his antlers, and be free.
Why, too, are wisdom and the mind restrained
To one sole organ, while the feet, the hands,
These never gender? why but that each spot
Exists for some fixt function—nor can e'er
Pervert its destined view? while, through the whole,
Nice order reigns by nought preposterous marred.
So flows the tide of things, nor water fire,
Through time, creates, nor fire the sparry frost.

Were, too, the soul immortal, and possest
Of ancient powers when severed from the flesh,
Then with new organs must it, or we err.
Be, instant re-endowed; for thus alone
Th' infernal shades can tread the shores of hell.
Thus painters feign them, and the bards renowned
Of ancient times—thoughtless that eyes, and nose,
And hands, and mouth, to the divided soul
Can ne'er pertain, nor e'en the sense of sound.
And since the total system soul pervades,
And vital action—when some blow severe
Midway divides it, part from part, abrupt,
Then must the soul alike be cleft in twain,
Driven with the mangled body. But what thus
Admits partitions, and to foreign force
Yields e'en but once, immortal ne'er can be.

. . . . . .

Nor heed the sophistry which here contends
That souls oft change the body's change to meet:
For that which changes must dissolve, and die,
Severed its parts, its order all destroyed.
Hence souls must, too, dissolve through every limb,
And with the body share one common fate.

V

Death Is Nothing

But should'st thou still the soul immortal deem,
Since guarded deep from many a mortal wound,
Safe from full many an insult that assails
The health exterior, and since many a blow,
Aimed at its powers, discomfited recoils
Ere scarce ourselves the dread approach perceive,
Still far thou wanderest; for the common woes
Excluding that from body draw their birth,
Yet pine she anxious for to-morrow's fate,
Yet shakes with dread, with carking care consumes,
Or smarts from conscience of committed crimes.
Add, too, that madness is her own—that oft
All memory fails, and o'er each torpid power,
Creeps the dull pool of lethargy profound.
Hence, death is nought, and justly claims our scorn,
Since with the body thus the soul decays.
And as we now, through long anterior time,
Look back indifferent on the *Punic* hosts
That threatened *Rome*, when, with the din of war,
All shook tremendous heaven's high cope beneath,
All doubtful hung the scale which power should rule
Earth, main, and mortals, with unrivalled sway;
So when we cease, and soul and body once
Meet their joint doom whose union formed our lives,
No ill shall then molest us,—nought alarm
Our scattered senses, and dissevered frame,
Though earth with main, or main commix with skies.
E'en could the soul, the spirit still survive
The wreck corporeal, and perception boast,
To us what boots it, who exist alone
The joint result of soul and body mixt?
To us what boots it, should some future time
Collect our atoms, the dismantled frame
Restore entire, and e'en with life relume,
When once the memory of ourselves is fled?
We heed not now what erst, in time elapsed,
We have been, nor with anxious heart explore,
What from our dust hereafter may arise:
For if thou weigh th' eternal tract of time
Evolved already, and the countless modes
In which all matter moves, thou canst not doubt
That oft its atoms have the form assumed
We bear ourselves this moment—though the mind
Recalls not now those scenes of being past;
For many a pause the discontinuous chain
Of life has severed, and full many a mode
Of motion sprung to every sense adverse.
He to whom pain hereafter is decreed
Must then exist whene'er that pain arrives.
But as the man, whose atoms erst have lived,
Lives now unconscious of ills then sustained,
By death since decomposed, and every power
Of sense and memory scattered—hence we prove

Death holds no sting t' alarm us; that the man
To be who ceases, ceases from all woe;
Nor aught imports it that he e'er was born,
When death immortal claims his mortal life.

VI

The Origin of Things

But from this boundless mass of matter first
Now heaven, and earth, and ocean, sun, and moon,
Rose in nice order, now the muse shall tell.
For never, doubtless, from result of thought,
Or mutual compact, could primordial seeds
First harmonize, or move with powers precise.
But countless crowds in countless manners urged,
From time eternal, by intrinsic weight,

And ceaseless repercussion, to combine
In all the possibilities of forms,
Of actions, and connexions, and exert
In every change some effort to create—
Reared the rude frame at length, abruptly reared,
Which, when once gendered, must the basis prove
Of things sublime; and whence eventual rose
Heaven, earth, and ocean, and the tribes of sense.
Yet now nor sun on fiery wheel was seen
Riding sublime, nor stars adorned the pole,
Nor heaven, nor earth, nor air, nor ocean lived,
Nor aught of prospect mortal sight surveys;
But one vast chaos boisterous, and confused.
Yet order hence began; the mingled mass
Unveiled its various powers; congenial parts
Parts joined congenial; and the rising world
Gradual evolved: its mighty members each
From each divided, and matured complete
From seeds appropriate; whose wild discord erst,
Reared by their strange diversities of form,
With ruthless war so broke their proper paths,
Their motions, intervals, conjunctions, weights,
And repercussions, nought of genial act
Till now could follow, nor the seeds themselves,
E'en though conjoined, in mutual bond cohere.
Thus air, secreted, rose o'er labouring earth;
Secreted, ocean flowed; and the pure fire
Secreted too, towards ether sprang sublime.
But first the seeds terrene, since ponderous most,
And most perplext, in close embraces clung,
And towards the centre conglobating sunk.
And, as the bond grew firmer, ampler forth
Pressed they the fluent essences that reared
Sun, moon, and stars, and main, and heaven's high walls.
For these of atoms lighter far consist,
Subtler, and more rotund than those of earth.
Whence, from the pores terrene, with foremost haste
Rushed the bright ether, towering high, and swift
Streams of pure fire attracting as it flowed.
Not differing wide from what full oft we view
When, at the dawn, the golden-tressed sun
Flames o'er the meadows rich with rosy gems,
And from the mountains, lakes, and teeming glebes,
Draws many a vapour; which, when once aloft
By the chill air condensed, to clouds concretes,
And with its filmy drapery veils the heavens.
So the light ether, as from every point
Fluent it rose, concreted, and a bound
Gradual assumed, all, thus assuming, grasped
In its vast compass all th' evolving world.

BOETHIUS (470–524 A. D.)

THE CONSOLATION OF PHILOSOPHY

Of the Greatest Good

Every mortal is troubled with many and various anxieties, and yet all desire, through various paths, to arrive at one goal; that is, they strive by different means to attain one happiness; in a word, God. He is the beginning and the end of every good, and he is the highest happiness. Then said the Mind: —This, methinks, must be the highest good, so that men should neither need, nor moreover be solicitous, about any other good besides it; since he possesses that which is the roof of all other good, inasmuch as it includes all other good, and has all other kinds within it. It would not be the highest good if any good were external to it, because it would then have to desire some good which itself had not. Then answered Reason, and said: —It is very evident that this is the highest happiness, for it is both the roof and the floor of all good. What is that then but the best happiness, which gathers the other felicities all within it, and includes and holds them within it; and to it there is a deficiency of none, neither has it need of any, but they come all from it and again all to it, as all waters come from the sea and again all come to the sea? There is none in the little fountain, which does not seek the sea, and again from the sea it returns into the earth, and so it flows gradually through the earth, till it again comes to the same fountain that it before flowed from, and so again to the sea.

Now, this is an example of the true good, which all mortal men desire to obtain, though they by various ways think to arrive at it. For every man has a natural good in himself, because every mind desires to obtain the true good; but it is hindered by the transitory good, because it is more prone thereto. For some men think that it is the best happiness that a man be so rich that he have need of nothing more, and they choose their life accordingly. Some men think that this is the highest good, that he be among his fellows the most honorable of his fellows; and they with all diligence seek this. Some think that the supreme good is in the highest power. These strive either themselves to rule, or else to associate themselves to the friendship of rulers. Some persuade themselves that it is best that a man be illustrious and celebrated and have good fame; they therefore seek this both in peace and in war. Many reckon it for the greatest good and for the greatest happiness that a man be always blithe in this present life, and follow all his lusts. Some indeed who desire these riches are desirous thereof because they would have the greater power, that they may the more securely enjoy these worldly lusts, and also the riches. Many there are who desire power because they would gather money; or again, they are desirous to spread their name.

On account of such and other like frail and perishing advantages, the thought of every human mind is troubled with anxiety and with care. It then imagines that it has obtained some exalted good when it has won the flattery of the people; and to me it seems that it has bought a very false greatness. Some with much anxiety seek wives, that thereby they may above all things have children, and also live happily. True friends, then, I say, are the most precious things of all these worldly felicities. They are not indeed to be reckoned as worldly goods, but as divine; for deceitful fortune does not produce them, but God, who naturally formed them as relations. For of every other thing in this world, man is desirous, either that he may through it obtain power, or else some worldly lust; except of the true friend, whom he loves sometimes for affection and for fidelity, though he expect to himself no other rewards. Nature joins and cements friends together with inseparable love. But with these worldly goods, and with this present wealth, men make oftener enemies than friends. From these, and from many such proofs, it may be evident to all men that all the bodily goods are inferior to the faculties of the soul. We indeed think that a man is the stronger, because he is great in his body. The fairness, moreover, and the

strength of the body, rejoices and invigorates the man, and health makes him cheerful. In all these bodily felicities men seek one single happiness, as it seems to them. For whatsoever every man chiefly loves above all other things, that, he persuades himself, is best for him, and that is his highest good. When therefore he has acquired that, he imagines that he may be very happy. I do not deny that these goods and this happiness are the highest good of this present life. For every man considers that thing best which he chiefly loves above other things, and therefore he deems himself very happy if he can obtain what he then most desires. Is not now clearly enough shown to thee the form of the false goods; namely, riches, and dignity, and power, and glory, and pleasure? Concerning pleasure, Epicurus the philosopher said, when he inquired concerning all those other goods which we before mentioned: then said he, that pleasure was the highest good, because all the other goods which we before mentioned gratify the mind and delight it, but pleasure chiefly gratifies the body.

But we will still speak concerning the nature of men, and concerning their pursuits. Though, then, their mind and their nature be now obscured, and they are by that descent fallen to evil and inclined thither, yet they are desirous, so far as they can and may, of the highest good. As the drunken man knows that he should go to his house and to his rest, and yet is not able to find the way thither, so is it also with the mind, when it is weighed down by the anxieties of this world. It is sometimes intoxicated and misled by them, so far that it cannot rightly find out good. Nor yet does it appear to those men that they aught mistake who are desirous to obtain this, namely, that they need labor after nothing more. But they think that they are able to collect together all these goods, so that none may be excluded from the number.

Two things may dignity and power do, if they come to the unwise. It may make him honorable and respectable to other unwise persons. But when he quits the power, or the power him, then is he to the unwise neither honorable nor respectable. Has power, then, the custom of exterminating and rooting out vices from the minds of great men and planting therein virtues? I know, however, that earthly power never sows the virtues, but collects and gathers vices; and when it has gathered them, then it nevertheless shows and does not conceal them For the vices of great men many men see; because many know them and many are with them. Therefore we always lament concerning power, and also despise it, when we see that it comes to the worst, and to those who are to us most worthy. . . .

Every virtue has its proper excellence; and the excellence and the dignity which it has, it imparts immediately to every one who loves it. Thus, wisdom is the highest virtue, and it has in its four other virtues; of which one is prudence, another temperance, the third is fortitude, the fourth justice. Wisdom makes its lovers wise, and prudent, and moderate, and patient, and just; and it fills him who loves it with every good quality. This they who possess the power of this world cannot do. They cannot impart any virtue to those who love them, through their wealth, if they have it not in their nature. Hence it is very evident that the rich in worldly wealth have no proper dignity; but the wealth is come to them from without, and they cannot from without have aught of their own. Consider now, whether any man is the less honorable because many men despise him. But if any man be the less honorable, then is every foolish man the less honorable, the more authority he has, to every wise man. Hence it is sufficiently clear that power and wealth cannot make its possessor the more honorable. But it makes him the less honorable, when it comes to him, if he were not before virtuous. So is also wealth and power the worse, if he who possesses it be not virtuous. Each of them is the more worthless, when they meet with each other.

But I can easily instruct you by an example, so that you may clearly enough perceive that this present life is very like a shadow, and in that shadow no man can attain the true good. If any very great man is driven from his country, or goes on his lord's errand, and so comes to a foreign people, where no man knows him, nor he any man, nor even know the language, do you think his greatness can make him honorable in that land? Of course it cannot. But if dignity were

natural to wealth and were its own, or again if wealth were the rich man's own, then it could not forsake him. But because the wealth and the power are not his own, they forsake him; and because they have no natural good in themselves, they go away like a shadow or smoke. Yet the mistaken opinion and fancy of unwise men judge that power is the highest good. It is entirely otherwise. When a great man is either among foreigners, or among wise men in his own country, his wealth counts nothing to either one when they learn that he was exalted for no virtue, but through the applause of the ignorant. But if his power arose from any personal merit, he would keep that even if he lost the power. He would not lose the good that came from nature; that would always follow him and always make him honorable, whatever land he was in.

Worthless and very false is the glory of this world! Concerning this a certain poet formerly sung. When he contemned this present life, he said:—O glory of this world! wherefore do erring men call thee, with false voice, glory, when thou art none!—For man more frequently has great renown, and great glory, and great honor, through the opinion of the unwise, than he has through his deserts. But tell me now, what is more unmeet than this; or why men may not rather be ashamed of themselves than rejoice, when they hear that any one belied them. Though men even rightly praise any one of the good, he ought not the sooner to rejoice immoderately at the people's words. But at this he ought to rejoice, that they speak truth of him. Though he rejoice at this, that they spread his name, it is not the sooner so extensively spread as he persuades himself; for they cannot spread it over all the earth, though they may in some land; for though it be to one known, yet it is to another unknown. Though he in this land be celebrated, yet is he in another not celebrated. Therefore is the people's favor to be held by every man for nothing; since it comes not to every man according to his deserts, nor in deed remains always to any one. Consider first concerning noble birth. If any one boast of it, how vain and how useless is the boast; for every one knows that all men come from one father and from one mother. Or again, concerning the people's favor, and concerning their applause, I know not why we rejoice at it. Though they whom the vulgar applaud be illustrious, yet are they more illustrious and more rightly to be applauded who are dignified by virtues. For no man is really the greater or the more praiseworthy for the excellence of another, or for his virtues, if he himself has it not. Are you ever the fairer for another man's beauty? A man is little the better though he have a good father, if he himself is incapable of anything. Therefore I advise that you rejoice in other men's good and their nobility, but so far only that you ascribe it not to yourself as your own; because every man's good, and his nobility, is more in the mind than in the flesh. This only, indeed, I know of good in nobility: that it shames many a man if he is worse than his ancestors were, and he therefore endeavors with all his power to imitate the manners of some one of the best, and his virtues.

ST. AUGUSTINE (360–430 A. D.)

THE CONFESSIONS

The Godly Sorrow that Worketh Repentance

Such was the story of Pontitianus: but thou, O Lord, while he was speaking, didst turn me round towards myself, taking me from behind my back, where I had placed myself, unwilling to observe myself; and setting me before my face, that I might see how foul I was, how crooked and defiled, bespotted and ulcerous. And I beheld and stood aghast; and whither to flee from myself I found not. And if I sought to turn mine eye from off myself, he went on with his relation, and thou didst again set me over against myself, and thrusted me before my eyes, that I might find out mine iniquity and hate it. I had known it, but made as though I saw it not, winked at it, and forgot it.

But now, the more ardently I loved those whose healthful affections I heard of, that they had resigned themselves wholly to thee to be cured, the more did I abhor myself when compared with them. For many of my years (some twelve) had now run out with me since my nineteenth, when, upon the reading of Cicero's (Hortensius), I was stirred to an earnest love of wisdom; and still I was deferring to reject mere earthly felicity and to give myself to search out that, whereof not the finding only, but the very search, was to be preferred to the treasures and kingdoms of the world, though already found, and to the pleasures of the body, though spread around me at my will. But I, wretched, most wretched, in the very beginning of my early youth, had begged chastity of thee, and said, "Give me chastity and continency, only not yet." For I feared lest thou shouldest hear me soon, and soon cure me of the disease of concupiscence, which I wished to have satisfied, rather than extinguished. And I had wandered through crooked ways in a sacrilegious superstition, not indeed assured thereof, but as preferring it to the others which I did not seek religiously, but opposed maliciously.

But when a deep consideration had, from the secret bottom of my soul, drawn together and heaped up all my misery in the sight of my heart, there arose a mighty storm, bringing a mighty shower of tears. And that I might pour it forth wholly in its natural expressions, I rose from Alypius: solitude was suggested to me as fitter for the business of weeping: and I retired so far that even his presence could not be a burden to me. Thus was it then with me, and he perceived something of it; for something I suppose he had spoken, wherein the tones of my voice appeared choked with weeping, and so had risen up. He then remained where we were sitting, most extremely astonished. I cast myself down I know not how, under a fig-tree, giving full vent to my tears; and the floods of mine eyes gushed out, an acceptable sacrifice to thee. And, not indeed in these words, yet to this purpose, spake I much unto thee:—"And thou, O Lord, how long? how long, Lord, wilt thou be angry—forever? Remember not our former iniquities," for I felt that I was held by them. I sent up these sorrowful words: "How long? how long? To-morrow and to-morrow? Why not now? why is there not this hour an end to my uncleanness?"

Consolation

So was I speaking, and weeping, in the most bitter contrition of my heart, when lo! I heard from a neighboring house a voice, as of boy or girl (I could not tell which), chanting and oft repeating, "Take up and read; take up and read." Instantly my countenance altered, and I began to think most intently whether any were wont in any kind of play to sing such words, nor could I remember ever to have heard the like. So, checking the torrent of my tears, I arose; interpreting it to be no other than a command from God, to open the book and read the first chapter I should find. Eagerly then I returned to the place where Alypius was sitting; for there had I laid the volume of the Epistles when I arose thence. I seized, opened, and in silence read that section on which my eyes first fell:—"Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof." No further would I read; nor heeded I, for instantly at the end of this sentence, by a light, as it were, of serenity infused into my heart, all the darkness of doubt vanished away.

Then putting my finger between (or some other mark), I shut the volume, and with a calmed countenance, made it known to Alypius. And what was wrought in him, which I know not, he thus shewed me. He asked to see what I had read; I shewed him, and he looked even farther than I had read, and I knew not what followed. This followed: "Him that is weak in the faith, receive ye"; which he applied to himself and disclosed to me. And by this admonition was he strengthened; and by a good resolution and purpose, and most corresponding to his character, wherein he did always far differ from me for the better, without any turbulent delay he joined me. Thence we go to my mother: we tell her; she rejoiceth: we relate in order how it took place; she leapeth for joy, and triumpheth and blesseth thee, "who art able to do above all that we

ask or think": for she perceived that thou hadst given her more for me than she was wont to beg by her pitiful and most sorrowful groanings.

THE CITY OF GOD

The Foes of the City

Let these and similar answers (if any fuller and fitter answers can be found) be given to their enemies by the redeemed family of the Lord Christ, and by the pilgrim city of the King Christ. But let this city bear in mind that among her enemies lie hid those who are destined to be fellow-citizens, that she may not think it a fruitless labor to bear what they inflict as enemies, till they become confessors of the faith. So also, as long as she is a stranger in the world the city of God has in her communion, and bound to her by the sacraments, some who shall not eternally dwell in the lot of the saints. Of these, some are not now recognized; others declare themselves, and do not hesitate to make common cause with our enemies in murmuring against God, Whose sacramental badge they wear. These men you may see to-day thronging the churches with us, to-morrow crowding the theatres with the godless. But we have the less reason to despair of the reclamation of even such persons, if among our most declared enemies there are now some, unknown to themselves, who are destined to become our friends. In truth, these two cities are entangled together in this world, and intermingled until the last judgment shall effect their separation. I now proceed to speak, as God shall help me, of the rise and progress and end of these two cities; and what I write, I write for the glory of the city of God, that being placed in comparison with the others, it may shine with a brighter lustre.

The Praise of God

Wherefore it may very well be, and it is perfectly credible, that we shall in the future world see the material forms of the new heavens and the new earth, in such a way that we shall most distinctly recognize God everywhere present, and governing all things, material as well as spiritual; and shall see Him, not as we now understand the invisible things of God, by the things that are made, and see Him darkly as in a mirror and in part, and rather by faith than by bodily vision of material appearances, but by means of the bodies which we shall wear and which we shall see wherever we turn our eyes. As we do not believe, but see, that the living men around us who are exercising the functions of life are alive, although we cannot see their life without their bodies, but see it most distinctly by means of their bodies, so, wherever we shall look with the spiritual eyes of our future bodies, we shall also, by means of bodily substances, behold God, though a spirit, ruling all things. Either, therefore, the eyes shall possess some quality similar to that of the mind, by which they shall be able to discern spiritual things, and among them God,—a supposition for which it is difficult or even impossible to find any support in Scripture,—or what is more easy to comprehend, God will be so known by us, and so much before us, that we shall see Him by the spirit in ourselves, in one another, in Himself, in the new heavens and the new earth, in every created thing that shall then exist; and that also by the body we shall see Him in every bodily thing which the keen vision of the eye of the spiritual body shall reach. Our thoughts also shall be visible to all, for then shall be fulfilled the words of the Apostle, "Judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts; and then shall every man have praise of God." How great shall be that felicity, which shall be tainted with no evil, which shall lack no good, and which shall afford leisure for the praises of God, who shall be all in all! For I know not what other employment there can be where no weariness shall slacken acitivity, nor any want stimulate to labor. I am admonished also by the sacred song, in which I read or hear the words, "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house; they will be always praising Thee."

THOMAS Á KEMPIS (c. 1380–1471)

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST

The Reasonableness of Taking Up Our Cross

When Jesus thus describes the condition of our being owned for His, "If any man will be My disciple, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me;" the generality of men are apt to cry out with those in the Gospel upon another occasion, "This is a hard saying, and who can bear it?" But, oh! that such would seriously consider how infinitely more terrible and confounding that sentence will be which their angry Judge shall pronounce in thunder at the last day; and how those ears, which are too soft and tender to bear this, will then be able to endure a "Go, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Ah! how absurd, how senseless is it, not to harden ourselves at present, and cheerfully embrace a command which, though attended with some short uneasiness now, should yet be welcome to us, because it will give us boldness in the great day of trial; and by imposing some short and very tolerable pains, be our security against torments insupportable and eternal! for when our Lord shall come to judge the world with terrible pomp, the Cross shall be displayed and lifted high in heaven. This thing, now so much abhorred, so full of shame, shall than be a banner of triumph; and they who have fought under it here, and followed the crucified Captain of their salvation, in a life of humility and sufferings, shall flock to it as their proper standard, and enter with their glorious Leader into his joy and kingdom. Why should we then boggle at that cross which leads directly to a crown? Why thus obstruct our happiness by refusing that which heals our spiritual infirmities, guards us against our worst enemies, fills us with heavenly comforts, brightens our virtues, and supports us with assured hopes of inconceivable and everlasting bliss? Remember that great Master and Example, bearing His cross, dying upon His cross, that thou hereafter mightest not disdain to bear it for thine own advantage, when He for thy sake hath borne it before thee. "For if we die with Him, we shall also live with Him; if we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him; but if we deny Him," and are ashamed of this punishment, He will also "deny and be ashamed of us," and shut us out of His glory.

Consider that thy all depends upon suffering and dying. This is the sum of thy duty, this the source of thy happiness. God hath ordained no other way of bringing us to Himself except that one of "dying daily," and "crucifying the flesh with its affections and lusts." In this all the dispensations of Providence conspire; for what course soever you take, which way soever you turn, how prudently soever you contrive, the cross is sure to meet you everywhere. And that which, willingly embraced, would prove your safety and virtue, is sure to be your portion, whether you will or not. Bodily sickness and pain, disappointments and losses in your fortunes, anguish and perplexity of heart, discomfort and desertions from God, injuries and provocations from men, and, which is worse than all, displeasure and discontent at yourself; one or more of these will be perpetually exercising your patience; and so long as God sees fit to continue you in this state of mortality and discipline, 'tis vain to hope you shall be exempted from them.

For God in His great wisdom and goodness appoints us to tribulation, and damps or withdraws our present comforts, that we may learn to love and value Him and heaven the more, to acknowledge our dependence upon His bounty, be made sensible of our own impotence, and grow wiser and more humble by afflictions. By these we are taught to understand and value the sufferings of Christ, of which we should have but a very cold and imperfect idea did not our own experience teach us what it is to suffer. And the greater conformity to His image our trials work us up to, the clearer and more affecting sense we have of His infinite condescension. Avoid the cross then we cannot, because we cannot run away from our-

selves, nor cease to be men; and therefore, what we cannot avoid we must make it our endeavour patiently to endure, and render that which would otherwise be our torment an instrument of virtue here and of glory hereafter.

Now this is still in our own power. For they who sustain their cross shall likewise be sustained by it in return, and all their pains largely rewarded in their proper time and place. But this life is not that time and place; and therefore we must be content to labour now, and expect our recompense hereafter. But if we bear with murmuring and grudging what bear we must, we do but gall our shoulders with the yoke, and render that a heavy unprofitable load which might be fruitful and glorious. If we cast off one burden, we are immediately pursued and oppressed by another; and instead of affliction, full of hope and humility, draw upon ourselves that most intolerable of all burdens, guilt and despair.

Why should you entertain an imagination so vain as that of being made an exception to all mankind? Produce me, if you can, one single instance in the whole catalogue of glorified saints who passed this vale of tears without his portion of misery. Even Jesus Christ Himself, our great Lord, though God as well as man, yet lived a life of trouble, and none was ever so truly a "Man of Sorrows," or so intimately "acquainted with grief." Himself hath told us that "it behoved Him thus to suffer, and to rise again the third day, and so to enter into His glory."

And if this was the way necessary for Christ Himself to ascend to the throne of God by, we must not presume to hope for a smooth and easy passage thither. His whole life was little else but one continued cross, a chain of sufferings drawn out to the length of so many years. And do we, who profess to tread in His steps, expect a life of softness and ease and pleasure? No, no, fond man, expect nothing but trouble. This thou mayest depend upon, for it will never disappoint thee. It is not only the condition of thy happiness as a Christian, but thy certain settlement and portion as a man. For mortality is beset on every side with crosses, and exposed to suffering every moment. And though these be both the punishment and the remedy for sin, yet may we not imagine that they who are most careful to preserve themselves from sinning are in the same proportion excused from suffering. For frequently the best men undergo the severest trials; and the better they are, the tenderer and more painful sense they leave of them. For the fervent love and desire of a better country, their proper and eternal home, renders the present pilgrimage and banishment more tiresome and afflicting.

But yet these calamities are no just reflection upon the wisdom and goodness of Almighty God; for as He appoints the rod in His mercy, so does He likewise furnish His servants with mighty consolations and supports suitable to their circumstances. And they who submit to the cross as becomes them, reap large and glorious fruits by sowing in tears. The burden of their miseries is lightened by casting their care and reposing their trust upon One who hath a tender care for them. And the more the outward man is weakened and oppressed, the greater strength and grace they feel in the inner man. Nay, such is their desire, such the satisfaction of being conformed to the image of Christ, that good men oftentimes would not so much as wish to be freed from those miseries in which the less discerning part of the world are apt to think the very extremity of unhappiness to consist. For these better instructed souls have a farther prospect, and can soften all their distresses by this consideration, that the more they endure the purer and more refined they are from sin, and the more acceptable and dear they become to God. It is true this consideration is not the effect of any strength or wisdom merely human, but the product of divine grace. This sometimes gains so absolute a conquest over natural inclinations, and perfection, that what as men we cannot but decline and have violent aversions to, as Christians we contentedly embrace and are entirely satisfied with.

When therefore we feel in ourselves, or observe in others, a zeal so powerful, so noble, as not only to bear, but even to love and delight in the cross; when we vanquish and bring into absolute subjection these bodies and their appetites, by a long painful course of rigorous and voluntary severities; when we industriously avoid honours and wealth, bear injuries and infamy contentedly, despise

ourselves, and even delight to be despised by others; when we entertain the sharpest misfortunes with constancy and temper, and are so perfectly dead to the world as no longer so much as to desire those enjoyments and advantages which recommend and sweeten life to mankind; do not suppose that this is the work or falls within the compass of man; for they who depend upon their natural powers, or their own most exquisite philosophy, can never rise so high, nor thus abstract their minds from matter and sense. No principle but that of holy trust and faith in God is capable of such divine operations. This strength and resolution comes from heaven. No force less than Almighty can beat down the flesh, the world, and the devil under our feet—none defeat and set us above the horrors and assaults of his malice and temptations—less than His who vanquished this old serpent upon the cross, and by so doing sanctified our cross to us too.

Call up, then, all thy powers of reason and religion; remember whom thou hast engaged to follow, and with all the resolute fidelity due to thy vows and obedience set thyself manfully to take up His cross who submitted to die upon a cross for thy salvation. Prepare and dispose thy heart that no affliction may overbear thee by surprise; but, considering what infinite variety of troubles hem thee in, and wait thee everywhere, let none have the advantage of finding thee unprovided. Were there a possibility of escaping, we might then be allowed to contrive methods of declining our miseries; but since they cannot be shifted off, the only remedy we have left against them is readiness to suffer. Consider it is thy Lord's cup, and that He drank the very bitterest dregs of it; consider it is He who gives it; and that He therefore gives it that thou mayest be partaker of His sufferings, in order to be made a more worthy partaker of His glories. 'Tis true, He was strengthened in His agonies by an angel sent from above, nor shalt thou want supports proper for thy condition. But what these are, or in what measures fit to be imparted, our Lord Himself knows best; and to His wise disposal we must leave it. But all we have to do ourselves is to secure a humble and patient disposition. And this we should find less difficulty in, would we but follow the pattern our Jesus hath left, of "enduring the cross, and despising the shame, for the glory set before him." And what can recommend our suffering, what confirm our patience more, than to consider that "these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory?"—that glory, in comparison of which they are not worthy so much as to be named; a glory so exceeding, that if all the tribulations incident to all mankind were heaped upon one single person, yet even so, the recompense is infinitely above what such a suffering could pretend to deserve; and heaven would be cheap and wisely bought, even at this vast expense.

Esteem thyself, then, happy indeed when thou canst even enjoy thy sorrows, and find a sensible satisfaction in suffering for Christ; for this is, in a manner, to attain heaven upon earth—a happiness which no man can ever arrive at so long as adversities bring pain, and discontent, and sad oppressions of spirit; for the solicitude and constant labour to avoid calamities will be sure to produce perpetual disquiet.

Suffering and dying are not only necessary incumbrances upon us, but the best and most authentic instances of our virtue and obedience. It is the business and perfection of a Christian to do thus daily; and they who in good earnest apply themselves to it will quickly find their affections raised, their strength increased, their comfort and inward peace wonderfully advanced. St. Paul was rapt up into the third heaven, yet did not he boast so much of this as of his afflictions. And wherein the uncommon privileges of this especial favourite consisted we learn from the mouth of Christ Himself, when he says, "I will show him how great things he must suffer for My name's sake." Suppose, then, you could be admitted to his ecstasies and revelations, yet even these, it is plain from his example, would not exempt you from trouble and sufferings; for the more you are loved, and the more vehemently you love and are desirous to please your Saviour, the greater proofs of this kind you must expect to give.

Consider those Apostles who went away from their persecutors, "rejoicing that they were accounted worthy to suffer for the sake of Christ." And learn from thence to covet

and value the honour and dignity of enduring pain and poverty, persecution and reproach. For this would seem no mean preferment, but a favour reserved for those whom God is kindest to, did we but reflect upon the gain it brings to ourselves, the glory to our Maker, the joy to saints and angels, and the benefit to our brethren, who shall observe and be encouraged by our steadfastness, and patience, and holy perseverance. Nay, even the wicked and carnal will be moved by such examples; for there is so manifest a congruity and decency in submitting to any adversities which it shall please God to lay upon us, that even they who have not the heart to imitate, yet will not be able to forbear commending and admiring the pattern we set them.

Would we indeed weigh things in a just balance, it is most unreasonable we should decline suffering for Christ, when it is so very visible that we are well content to undergo much sorer hardships for the world than any He thinks fit to call us to. And shall humor, or passion, or temporal interest be suffered to prevail upon us more powerfully than duty? especially when that duty promotes an infinitely better interest, and the more we are mortified to ourselves and the world the nobler advances we make towards God and life eternal? These are refined privileges, for which no man is qualified till he be first purified in the furnace of adversity; nor can the spiritual and divine graces dwell in a soul till the dross of earth and sensual appetites be first wrought off. Assure yourself that suffering for and in obedience to Christ, is not only the most acceptable thing to God, but really advantageous for yourself, and that which contributes most to the soul's health of anything that can happen in the present state. And would the prejudices flesh and blood lie under permit us to discern and consider matters impartially, this would be first in our wishes, and preferred before all the outward prosperity or inward satisfactions this world can give. For who would not be ambitious of resembling our Lord and His most eminent saints? Who is so blind as not to see that the thing in which they signalized their merit, was not the larger degree of their revelations, or the pleasures they enjoyed, but the number and extremity of their afflictions? And we may be very confident that if Christ had known any better way to heaven than by crosses and patience, He would both have chosen it Himself and reserved it for His faithfullest servants and dearest friends. But since His own example and His constant directions declare that "if any man will come to Him, he must deny himself, and take up His cross and follow Him," it is but folly and lost labour to think of any other method. For when all is done, this will be the sum and conclusion of the whole matter, that "through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God."

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE (1533–1592)

OF REPENTANCE[1]

Others form man; I report him, representing a particular one [Montaigne himself] fashioned badly enough, whom, were I to fashion anew, I should make far other than what he is; but now it cannot be helped. Now though the lines of my portrait ofttimes change and vary, yet the likeness is not wholly lost, for the world all runs on wheels; all things move therein without ceasing; the whole earth, even the rocks of Caucasus and the Pyramids of Egypt, both because all things move and change both with the general motion of the whole and their own peculiar moving. Constancy itself is but a languishing and wavering dance. I cannot fix upon my object (myself); it moves troubled and reeling as in a drunken dream; I take it at the point at which it is at the instant when I concern myself with it; I do not paint its essential nature but a passing phase; not a passage from one age to another, or, as they say, from seven years to seven, but from day to day, from minute to minute my account of myself must accommodate itself to the hour in which I write; I may

[1]Florio's translation somewhat modernized in diction and idiom.

presently change, not only in outward fortune but in outlook and intention. It is but a standard for comparing many and variable accidents and irresolute imaginings and sometimes, as it happens, contradictory to one another. It may be I am then another self or I apprehend subjects by other circumstances and considerations; so that I may perhaps often contradict myself, but the truth never. Could my soul find a resting place, I would not merely make trial of it but would make a final resolution; but it is ever in apprenticeship and on trial.

I propose to describe a life ordinary and without luster; it is all one: all moral philosophy may be applied to a common and private life as well as to one of richer material; every man bears in himself the entire form of human condition. Other authors communicate with the world by some special and unusual mark; I, the first, just as an ordinary man, as Michel de Montaigne, not as a grammarian or a poet or a lawyer. If the world complains that I speak too much of myself, I complain that it thinks no more of itself. But is it reasonable that, being so private in my way of living, I should recommend myself to the public knowledge? And is it also reasonable that I should produce for the benefit of the world, where fashion and art have such credit and authority, the raw and simple effects of nature, and of a nature still weak enough? To write books without learning and without art, is it not making a wall without stone or some similar thing? The fancies of music are conducted by art; mine by chance. Yet I have this according to rule, that never man handled subject better known and understood than I do this I have undertaken, and that in this I am the most cunning man alive.

Secondly, no man ever penetrated more deeply into his matter, nor more distinctly sifted the parts and sequences of it, nor ever more exactly and fully arrived at the end he proposed to himself. To perfect it, I have need of nothing but faithfulness, which is for this work as pure and sincere as may be found. I speak truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare; and I dare the more the more I grow in years, for custom seems to permit old age more liberty to babble, and indiscretion to talk of oneself. It cannot happen here as I often see it elsewhere, that the craftsman and his work contradict one another. Can a man of so sober and honest conversation write so foolishly? Are such learned writings come from a man of so weak conversation? He who talks but ordinarily well and writes excellently may be said to have borrowed his capacity, not derived it from himself. A skilful man is not skilful in all things; but a sufficient man is sufficient everywhere, even in his own ignorance. Here my book and I march together and keep one pace. With respect to other men's writing, men may commend or censure the work without reference to the workman, but not here; who touches the one touches the other. He who shall judge of it without knowing the author shall wrong himself more than me, he who does know it gives me all the satisfaction I desire. Happy beyond my deserts if I obtain only so much of the public approval, that I may cause men of understanding to think I had been able to profit by knowledge if I had it; and that I deserved to be assisted by a better memory.

Please pardon here what I often repeat, that I rarely repent, and that my conscience is contented with itself, not as the conscience of an angel, or that of a horse, but as the conscience of a man. Always adding this clause, not one of ceremony but of true and real submission: that I speak inquiringly and doubtingly, purely and simply referring myself, from resolution, unto common and lawful opinions. I do not teach, I but report.

No vice is absolutely a vice which does not offend, and which sound judgment does not accuse: for there is in it so manifest a deformity and inconvenience that perchance they are in the right who say that it is chiefly begotten by stupidity and brought forth by ignorance, so hard is it to imagine that one should know it without hating it. Malice sucks up the greatest part of her own renown and so poisons herself. Vice leaves remorse in the soul, like an ulcer in the flesh, which is always scratching and tearing itself; for reason effaces all other griefs and sorrows, but engenders those of repentance, which is

so much the more grievous, by reason that it springs from within, as the cold and heat of fevers are sharper than those that only strike upon the outer skin. I account vices (but each according to its measure) not only those which reason and nature condemn, but those also which the opinion of men, though false and erroneous, has made such, if they are confirmed by law and custom.

In like manner, there is no virtue which does not gladden a well-bred nature. There is an indescribable self-congratulation in well-doing that gives us an inward satisfaction, and a generous boldness that accompanies a good conscience. A mind daringly vicious may perhaps furnish itself with security, but it cannot supply itself with this delight and satisfaction. It is no small pleasure to feel oneself preserved from the contagion of an age so infected as ours, and to say to himself: "Whoever enters and sees into my soul would not find me guilty either of the affliction or ruin of anyone, nor of envy or revenge, nor of public offense against the laws, nor of innovation or sedition, nor failure of my word; and though the license of the time permits and teaches everyone to do so, yet I could never be induced to touch the goods or dive into the purse of any Frenchman, and have always lived on what was my own, in war as well as in peace; nor did I ever make use of any poor man's labor without paying him his hire." These evidences of a good conscience are very pleasing, and this natural rejoicing is a great benefit to us, and the only reward which never fails.

To base the recompense of virtuous actions upon the approbation of others is too uncertain and unsafe a foundation, especially in so corrupt and ignorant an age as this, in which the good opinion of the vulgar is injurious. Whom do you trust to show you what is commendable? God keep me from being an honest man, according to the description I daily see made of honor, each one from himself as model. *Quae fuerant vitia, mores sunt:* "What before were vices are now good manners." (Seneca, Ep. 39.) Some of my friends have at times schooled and scolded me with great plainness, either of their own will or invited by me by way of friendly advice, which to a well-composed mind surpasses both in profit and in kindness all other offices of friendship. Such have I ever entertained with open arms both of courtesy and acknowledgment. But now to speak truly, I have often found so much false measure both in their reproaches and in their praises, that I would not have been farther wrong to have done ill than to have done well according to their notions. Such as we are especially, who live a private life not exposed to any gaze but our own, ought in our hearts to establish a touchstone, and there to touch our deeds and try our actions, and according to that sometimes to encourage and sometimes to correct ourselves. I have my own laws and my own tribunal to judge me, and I address myself to these more than anywhere else. I do indeed restrain my actions with respect to others, but I extend them according to my own rule alone. None but yourself knows rightly if you are cowardly and cruel, or loyal and devout. Others do not see you, and only guess at you by uncertain conjectures, and do not so much see your nature as your art. Rely not then upon their opinion, but hold to your own. *Tuo tibi judicio est utendum. Virtutis et vitiorum grave ipsius conscientiae pondus est; qua sublata jacent omnia:* "You must use your own judgment. The weight of the very conscience of vice and virtues is heavy: take that away and all is done."

One may disown and retract the vices that surprise us, and to which we are hurried by passions; but those which by long habit are rooted in a strong and vigorous will are not subject to contradiction. Repentance is but a denying of the will, and an opposition to our fancies which lead us which way they please.

Quae mens est hodie, cur eadem non puero fuit?
Vel cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genae?

Why was not in a youth same mind as now?
Or why bears not this mind a youthful brow?
(Horace, *Od. IV*, 10, 7).

That is an exquisite life which keeps due order even in private. Everyone may play the juggler, and represent an honest man upon the stage; but within, and in his own bosom, where all things are lawful and

where all things are concealed, to keep a due rule or formal decorum, that's the point. The next degree is to be so in his own home, and in his ordinary actions, whereof we give account to nobody, wherein is no study and no art. And therefore Bias, setting forth the excellent state of a private family, says: of which the master is the same within as he is outwardly, for fear of the laws and regard for what men will say![1] And it was a worthy saying of Julius Drusus to those workmen who for three thousand crowns offered so to reform his house that his neighbors should no longer look into it: "I will give you six thousand to make it so that everyone may see into every room." The custom of Agesilaus is remembered with honor, who in his travels was wont to take up his lodging in churches, that the people and the gods themselves might pry into his private actions. Some man may have been a miracle to the world, in whom neither his wife nor his servants ever noted anything remarkable. "No man is a hero to his valet. No man has been a prophet, not merely in his own house but in his own country," is the experience of histories. So also is it in things of little account, for in the low example the image of a greater is seen.

People escort a public man to his very doors in state; with his robe he puts off his part, falling so much the lower by how much higher he had mounted. Within himself all is turbulent and base. And though order and formality should be discovered there, a lively and impartial judgment is required to perceive it in these low and private actions; considering that order is but a dull, sombre virtue. To win a battle, conduct an embassy, govern a people, are noble and worthy actions; to reprove, laugh, pay, hate, and gently and justly converse with one's own family and with one's self; not to relent, not to give oneself the lie, are things more rare, more difficult, and less remarkable.

Wherefore retired lives, whatever may be said, undergo duties of as great or greater difficulty than others do; and private men, says Aristotle, serve virtue more painfully and more highly attend her than do those in authority. We prepare ourselves for eminent occasions more for glory than for conscience. The shortest way to arrive at glory would be to do that for conscience which we do for glory. And it appears that the virtue of Alexander was less vigorous in his great theater than that of Socrates in his mean and obscure employment. I can easily conceive Socrates in the place of Alexander, but Alexander in the place of Socrates I cannot. If any ask the one what he can do, he will answer, "Conquer the world;" let the same question be put to the other, he will say, "Conduct my life conformably to its natural condition;" a science much more generous, more important, and more lawful.

The virtue of the soul consists not in flying high, but in marching orderly; its grandeur does not exercise itself in grandeur, but in things of low estate. As they who judge and try us inwardly take no great account of the luster of our public actions, and see they are but streaks and rays of clear water surging from a slimy and muddy bottom; so those who judge us by this gay outward appearance conclude the same of our inward constitution, and cannot couple common faculties like their own to other faculties which astonish them, so far are they above their level.

There is no man (if he listen to himself) who does not discover in himself a peculiar and governing form of his own, a swaying form which wrestles against the tempest of passions that are contrary to it. For my part, I am seldom agitated by a shock; I usually find myself in my place, as sluggish and unwieldy bodies do; if I am not near at hand, I am never far off; my dissipations do not carry me far, and there is nothing about me strange or extreme; yet I have strong appetites.

The true condemnation, and one that touches the common practice of men, is that their very retreat is full of filth and corruption; the idea of their amendment blurred; their repentance sick and faulty, nearly as much as their sin. Some, either from having been linked to vice by a natural propensity, or long practice, have lost all sense of its ugliness, others (of which rank am I) find vice burdensome, but they counterbalance it with pleasure on some other occasion and suffer or lend themselves to it for

[1] Plutarch, "Banquet of the Seven Sages."

a certain price, but basely and viciously. Yet there might, perhaps, be so much more of one than the other that with justice the pleasure might counterbalance the sin as we say of profit and loss, not only if accidental, and arising out of sin, as in thefts, but in the very exercise of it, where the temptation is violent, and, it is said, sometimes not to be overcome.

There are some sins that are impetuous, prompt, and sudden; let us leave consideration of them. But those other sins so often repeated, determined, and carefully considered, whether sins of temperament or sins of profession and vocation, I cannot conceive how they should be so long settled in the same resolution, unless the reason and conscience of him who has them be inwardly and constantly willing. And the repentance he boasts to be inspired with all of a sudden, is hard for me to imagine or conceive. I am not of Pythagoras' sect, holding that men receive a new soul when they repair to the images of the gods to receive oracles, unless it is meant that they take a strange and new one, lent them for the occasion; our own showing so little sign of purification and cleanness, worthy of that office. They again act quite contrary to the principles of the Stoics which command us to correct the imperfections and vices we find in ourselves, but forbid us therefore to disturb the repose of our souls. They make us believe they feel great remorse, and are inwardly much displeased with sin; but of amendment, correction, or ceasing to sin, they show no sign. Surely there can be no perfect health where the disease is not perfectly removed. Were repentance put into the balance, it would weigh down sin. I find no quality so easy to counterfeit as devotion; if one does not conform his life to it, its essence is not easily discovered but is concealed, and its appearance easy and ostentatious.

For my part, I may in general wish to be other than I am; I may condemn and dislike my whole form; I may pray God to grant me an undefiled reformation and pardon my natural weakness, but I ought not to call this repentance any more than in being dissatisfied with being neither an angel nor Cato. My actions are squared to what I am, and confirmed by my condition. I cannot do better; and repentance does not properly concern what is not in our power; sorrow does. I may imagine an infinite number of natures more elevated than mine, yet I do not for that improve my faculties, any more than my arm grows stronger or my mind more vigorous by conceiving those of another to be so. If to suppose and wish a nobler way of acting than ours might produce a repentance of our own, we should then repent of our most innocent actions; for since we judge that in a more excellent nature they had been directed with greater perfection and dignity, we would that ours were so. When in old age I reflect upon the behavior of my youth, I find that commonly (according to my own opinion) I managed with equal order in both. This is all that my resistance is able to accomplish. I do not flatter myself; in like circumstances I should always be the same. It is not a spot, but a whole dye, that stains me. I acknowledge no repentance that is superficial, mean, and ceremonious. It must touch me on all sides before I can term it repentance. It must pinch my entrails and afflict them as deeply and thoroughly as God himself beholds me.

If I fail in business and success favor the side I refused, there is no remedy: I do not blame myself, I accuse my fortune, and not my work; this cannot be called repentance. So, too, I abominate that accidental repentance which old age brings with it. He who in ancient times said he was beholden to years because they had rid him of voluptuousness, was not of my opinion. I shall never thank impotency for any good it may do me: *Nec tam aversa unquam videbitur ab opere suo providentia, ut debilitas inter optima inventa sit:* "Nor can Providence ever be seen so averse to her own work that debility should be ranked among the best things." (Quintilian.) Our appetites are rare in old age; a profound satiety seizes us after the deed has been committed; in this I see no conscience. Fretting care and weakness imprint in us an effeminate and drowsy virtue.

We must not allow ourselves so fully to be carried away by changes of nature as to corrupt or adulterate our judgment by them. Youth and pleasure have not hitherto prevailed so much over me, but

I could always, even in my pleasures, discern the ugly face of sin; nor can the distaste which years bring on me prevent me from seeing sensuality where there is vice. Now that I am no longer a part of it, I judge as well of these things as if I were. I who lively and attentively examine my reason, find it to be the same that possessed me in my most dissolute and licentious age; unless, perhaps, that it is weaker and enfeebled through the passage of years; and I find that the pleasure it refuses me on account of my bodily health it would not at all deny me in time of youth for the sake of the health of my soul. I do not consider it more valiant for not being able to combat. My temptations are so broken and mortified that they are not worth its opposition; holding but my hand before me, I repel them. Should any one but present the old desires before it, I fear it would have less power of resistance than before. I see in it by itself no increase of judgment nor access of brightness; what it now condemns it did then. Wherefore, if there is any amendment, it is but diseased. Oh miserable kind of remedy to owe one's health to one's disease! It is not through ill fortune but through good fortune that our judgment aids us to live rightly. Crosses and afflictions make me do nothing but curse them. They are for people who cannot be awakened but by the whip; my reason is freer in prosperity, and much more distracted and tormented to digest pains than pleasures, and I see much clearer in fair weather. Health admonishes me more cheerfully, and to better purpose, than sickness. I did all that lay in me to reform and regulate myself in my pleasures, at a time when I had health and vigor to enjoy them; I should be vexed and ashamed that the misery and misfortune of my old age could exceed the health, attention, and vigor of my youth; and that I should be esteemed, not for what I have been, but for what I have ceased to be.

In my opinion, it is the happy living, not the happy dying, that makes man's happiness in this world. I have not preposterously busied myself to tie the tail of a philosopher to the head and body of a rake; nor would I have the paltry remainder of life disavow and belie the fairest, soundest, and longest part of my life; I would present myself uniformly throughout. Were I to live again it should be as I have already lived. I neither deplore what is past nor dread what is to come; and if I am not deceived, I am the same within that I am without. It is one of my chief obligations to fortune, that the course of my bodily growth has been carried on according to the seasons. I have seen the leaves, the blossoms, and the fruit; and now see the withering; happily because naturally. I bear my present infirmities the more gently because they are in season, and because they make me with greater pleasure remember the long happiness of my former life. In like manner my wisdom may have been just the same in both ages, but it was more active and of better grace while fresh, jolly, and full of spirit than now that it is worn, decrepit, and peevish.

I therefore renounce these casual and dolorous reformations. God must touch our hearts; our consciences must amend of themselves, by the aid of our reason, and not by the decay of our appetites. Voluptuousness in itself is neither pale nor discolored to be discerned by dim and troubled eyes.

We ought to love temperance and chastity for themselves, and for God's command, who hath ordained them unto us. But that which we are reduced to by catarrhs, and for which I am indebted to dyspepsia, is neither temperance nor chastity. A man cannot boast that he despises and resists pleasure if he cannot see it, if he knows not what it is, and cannot perceive its graces, its force, and its most alluring beauties; I know both the one and the other, and can the better say it. But, I think, our souls, in old age, are subject to more troublesome maladies and imperfections than in youth. I said so when young, when my beardless chin reproached me; and I say it again now when my gray beard gives me authority. We call the petulance of our tempers and the disrelish of present things wisdom; but, in truth, we do not abandon vices so much as change them, and in my opinion for the worse. Besides a silly and ruinous pride, impertinent gossiping, wayward and unsociable fits of temper, superstition, and a ridiculous desire of riches, when the use of them is well-nigh lost, I find there (in old age) more envy,

injustice, and malice. It sets more wrinkles in our minds than in our foreheads; and souls are never, or rarely, seen, which in growing old do not taste sour and musty. Man moves altogether toward his perfection and his decrease. Consider but the wisdom of Socrates and some of the circumstances of his condemnation. I daresay he in some sort purposely contributed to it, seeing that, at the age of seventy years, he might fear to suffer the benumbing of his spirit's richest pace, and the dimming of his accustomed brightness. What strange metamorphoses have I seen every day make in many of my acquaintance? It is a potent malady which naturally and imperceptibly steals into us; there is required a great provision of study and precaution to evade the imperfections it loads upon us; or at least to weaken their further progress. I find that notwithstanding all my intrenchments, by little and little it gains on me; I hold out as long as I can, but I do not know to what at last it will reduce me. Happen what happen will, I am content the world should know from what height I tumbled.

FRANCIS BACON (1561–1626)

ESSAYS OR COUNSELS, CIVIL AND MORAL

I.—Of Truth

"What is truth?" said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness, and count it a bondage to fix a belief, affecting free-will in thinking, as well as in acting. And though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labor which men take in finding out of truth; nor again, that when it is found, it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favor: but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later school of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies: where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets; nor for advantage, as with the merchant; but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masques, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candle-lights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy *vinum daemonum* [devils' wine], because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in and settleth in it that doth the hurt, such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making, or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his Sabbath work, ever since, is the illumination of his spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter, or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet, that beautified the sect, that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well, "It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tost upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle, and the adven-

tures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below;" so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business, it will be acknowledged, even by those that practice it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it; for these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent, which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious; and therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace, and such an odious charge, "If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much as to say that he is brave towards God, and a coward towards man." For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man. Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men: it being foretold, that when Christ cometh, "he shall not find faith upon the earth."

V.—Of Adversity

It was a high speech of Seneca, after the manner of the Stoics, that "the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired." *Bona rerum secundarum optabilia, adversarum mirabilia.* Certainly if miracles be the command over Nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other, much too high for a heathen, "It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man and the security of a God" (*Vere magnum, habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem Dei*). This would have done better in poesy, where transcendencies are more allowed. And the poets, indeed, have been busy with it; for it is in effect the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets which seemeth not to be without mystery; nay, and to have some approach to the state of a christian: that Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus, by whom human nature is represented, sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher; lively describing christian resolution that saileth in the frail bark of the flesh through the waves of the world. But to speak in a mean, the virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols. And the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes, and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

XXXIV.—Of Riches

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue. The Roman word is better, *impedimenta*, for as the baggage is to an army so is riches to virtue. It cannot be spared, nor left behind, but it hindereth the march, yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit. So saith Solomon, "Where much is, there are many to consume it; and what hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes?"

The personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches; there is a custody of them, or a power of dole and donative of them, or a fame of them, but no solid use to the owner. Do you not see what feigned prices are set upon little stones and rarities? And what works of ostentation are undertaken, because there might seem to be some use of great riches? But then you will say, they may be of use, to buy men out of dangers or troubles. As Solomon saith, "Riches are as a stronghold in the imagination of the rich man." But this is excellently expressed, that it is in imagination, and not always in fact. For certainly great riches have sold more men than they have bought out. Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly. Yet have no abstract or friarly contempt of them, but distinguish, as Cicero saith well of Rabirius Posthumus, *In studio rei amplificandae, apparebat, non avaritiae praedam, sed instrumentum bonitati quaeri.* [In his efforts to increase his wealth, it was clear that he did not seek a prey for avarice but an instrument for doing good.] Hearken also to Solomon, and beware of hasty gathering of riches: *Qui festinat ad divitias, non erit insons.* [He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.] The poets feign that when Plutus (which is riches) is sent from Jupiter, he limps, and goes slowly, but when he is sent from Pluto, he runs, and is swift of foot; meaning that riches gotten by good means and just labor pace slowly, but when they come by the death of others (as by the course of inheritance, testaments, and the like), they come tumbling upon a man: but it might be applied likewise to Pluto taking him for the devil; for when riches come from the devil (as by fraud, and oppression, and unjust means) they come upon speed. The ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul; parsimony is one of the best, and yet is not innocent, for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity. The improvement of the ground is the most natural obtaining of riches, for it is our great mother's blessing, the earth's; but it is slow: and yet, where men of great wealth do stoop to husbandry, it multiplieth riches exceedingly. I knew a nobleman in England that had the greatest audits of any man in my time,—a great grazier, a great sheep master, a great timber man, a great collier, a great corn master, a great lead man, and so of iron and a number of the like points of husbandry; so as the earth seemed a sea to him in respect of the perpetual importation. It was truly observed by one, "That himself came very hardly to a little riches, and very easily to great riches;" for when a man's stock is come to that, that he can expect the prime of markets, and overcome those bargains, which for their greatness are few men's money, and be partner in the industries of younger men, he cannot but increase mainly. The gains of ordinary trades and vocations are honest, and furthered by two things chiefly: by diligence, and by a good name for good and fair dealing; but the gains of bargains are of a more doubtful nature, when men shall wait upon others' necessity; broke by servants, and instruments to draw them on; put off others cunningly that would be better chapmen, and the like practices, which are crafty and naught. As for the chopping of bargains, when a man buys not to hold, but to sell over again, that commonly grindeth double, both upon the seller and upon the buyer. Sharings do greatly enrich, if the hands be well chosen that are trusted. Usury is the certainest means of gain, though one of the worst, as that whereby a man doth eat his bread *in sudori vultus alieni* [in the sweat of another man's brow]; and besides, doth plough upon Sundays. But yet certain though it be, it hath flaws, for that the scriveners and brokers do value unsound men, to serve their own turn. The fortune in being the first in an invention, or in a privilege, doth cause sometimes a wonderful overgrowth in riches, as it was with the first sugar-man in the Canaries. Therefore, if a man can play the true logician, to have as well judgment as invention, he may do great matters, especially if the times be fit. He that resteth upon gains certain shall hardly grow to great riches. And he that puts all upon adventures, doth oftentimes break, and come to poverty: it is good therefore to guard adventures with certainties that may uphold losses. Monopolies, and co-emption of wares for resale, where they are not restrained, are great means to enrich, especially if the party have intelli-

gence what things are like to come into request, and so store himself beforehand. Riches gotten by service, though it be of the best rise, yet when they are gotten by flattery, feeding humors, and other servile conditions, they may be placed amongst the worst. As for fishing for testaments and executorships, as Tacitus saith of Seneca, *Testamenta et orbos tanquam indagine capi* [he took in bequests and wardships as with a net]; it is yet worse, by how much men submit themselves to meaner persons than in service. Believe not much them that seem to despise riches, for they despise them that despair of them, and none worse when they come to them. Be not penny-wise; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more. Men leave their riches either to their kindred, or to the public; and moderate portions prosper best in both. A great estate left to an heir is as a lure to all the birds of prey round about to seize on him, if he be not the better stablished in years and judgments. Likewise glorious gifts and foundations are like sacrifices without salt, and but the painted sepulchers of alms, which soon will putrefy and corrupt inwardly. Therefore measure not thine advancements by quantity, but frame them by measure: and defer not charities till death; for, certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

XLII.—Of Youth and Age

A man that is young in years may be old in hours if he have lost no time. But that happeneth rarely. Generally youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second. For there is youth in thoughts as well as in ages. And yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old; and imaginations stream into their minds, better and, as it were, more divinely. Natures that have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations, are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years, as it was with Julius Cæsar and Septimius Severus, of the latter of whom it is said, *Juventutem egit erroribus, imo furoribus plenam* [he spent a youth full of errors, and even of acts of madness]. And yet he was the ablest emperor almost of all the list. But reposed natures may do well in youth, as it is seen in Augustus Cæsar, Cosmos, Duke of Florence, Gaston de Fois, and others. On the other side, heat and vivacity in age is an excellent composition for business. Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel, and fitter for new projects than for settled business. For the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them; but in new things abuseth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount but to this, that more might have been done, or sooner. Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold; stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles, which they have chanced upon, absurdly; care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first; and, that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them, like an unready horse, that will neither stop nor turn. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Certainly it is good to compound employments of both, for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both; and good for succession, that young men may be learners, while men in age are actors; and, lastly, good for extern accidents, because authority followeth old men, and favor and popularity youth. But for the moral part perhaps youth will have the preëminence, as age hath for the politic. A certain rabbin upon the text, "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams," inferreth that young men are admitted nearer to God than old, because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream. And certainly the more a man drinketh of the world the more it intoxicateth; and age doth profit rather in the powers of understanding than in the virtues of the will and affections. There be some have an over-early ripeness in their years, which fadeth betimes; these are, first, such as have brittle wits, the edge

whereof is soon turned—such as was Hermogenes, the rhetorician, whose books are exceeding subtle, who afterwards waxed stupid. A second sort is of those that have some natural dispositions, which have better grace in youth than in age, such as is a fluent and luxuriant speech, which becomes youth well, but not age; so Tully saith of Hortensius, *Idem manebat, neque idem decebat.* [He continued the same, when it was no longer becoming.] The third is of such as take too high a strain at the first, and are magnanimous more than tract of years can uphold; as was Scipio Africanus, of whom Livy saith in effect, *Ultima primis cedebant.* [His end fell below his beginning.]

XLVII.—Of Negotiating

It is generally better to deal by speech than by letter, and by the mediation of a third than by a man's self. Letters are good, when a man would draw an answer by letter back again; or when it may serve for a man's justification afterwards to produce his own letter; or where it may be danger to be interrupted, or heard by pieces. To deal in person is good, when a man's face breedeth regard, as commonly with inferiors; or in tender cases, where a man's eye upon the countenance of him with whom he speaketh may give him a direction how far to go; and generally, where a man will reserve to himself liberty, either to disavow or to expound. In choice of instruments, it is better to choose men of a plainer sort, that are like to do that that is committed to them, and to report back again faithfully the success, than those that are cunning to contrive out of other men's business somewhat to grace themselves, and will help the matter in report, for satisfaction sake. Use also such persons as affect the business wherein they are employed, for that quickeneth much; and such as are fit for the matter, as bold men for expostulation, fair-spoken men for persuasion, crafty men for inquiry and observation, forward and absurd men for business that doth not well bear out itself. Use also such as have been lucky, and prevailed before in things wherein you have employed them; for that breeds confidence, and they will strive to maintain their prescription.

It is better to sound a person with whom one deals, afar off, than to fall upon the point at first, except you mean to surprise him by some short question. It is better dealing with men in appetite, than with those that are where they would be. If a man deal with another upon conditions, the start or first performance is all; which a man cannot reasonably demand, except either the nature of the thing be such which must go before; or else a man can persuade the other party, that he shall still need him in some other thing; or else that he be counted the honester man. All practice is to discover, or to work. Men discover themselves in trust, in passion, at unawares; and of necessity, when they would have somewhat done, and cannot find an apt pretext. If you would work any man, you must either know his nature and fashions, and so lead him, or his ends, and so persuade him, or his weakness and disadvantages, and so awe him, or those that have interest in him, and so govern him. In dealing with cunning persons, we must ever consider their ends to interpret their speeches, and it is good to say little to them, and that which they least look for. In all negotiations of difficulty a man may not look to sow and reap at once, but must prepare business, and so ripen it by degrees.

L.—Of Studies

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience. For natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them.

For they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested—that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled water, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man write little he had need have a great memory; if he confer little he had need have a present wit; and if he read little he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, moral grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend, *Abeunt studia in mores* [Studies develop into habits]. Nay, there is no stond or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics, for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen, for they are *cymini sectores* [hair-splitters]; if he be not apt to beat over matters and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD (1613–1680)

REFLECTIONS; OR, SENTENCES AND MORAL MAXIMS

Our Virtues Are Most Frequently but Vice Disguised

What we term virtue is often but a mass of various actions and divers interests, which fortune, or our own industry, manage to arrange; and it is not always from valour or from chastity that men are brave, and women chaste.

Self-love is the greatest of flatterers.

Whatever discoveries have been made in the region of self-love, there remain many unexplored territories there.

Self-love is more cunning than the most cunning man in the world.

The duration of our passions is no more dependent upon us than the duration of our life.

Passion often renders the most clever man a fool, and even sometimes renders the most foolish man clever.

Great and striking actions which dazzle the eyes are represented by politicians as the effect of great designs, instead of which they are commonly caused by the temper and the passions. Thus the war between Augustus and Antony, which is set down to the ambition they entertained of making themselves masters of the world, was probably but an effect of jealousy.

The passions are the only advocates which always persuade. They are a natural art, the rules of which are infallible; and the simplest man with passion will be more persuasive than the most eloquent without.

The passions possess a certain injustice and self-interest which makes it dangerous to follow them, and in reality we should distrust them even when they appear most trustworthy.

In the human heart there is a perpetual generation of passions; so that the ruin of one is almost always the foundation of another.

Passions often produce their contraries: avarice sometimes leads to prodigality, and prodigality to avarice; we are often obstinate through weakness and daring through timidity.

Whatever care we take to conceal our passions under the appearances of piety and honour, they are always to be seen through these veils.

Our self-love endures more impatiently the condemnation of our tastes than of our opinions.

Men are not only prone to forget benefits and injuries; they even hate those who have obliged them, and cease to hate those who have injured them. The necessity of revenging an injury or of recompensing a benefit seems a slavery to which they are unwilling to submit.

The clemency of princes is often but policy to win the affections of the people.

This clemency, of which they make a merit, arises oftentimes from vanity, sometimes from idleness, oftentimes from fear, and almost always from all three combined.

The moderation of those who are happy arises from the calm which good fortune bestows upon their temper.

Moderation is caused by the fear of exciting the envy and contempt which those merit who are intoxicated with their good fortune; it is a vain display of our strength of mind, and in short the moderation of men at their greatest height is only a desire to appear greater than their fortune.

We have all sufficient strength to support the misfortunes of others.

The constancy of the wise is only the talent of concealing the agitation of their hearts.

Those who are condemned to death affect sometimes a constancy and contempt for death which is only the fear of facing it; so that one may say that this constancy and contempt are to their mind what the bandage is to their eyes.

Philosophy triumphs over past evils and future evils; but present evils triumph over it.

Few people know death, we only endure it, usually from determination, and even from stupidity and custom; and most men only die because they know not how to prevent dying.

When great men permit themselves to be cast down by the continuance of misfortune, they show us that they were only sustained by ambition, and not by their mind; so that *plus* a great vanity, heroes are made like other men.

We need greater virtues to sustain good than evil fortune.

Neither the sun nor death can be looked at without winking.

People are often vain of their passions, even of the worst, but envy is a passion so timid and shame-faced that no one ever dare avow her.

Jealousy is in a manner just and reasonable, as it tends to preserve a good which belongs, or which we believe belongs to us; on the other hand envy is a fury which cannot endure the happiness of others.

The evil that we do does not attract to us so much persecution and hatred as our good qualities.

We have more strength than will; and it is often merely for an excuse we say things are impossible.

If we had no faults we should not take so much pleasure in noting those of others.

Jealousy lives upon doubt; and comes to an end or becomes a fury as soon as it passes from doubt to certainty.

Pride indemnifies itself and loses nothing even when it casts away vanity.

If we had no pride we should not complain of that of others.

Pride is much the same in all men, the only difference is the method and manner of showing it.

It would seem that nature, which has so wisely ordered the organs of our body for our happiness, has also given us pride to spare us the mortification of knowing our imperfections.

Pride has a larger part than goodness in our remonstrances with those who commit faults, and we reprove them not so much to correct as to persuade them that we ourselves are free from faults.

We promise according to our hopes; we perform according to our fears.

Interest speaks all sorts of tongues and plays all sorts of characters; even that of disinterestedness.

Interest blinds some and makes some see.

Those who apply themselves too closely to little things often become incapable of great things.

We have not enough strength to follow all our reason.

A man often believes himself leader when he is led; as his mind endeavours to reach one

goal, his heart insensibily drags him towards another.

Strength and weakness of mind are misnamed; they are really only the good or happy arrangement of our bodily organs.

The caprice of our temper is even more whimsical than that of Fortune.

The attachment or indifference which philosophers have shown to life is only the style of their self-love, about which we can no more dispute than of that of the palate or of the choice of colours.

Whatever difference there appears in our fortunes, there is nevertheless a certain compensation of good and evil which renders them equal.

Whatever great advantages Nature may give, it is not she alone, but Fortune also that makes the hero.

The contempt of riches in philosophers was only a hidden desire to avenge their merit upon the injustice of fortune, by despising the very goods of which fortune had deprived them; it was a secret to guard themselves against the degradation of poverty, it was a back way by which to arrive at that distinction which they could not gain by riches.

The hate of favourites is only a love of favour. The envy of *not* possessing it consoles and softens its regrets by the contempt it evinces for those who possess it, and we refuse them our homage, not being able to detract from them what attracts that of the rest of the world.

To establish ourselves in the world we do everything to appear as if we were established.

Although men flatter themselves with their great actions, they are not so often the result of a great design as of chance.

It would seem that our actions have lucky or unlucky stars to which they owe a great part of the blame or praise which is given them.

Our temper sets a price upon every gift that we receive from fortune.

Happiness is in the taste, and not in the things themselves; we are happy from possessing what we like, not from possessing what others like.

We are never so happy or so unhappy as we suppose.

Those who think they have merit persuade themselves that they are honoured by being unhappy, in order to persuade others and themselves that they are worthy to be the butt of fortune.

Nothing should so much diminish the satisfaction which we feel with ourselves as seeing that we disapprove at one time of that which we approve of at another.

It is difficult to define love; all we can say, is that in the soul it is a desire to rule, in the mind it is a sympathy, and in the body it is a hidden and delicate wish to possess what we love—*plus* many mysteries.

If there is a pure love, exempt from the mixture of our other passions, it is that which is concealed at the bottom of the heart and of which even ourselves are ignorant.

There is no disguise which can long hide love where it exists, nor feign it, where it does not.

There are few people who would not be ashamed of being beloved when they love no longer.

If we judge of love by the majority of its results, it rather resembles hatred than friendship.

We may find women who have never indulged in an intrigue, but it is rare to find those who have intrigued but once.

There is only one sort of love, but there are a thousand different copies.

It is more disgraceful to distrust than to be deceived by our friends.

We often persuade ourselves to love people who are more powerful than we are, yet interest alone produces our friendships; we do not give our hearts away for the good we wish to do, but for that we expect to receive.

Our distrust of another justifies his deceit.

There is real love just as there are real ghosts; every person speaks of it, few persons have seen it.

Love lends its name to an infinite number of engagements (*commerces*) which are attributed to it, but with which it has no more concern than the Doge has with all that is done in Venice.

The love of justice is simply in the majority of men the fear of suffering injustice.

Silence is the best resolve for him who distrusts himself.

What renders us so changeable in our friendship is, that it is difficult to know the qualities of the soul, but easy to know those of the mind.

We can love nothing but what agrees with us, and we can only follow our taste or our pleasure when we prefer our friends to ourselves; nevertheless, it is only by that preference that friendship can be true and perfect.

Reconciliation with our enemies is but a desire to better our condition, a weariness of war, the fear of some unlucky accident.

What men term friendship is merely a partnership with a collection of reciprocal interests and an exchange of favours—in fact, it is but a trade in which self-love always expects to gain something.

It is more disgraceful to distrust than to be deceived by our friends.

Men would not live long in society were they not the dupes of each other.

Self-love increases or diminishes for us the good qualities of our friends, in proportion to the satisfaction we feel with them, and we judge of their merit by the manner in which they act towards us.

Every one blames his memory, no one blames his judgment.

In the intercourse of life, we please more by our faults than by our good qualities.

The largest ambition has the least appearance of ambition when it meets with an absolute impossibility in compassing its object.

To awaken a man who is deceived as to his own merit is to do him as bad a turn as that done to the Athenian madman, who was happy in believing that all the ships touching at that port belonged to him.

Old men delight in giving good advice as a consolation for the fact that they can no longer set bad examples.

Great names degrade instead of elevating those who know not how to sustain them.

The test of extraordinary merit is to see those who envy it the most yet obliged to praise it.

A man is perhaps ungrateful, but often less chargeable with ingratitude than his benefactor is.

We are deceived if we think that mind and judgment are two different matters: judgment is but the extent of the light of the mind. This light penetrates to the bottom of matters; it remarks all that can be remarked, and perceives what appears imperceptible. Therefore we must agree that it is the extent of the light in the mind that produces all the effects which we attribute to judgment.

Every one praises his heart, none dare praise their understanding.

Politeness of mind consists in thinking chaste and refined thoughts.

Gallantry of mind is saying the most empty things in an agreeable manner.

Ideas often flash across our minds more complete than we could make them after much labour.

The head is ever the dupe of the heart.

Those who know their minds do not necessarily know their hearts.

Men and things have each their proper perspective; to judge rightly of some it is necessary to see them near, of others we can never judge rightly but at a distance.

A man for whom accident discovers sense, is not a rational being. A man only is so who understands, who distinguishes, who tests it.

To understand matters rightly we should understand their details, and as that knowledge is almost infinite, our knowledge is always superficial and imperfect.

We become so accustomed to disguise ourselves to others that at last we are disguised to ourselves.

We often act treacherously more from weariness than from a fixed motive.

We frequently do good to enable us with impunity to do evil.

If we conquer our passions it is more from their weakness than from our strength.

If we never flattered ourselves we should have but scant pleasure.

The most deceitful persons spend their lives in blaming deceit, so as to use it on some great occasion to promote some great interest.

The daily employment of cunning marks a little mind; it generally happens that those who resort to it in one respect to protect themselves lay themselves open to attack in another.

Cunning and treachery are the offspring of incapacity.

The true way to be deceived is to think oneself more knowing than others.

If it were not for the company of fools, a witty man would often be greatly at a loss.

We often boast that we are never bored, but yet we are so conceited that we do not perceive how often we bore others.

As it is the mark of great minds to say things in a few words, so it is that of little minds to use many words to say nothing.

It is oftener by the estimation of our own feelings that we exaggerate the good qualities of others than by their merit, and when we praise them we wish to attract their praise.

We do not like to praise, and we never praise without a motive. Praise is flattery, artful, hidden, delicate, which gratifies differently him who praises and him who is praised. The one takes it as the reward of merit, the other bestows it to show his impartiality and knowledge.

We often select envenomed praise which, by a reaction upon those we praise, shows faults we could not have shown by other means.

Usually we only praise to be praised.

Few are sufficiently wise to prefer censure which is useful to praise which is treacherous.

Some reproach praise; some praise reproach.

The refusal of praise is only the wish to be praised twice.

The desire which urges us to deserve praise strengthens our good qualities, and praise given to wit, valor, and beauty tends to increase them.

It is easier to govern others than to prevent being governed.

If we never flattered ourselves the flattery of others would not hurt us.

Nature makes merit, but fortune sets it to work.

Fortune cures us of many faults that reason could not.

There are some persons who only disgust with their abilities; there are persons who please even with their faults.

There are persons whose only merit consists in saying and doing stupid things at the right time, and who ruin all if they change their manners.

The fame of great men ought always to be estimated by the means used to acquire it.

Flattery is base coin to which only our vanity gives currency.

It is not enough to have great qualities, we should also have the management of them.

However brilliant an action it should not be esteemed great unless the result of a great motive.

A certain harmony should be kept between actions and ideas if we desire to estimate the effects that they produce.

The art of using moderate abilities to advantage wins praise, and often acquires more reputation than real brilliancy.

Numberless arts appear foolish whose secret motives are most wise and weighty.

It is much easier to seem fitted for posts we do not fill than for those we do.

Ability wins us the esteem of the true men, luck that of the people.

The world oftener rewards the appearance of merit than merit itself.

Avarice is more opposed to economy than to liberality.

However deceitful Hope may be, yet she carries us on pleasantly to the end of life.

Idleness and fear keep us in the path of duty, but our virtue often gets the praise.

If one acts rightly and honestly, it is difficult to decide whether it is the effect of integrity or skill.

As rivers are lost in the sea, so are virtues in self.

If we thoroughly consider the varied effects of indifference, we find we miscarry more in our duties than in our interests.

There are different kinds of curiosity: one springs from interest, which makes us desire to know everything that may be profitable to us; another from pride, which springs from a desire of knowing what others are ignorant of.

It is far better to accustom our mind to bear the ills we have than to speculate on those which may befall us.

Constancy in love is a perpetual inconstancy which causes our heart to attach itself to all the qualities of the person we love in succession, sometimes giving the preference to one, sometimes to another. This constancy is merely inconstancy fixed and limited to the same person.

There are two kinds of constancy in love, one arising from incessantly finding in the loved one fresh objects to love, the other from regarding it as a point of honour to be constant.

Perseverance is not deserving of blame or praise, as it is merely the continuance of tastes and feelings which we can neither create nor destroy.

BLAISE PASCAL (1628–1662)

THOUGHTS

LET man then contemplate nature as a whole, in all her exalted majesty; let him avert his eyes from the low objects that surround him; let him observe that brilliant light set as a lamp to illumine the universe eternally; let him see that the earth is but a point in comparison with the vast orbit of that star; and let him consider with amazement that this vast orbit itself is only a minute point when compared with those traversed by the stars which revolve in the firmament.

If our vision ends there, let imaginations pass beyond; it will exhaust its power of conception sooner than what nature offers it. The whole visible world is only an imperceptible speck in the wide bosom of nature. No idea approaches it. Expand our conception as we may beyond imaginable space, we beget only atoms in comparison with the reality of things. It is an infinite sphere whose center is everywhere, its circumference nowhere. In brief, it is the greatest sensible mark of the omnipotence of God, that our imagination loses itself in this thought.

Then, let man, having returned to himself, consider what he is in comparison with that which is; let him regard himself as astray in this remote district of nature, and from the little dungeon in which he finds himself lodged—I mean the universe—let him learn to rate at their true value the earth, kingdoms, cities, and himself.

What is man in the infinite?

But to exhibit to him another wonder quite as amazing, let him examine the most minute things he knows. A mite will show him, in its diminutive body, parts incomparably smaller—limbs with their joints, veins in these limbs, blood in the veins, humors in the blood, drops in the humors, vapors in the drops. Dividing these, again, let him exhaust his power of forming such conceptions, and then let us consider the last, least object at which he can arrive. Perhaps he will think that it is the limit of littleness in nature. But I will show him within this a new abyss. I will paint for him not only the visible universe, but all the immensity of nature that one can conceive, within the bounds of this epitome of an atom. He may see an infinity of universes, each with its firmament, its planets, its earth, in the same proportion as in the visible world; in the earth animals and finally mites in which he will find again what he found in the first; and finding in others yet the same things without end and without rest, let him lose himself in these wonders, as astonishing in their littleness as were the others from their magnitude. For who will not be amazed that our body, which just now was not perceptible in a universe itself imperceptible in the bosom of the all, has become a colossus, a world, or rather an all as compared with the nothing to which one cannot attain?

For what, in brief, is man in nature? A nothing in comparison with the infinite; an all in comparison with the nothing; a mean between nothing and all. Infinitely far from comprehending the extremes, the end of things and their first principle are for him absolutely hidden in impenetrable mystery: he is equally incapable of seeing the nothing whence he came and the infinite in which he is engulfed.

What can he do, then, except perceive a certain appearance of the midst of things, in eternal despair of knowing either their principle or their end? All things proceed from the nothing and are borne on to the infinite. Who can follow these amazing processes? The author of these wonders comprehends them; no one else can.

One naturally fancies that one is better able to get at the center of things than to embrace their circumference. The visible extent of the world stretches perceptibly beyond us; but since we ourselves surpass in the same way the minutest things, we imagine that we are more capable of grasping them; and yet it requires no less capacity to reach the nothing than to reach the all. One must be infinite to do either; and it seems to me that he who should comprehend the ultimate principles of things would be able also to attain to the knowledge of the infinite. The one depends upon the other,

and the one leads to the other. The extremes touch and reunite by virtue of their very separation; but they meet in God, and in God alone.

Let us then recognize our scope; we are something, but not all. The being that we have deprives us of the knowledge of the first principles which arise from the nothing, and its littleness conceals from us the vision of the infinite.

Our intelligence holds in the order of intelligible things the same place that is held by our body in the extent of nature.

Our senses cannot perceive an extreme. Too much noise deafens us; too much light dazzles us; too great distance or proximity hinders vision; excessive prolixity or brevity in a discourse makes it obscure; too much truth amazes us. I know people who cannot comprehend that if one takes four from zero, zero is left. First principles are too evident for us. Too much pleasure disturbs; too many concords in music displease; too many benefits irritate; we wish to have the means of overpaying the debt.

In short, extremes are for us non-existent, and we are non-existent in relation to them; they escape us, or we them.

This, then, is our true state; this it is that renders us incapable of knowing with certainty and of being absolutely ignorant. We float over a vast middle region, always uncertain and tossed about, driven from one extreme to the other. If we think to attach ourselves and remain fixed at some point, it gives way and abandons us; and if we pursue it, it escapes our grasp, slips away from us, and flies from us forever. This is our natural state, and yet it is one that is most opposed to our inclinations. We burn with desire to find a firm resting-place—a fixed and final base—that we may build a tower that will reach the infinite; but our whole foundation cracks, and the earth yawns to the abyss.

If this is understood, one will, I think, remain quietly in the state in which nature has placed him. Since the mean which has fallen to our lot is always distant from the extremes, of what moment is it that a man has a little greater knowledge of things? If he has, he only grasps them a little higher up. Is he not always infinitely distant from the end, and is not the duration of our life just as infinitely far from eternity, even if it lasts ten years longer?

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Misery being inferable from greatness and greatness from misery, some have inferred the wretchedness of man all the more because they have taken his greatness as the proof of it, while others have inferred his greatness with the greater force because they have deduced it from his very wretchedness. All that the one side has been able to say in proof of his greatness has served only as an argument by which the other has demonstrated his wretchedness, since the higher the state from which one falls the more miserable one is; and the other side has equally good grounds for demonstrating the opposite. The two move about one another in an endless circle; for it is certain that in proportion as men are enlightened they find both greatness and wretchedness in man. In a word, man knows that he is miserable. He is, then, miserable because he is so, but he is great because he knows it.

The pursuit of glory is man's greatest baseness; but it is also the greatest mark of his excellence. For whatever possessions he may have on earth, whatever degree of health and comfort, he is not satisfied if he does not possess the esteem of his fellow men. He values human reason so highly that whatever other advantages he may have in the world, if he is only also advantageously placed in the opinion of men, he is not content. That is the finest position in the world; nothing can turn him from this desire, this is the most ineffaceable characteristic of the human heart. Even those who depise men most, and think them to be no better than the brutes, wish to be admired and believed, and thus contradict themselves by their own feelings—their nature, which is stronger than all else, convincing them of the greatness of man more strongly than reason convinces them of his baseness.

Solomon and Job have best understood and best described the wretchedness of man—the one of the most fortunate and the other the most unfortunate of men. The former knew from experience the vanity of pleasures, the other the reality of evils.

Why is it that a cripple does not anger us, while a crippled mind does? Because one

who is lame in body knows that we walk straight, while one who is lame in mind thinks that it is we who halt; this is the sole reason of our pity and wrath.

Epictetus asks still more forcibly why we are not annoyed when we are told that we have a headache, but are irritated if we are told that we reason ill or have made a wrong choice. The reason is that we are quite certain that we have not a headache and are not lame; but we are not so sure that we have chosen rightly. Accordingly, since our only ground of assurance is that the matter seems entirely true to us, when some one else sees it quite differently we are puzzled and amazed,—and especially if a thousand others laugh at our choice, for in this case we must prefer our own conviction to those of so many others—a bold and different thing to do.

Man is so made that if he is continually told that he is a fool he will believe it; and if he tells himself the same thing often enough he will believe it. For man carries on an inward conversation with himself which it behooves him to regulate well: *corrumpunt mores bonos colloquia mala* (I. Cor. 15: 33). It is well to be silent as much as possible and to converse only about God, whom we know to be the truth, and thus we shall persuade ourselves of it.

Man is but a reed,—the weakest thing in nature,—but he is a reed that thinks. It is not necessary that the whole universe should arm itself to crush him. A vapor, a drop of water, is enough to kill him. But if the universe should crush him man would still be nobler than that which slays him, for he knows that he dies; but of the advantage which it has over him the universe knows nothing. Our dignity consists, then, wholly in thought. Our elevation must come from this, not from space and time, which we cannot fill. Let us, then labor to think well: this is the fundamental principle of morals.

The greatness of man is so obvious that it can be deduced even from his wretchedness. For that which in animals is nature, in man we call wretchedness; and by this we recognize that, his nature being now like that of the brutes, he has fallen from a better nature which once was his.

For who was ever unhappy at not being a king except a king dethroned? Was Paulus Emilius unhappy because he was not long consul? On the contrary, every one thought him fortunate in having been consul, since it was the nature of the office to be temporary. But Perseus was thought so unfortunate in having lost his kingdom—since it is the nature of royalty to be permanent—that people wondered that he did not commit suicide. Who is unhappy because he has only one mouth? but who would not be miserable if he had only one eye? One is, perhaps, never inclined to be distressed because he has not three eyes; but one is inconsolable if he has none.

The Stoics say, retire within yourselves, it is there you will find rest; but this is not true. Others say, go outside of yourselves and seek happiness in diversion; but neither is this true. Diseases may come. Happiness is neither within us nor without; it is in God, both within and without.

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All men seek to be happy: to this there is no exception. However different the means which are employed, they all tend to this end. That some go to the wars while others stay at home is due to the same desire in both, accompanied by different views. The will takes not the least step, except toward this object. This is the motive of all the acts of all men, even of those who hang themselves. And yet, for so many years, not a soul, without faith, has reached the point toward which all so continually gaze. All lament—princes and subjects, nobles and plebeians, the old and the young, the strong and the weak, the wise and the ignorant, the well and the sick—in all countries, times, ages, and conditions.

A test so long, so continuous, and so uniform ought to convince us of our impotence to attain happiness by our efforts; but the example teaches us nothing. There is never a resemblance so precise that some slight difference cannot also be discovered; and for this reason we expect that our endeavor will not fail this time as it has heretofore. And so the present never satisfies us, and experience dupes us and leads us from misfortune to misfortune until death, which is the eternal consummation of them all.

God's justice must be as vast as his compassion; but justice toward the reprobate is

less vast and should be less startling than compassion toward the elect.

We know that there is an infinite, but we are ignorant of its nature. Thus we know that it is false that numbers are finite; hence it is true that there is an infinite in number, but we do not know what it is. It is false that it is even; it is false that it is odd; for if unity be added to it, its nature is not changed. Yet it is a number, and every number is either even or odd; this is true, certainly, of all finite numbers. Thus we may know that there is a God without knowing what he is.

Let us speak now according to the light of nature. If there is a God, he is infinitely incomprehensible, since, having neither parts nor limits, he has no relation to us; we are then incapable of knowing either what he is or if he is. This being so, who will venture to undertake to solve this question? Not we, who have no relation to him.

Who, then, shall blame Christians for their inability to give a reason for their belief—blame those who profess a religion of which they cannot render a reason? They declare in exhibiting it to the world that it is foolishness, *stultitiam*. And yet you complain that they do not prove it! If they should prove it they would falsify their own words. Their lack of proofs shows that they do not lack sense. Yes; but while this excuses those who offer it as such, and removes from them the blame of setting it forth without reason, it does not excuse those who receive it.

Let us, then, examine this point and let us say: God either is, or is not. But to which side shall we incline? Reason cannot settle the matter. An infinite abyss separates us. At the extremity of this infinite distance a game is being played in which either heads or tails will turn up. What do you wager? You cannot rationally choose one or the other—there is no reason for fixing upon either.

Do not, then, accuse of error those who have made a choice, for you know nothing about it.—No, but I blame them for making not this choice, but any choice; for he who chooses "heads" and he who chooses "tails" commit the same error—they are both at fault: the proper thing is not to wager at all.

Yes, but you must wager; it is not a matter of volition; you are embarked. Which will you take, then? Let us see—since you cannot help choosing—let us see which interests you least. You have two things to lose, the true and the good; two things to stake, your reason and your will, your knowledge and your happiness; and your nature has two things to shun, error and misery. Since it is necessary to choose, your reason is no more hurt in taking one than in taking the other. That is one point settled—but your happiness?

Let us weigh the gain and the loss in choosing "heads"—that God is. Compare these two chances: if you win you win everything; if you lose you lose nothing. Wager, then, without hesitation, that he is.—This is admirable! Yes, I must wager, but perhaps I stake too much.—Let us see. Since there is an equal chance of winning and losing, if you had only to gain two lives for one you might still wager. But if there were three to be won, it would be necessary to play (since you are obliged to play whether you will or not), and you would use bad judgment (since you are forced to play) not to hazard your life to win three in a game in which the chances of gain and loss are even. But there is an eternity of life and happiness at stake; and since this is the case, if there were an infinity of chances of which one only was in your favor, you would still be right in wagering one for two, and you would act with the imprudent (since you are forced to play) to refuse to play one life against three in a game in which of an infinity of chances you have one, if there is an infinity of infinitely happy life to be won. But here there is an infinitely happy infinite life to be won; one chance of winning against a finite number of chances of loss; and what you stake is finite. That is fixed: where there is an infinite, and there is not an infinity of chances of loss against those of winning, there is no ground for deliberation—you must give all. And so, since one is obliged to play, it is irrational to guard one's life rather than risk it for an infinite gain which may as likely happen as a loss which is a loss of nothing.

For there is no sense in saying that it is uncertain that one will win, while it is certain that one risks; and that the infinite distance which separates the certainty that

one risks for the uncertainty that one will win renders the finite good which one certainly stakes equal to the uncertain infinite. This is not so every player runs a certain risk, to win an uncertainty; and yet he risks a finite certainty to win a finite uncertainty without doing violence to his reason. There is not an infinite distance between the certainty of the risk and the uncertainty of winning; that statement is false. There is, in truth, an infinity between the certainty of winning and the certainty of losing. But the uncertainty of winning is proportioned to the certainty of the risk, according to the proportion of the chances of gain and loss; and hence if there are as many chances on one side as the other, the game is even; and then the certainty of the risk is equal to the uncertainty of winning: so far is it from being infinitely distant. And thus our proposition has an infinite force, when a finite is risked in a game in which the chances of winning and losing are equal and there is an infinite to be won. That is demonstrable; and if men are capable of grasping any truths, this is one of them.

I confess it, I grant it. But is there no way of seeing behind the game?—Yes, Scripture and the rest.

Yes, but my hands are bound and my mouth is dumb; I am forced to wager, and I am not free; no one releases me, and I am so constituted that I cannot believe. What, then, would you have me do?

That is true. But at least recognize your powerlessness to believe, since reason leads you to believe, and yet you cannot. Strive then to convince yourself, not by argumentation and proofs of the being of God, but by the lessoning of your passions. You wish to attain to faith, and you do not know the way; you desire to be cured of infidelity, and you ask for remedies. Learn of those who have been bound as you are, and who now are staking all that they possess: these are they who know the road that you would follow and have been cured of the disease of which you would be cured. Begin as they did—namely, acting as if they believed, taking holy water, having masses said, etc. This, naturally, will make you believe and dull you at the same time—But that is just what I fear.—Why? What have you to lose?

"I would soon have given up pleasure," they say, "if I had had faith." I say to you, on the other hand: "You would soon have had faith if you had given up pleasure. But it is for you to begin. If I could, I would give you faith. This I cannot do, neither can I test the truth of what you say. But you can easily give up pleasure and prove that what you say is true."

If one ought not to act except upon a certainty, one ought not to do anything in religion; for it is not a certainty. But how many things one has to do on an uncertainty! —voyages, battles! I assert, accordingly, that in this case, nothing at all should be done, for nothing is certain, and that there is more certainty in religion than there is in the hope that we shall see the morrow; for it is not certain that we shall see the morrow, but it is certainiy possible that we shall not see it. One cannot say the same of religion. It is not certain that it is, but who will venture to say that it is certainly possible that it is not? But when one labors for the morrow and the uncertain, one acts rationally.

This is what I see and what troubles me. I look on all sides, and everywhere see nothing but obscurity. Nature offers me nothing that is not a subject of doubt and disquietude. If I saw nothing there which indicated a Deity, I would decide not to believe in him. If I saw everywhere evidences of a Creator, I would rest peacefully in faith. But seeing too much for denial and too little for assurance, I am in a lamentable state, and have wished a hundred times that if there is a God behind nature he would indicate the fact unequivocally, and that if the evidences of him which nature gives are deceptive she would suppress them entirely—that she would tell all or nothing, so that I might see the course which I should follow. Instead of this, in my present state—ignorant of what I am and of what I ought to do—I know neither my condition nor my duty. My heart desires utterly to know where the true good is, that I may pursue it. Nothing would, for me, be too costly for eternity.

JOSEPH JOUBERT (1754–1824)

THOUGHTS ON THE MEANING OF LIFE

God is so great and so vast that, to be understood, He must be divided.

God is known to us through piety: the only manifestation of our soul which places Him within our reach and shows Him to us.

Man pictures God like himself—the indulgent man worships an indulgent God, the stern man a stern God.

Dare I say it? God may be easily known, if only it is not necessary to define Him.

Only those who have known heaven can comprehend the earth. Without the world of the spirit, the world of sense is a depressing enigma.

The God of metaphysics is but an *idea*. But the God of religion, the Maker of heaven and earth, the sovereign Judge of actions and of thoughts, is a *force*.

Piety is a sublime wisdom, higher than all other wisdom; it is a genius which gives wings to the mind. The unwise are the impious.

Piety is a kind of modesty. It makes us turn away our thoughts, as modesty causes us to turn away our eyes, before that which is forbidden.

Heaven is for those who meditate upon it.

Where do our ideas go? Into the divine memory of God.

Any fine and subtle thought in which the soul acts a part recalls us to God and to piety. The soul cannot stir without feeling God: it feels God as the body feels air.

It is God's will that we should love even His enemies.

To think of God is an act.

True religion is the poetry of the heart. Its enchantments aid us in our everyday life; it grants us both happiness and virtue.

Religion is neither a theology nor a theosophy. It is more than either of these: it is a discipline, a law, a yoke, an indissoluble engagement.

In our religious life we ought to be natural, self-forgetful, and cheerful; not dignified, proud, and calculating.

Close your eyes that you may see.

Why do pious folk enjoy hearing even a bad preacher? Because he tells them of what they love. But those who seek to expound religion to those who once loved it, perhaps, or who might be glad to love it—those must remember that their hearers do not love religion yet, so they must take pains to speak well.

Religion is to one man his literature and his science, to another his joy and his duty.

The Bible is to religion what the Iliad is to poetry.

The anger of God is brief, His pity eternal.

I think that, in the far future of another life, those will be happiest who can recall no moment of this present existence without satisfaction. In that life, as in this, our memories, good or bad, will be an important item of our possessions.

Piety is the only remedy for the drought which the work of reflection causes in the fount of our feelings.

God augments intelligence, which spreads itself, like fire, *ad infinitum*. Though a thousand brands be lighted at one torch, its flame remains always the same.

Piety draws us to that which is strongest: God. And to that which is weakest: little children, the aged, the poor, the sick, the unhappy, the afflicted. Without piety, old age shocks us, sickness repels us, idiocy disgusts us. With piety, we see in old age only the crowning of a long life, in sickness only suffering, in idiocy only misfortune; we feel only respect, compassion, and the wish to relieve.

Before God man must be neither learned nor philosophical, but a child, a slave, a pupil —at most, a poet.

Virtue must be asked for at any cost, and with temerity; prosperity must be asked for only with timidity and resignation. To ask is always to receive, when true riches are sought.

For a translation of the Bible largeness of phrase is required; constructions where the joinings are not too close, nor the surface too polished; and in the style a touch of the archaic.

We see all things through ourselves. We

are a medium always interposed between things and ourselves.

In the soul there is a taste for goodness, as in the body there is an appetite for pleasure.

The soul is to the eyes what sight is to the touch: it seizes what escapes the senses. As in art the highest beauty is beyond control, so in knowledge the most high and the most true is beyond experience.

Imagination is the eye of the soul.

The greatest truths are revealed to the imagination: Providence, its course, its purposes. They escape our judgment; our imagination alone sees them.

The body is a tent in which our existence is encamped.

What is called the *soul* never changes; but what is called the *mind* changes at every age, with every situation, every day. The mind is mobile, varying with the direction of whatever wind blows upon it.

The mind is a fire of which thought is the flame, and, like flame, it yearns upwards. Men try hard to smother it by turning the point of it downwards.

The soul is an incandescent vapor, burning without being consumed. Our body is its lantern. Its flame is not only light, but feeling.

Thought is spontaneous, springing into being like flame. Ideas are born like day from night, after the dawn; one dazzles, and the other illumines.

Intellect provides us with many useless thoughts; good sense provides us with necessary ideas.

Intellect is the blooming, the flowering, the complete development of the germ of the human plant.

To know what we must do is good sense; to know what we must think is intelligence.

Imagination is that faculty which renders tangible what is intellectual, which incarnates what is spiritual—in a word, which makes visible, without distortion, that which of itself is invisible.

Without imagination, perception is reduced to that very moment of perceiving; the sensations become more vivid, shorter, and lack harmony in their succession one upon another.

Happiness is to feel that one's soul is good. There is really no other, and one may feel this happiness even in misfortune. Thus, there are some griefs to be preferred to any joy, and that are preferred by all who have experienced them.

Tenderness is the repose of passion.

A man who shows no defects is either a fool or a hypocrite, whom we ought to mistrust. There are faults so attached to good qualities that they display them—faults which it is best not to correct.

In anger and in grief there is a concealed spring, which we must know both how to hold and how to release.

An important element in all happiness is the feeling that it is deserved.

Whatever multiplies the ties that bind man to man makes him better and happier.

He who cannot idealize reality is a bad painter, a bad friend, a bad lover; he is unable to elevate his heart and mind to the peak of affection.

If a man has seen something often, and wishes to see it again and enjoy it, he instinctively seeks a companion who has not seen it.

To be born good is a great happiness, great good fortune.

To accept a benefit from a man is a surer way to gain his regard than to render him a service. The sight of a benefactor is often irksome, but the sight of one whom one is helping is always agreeable. One loves in him one's work.

The person who desires to be independent of all men and to be under obligation to no man has a mind without feeling.

Vanity listens to reason only after it has been satisfied.

Conceited people, like dwarfs, have the stature of a child with the face of a man.

Everything wears out, even esteem, if one does not take care of it.

We must not only cultivate our friends, but our capacity for friendship; we must preserve it carefully, even to tending it and watering it, so to speak.

The man who has none of the foibles of friendship has none of its powers.

Be gentle and indulgent to all save yourself.

Those who discover faults of their friends with joy watch for them with a malicious eye. He who is never a dupe can never be a friend.

Good impulses count for nothing unless they become good actions.

Ornaments were invented by modesty.

One should endeavor to despise no one.

It is even better to feel respect than to inspire it, for the respectful are always to be admired. Respect springs from an estimate of worth, of which the worthless are incapable.

Chastity enables the soul to breathe pure air in the foulest places; continence makes her strong, whatever the condition of the body; her control of the senses makes her royal; her light and her peace render her beautiful.

What admirable loves are born of chastity! Of what delights are we robbed by our excesses!

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Ask the young: they know everything!

Passion in youth is vice in old age.

Two ages of life should be sexless: the child and the old man should be as modest as women.

The beginning and the end of human life are the best parts of it—at least, the parts most worthy of respect. One is the age of innocence, the other of reason.

Old age deprives the man of intellect of no qualities save those that are useless to wisdom.

The evening of life brings with it its lamp.

To live well we should forget our age when we are old, and not be too keenly aware of our youth when we are young.

The residue of human wisdom, purified by age, is perhaps our greatest possession.

Old men are the majesty of a people.

Even though you are right, you should not dispute with an old man.

All men weave their own destiny, spinning the thread of their own fate.

There are two signs of decay: to love only beautiful women and to read with toleration evil books.

Our life is woven wind.

Think of the scores of people who drink, eat, and marry; buy, sell, and build; make contracts and guard their money; have friends and enemies, joys and sorrows; are born, grow, live and die—but are all the while asleep!

We should prepare our life as we prepare our writings—see that the beginning, the middle, and the end are in harmony For this we need to make many erasures.

Life is a country which the old have seen and inhabited. Those about to travel through it can do no better than ask the way from them.

To respect the past and mistrust the present are the ways to provide for safety in the future.

This life is but the cradle of another. What, then, do sickness, time, old age, and death mean? They are no more than various stages of a metamorphosis which doubtless has only its beginning here below.

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Politeness is the flower of humanity. He who is not polite enough is not human enough.

Politeness acts as a guard over the rough edges of our character, preventing them from harming others. We should never lay it aside, even in contact with coarse people.

To treat people at once with esteem and confidence is a sign of a graceful and polite temper. It proves, at least, that one has lived in good fellowship with oneself and with others.

Civility is inseparable from integrity.

The ingenuous person exposes himself to ridicule without expecting it; the frank person expects it without fearing it. Those who have managed to preserve their spontaneity are always charmed with it in others, even when it is antagonistic to their own.

Manners are an art. Some are perfect, some praiseworthy, some faulty, but there are none that are of no importance. How does it happen that we have no precepts by which to teach them, or even no standard by which to judge them, as we do with sculpture and music? A science of manners would mean more in the happiness and virtue of mankind than is generally supposed. If virtue leads to good manners, they, in their turn, must lead to virtue. Manners are an essential part of morals. Therefore, we ought to practise on all occasions graceful, simple, becoming manners, if we would attain to the heights of wisdom.

Wisdom is the science whereby we determine what is and what is not good for the soul. It is the science of sciences, for it alone

can estimate true value, exact importance, proper use, what is dangerous and what useful.

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In art, to be natural is to be sincere.

Poetry is to be found nowhere unless you have it within you.

That which does not transport is not poetry. The lyre is a winged instrument.

The poet should not walk across an interval he can clear with a bound.

Words become luminous when the poet's finger touches them with its phosphorus.

Before using a beautiful word be sure you have a place for it.

All languages are rivers running with gold.

Words are like glass—they obscure whatever they do not help us to see.

Words ought to stand out from the page; that is, they should readily attract the attention and impress the memory; they should be easily quoted and conveniently transplanted.

The only classical style is a temperate one.

Regard the attention as a narrow-mouthed pitcher—what you have to say should be poured into it carefully, drop by drop.

Style in its highest beauty is brevity adorned.

We become correct only by correcting.

'Tis a great art to make of one's thought a balanced lance, hurl it, and impale it in the attention.

Polish and finish in style correspond to the varnish of pictures: they preserve it and make it durable, giving it a kind of immortality.

Genius begins great works; labor finishes them.

Strength is not force; many authors have more muscles than talent.

Genuine depth comes from concentrated ideas.

Nothing is known well till long after it is learned.

He who reads only what he likes will never be well-informed.

Young authors give their minds lots of exercise, but little food.

The mind conceives with pain, but brings forth with joy.

The end of a book should always be a reminder of its beginning.

Comedy should never exhibit what is abhorrent.

Beautiful works do not intoxicate—they enchant.

Taste is the literary conscience of the soul.

Many people have a good ear for literature, but sing out of tune!

The surprising surprises only once. The admirable is admired again and again.

Mediocrity is excellent only to those who are mediocre.

A national literature begins with fables and ends with novels.

A reader finds little in a book save what he puts there. But in a great book he finds space to put many things.

Excel, and you will live!

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE
(1749–1832)

THOUGHTS AND REFLECTIONS

Literature and Art

Literature is a fragment of fragments: the least of what happened and was spoken, has been written; and of the things that have been written, very few have been preserved.

And yet, with all the fragmentary nature of literature, we find thousand-fold repetition; which shows how limited is man's mind and destiny.

Excellent work is unfathomable, approach it as you will.

It is not language in itself which is correct or forcible or elegant, but the mind that is embodied in it; and so it is not for a man to determine whether he will give his calculations or speeches or poems the desired qualities: the question is whether Nature has given him the intellectual and moral qualities which fit him for the work—the intellectual

power of observation and insight, the moral power of repelling the evil spirits that might hinder him from paying respect to truth.

The appeal to posterity springs from the pure, strong feeling of the existence of something imperishable; something that, even though it be not at once recognized, will in the end be gratified by finding the minority turn into a majority.

When a new literature succeeds, it obscures the effect of an earlier one, and its own effect predominates; so that it is well, from time to time, to look back. What is original in us is best preserved and quickened if we do not lose sight of those who have gone before us.

The most original authors of modern times are so, not because they produce what is new, but only because they are able to say things the like of which seems never to have been said before.

Thus the best sign of originality lies in taking up a subject and then developing it so fully as to make every one confess that he would hardly have found so much in it.

There are many thoughts that come only from general culture, like buds from green branches. When roses bloom, you see them blooming everywhere.

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A man who has no acquaintance with foreign languages knows nothing of his own.

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A romance is a subjective epic in which the author begs leave to treat the world after his own ideas. The only question is, whether he has any ideas; the rest will follow itself.

Subjective or so-called sentimental poetry has now been admitted to an equality with objective and descriptive. This was inevitable; because otherwise the whole of modern poetry would have been discarded. It is now obvious that when men of truly poetical genius appear they will describe more of the particular feelings of the inner life than of the general facts of the great life in the world. This has already taken place to such a degree that we have a poetry without figures of speech, which can by no means be refused all praise.

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That glorious hymn, Veni Creator Spiritus, is really an appeal to genius. That is why it speaks so powerfully to men of intellect and power.

Translators are like busy match-makers: they sing the praises of some half-veiled beauty, and extol her charms, and arouse an irresistible longing for the original.

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The sentimentality of the English is humorous and tender; of the French, popular and pathetic; of the Germans, naïve and realistic.

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Once when a slight difference was mentioned between us, of which I was reminded by a passage in a letter of his, I made the following reflections: There is a great difference between a poet seeking the particular for the universal, and seeing the universal in the particular. The one gives rise to Allegory, where the particular serves only as instance or example of the general; but the other is the true nature of Poetry, namely, the expression of the particular without any thought of, or reference to, the general. If a man grasps the particular vividly, he also grasps the general, without being aware of it at the time; or he may make the discovery long afterwards.

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But every one is an eclectic who, out of the things that surround and take place about him, appropriates what is suited to his nature; and this is what is meant by culture and progress, in matters of theory and practice.

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When a boy begins to understand that an invisible point must always come before a visible one, and that the shortest way between two points is a straight line, before he can draw it on his paper with his pencil, he experiences a certain pride and pleasure. And he is not wrong; for he has the source of all thought opened to him; idea and reality; *potentia et actu*, are become clear; the philsopher has no new discovery to bring him; as a mathematician, he has found the basis of all thought for himself.

And if we turn to that significant utterance, Know thyself, we must not explain it in an ascetic sense. It is in nowise the self-

knowledge of our modern hypochondrists, humorists, and self-tormentors. It simply means: pay some attention to yourself; take note of yourself; so that you may know how you come to stand towards those like you and towards the world. This involves no psychological torture; every capable man knows and feels what it means. It is a piece of good advice which every one will find of the greatest advantage in practice.

Let us remember how great the ancients were; and especially how the Socratic school holds up to us the source and standard of all life and action, and bids us not indulge in empty speculation, but live and do.

So long as our scholastic education takes us back to antiquity and furthers the study of the Greek and Latin languages, we may congratulate ourselves that these studies, so necessary for the higher culture, will never disappear.

If we set our gaze on antiquity and earnestly study it, in the desire to form ourselves thereon, we get the feeling as if it were only then that we really became men.

The pedagogue, in trying to write and speak Latin, has a higher and grander idea of himself than would be permissible in ordinary life.

In the presence of antiquity, the mind that is susceptible to poetry and art feels itself placed in the most pleasing ideal state of nature; and even to this day the Homeric hymns have the power of freeing us, at any rate, for moments, from the frightful burden which the traditions of several thousand years has rolled upon us.

There is no such thing as patriotic art and patriotic science. Both art and science belong like all things great and good, to the whole world, and can be furthered only by a free and general interchange of ideas among contemporaries, with continual reference to the heritage of the past as it is known to us.

Poetical talent is given to peasant as well as to knight; all that is required is that each shall grasp his position and treat it worthily.

An historic sense means a sense so cultured that, in valuing the deserts and merit of its own time, it takes account also of the past.

The best that history gives us is the enthusiasm it arouses.

The historian's duty is twofold: first towards himself, then towards the readers. As regards himself, he must carefully examine into the things that could have happened; and, for the reader's sake, he must determine what actually did happen. His action towards himself is a matter between himself and his colleagues; but the public must not see into the secret that there is little in history which can be said to be positively determined.

The historian's duty is to separate the true from the false, the certain from the uncertain, and the doubtful from that which cannot be accepted.

It is seldom that any one of great age becomes historical to himself, and finds his contemporaries become historical to him, so that he neither cares nor is able to argue with any one.

On a closer examination of the matter, it will be found that the historian does not easily grasp history as something historical. In whatever age he may live, the historian always writes as though he himself had been present at the time of which he treats, instead of simply narrating the facts and movements of that time. Even the mere chronicler only points more or less to his own limitations, or the peculiarities of his town or monastery or age.

We really learn only from those books which we cannot criticise. The author of a book which we could criticise would have to learn from us.

That is the reason why the Bible will never lose its power; because, as long as the world lasts, no one can stand up and say: I grasp it as a whole and understand all the parts of it. But we say humbly: as a whole it is worthy of respect, and in all its parts it is applicable.

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The incurable evil of religious controversy is that while one party wants to connect the highest interest of humanity with fables and phrases, the other tries to rest it on things that satisfy no one.

If one has not read the newspapers for some months and then reads them all together, one sees, as one never saw before, how much time is wasted with this kind of literature.

The classical is health; and the romantic, disease.

Ovid remained classical even in exile: it is

not in himself that he sees misfortune, but in his banishment from the metropolis of the world.

The romantic is already fallen into its own abysm. It is hard to imagine anything more degraded than the worst of the new productions.

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Shakespeare's *Henry IV*. If everything were lost that has ever been preserved to us of this kind of writing, the arts of poetry and rhetoric could be completely restored out of this one play.

Shakespeare is dangerous reading for budding talents; he compels them to reproduce him, and they fancy they are producing themselves.

Yorick Sterne was the finest spirit that ever worked. To read him is to attain a fine feeling of freedom; his humor is inimitable, and it is not every kind of humor that frees the soul.

The peculiar value of so-called popular ballads is that their motives are drawn direct from nature. This, however, is an advantage of which the poet of culture could also avail himself, if he knew how to do it.

But in popular ballads there is always this advantage, that in the art of saying things shortly uneducated men are always better skilled than those who are in the strict sense of the word educated.

The translator must proceed until he reaches the untranslatable; and then only will he have an idea of the foreign nation and the foreign tongue.

When we say of a landscape that it has a romantic character, it is the secret feeling of the sublime taking the form of the past, or, what is the same thing, of solitude, absence, or seclusion.

The Beautiful is a manifestation of secret laws of nature, which, without its presence, would never have been revealed.

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When Nature begins to reveal her open secret to a man, he feels an irresistible longing for her worthiest interpreter, Art.

For all other Arts we must make some allowance; but to Greek Art alone we are always debtors.

There is no surer way of evading the world than by Art; and no surer way of uniting with it than by Art.

Even in the moments of highest happiness and deepest misery we need the Artist.

False tendencies of the senses are a kind of desire after realism, always better than that false tendency which expresses itself as idealistic longing.

The dignity of Art appears perhaps most conspicuously in Music; for in Music there is no material to be deducted. It is wholly form and intrinsic value, and it raises and ennobles all that it expresses.

It is only by Art, and especially by Poetry, that the imagination is regulated. Nothing is more frightful than imagination without taste.

If we were to despise Art on the ground that it is an imitation of Nature, it might be answered that Nature also imitates much else; further, that Art does not exactly imitate that which can be seen by the eyes, but goes back to that element of reason of which Nature consists and according to which Nature acts.

Further, the Arts produce much out of themselves, and, on the other hand, add much where Nature fails in perfection, in that they possess beauty in themselves. So it was that Phidias could sculpture a god although he had nothing that could be seen by the eye to imitate, but grasped the appearance which Zeus himself would have if he were to come before our eyes.

Art rests upon a kind of religious sense; it is deeply and ineradicably in earnest. Thus it is that Art so willingly goes hand in hand with Religion.

A noble philsopher spoke of architecture as frozen music; and it was inevitable that many people should shake their heads over his remark. We believe that no better repetition of this fine thought can be given than by calling architecture a speechless music.

Art is essentially noble; therefore the artist has nothing to fear from a low or common subject. Nay, by taking it up, he ennobles it; and so it is that we see the greatest artists boldly exercising their sovereign rights.

In every artist there is a germ of daring, without which no talent is conceivable.

All the artists who are already known to

me from so many sides, I propose to consider exclusively from the ethical side; to explain from the subject-matter and method of their work the part played therein by time and place, nation and master, and their own indestructible personality, to mold them to what they become and to preserve them in what they were.

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Let us be many-sided! Turnips are good, but they are best mixed with chestnuts. And these two noble products of the earth grow far apart.

In every kind of Art there is a degree of excellence which may be reached, so to speak, by the mere use of one's own natural talents. But at the same time it is impossible to go beyond that point, unless Art comes to one's aid.

In the presence of Nature even moderate talent is always possessed of insight; hence drawings from Nature that are at all carefully done always give pleasure.

To make many sketches issue at last in a complete work is something that not even the best artists always achieve.

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Science

In the sphere of natural science let us remember that we have always to deal with an insoluble problem. Let us prove keen and honest in attending to anything which is in any way brought to our notice, most of all when it does not fit in with our previous ideas. For it is only thereby that we perceive the problem, which does indeed lie in nature, but still more in man.

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We more readily confess to errors, mistakes, and shortcomings in our conduct than in our thought.

And the reason of it is that the conscience is humble and even takes a pleasure in being ashamed. But the intellect is proud, and if forced to recant is driven to despair.

This also explains how it is that truths which have been recognised are at first tacitly admitted, and then gradually spread, so that the very thing which was obstinately denied appears at last as something quite natural.

Ignorant people raise questions which were answered by the wise thousands of years ago.

When a man sees a phenomenon before him, his thoughts often range beyond it; when he hears it only talked about, he has no thoughts at all.

Authority. Man cannot exist without it, and yet it brings in its train just as much of error as of truth. It perpetuates one by one things which should pass away one by one; it rejects that which should be preserved and allows it to pass away; and it is chiefly to blame for mankind's want of progress.

Authority—in fact, namely, that something has already happened or been said or decided, is of great value; but it is only a pedant who demands authority for everything.

An old foundation is worthy of all respect, but it must not take from us the right to build afresh whatever we will.

Our advice is that every man should remain in the path he has struck out himself, and refuse to be overawed by authority, hampered by prevalent opinion, or carried away by fashion.

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To a new truth there is nothing more hurtful than an old error.

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There are many problems in natural science on which we cannot fittingly speak unless we call metaphysics to our aid; but not the wisdom of the schools, which consists in mere verbiage. It is that which was before physics, exists with it, and will be after it.

Since men are really interested in nothing but their opinions, every one who puts forward an opinion looks about him right and left for means of strengthening himself and others in it. A man avails himself of the truth so long as it is serviceable; but he seizes on what is false with a passionate eloquence as soon as he can make a momentary use of it; whether it be to dazzle others with it as a kind of half-truth, or to employ it is a stop gap for effecting an apparent union between things that have been disjoined. This experience at first caused me annoyance, and then sorrow; and now it is a source of mischievous satisfaction. I have

pledged myself never again to expose a proceeding of this kind.

Everything that we call Invention or Discovery in the higher sense of the word is the serious exercise and activity of an original feeling for truth, which, after a long course of silent cultivation, suddenly flashes out into fruitful knowledge. It is a revelation working from within on the outer world, and lets man feel that he is made in the image of God. It is a synthesis of World and Mind, giving the most blessed assurance of the eternal harmony of things.

A man must cling to the belief that the incomprehensible is comprehensible; otherwise he would not try to fathom it.

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The supreme achievement would be to see that stating a fact is starting a theory.

If I acquiesce at last in some ultimate fact of nature, it is not doubt, only resignation; but it makes a great difference whether the resignation takes place at the limits of human faculty, or within the hypothetical boundaries of my own narrow individuality.

If we look at the problems raised by Aristotle we are astonished at his gift of observation. What wonderful eyes the Greeks had for many things! Only they committed the mistake of being over hasty, of passing straightway from the phenomenon to the explanation of it, and thereby produced certain theories that are quite inadequate. But this is the mistake of all times, and still made in our own day.

Hypotheses are cradle-songs by which the teacher lulls his scholars to sleep. The thoughtful and honest observer is always learning more and more of his limitations; he sees that the further knowledge spreads, the more numerous are the problems that make their appearance.

Our mistake is that we doubt what is certain and want to establish what is uncertain. My maxim in the study of Nature is this: hold fast what is certain and keep watch on what is uncertain.

What a master a man would be in his own subject if he taught nothing useless!

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Every man looks at the world lying ready before him, ordered and fashioned into a complete whole, as after all but an element out of which his endeavour is to create a special world suited to himself. Capable men lay hold of the world without hesitation and try to shape their course as best they can; others dally over it, and some doubt even of their own existence.

The man who felt the full force of this fundamental truth would dispute with no one, but look upon another's mode of thought equally with his own, as merely a phenomenon. For we find almost daily that one man can think with ease what another cannot possibly think at all; and that, too, not in matters which might have some sort of effect upon their common weal or woe, but in things which cannot touch them at all.

There is nothing more odious than the majority; it consists of a few powerful men to lead the way; of accommodating rascals and submissive weaklings; and of a mass of men who trot after them, without in the least knowing their own mind.

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We praise the eighteenth century for concerning itself chiefly with analysis. The task remaining to the nineteenth is to discover the false syntheses which prevail, and to analyse their contents anew.

A school may be regarded as a single individual who talks to himself for a hundred years, and takes an extraordinary pleasure in his own being, however foolish and silly it may be.

In science it is a service of the highest merit to seek out those fragmentary truths attained by the ancients, and to develop them further.

If a man devotes himself to the promotion of science, he is firstly opposed, and then he is informed that his ground is already occupied. At first men will allow no value to what we tell them, and then they behave as if they knew it all themselves.

Nature fills all space with her limitless productivity. If we observe merely our own earth, everything that we call evil and unfortunate is so because Nature cannot provide room for everything that comes into existence, and still less endow it with permanence.

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The further knowledge advances, the nearer we come to the unfathomable: the

more we know how to use our knowledge, the better we see that the unfathomable is of no practical use.

The finest achievement for a man of thought is to have fathomed what may be fathomed, and quietly to revere the unfathomable.

The discerning man who acknowledges his limitations is not far off perfection.

There are two things of which man cannot be careful enough: of obstinacy if he confines himself to his own line of thought, of incompetency, if he goes beyond it.

Incompetency is a greater obstacle to perfection than one would think.

The century advances; but every individual begins anew.

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A man cannot live with every one, and therefore he cannot live for every one. To see this truth aright is to place a high value upon one's friends, and not to hate or persecute one's enemies. Nay, there is hardly any greater advantage for a man to gain than to find out if he can the merits of his opponents; it gives him a decided ascendency over them.

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It is very seldom that we satisfy ourselves; all the more consoling it is to have satisfied others.

We look back upon our life only as on a thing of broken pieces, because our misses and failures are always the first to strike us, and outweigh in our imagination what we have done and attained.

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Science helps us before all things in this, that it somewhat lightens the feeling of wonder with which Nature fills us; then, however, as life becomes more and more complex, it creates new facilities for the avoidance of what would do us harm and the promotion of what will do us good.

It is always our eyes alone, our way of looking at things. Nature alone knows what she means now, and what she has meant in the past.

Nature

Nature! We are surrounded by her and locked in her clasp: powerless to leave her and powerless to come closer to her. Unasked and unwarned she takes us up into the whirl of her dance, and hurries on with us till we are weary and fall from her arms.

She creates new forms without end: what exists now, never was before; what was, comes not again; all is new and yet always the old.

We live in the midst of her and are strangers. She speaks to us unceasingly and betrays not her secret. We are always influencing her and yet can do her no violence.

Individuality seems to be all her aim, and she cares not for individuals. She is always building and destroying, and her workshop is not to be approached.

Nature lives in her children only, and the mother, where is she? She is the sole artist,—out of the simplest materials the greatest diversity; attaining, with no trace of effort, the finest perfection, the closest precision, always softly veiled. Each of her works has an essence of its own; every shape that she takes is in idea utterly isolated; and yet all forms one.

She plays a drama; whether she sees it herself, we know not; and yet she plays it for us, who stand but a little way off.

There is constant life in her, motion and development; and yet she remains where she was. She is eternally changing, nor for a moment does she stand still. Of rest she knows nothing, and to stagnation she has affixed her curse. She is steadfast; her step is measured, her exceptions rare, her laws immutable.

She has thought, and she ponders unceasingly; not as a man, but as Nature. The meaning of the whole she keeps to herself, and no one can learn it of her.

Men are all in her, and she in all men. With all she plays a friendly game, and rejoices the more a man wins from her. With many her game is so secret, that she brings it to an end before they are aware of it.

Even what is most unnatural is Nature; even the coarsest Philistinism has something of her genius. Who does not see her everywhere, sees her nowhere aright.

She loves herself, and clings eternally to herself with eyes and hearts innumerable. She has divided herself that she may be her own delight. She is ever making new

creatures spring up to delight in her, and imparts herself insatiably.

She rejoices in illusion. If a man destroys this in himself and others, she punishes him like the hardest tyrant. If he follows her in confidence, she presses him to her heart as it were her child.

Her children are numberless. To no one of them is she altogether niggardly; but she has her favourites, on whom she lavishes much, and for whom she makes many sacrifices. Over the great she has spread the shield of her protection.

She spurts forth her creatures out of nothing, and tells them not whence they come and whither they go. They have only to go their way: she knows the path.

Her springs of action are few, but they never wear out: they are always working, always manifold.

The drama she plays is always new, because she is always bringing new spectators. Life is her fairest invention, and Death is her device for having life in abundance.

She envelops man in darkness, and urges him constantly to the light. She makes him dependent on the earth, heavy and sluggish, and always rouses him up afresh.

She creates want, because she loves movement. How marvellous that she gains it all so easily! Every want is a benefit, soon satisfied, soon growing again. If she gives more, it is a new source of desire; but the balance quickly rights itself.

Every moment she starts on the longest journeys, and every moment reaches her goal.

She amuses herself with a vain show; but to us her play is all-important.

She lets every child work at her, every fool judge of her, and thousands pass her by and see nothing; and she has her joy in them all, and in them all finds her account.

Man obeys her laws even in opposing them; he works with her even when he wants to work against her.

Everything she gives is found to be good, for first of all she makes it indispensable. She lingers, that we may long for her presence; she hurries by, that we may not grow weary of her.

Speech or language she has none; but she creates tongues and hearts through which she feels and speaks.

Her crown is Love. Only through Love can we come near her. She puts gulfs between all things, and all things strive to be interfused. She isolates everything, that she may draw everything together. With a few draughts from the cup of Love she repays for a life full of trouble.

She is all things. She rewards herself and punishes herself; and in herself rejoices and is distressed. She is rough and gentle, loving and terrible, powerless and almighty. In her everything is always present. Past or Future she knows not. The Present is her Eternity. She is kind. I praise her with all her works. She is wise and still. No one can force her to explain herself, or frighten her into a gift that she does not give willingly. She is crafty, but for a good end; and it is best not to notice her cunning.

She is whole and yet never finished. As she works now, so can she work forever.

To every one she appears in a form of his own. She hides herself in a thousand names and terms, and is always the same.

She has placed me in this world; she will also lead me out of it. I trust myself to her. She may do with me as she pleases. She will not hate her work. I did not speak of her. No! what is true and what is false, she has spoken it all. Everything is her fault, everything is her merit.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803–1882)

SELF-RELIANCE

I READ the other day some verses written by an eminent painter which were original and not conventional. Always the soul hears an admonition in such lines, let the subject be what it may. The sentiment they instill is of more value than any thought they may contain. To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men,—that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for always the inmost becomes the outmost—

and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton is that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men, but what they thought. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humored inflexibility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else to-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better for worse as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact, makes much impression on him, and another none. It is not without preëstablished harmony, this sculpture in the memory. The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. Bravely let him speak the utmost syllable of his confession. We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely trusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted.

Whoso would be a man, must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of our own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world. I remember an answer which when quite young I was prompted to make to a valued adviser who was wont to importune me with the dear old doctrines of the church. On my saying, What have I to do with the sacredness of traditions, if I live wholly from within? my friend suggested,—"But these impulses may be from below, not from above." I replied, "They do not seem to me to be such; but if I am the devil's child, I will live then from the devil." No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature. Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution; the only wrong what is against it. A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition as if every thing were titular and ephemeral but he. I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions. Every decent and well-spoken individual affects and sways me more than is right. I ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude truth in all ways. If malice and vanity wear the coat of philanthropy, shall that pass? If an angry bigot assumes this bountiful cause of Abolition, and comes to me with his last news from Barbadoes, why should I not say to him, "Go love thy infant; love thy wood-chopper; be good-natured and modest; have that grace; and never varnish your hard, uncharitable ambition with this incredible tenderness for black folk a thousand miles off. Thy love afar is spite at home." Rough and graceless would be such greeting, but truth is handsomer than the affectation of love. Your goodness must have some edge to it,—else it is none. The doctrine of hatred must be preached, as the counteraction of the doctrine of love, when that pules and whines. I shun father and mother and wife and brother when my genius calls me. I would write on the lintels of the door-post, *Whim*. I hope it is somewhat better than whim at last, but we cannot spend the day in explanation. Expect me not to show cause why I seek or why I exclude company. Then, again, do not tell me, as a good man did to-day, of my obligation to put all poor men in good situations. Are they *my* poor? I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar,

the dime, the cent I give to such men as do not belong to me and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities; the education at college of fools; the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many now stand; alms to sots, and the thousandfold Relief Societies;—though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar, which by-and-by I shall have the manhood to withhold.

Virtues are, in the popular estimate, rather the exception than the rule. There is the man *and* his virtues. Men do what is called a good action, as some piece of courage or charity, much as they would pay a fine in expiation of daily non-appearance on parade. Their works are done as an apology or extenuation of their living in the world,—as invalids and the insane pay a high board. Their virtues are penances. I do not wish to expiate, but to live. My life is not an apology, but a life. It is for itself and not for a spectacle. I much prefer that it should be of a lower strain, so it be genuine and equal, than that it should be glittering and unsteady. I wish it to be sound and sweet, and not to need diet and bleeding. My life should be unique; it should be an alms, a battle, a conquest, a medicine. I ask primary evidence that you are a man, and refuse this appeal from the man to his actions. I know that for myself it makes no difference whether I do or forbear those actions which are reckoned excellent. I cannot consent to pay for a privilege where but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. It needs a divine man to exhibit anything divine. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay under the Almighty effort, let us advance on Chaos and the Dark.

What pretty oracles nature yields us on this text in the face and behavior of children, babes, and even brutes. That divided and rebel mind, that distrust of a sentiment because our arithmetic has computed the strength and means opposed to our purpose, these have not. Their mind being whole, their eye is as yet unconquered, and when we look in their faces, we are disconcerted. Infancy conforms to nobody; all conform to it; so that one babe commonly makes four or five out of the adults who prattle and play to it. So God has armed youth and puberty and manhood no less with its own piquancy and charm, and made it enviable and gracious and its claims not to be put by, if it will stand by itself. Do not think the youth has no force, because he cannot speak to you and me. Hark! in the next room who spoke so clear and emphatic? Good Heaven! it is he! it is that very lump of bashfulness and phlegm which for weeks has done nothing but eat when you were by, and now rolls out these words like bell-strokes. It seems he knows how to speak to his contemporaries. Bashful or bold then, he will know how to make us seniors very unnecessary.

The nonchalance of boys who are sure of a dinner, and would disdain as much as a lord to do or say aught to conciliate one, is the healthy attitude of human nature. How is a boy the master of society!—independent, irresponsible, looking out from his corner on such people and facts as pass by, he tries and sentences them on their merits, in the swift, summary way of boys, as good, bad, interesting, silly, eloquent, troublesome. He cumbers himself never about consequences, about interests; he gives an independent, genuine verdict. You must court him; he does not court you. But the man is as it were clapped into jail by his con-

sciousness. As soon as he has once acted or spoken with éclat he is a committed person, watched by the sympathy or the hatred of hundreds, whose affections must now enter into his account. There is no Lethe for this. Ah, that he could pass again into his neutral, godlike independence! Who can thus lose all pledge and, having observed, observe again from the same unaffected, unbiased, unbribable, unaffrighted innocence, must always be formidable, must always engage the poet's and the man's regards. Of such an immortal youth the force would be felt. He would utter opinions on all passing affairs, which being seen to be not private but necessary, would sink like darts into the ear of men and put them in fear.

These are the voices which we hear in solitude, but they grow faint and inaudible as we enter into the world. Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs. I have intrinsic right. Few and mean as my gifts may be, I actually am, and do not need for my own assurance or the assurance of my fellows any secondary testimony.

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

The objection to conforming to usages that have become dead to you is that it scatters your force. It loses your time and blurs the impression of your character. If you maintain a dead church, contribute to a dead Bible Society, vote with a great party either for the Government or against it, spread your table like base housekeepers, —under all these screens I have difficulty to detect the precise man you are. And of course so much force is withdrawn from your proper life. But do your thing, and I shall know you. Do your work, and you shall reinforce yourself. A man must consider what a blindman's-buff is this game of conformity. If I know your sect I anticipate your argument. I hear a preacher announce for his text and topic the expediency of one of the institutions of his church. Do I not know beforehand that not possibly can he say a new and spontaneous word? Do I not know that with all this ostentation of examining the grounds of the institution he will do no such thing? Do I not know that he is pledged to himself not to look but at one side, the permitted side, not as a man, but as a parish minister? He is a retained attorney, and these airs of the bench are the emptiest affectation. Well, most men have bound their eyes with one or another handkerchief, and attached themselves to some one of these communities of opinion. This conformity makes them not false in a few particulars, authors of a few lies, but false in all particulars. Their every truth is not quite true. Their two is not the real two, their four not the real four: so that every word they say chagrins us and we know not where to begin to set them right. Meantime nature is not slow to equip us in the prison-uniform of the party to which we adhere. We come to wear one cut of face and figure, and acquire by degrees the gentlest asinine expression. There is a mortifying experience in particular, which does not fail to wreak itself also in the general history; I mean "the foolish face of praise," the forced smile which we put on in company where we do not feel at ease, in answer to conversation which does not interest us. The muscles, not spontaneously moved but moved by a low usurping wilfulness grow tight about the outline of the face, and make the most disagreeable sensation; a sensation of rebuke and warning which no brave young man will suffer twice.

For non-comformity the world whips you with its displeasure. And therefore a man must know how to estimate a sour face. The bystanders look askance on him in the public street or in the friend's parlor. If this aversation had its origin in contempt and

resistance like his own he might well go home with a sad countenance; but the sour faces of the multitude, like their sweet faces, have no deep cause,—disguise no god, but are put on and off as the wind blows and a newspaper directs. Yet is the discontent of the multitude more formidable than that of the senate and the college. It is easy enough for a firm man who knows the world to brook the rage of the cultivated classes. Their rage is decorous and prudent, for they are timid, as being very vulnerable themselves. But when to their feminine rage the indignation of the people is added, when the ignorant and the poor are aroused, when the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom of society is made to growl and mow, it needs the habit of magnanimity and religion to treat it godlike as a trifle of no concernment.

The other terror that scares us from self-trust is our consistency; a reverence for our past act or word because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbit than our past acts, and we are loath to disappoint them.

But why should you keep your head over your shoulder? Why drag about this monstrous corpse of your memory, lest you contradict somewhat you have stated in this or that public place? Suppose you should contradict yourself; what then? It seems to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, scarcely even in acts of pure memory, but to bring the past for judgment into the thousand-eyed present, and live ever in a new day. Trust your emotion. In your metaphysics you have denied personality to the Deity, yet when the devout motions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they should clothe God with shape and color. Leave your theory, as Joseph his coat in the hand of the harlot, and flee.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Out upon your guarded lips! Sew them up with packthread, do. Else if you would be a man speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict every thing you said to-day. Ah, then, exclaim the aged ladies, you shall be sure to be misunderstood! Misunderstood! It is a right fool's word. Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

I suppose no man can violate his nature. All the sallies of his will are rounded in by the law of his being, as the inequalities of Andes and Himmaleh are insignificant in the curve of the sphere. Nor does it matter how you gauge and try him. A character is like an acrostic or Alexandrian stanza;—read it forward, backward, or across, it still spells the same thing. In this pleasing contrite wood-life which God allows me, let me record day by day my honest thought without prospect or retrospect, and, I cannot doubt, it will be found symmetrical, though I mean it not and see it not. My book should smell of pines and resound with the hum of insects. The swallow over my window should interweave that thread or straw he carries in his bill into my web also. We pass for what we are. Character teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment.

Fear never but you shall be consistent in whatever variety of actions, so they be each honest and natural in their hour. For of one will, the actions will be harmonious, however unlike they seem. These varieties are lost sight of when seen at a little distance, at a little height of thought. One tendency unites them all. The voyage of the best ship is a zigzag line of a hundred tacks. This is only microscopic criticism. See the line from a sufficient distance, and it straightens itself to the average tendency. Your genuine action will explain itself and will explain your other genuine actions. Your conformity explains nothing. Act singly, and what you have already done singly will justify you now. Greatness always appeals to the future. If I can be great enough now to do right and scorn eyes,

I must have done so much right before as to defend me now. Be it how it will, do right now. Always scorn appearances and you always may. The force of character is cumulative. All the foregone days of virtue work their health into this. What makes the majesty of the heroes of the senate and the field, which so fills the imagination? The consciousness of a train of great days and victories behind. There they all stand and shed an united light on the advancing actor. He is attended as by a visible escort of angels to every man's eye. That is it which throws thunder into Chatham's voice, and dignity into Washington's port, and America into Adams's eye. Honor is venerable to us because it is no ephemeris. It is always ancient virtue. We worship it to-day because it is not of to-day. We love it and pay it homage because it is not a trap for our love and homage, but is self-dependent, self-derived, and therefore of an old immaculate pedigree, even if shown in a young person.

I hope in these days we have heard the last of conformity and consistency. Let the words be gazetted and ridiculous henceforward. Instead of the gong for dinner, let us hear a whistle from the Spartan fife. Let us bow and apologize never more. A great man is coming to eat at my house. I do not wish to please him; I wish that he should wish to please me. I will stand here for humanity, and though I would make it kind, I would make it true. Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times, and hurl in the face of custom and trade and office, the fact which is the upshot of all history, that there is a great responsible Thinker and Actor moving wherever moves a man; that a true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the center of things. Where he is, there is nature. He measures you and all men and all events. You are constrained to accept his standard. Ordinarily, every body in society reminds us of somewhat else, or of some other person. Character, reality, reminds you of nothing else; it takes place of the whole creation. The man must be so much that he must make all circumstances indifferent—put all means into the shade. This all great men are and do. Every true man is a cause, a country, and an age; requires infinite spaces and numbers and time fully to accomplish his thought;—and posterity seem to follow his steps as a procession. A man Cæsar is born, and for ages after we have a Roman Empire. Christ is born, and millions of minds so grow and cleave to his genius that he is confounded with virtue and the possible of man. An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man: as, the Reformation, of Luther; Quakerism, of Fox; Methodism, of Wesley; Abolition, of Clarkson. Scipio, Milton called "the height of Rome;" and all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons.

Let a man then know his worth, and keep things under his feet. Let him not peep or steal, or skulk up and down with the air of a charity-boy, a bastard, or an interloper in the world which exists for him. But the man in the street, finding no worth in himself which corresponds to the force which built a tower or sculptured a marble god, feels poor when he looks on these. To him a palace, a statue, or a costly book has an alien and forbidding air, much like a gay equipage, and seems to say like that, "Who are you, sir?" Yet they all are his, suitors for his notice, petitioners to his faculties that they will come out and take possession. The picture waits for my verdict; it is not to command me, but I am to settle its claim to praise. That popular fable of the sot who was picked up dead drunk in the street, carried to the duke's house, washed and dressed and laid in the duke's bed, and, on his waking, treated with all obsequious ceremony like the duke, and assured that he had been insane—owes its popularity to the fact that it symbolizes so well the state of man, who is in the world a sort of sot, but now and then wakes up, exercises his reason and finds himself a true prince.

Our reading is mendicant and sycophantic. In history our imagination makes fools of us, plays us false. Kingdom and lordship, power and estate, are a gaudier vocabulary than private John and Edward in a small house and common day's work: but the things of life are the same to both: the sum total of both is the same. Why all this deference to Alfred and Scanderbeg and Gustavus? Suppose they were virtuous; did they wear out virtue? As great a stake de-

pends on your private act to-day as followed their public and renowned steps. When private men shall act with original views, the luster will be transferred from the actions of kings to those of gentlemen.

The world has indeed been instructed by its kings, who have so magnetized the eyes of nations. It has been taught by this colossal symbol the mutual reverence that is due from man to man. The joyful loyalty with which men have everywhere suffered the king, the noble, or the great proprietor to walk among them by a law of his own, make his own scale of men and things and reverse theirs, pay for benefits not with money but with honor, and represent the Law in his person, was the hieroglyphic by which they obscurely signified their consciousness of their own right and comeliness, the right of every man.

The magnetism which all original action exerts is explained when we inquire the reason of self-trust. Who is the Trustee? What is the aboriginal Self, on which a universal reliance may be grounded? What is the nature and power of that science-baffling star, without parallax, without calculable elements, which shoots a ray of beauty even into trivial and impure actions, if the least mark of independence appear? The inquiry leads us to that source, at once the essence of genius, the essence of virtue, and the essence of life, which we call Spontaneity or Instinct. We denote this primary wisdom as Intuition, whilst all later teachings are tuitions. In that deep force, the last fact behind which analysis cannot go, all things find their common origin. For the sense of being which in calm hours rises, we know not how, in the soul, is not diverse from things, from space, from light, from time, from man, but one with them and proceedeth obviously from the same source whence their life and being also proceedeth. We first share the life by which things exist and afterward see them as appearances in nature and forget that we have shared their cause. Here is the fountain of action and the fountain of thought. Here are the lungs of that inspiration which giveth man wisdom, of that inspiration of man which cannot be denied without impiety and atheism. We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us organs of its activity and receivers of its truth. When we discern justice, when we discern truth, we do nothing of ourselves, but allow a passage to its beams. If we ask whence this comes, if we seek to pry into the soul that causes—all metaphysics, all philosophy is at fault. Its presence or its absence is all we can affirm. Every man discerns between the voluntary acts of his mind and his involuntary perceptions. And to his involuntary perceptions he knows a perfect respect is due. He may err in the expression of them, but he knows that these things are so, like day and night, not to be disputed. All my wilful actions and acquisitions are but roving;—the most trivial reverie, the faintest native emotion, are domestic and divine. Thoughtless people contradict as readily the statement of perceptions as of opinions, or rather much more readily; for they do not distinguish between perception and notion. They fancy that I choose to see this or that thing. But perception is not whimsical, but fatal. If I see a trait, my children will see it after me, and in course of time all mankind,—although it may chance that no one has seen it before me. For my perception of it is as much a fact as the sun.

The relations of the soul to the divine spirit are so pure that it is profane to seek to interpose helps. It must be that when God speaketh he should communicate, not one thing, but all things; should fill the world with his voice; should scatter forth light, nature, time, souls, from the center of the present thought; and new date and new create the whole. Whenever a mind is simple and receives a divine wisdom, then old things pass away,—means, teachers, tests, temples fall; it lives now, and absorbs past and future into the present hour. All things are made sacred by relation to it,—one thing as much as another. All things are dissolved to their center by their cause, and in the universal miracle petty and particular miracles disappear. This is and must be. If therefore a man claims to know and speak of God and carries you backward to the phraseology of some old moldered nation in another country, in another world, believe him not. Is the acorn better than the oak which is its fulness and completion? Is the parent better than the child into whom he has cast his ripened being? Whence then

this worship of the past? The centuries are conspirators against the sanity and majesty of the soul. Time and space are but physiological colors which the eye maketh, but the soul is light; where it is, is day; where it was, is night; and history is an impertinence and an injury if it be any thing more than a cheerful apologue or parable of my being and becoming.

Man is timid and apologetic; he is no longer upright; he dares not say "I think," "I am," but quotes some saint or sage. He is ashamed before the blade of grass or the blowing rose. These roses under my window make no reference to former roses or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist with God to-day. There is no time to them. There is simply the rose; it is perfect in every moment of its existence. Before a leaf-bud has burst, its whole life acts; in the full-blown flower there is no more; in the leafless root there is no less. Its nature is satisfied and it satisfies nature in all moments alike. There is no time to it. But man postpones or remembers; he does not live in the present, but with reverted eye laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tiptoe to foresee the future. He cannot be happy and strong until he too lives with nature in the present, above time.

This should be plain enough. Yet see what strong intellects dare not yet hear God himself unless he speak the phraseology of I know not what David, or Jeremiah, or Paul. We shall not always set so great a price on a few texts, on a few lives. We are like children who repeat by rote the sentences of grandames and tutors, and, as they grow older, of the men of talents and character they chance to see,—painfully recollecting the exact words they spoke; afterward, when they come into the point of view which those had who uttered these sayings, they understand them and are willing to let the words go; for at any time they can use words as good when occasion comes. So was it with us, so will it be, if we proceed. If we live truly, we shall see truly. It is as easy for the strong man to be strong, as it is for the weak to be weak. When we have new perception, we shall gladly disburden the memory of its hoarded treasures as old rubbish. When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

And now at last the highest truth on this subject remains unsaid; probably cannot be said; for all that we say is the far off remembering of the intuition. That thought, by what I can now nearest approach to say it, is this: When good is near you, when you have life in yourself,—it is not by any known or appointed way; you shall not discern the foot-prints of any other; you shall not see the face of man; you shall not hear any name;—the way, the thought, the good, shall be wholly strange and new. It shall exclude all other being. You take the way from man, not to man. All persons that ever existed are its fugitive ministers. There shall be no fear in it. Fear and hope are alike beneath it. It asks nothing. There is somewhat low even in hope. We are then in vision. There is nothing that can be called gratitude, nor properly joy. The soul is raised over passion. It seeth identity and eternal causation. It is a perceiving that Truth and Right are. Hence it becomes a Tranquillity out of the knowing that all things go well. Vast spaces of nature; the Atlantic Ocean, the South Sea; vast intervals of time, years, centuries, are of no account. This which I think and feel underlay that former state of life and circumstances, as it does underlie my present and will always all circumstances, and what is called life and what is called death.

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER (1788–1860)

ON THE SUFFERINGS OF THE WORLD

Unless suffering is the direct and immediate object of life, our existence must entirely fail of its aim. It is absurd to look upon the enormous amount of pain that abounds everywhere in the world, and originates in needs and necessities inseparable from life itself, as serving no purpose at all

and the result of mere chance. Each separate misfortune, as it comes, seems, no doubt, to be something exceptional; but misfortune in general is the rule.

I know of no greater absurdity than that propounded by most systems of philosophy in declaring evil to be negative in its character. Evil is just what is positive; it makes its own existence felt. Leibnitz is particularly concerned to defend this absurdity; and he seeks to strengthen his position by using a palpable and paltry sophism. It is the good which is negative: in other words, happiness and satisfaction always imply some desire fulfilled, some state of pain brought to an end.

This explains the fact that we generally find pleasure to be not nearly so pleasant as we expected, and pain very much more painful.

The pleasure in this world, it has been said, outweighs the pain; or, at any rate, there is an even balance between the two. If the reader wishes to see shortly whether this statement is true, let him compare the respective feelings of two animals, one of which is engaged in eating the other.

The best consolation in misfortune or affliction of any kind will be thought of other people who are in a still worse plight than yourself; and this is a form of consolation open to every one. But what an awful fate this means for mankind as a whole!

We are like lambs in a field, disporting themselves under the eye of the butcher, who chooses out first one and then another for his prey. So it is that in our good days we are all unconscious of the evil fate may have presently in store for us—sickness, poverty, mutilation, loss of sight or reason.

No little part of the torment of existence lies in this, that Time is continually pressing upon us, never letting us take breath, but always coming after us, like a taskmaster with a whip. If at any moment Time stays his hand, it is only when we are delivered over to the misery of boredom.

But misfortune has its uses; for, as our bodily frame would burst asunder if the pressure of the atmosphere were removed, so, if the lives of men were relieved of all need, hardship and adversity; if everything they took in hand were successful, they would be so swollen with arrogance that, though they might not burst, they would present the spectacle of unbridled folly—nay, they would go mad. And I may say, further, that a certain amount of care or pain or trouble is necessary for every man at all times. A ship without ballast is unstable and will not go straight.

Certain it is that work, worry, labor and trouble, form the lot of almost all men their whole life long. But if all wishes were fulfilled as soon as they arose, how would men occupy their lives? what would they do with their time? If the world were a paradise of luxury and ease, a land flowing with milk and honey, where every Jack obtained his Jill at once and without difficulty, men would either die of boredom or hang themselves; or there would be wars, massacres, and murders; so that in the end mankind would inflict more suffering on itself than it has now to accept at the hands of Nature.

In early youth, as we contemplate our coming life, we are like children in a theater before the curtain is raised, sitting there in high spirits and eagerly waiting for the play to begin. It is a blessing that we do not know what is really going to happen. Could we foresee it, there are times when children might seem like innocent prisoners, condemned not to death, but to life, and as yet all unconscious of what their sentence means. Nevertheless, every man desires to reach old age; in other words, a state of life of which it may be said: "It is bad to-day, and it will be worse to-morrow; and so on till the worst of all."

If you try to imagine, as nearly as you can, what an amount of misery, pain and suffering of every kind the sun shines upon in its course, you will admit that it would be much better if on the earth as little as on the moon the sun were able to call forth the phenomena of life; and if, here as there the surface were still in a crystalline state.

Again, you may look upon life as an unprofitable episode, disturbing the blessed calm of non-existence. And, in any case, even though things have gone with you tolerably well, the longer you live the more clearly you will feel that, on the whole, life is a disappointment, nay, a cheat.

If two men who are friends in their youth meet again when they are old, after being separated for a lifetime, the chief feeling they will have at the sight of each other will be

one of complete disappointment at life as a whole; because their thoughts will be carried back to that earlier time when life seemed so fair as it lay spread out before them in the rosy light of dawn, promised so much—and then performed so little. This feeling will so completely predominate over every other that they will not even consider it necessary to give it words; but on either side it will be silently assumed, and form the ground-work of all they have to talk about.

He who lives to see two or three generations is like a man who sits some time in the conjurer's booth at a fair, and witnesses the performance twice or thrice in succession. The tricks were meant to be seen only once; and when they are no longer a novelty and cease to deceive, their effect is gone.

While no man is much to be envied for his lot, there are countless numbers whose fate is to be deplored.

Life is a task to be done. It is a fine thing to say *defunctus est;* it means that the man has done his task.

If children were brought into the world by an act of pure reason alone, would the human race continue to exist? Would not a man rather have so much sympathy with the coming generation as to spare it the burden of existence? Or at any rate not take it upon himself to impose that burden upon it in cold blood.

I shall be told, I suppose, that my philosophy is comfortless—because I speak the truth; and people prefer to be assured that everything the Lord has made is good. Go to the priests, then, and leave philosophers in peace. At any rate, do not ask us to accommodate our doctrines to the lessons you have been taught. That is what those rascals of sham philosophers will do for you. Ask them for any doctrine you please, and you will get it. Your University professors are bound to preach optimism; and it is an easy and agreeable task to upset their theories.

I have reminded the reader that every state of welfare, every feeling of satisfaction, is negative in its character; that is to say, it consists in freedom from pain, which is the positive element of existence. It follows, therefore, that the happiness of any given life is to be measured, not by its joys and pleasures, but by the extent to which it has been free from suffering—from positive evil. If this is the true standpoint, the lower animals appear to enjoy a happier destiny than man. Let us examine the matter a little more closely.

The chief source of all this passion is that thought for what is absent and future, which, with man, exercises such a powerful influence upon all he does. It is this that is the real origin of his cares, his hopes, his fears—emotions which affect him more deeply than could ever be the case with those present joys and sufferings to which the brute is confined. In his powers of reflection, memory and foresight, man possesses, as it were, a machine for condensing and storing up his pleasures and his sorrows. But the brute has nothing of the kind; whenever it is in pain, it is as though it were suffering for the first time, even though the same thing should have previously happened to it times out of number. It has no power of summing up its feelings. Hence its careless and placid temper, how much it is to be envied. But in man reflection comes in, with all the emotions to which it gives rise; and taking up the same elements of pleasure and pain which are common to him and the brute, it develops his susceptibility to happiness and misery to such a degree that, at one moment the man is brought in an instant to a state of delight that may even prove fatal, at another to the depths of despair and suicide.

If we carry our analysis a step farther, we shall find that, in order to increase his pleasures, man has intentionally added to the number and pressure of his needs, which in their original state were not much more difficult to satisfy than those of the brute. Hence luxury in all its forms; delicate food, the use of tobacco and opium, spirituous liquors, fine clothes and the thousand and one things that he considers necessary to his existence.

And above and beyond all this, there is a separate and peculiar source of pleasure, and consequently of pain, which man has established for himself, also as the result of using his powers of reflection; and this occupies him out of all proportion to its value, nay, almost more than all his other interests put together—I mean ambition and the feeling of honor and shame; in plain words, what he

thinks about the opinion other people have of him. Taking a thousand forms, often very strange ones, this becomes the goal of almost all the efforts he makes that are not rooted in physical pleasure or pain. It is true that besides the sources of pleasure which he has in common with the brute, man has the pleasures of the mind as well. These admit of many gradations, from the most innocent trifling or the merest talk up to the highest intellectual achievements; but there is the accompanying boredom to be set against them on the side of suffering. Boredom is a form of suffering unknown to brutes, at any rate in their natural state; it is only the very cleverest of them who show faint traces of it when they are domesticated; whereas in the case of man it has become a downright scourge. The crowd of miserable wretches whose one aim in life is to fill their purses but never to put anything into their heads, offers a singular instance of this torment of boredom. Their wealth becomes a punishment by delivering them up to the misery of having nothing to do; for, to escape it, they will rush about in all directions, traveling here, there and everywhere. No sooner do they arrive in a place than they are anxious to know what amusements it affords: just as though they were beggars asking where they could receive a dole! Of a truth, need and boredom are the two poles of human life. Finally, I may mention that as regards the sexual relation, man is committed to a peculiar arrangement which drives him obstinately to choose one person. This feeling grows, now and then, into a more or less passionate love, which is the source of little pleasure and much suffering.

It is, however, a wonderful thing that the mere addition of thought should serve to raise such a vast and lofty structure of human happiness and misery: resting, too, on the same narrow basis of joy and sorrow as man holds in common with the brute, and exposing him to such violent emotions, to so many storms of passion, so much convulsion of feeling, that what he has suffered stands written and may be read in the lines on his face. And yet, when all is told, he has been struggling ultimately for the very same things as the brute has attained and with an incomparably smaller expenditure of passion and pain.

But all this contributes to increase the measure of suffering in human life out of all proportion to its pleasures; and the pains of life are made much worse for man by the fact that death is something very real to him The brute flies from death instinctively without really knowing what it is, and therefore without ever contemplating it in the way natural to a man, who has this prospect always before his eyes. So that even if only a few brutes die a natural death, and most of them live only just long enough to transmit their species, and then, if not earlier, become the prey of some other animal—while man, on the other hand, manages to make so-called natural death the rule, to which, however, there are a good many exceptions—the advantage is on the side of the brute, for the reason stated above. But the fact is that man attains the natural term of years just as seldom as the brute; because the unnatural way in which he lives, and the strain of work and emotion, lead to a degeneration of the race; and so his goal is not often reached.

The brute is much more content with mere existence than man; the plant is wholly so; and man finds satisfaction in it just in proportion as he is dull and obtuse. Accordingly, the life of the brute carries less of sorrow with it, but also less of joy, when compared with the life of man: and while this may be traced, on the one side, to freedom from the torment of care and anxiety, it is also due to the fact that hope, in any real sense, is unknown to the brute. It is thus deprived of any share in that which gives us the most and the best of our joys and pleasures, the mental anticipation of a happy future, and the inspiriting play of fantasy, both of which we owe to our power of imagination. If the brute is free from care, it is also, in this sense, without hope; in either case because its consciousness is limited to the present moment, to what it can actually see before it. The brute is an embodiment of present impulses, and hence what elements of fear and hope exist in its nature—and they do not go very far—arise only in relation to objects that lie before it and within reach of those impulses: whereas a man's range of vision embraces the whole of his life, and extends far into the past and the future.

Following upon this, there is one respect in which brutes show real wisdom when compared with us—I mean, their quiet, placid enjoyment of the present moment. The tranquillity of mind which this seems to give them often puts us to shame for the many times we allow our thoughts and our cares to make us restless and discontented. And, in fact, those pleasures of hope and anticipation which I have been mentioning are not to be had for nothing. The delight which a man has in hoping for and looking forward to some special satisfaction is a part of the real pleasure attaching to it enjoyed in advance. This is afterward deducted; for the more we look forward to anything, the less satisfaction we find in it when it comes. But the brute's enjoyment is not anticipated and therefore suffers no deduction; so that the actual pleasure of the moment comes to it whole and unimpaired. In the same way, too, evil presses upon the brute only with its own intrinsic weight; whereas with us the fear of its coming often makes its burden ten times more grievous. . . .

Brahma is said to have produced the world by a kind of fall or mistake; and in order to atone for his folly, he is bound to remain in it himself until he works out his redemption. As an account of the origin of things, that is admirable! According to the doctrines of Buddhism, the world came into being as the result of some inexplicable disturbance in the heavenly calm of Nirvana, that blessed state obtained by expiation, which had endured so long a time—the change taking place by a kind of fatality. This explanation must be understood as having at bottom some moral bearing; although it is illustrated by an exactly parallel theory in the domain of physical science, which places the origin of the sun in a primitive streak of mist, formed one knows not how. Subsequently, by a series of moral errors, the world became gradually worse and worse—true of the physical orders as well—until it assumed the dismal aspect it wears to-day. Excellent! The Greeks looked upon the world and the gods as the work of an inscrutable necessity. A passable explanation: we may be content with it until we can get a better. Again, Ormuzd and Ahriman are rival powers, continually at war. That is not bad. But that a God like Jehovah should have created this world of misery and woe, out of pure caprice, and because he enjoyed doing it, and should then have clapped his hands in praise of his own work, and declared everything to be very good—that will not do at all! In its explanation of the origin of the world, Judaism is inferior to any other form of religious doctrine professed by a civilized nation; and it is quite in keeping with this that it is the only one which presents no trace whatever of any belief in the immortality of the soul.

Even though Leibnitz' contention, that this is the best of all possible worlds, were correct, that would not justify God in having created it. For he is the Creator not of the world only, but of possibility itself; and, therefore, he ought to have so ordered possibility as that it would admit of something better.

There are two things which make it impossible to believe that this world is the successful work of an all-wise, all-good, and, at the same time, all-powerful being; firstly, the misery which abounds in it everywhere; and secondly the obvious imperfection of its highest product, man, who is a burlesque of what he should be. These things cannot be reconciled with any such belief. On the contrary, they are just the facts which support what I have been saying; they are our authority for viewing the world as the outcome of our own misdeeds, and therefore, as something that had better not have been. While, under the former hypothesis, they amount to a bitter accusation against the Creator, and supply material for sarcasm; under the latter they form an indictment against our own nature, our own will, and teach us a lesson of humility. They lead us to see that, like the children of a libertine, we come into the world with the burden of sin upon us; and that it is only through having continually to atone for this sin that our existence is so miserable, and that its end is death.

There is nothing more certain than the general truth that it is the grievous sin of the world which has produced the grievous suffering of the world. I am not referring here to the physical connection between these two things lying in the realm of experience; my meaning is metaphysical. Accordingly, the sole thing that reconciles me to the Old

Testament is the story of the fall. In my eyes, it is the only metaphysical truth in that book, even though it appears in the form of an allegory. There seems to me no better explanation of our existence than that it is the result of some false step, some sin of which we are paying the penalty. I cannot refrain from recommending to the thoughtful reader a popular, but, at the same time, profound treatise on this subject by Claudius which exhibits the essentially pessimistic spirit of Christianity. It is entitled: "Cursed is the ground for thy sake."

Between the ethics of the Greeks and the ethics of the Hindoos, there is a glaring contrast. In the one case (with the exception, it must be confessed, of Plato), the object of ethics is to enable a man to lead a happy life; in the other, it is to free and redeem him from life altogether—as is directly stated in the very first words of the "Sankhya Karika."

Allied with this is the contrast between the Greek and the Christian idea of death. It is strikingly presented in a visible form on a fine antique sarcophagus in the gallery at Florence, which exhibits, in relief, the whole series of ceremonies attending a wedding in ancient times, from the formal offer to the evening when Hymen's torch lights the happy couple home. Compare with that the Christian coffin, draped in a mournful black and surmounted with a crucifix! How much significance there is in these two ways of finding comfort in death. They are opposed to each other, but each is right. The one points to the affirmation of the will to live which remains sure of life for all time, however rapidly its forms may change. The other, in the symbol of suffering and death, points to the denial of the will to live, to redemption from this world, the domain of death and devil. And in the question between the affirmation and the denial of the will to live, Christianity is in the last resort right.

The contrast which the New Testament presents when compared with the Old, according to the ecclesiastical view of the matter, is just that existing between my ethical system and the moral philosophy of Europe. The Old Testament represents man as being under the dominion of law, in which, however, there is no redemption. The New Testament declares law to have failed, frees man from its dominion,[1] and in its stead preaches the kingdom of grace, to be won by faith, love of neighbor and entire sacrifice of self. This is the path of redemption from the evil of the world. The spirit of the New Testament is undoubtedly asceticism, however your protestants and rationalists may twist it to suit their purpose. Asceticism is the denial of the will to live; and the transition from the Old Testament to the New, from the dominion of law to that of faith, from justification by works to redemption through the mediator from the domain of sin and death to eternal life in Christ, means, when taken in its real sense, the transition from the merely moral virtues to the denial of the will to live. My philosophy shows the metaphysical foundation of justice and the love of mankind, and points to the goal to which these virtues necessarily lead, if they are practiced in perfection. At the same time it is candid in confessing that a man must turn his back upon the world, and that the denial of the will to live is the way of redemption. It is therefore really at one with the spirit of the New Testament, while all other systems are couched in the spirit of the Old; that is to say, theoretically as well as practically, their result is Judaism—mere despotic theism. In this sense, then, my doctrine might be called the only true Christian philosophy—however paradoxical a statement this may seem to people who take superficial views instead of penetrating to the heart of the matter.

If you want a safe compass to guide you through life, and to banish all doubt as to the right way of loking at it, you cannot do better than accustom yourself to regard this world as a penitentiary, a sort of penal colony. Among the Christian Fathers, Origen, with praiseworthy courage, took this view, which is further justified by certain objective theories of life. I refer, not to my own philosophy alone, but to the wisdom of all ages, as expressed in Brahmanism and Buddhism, and in the sayings of Greek philosophers like Empedocles and Pythagoras; as also by Cicero, in his remark that the wise men of old used to teach that we come into this world to pay the penalty of crime committed in another state of existence—a

[1] Cf. Romans 7. Galatians 2, 3.

doctrine which formed part of the initiation into the mysteries. And Vanini—whom his contemporaries burned, finding that an easier task than to confute him—puts the same thing in a very forcible way. "Man," he says, "is so full of every kind of misery that, were it not repugnant to the Christian religion, I should venture to affirm that if evil spirits exist at all, they have passed into human form and are now atoning for their crimes." And true Christianity—using the word in its right sense—also regards our existence as the consequence of sin and error.

If you accustom yourself to this view of life you will regulate your expectations accordingly, and cease to look upon all its disagreeable incidents, great and small, its sufferings, its worries, its misery, as anything unusual or irregular; nay, you will find that everything is as it should be, in a world where each of us pays the penalty of existence in his own peculiar way. Among the evils of a penal colony is the society of those who form it; and if the reader is worthy of better company, he will need no words from me to remind him of what he has to put up with at present. If he has a soul above the common, or if he is a man of genius, he will occasionally feel like some noble prisoner of state, condemned to work in the galleys with common criminals; and he will follow his example and try to isolate himself.

In general, however, it should be said that this view of life will enable us to contemplate the so-called imperfections of the great majority of men, their moral and intellectual deficiencies, and the resulting base type of countenance, without any surprise, to say nothing of indignation; for we shall never cease to reflect where we are, and that the men about us are beings conceived and born in sin, and living to atone for it. That is what Christianity means in speaking of the sinful nature of men.

"Pardon's the word to all."[1] Whatever folly men commit, be their shortcomings or their vices what they may, let us exercise forbearance; remembering that when these faults appear in others, it is our follies and vices that we behold. They are the shortcomings of humanity, to which we belong; whose faults, one and all, we share; yes, even those very faults at which we now wax so indignant, merely because they have not yet appeared in ourselves. They are faults that do not lie on the surface. But they exist down there in the depths of our nature; and should anything call them forth, they will come and show themselves, just as we now see them in others. One man, it is true, may have faults that are absent in his fellow; and it is undeniable that the sum total of bad qualities is in some cases very large; for the difference of individuality between man and man passes all measure.

In fact, the conviction that the world and man is something that had better not have been, is of a kind to fill us with indulgence toward one another. Nay, from this point of view, we might well consider the proper form of address to be, not "Monsieur, Sir, mein Herr," but "my fellow-sufferer," *Soci malorum, compagnon de misères!* This may perhaps sound strange, but it is in keeping with the facts; it puts others in a right light; and it reminds us of that which is after all the most necessary thing in life—the tolerance, patience, regard and love of neighbor, of which every one stands in need, and which, therefore, every man owes to his fellow.

FREDERICK NIETZSCHE (1844–1900)

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA[2]

Before Sunrise

O heaven above me, thou pure, thou deep heaven! Thou abyss of light! Gazing on thee, I tremble with divine desires.

Up to thy height to toss myself—that is my depth! In thy purity to hide myself—that is mine innocence!

The God veileth his beauty: thus hidest thou thy stars. Thou speakest not: thus proclaimest thou thy wisdom unto me.

Mute o'er the raging sea hast thou risen for me to-day; thy love and thy modesty make a revelation unto my raging soul.

In that thou camest unto me beautiful,

[1] *Cymbeline*, Act v. Sc. 5.

[2] Translation by Thomas Common.

veiled in thy beauty, in that thou spakest unto me mutely, obvious in thy wisdom:

Oh, how could I fail to divine all the modesty of thy soul! Before the sun didst thou come unto me—the lonesomest one.

We have been friends from the beginning: to us are grief, gruesomeness, and ground common; even the sun is common to us.

We do not speak to each other, because we know too much—: we keep silent to each other, we smile our knowledge to each other.

Art thou not the light of my fire? Hast thou not the sister-soul of mine insight?

Together did we learn everything; together did we learn to ascend beyond ourselves, and to smile uncloudedly:—

Uncloudedly to smile down out of luminous eyes and out of miles of distance, when under us constraint and purpose and guilt steam like rain.

And wandered I alone, for what did my soul hunger by night and in labyrinthine paths? And climbed I mountains, whom did I ever seek, if not thee, upon mountains?

And all my wandering and mountain-climbing: a necessity was it merely, and a makeshift of the unhandy one:—to fly only, wanteth mine entire will, to fly into thee!

And what have I hated more than passing clouds, and whatever tainteth thee? And mine own hatred have I even hated, because it tainted thee!

The passing clouds I detest—those stealthy cats of prey: they take from thee and me what is common to us—the vast unbounded Yea- and Amen-saying.

These mediators and mixers we detest—the passing clouds: those half-and-half ones, that have neither learned to bless nor to curse from the heart.

Rather will I sit in a tub under a closed heaven, rather will I sit in the abyss without heaven, than see thee, thou luminous heaven, tainted with passing clouds!

And oft have I longed to pin them fast with the jagged gold-wires of lightning, that I might, like the thunder, beat the drum upon their kettle-bellies:—

—An angry drummer, because they rob me of thy Yea and Amen!—thou heaven above me, thou pure, thou luminous heaven! Thou abyss of light!—because they rob thee of my Yea and Amen.

For rather will I have noise and thunders and tempest-blasts, than this discreet, doubting cat-repose; and also amongst men do I hate most of all the soft-treaders, and half-and-half ones, and the doubting, hesitating, passing clouds.

And "he who cannot bless shall learn to curse!"—this clear teaching dropt unto me from the clear heaven; this star standeth in my heaven even in dark nights.

I, however, am a blesser and a Yea-sayer, if thou be but around me, thou pure, thou luminous heaven! Thou abyss of light!—into all abysses do I then carry my beneficent Yea-saying.

A blesser have I become and a Yea-sayer: and therefore strove I long and was a striver, that I might one day get my hands free for blessing.

This, however, is my blessing: to stand above everything as its own heaven, its round roof, its azure bell and eternal security: and blessed is he who thus blesseth!

For all things are baptized at the font of eternity, and beyond good and evil; good and evil themselves, however, are but fugitive shadows and damp afflictions and passing clouds.

Verily, it is a blessing and not a blasphemy when I teach that "above all things there standeth the heaven of chance, the heaven of innocence, the heaven of hazard, the heaven of wantonness."

"Of Hazard"—that is the oldest nobility in the world; that gave I back to all things; I emancipated them from bondage under purpose.

This freedom and celestial serenity did I put like an azure bell above all things, when I taught that over them and through them, no "eternal Will"—willeth.

This wantonness and folly did I put in place of that Will, when I taught that "In everything there is one thing impossible—rationality!"

A little reason, to be sure, a germ of wisdom scattered from star to star—this leaven is mixed in all things: for the sake of folly, wisdom is mixed in all things!

A little wisdom is indeed possible; but this blessed security have I found in all things, that they prefer—to dance on the feet of chance.

O heaven above me! thou pure, thou lofty heaven! This is now thy purity unto me,

that there is no eternal reason-spider and reason-cobweb:—

—That thou art to me a dancing-floor for divine chances, that thou art to me a table of the Gods, for divine dice and dice-players!—

But thou blushest? Have I spoken unspeakable things? Have I abused, when I meant to bless thee?

Or is it the shame of being two of us that maketh thee blush!—Dost thou bid me go and be silent, because now—day cometh?

The world is deep—: and deeper than e'er the day could read. Not everything may be uttered in presence of day. But day cometh: so let us part!

O heaven above me, thou modest one! thou glowing one! O thou, my happiness before sunrise! The day cometh: so let us part!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

. . . . . .

Old and New Tables

To be true—that can few be! And he who can, will not! Least of all, however, can the good be true.

Oh, those good ones! Good men never speak the truth. For the spirit, thus to be good, is a malady.

They yield, those good ones, they submit themselves; their heart repeateth, their soul obeyeth: he, however, who obeyeth, doth not listen to himself!

All that is called evil by the good, must come together in order that one truth may be born. O my brethren, are ye also evil enough for this truth?

The daring venture, the prolonged distrust, the cruel Nay, the tedium, the cutting-into-the-quick—how seldom do these come together! Out of such seed, however—is truth produced!

Beside the bad conscience hath hitherto grown all knowledge! Break up, break up, ye discerning ones, the old tables!

. . . . . .

When the water hath planks, when gangways and railings o'erspan the stream, verily, he is not believed who then saith: "All is in flux."

But even the simpletons contradict him. "What?" say the simpletons, "all in flux? Planks and railings are still over the stream!"

"Over the stream all is stable, all the values of things, the bridges and bearings, all 'good' and 'evil': these are all stable!"—

Cometh, however, the hard winter, the stream-tamer, then learn even the wittiest distrust, and verily, not only the simpletons then say: "Should not everything—stand still?"

"Fundamentally standeth everything still"—that is an appropriate winter doctrine, good cheer for an unproductive period, a great comfort for winter-sleepers and fireside-loungers.

"Fundamentally standeth everything still"—: but contrary thereto, preacheth the thawing wind!

The thawing wind, a bullock, which is no ploughing bullock—a furious bullock, a destroyer, which with angry horns breaketh the ice! The ice however—breaketh gangways!

O my brethren, is not everything at present in flux? Have not all railings and gangways fallen into the water? Who would still hold on to "good" and "evil"?

"Woe to us! Hail to us! The thawing wind bloweth!"—Thus preach, my brethren, through all the streets!

. . . . . .

There is an old illusion—it is called good and evil. Around soothsayers and astrologers hath hitherto revolved the orbit of this illusion.

Once did one believe in soothsayers and astrologers; and therefore did one believe, "Everything is fate: thou shalt, for thou must!"

Then again did one distrust all soothsayers and astrologers; and therefore did one believe, "Everything is freedom: thou canst, for thou willest!"

O my brethren, concerning the stars and the future there hath hitherto been only illusion, and not knowledge; and therefore concerning good and evil there hath hitherto been only illusion and not knowledge!

. . . . . .

"Thou shalt not rob! Thou shalt not slay!"—such precepts were once called holy; before them did one bow the knee and the head, and took off one's shoes.

But I ask you: Where have there ever

been better robbers and slayers in the world than such holy precepts?

Is there not even in all life—robbing and slaying? And for such precepts to be called holy, was not truth itself thereby—slain?

—Or was it a sermon of death that called holy what contradicted and dissuaded from life?—O my brethren, break up, break up for me the old tables!

. . . . . .

It is my sympathy with all the past that I see it is abandoned,—

—Abandoned to the favour, the spirit and the madness of every generation that cometh, and reinterpreteth all that hath been as its bridge!

A great potentate might arise, an artful prodigy, who with approval and disapproval could strain and constrain all the past, until it became for him a bridge, a harbinger, a herald, and a cock-crowing.

This however is the other danger, and mine other sympathy:—he who is of the populace, his thoughts go back to his grandfather,—with his grandfather, however, doth time cease.

Thus is all the past abandoned: for it might some day happen for the populace to become master, and drown all time in shallow waters.

Therefore, O my brethren, a new nobility is needed, which shall be the adversary of all populace and potentate rule, and shall inscribe anew the word "noble" on new tables.

For many noble ones are needed, and many kinds of noble ones, for a new nobility! Or, as I once said in parable: "That is just divinity, that there are Gods, but no God!"

. . . . . .

O my brethren, I consecrate you and point you to a new nobility: ye shall become procreators and cultivators and sowers of the future;—

—Verily, not to a nobility which ye could purchase like traders with traders' gold; for little worth is all that hath its price.

Let it not be your honour henceforth whence ye come, but whither ye go! Your will and your feet which seek to surpass you—let these be your new honour!

Verily, not that ye have served a prince—of what account are princes now!—nor that ye have become a bulwark to that which standeth, that it may stand more firmly.

Not that your family have become courtly at courts, and that ye have learned—gay-coloured, like the flamingo—to that which standeth, that it may stand more firmly.

(For ability-to-stand is a merit in courtiers; and all courtiers believe that unto blessedness after death pertaineth—permission-to-sit!)

Nor even that a Spirit called Holy, led your forefathers into promised lands, which I do not praise: for where the worst of all trees grew—the cross,—in that land there is nothing to praise!

—And verily, wherever this "Holy Spirit" led its knights, always in such campaigns did—goats and geese, and wry-heads and guy-heads run foremost!—

O my brethren, not backward shall your nobility gaze, but outward! Exiles shall ye be from all fatherlands and forefather-lands!

Your children's land shall ye love: let this love be your new nobility,—the undiscovered in the remotest seas! For it do I bid your sails search and search!

Unto your children shall ye make amends for being the children of your fathers: all the past shall ye thus redeem! This new table do I place over you!

. . . . . .

Your marriage-arranging: see that it be not a bad arranging! Ye have arranged too hastily: so there followeth therefrom—marriage-breaking!

And better marriage-breaking than marriage-bending, marriage-lying!—Thus spake a woman unto me: "Indeed, I broke the marriage, but first did the marriage break—me!"

The badly paired found I ever the most revengeful: they make every one suffer for it that they no longer run singly.

On that account want I the honest ones to say to one another: "We love each other: let us see to it that we maintain our love! Or shall our pledging be blundering?"

—"Give us a set term and a small marriage, that we may see if we are fit for the great marriage! It is a great matter always to be twain."

Thus do I counsel all honest ones; and what would be my love to the Superman, and

to all that is to come, if I should counsel and speak otherwise!

Not only to propagate yourselves onwards but upwards—thereto, O my brethren, may the garden of marriage help you!

. . . . . .

O my brethren! With whom lieth the greatest danger to the whole human future? Is it not with the good and just?—

—As those who say and feel in their hearts: "We already know what is good and just, we possess it also; woe to those who still seek thereafter!"

And whatever harm the wicked may do, the harm of the good is the harmfulest harm!

O my brethren, into the hearts of the good and just looked some one once on a time, who said: "They are the Pharisees." But people did not understand him.

And whatever harm the world-maligners may do, the harm of the good is the harmfulest harm!

The good and just themselves were not free to understand him; their spirit was imprisoned in their good conscience. The stupidity of the good is unfathomably wise.

It is the truth, however, that the good must be Pharisees—they have no choice!

The good must crucify him who deviseth his own virtue! That is the truth!

The second one, however, who discovered their country—the country, heart and soil of the good and just,—it was he who asked: "Whom do they hate most?"

The creator, hate they most, him who breaketh the tables and old values, the breaker,—him they call the law-breaker.

For the good—they cannot create; they are always the beginning of the end:—

—They crucify him who writeth new values on new tables, they sacrifice unto themselves the future—they crucify the whole human future!

The good—they have always been the beginning of the end.—

THE END

ADDENDA

HOMER'S *ILIAD*

Book VI (*Lines 279–611*)
Book XXII (*Complete*)

HOMER'S *ILIAD*[1]

Book VI (*Lines 279–611*)
Book XXII (*Complete*)

BOOK VI
Hector and Andromache

Meanwhile, when Hector reach'd the oak beside
The Scæan gate, around him throng'd the wives
Of Troy, and daughters, anxious to enquire
The fate of children, brothers, husbands, friends;
He to the Gods exhorted all to pray,
For deep the sorrows that o'er many hung.
But when to Priam's splendid house he came,
With polish'd corridors adorn'd—within
Were fifty chambers, all of polish'd stone,
Plac'd each by other; there the fifty sons
Of Priam with their wedded wives repos'd;
On th' other side, within the court were built
Twelve chambers, near the roof, of polish'd stone,
Plac'd each by other; there the sons-in-law
Of Priam with their spouses chaste repos'd;
To meet him there his tender mother came,
And with her led the young Laodice,
Fairest of all her daughters; clasping then
His hand, she thus address'd him: "Why, my son,
Why com'st thou here, and leav'st the battle-field?
Are Trojans by those hateful sons of Greece,
Fighting around the city, sorely press'd?
And com'st thou, by thy spirit mov'd, to raise,
On Ilium's heights, thy hands in pray'r to Jove?
But tarry till I bring thee luscious wine,
That first to Jove, and to th' Immortals all,
Thou mayst thine off'ring pour; then with the draught
Thyself thou mayst refresh; for great the strength
Which gen'rous wine imparts to men who toil,
As thou hast toil'd, thy comrades to protect."
To whom great Hector of the glancing helm:
"No, not for me, mine honour'd mother, pour
The luscious wine, lest thou unnerve my limbs,
And make me all my wonted prowess lose.
The ruddy wine I dare not pour to Jove
With hands unwash'd; nor to the cloud-girt son
Of Saturn may the voice of pray'r ascend
From one with blood bespatter'd and defil'd.
Thou, with the elder women, seek the shrine
Of Pallas; bring your gifts; and on the knees
Of fair-hair'd Pallas place the fairest robe
In all the house, the amplest, best esteem'd;
And at her alter vow to sacrifice
Twelve yearling kine, that never felt the goad;
So she have pity on the Trojan state,
Our wives, and helpless babes; and turn away
The fiery son of Tydeus[2], spearman fierce,
The Minister of Terror; to the shrine
Of Pallas thou; to Paris I, to call
If haply he will hear; would that the earth

[1]Translation by Edward, Earl of Derby. Book VI, lines 279–611, and Book XXII provide two of the chief episodes in the story of the Trojan hero, Hector, and may be used after Book III, lines 1-141, (in *Types of World Literature*, pp. 4-5) which took up the epic narrative at the time when Paris, responsible for the war through his theft of Helen from Menelāus, was about to fight a duel with the heroine's former husband. In the accompanying selection from Book VI, Hector finds Paris at home, rescued from Menelāus by Aphrodite. The truce provided for the duel has been treacherously broken by the Trojan, Pandarus, who has wounded Menelāus. Following Book VI, Hector plays a leading part in the battle of the ships. The omitted passage between Book XXII and the concluding selection in *Types of World Literature* is concerned with the funeral of Patroclus.

[2]Diomedes, who inflicts heavy losses on the Trojans in the preceding episode. Later, wounded by Paris, he yields the center of attention to Patroclus and Achilles. In Chaucer and in Shakespeare, he wins Cressida from Troilus.

Would gape and swallow him! for great the curse
That Jove through him hath brought on men of Troy,
On noble Priam, and on Priam's sons.
Could I but know that he were in his grave,
Methinks my sorrows I could half forget."
He said: she, to the house returning, sent
Th' attendants through the city, to collect
The train of aged suppliants; she meanwhile
Her fragrant chamber sought, wherein were stor'd
Rich garments, by Sidonian women work'd,
Whom godlike Paris had from Sidon brought,
Sailing the broad sea o'er, the selfsame path
By which the high-born Helen he convey'd.
Of these, the richest in embroidery,
The amplest, and the brightest, as a star
Refulgent, plac'd with care beneath the rest,
The Queen her off'ring bore to Pallas' shrine:
She went, and with her many an ancient dame.
But when the shrine they reach'd on Ilium's height,
Theano, fair of face, the gates unlock'd,
Daughter of Cisseus, sage Antenor's wife,
By Trojans nam'd at Pallas' shrine to serve.
They with deep moans to Pallas rais'd their hands;
But fair Theano took the robe, and plac'd
On Pallas' knees, and to the heav'nly Maid,
Daughter of Jove, she thus address'd her pray'r:
"Guardian of cities, Pallas, awful Queen,
Goddess of Goddesses, break thou the spear
Of Tydeus' son; and grant that he himself
Prostrate before the Scæan gates may fall;
So at thine altar will we sacrifice
Twelve yearling kine, that never felt the goad,
If thou have pity on the state of Troy,
The wives of Trojans, and their helpless babes."
Thus she; but Pallas answer'd not her pray'r.
While thus they call'd upon the heav'nly Maid,
Hector to Paris' mansion bent his way;
A noble structure, which himself had built
Aided by all the best artificers
Who in the fertile realm of Troy were known;
With chambers, hall, and court, on Ilium's height,
Near to where Priam's self and Hector dwelt.
There enter'd Hector, well belov'd of Jove;
And in his hand his pond'rous spear he bore,
Twelve cubits long; bright flash'd the weapon's point
Of polish'd brass, with circling hoop of gold.
There in his chamber found he whom he sought,
About his armour busied, polishing
His shield, his breastplate, and his bended bow.
While Argive Helen, 'mid her maidens plac'd,
The skilful labours of their hands o'erlook'd.
To him thus Hector with reproachful words;
"Thou dost not well thine anger to indulge;
In battle round the city's lofty wall
The people fast are falling; thou the cause
That fiercely thus around the city burns
The flame of war and battle; and thyself
Wouldst others blame, who from the fight should shrink.
Up, ere the town be wrapp'd in hostile fires."
To whom in answer godlike Paris thus:
"Hector, I own not causeless thy rebuke;
Yet will I speak; hear thou and understand;
'Twas less from anger with the Trojan host,
And fierce resentment, that I here remain'd,
Than that I sought my sorrow to indulge;
Yet hath my wife, ev'n now, with soothing words
Urg'd me to join the battle; so, I own,
'Twere best; and Vict'ry changes oft her side.
Then stay, while I my armour don; or thou
Go first: I, following, will o'ertake thee soon."
He said: but Hector of the glancing helm
Made answer none; then thus with gentle tones
Helen accosted him: "Dear brother mine,
(Of me, degraded, sorrow-bringing, vile!)
Oh that the day my mother gave me birth
Some storm had on the mountains cast me forth!
Or that the many-dashing ocean's waves
Had swept me off, ere all this woe were wrought!
Yet if these evils were of Heav'n ordain'd,
Would that a better man had call'd me wife;
A sounder judge of honour and disgrace:
For he, thou know'st, no firmness hath of mind,
Nor ever will; a want he well may rue.
But come thou in, and rest thee here awhile,
Dear brother, on this couch; for travail sore
Encompasseth thy soul, by me impos'd,

Degraded as I am, and Paris' guilt;
On whom this burthen Heav'n hath laid, that shame
On both our names through years to come shall rest."
To whom great Hector of the glancing helm:
"Though kind thy wish, yet, Helen, ask me not
To sit or rest; I cannot yield to thee:
For to the succour of our friends I haste,
Who feel my loss, and sorely need my aid.
But thou thy husband rouse, and let him speed,
That he may find me still within the walls.
For I too homeward go; to see once more
My household, and my wife, and infant child:
For whether I may e'er again return,
I know not, or if Heav'n have so decreed,
That I this day by Grecian hands should fall."
Thus saying, Hector of the glancing helm
Turn'd to depart; with rapid step he reach'd
His own well-furnish'd house, but found not there
His white-arm'd spouse, the fair Andromache.
She with her infant child and maid the while
Was standing, bath'd in tears, in bitter grief,
On Ilium's topmost tower: but when her Lord
Found not within the house his peerless wife,
Upon the threshold pausing, thus he spoke:
"Tell me, my maidens, tell me true, which way
Your mistress went, the fair Andromache;
Or to my sisters, or my brothers' wives?
Or to the temple where the fair-hair'd dames
Of Troy invoke Minerva's awful name?"
To whom the matron of his house replied:
"Hector, if truly we must answer thee,
Not to thy sisters, nor thy brothers' wives,
Nor to the temple where the fair-hair'd dames
Of Troy invoke Minerva's awful name,
But to the height of Ilium's topmost tow'r
Andromache is gone; since tidings came
The Trojan force was overmatch'd, and great
The Grecian strength; whereat, like one distract,
She hurried to the walls, and with her took,
Borne in the nurse's arms, her infant child."
So spoke the ancient dame; and Hector straight
Through the wide streets his rapid steps retrac'd.
But when at last the mighty city's length
Was travers'd, and the Scæan gates were reach'd
Whence was the outlet to the plain, in haste
Running to meet him came his priceless wife,
Eëtion's daughter, fair Andromache;
Eëtion, who from Thebes Cilicia sway'd,
Thebes, at the foot of Placos' wooded heights.
His child to Hector of the brazen helm
Was giv'n in marriage: she it was who now
Met him, and by her side the nurse, who bore,
Clasp'd to her breast, his all unconscious child,
Hector's lov'd infant, fair as morning star;
Whom Hector call'd Scamandrius, but the rest
Astyanax, in honour of his sire,
The matchless chief, the only prop of Troy.
Silent he smil'd as on his boy he gaz'd:
But at his side Andromache, in tears,
Hung on his arm, and thus the chief address'd:
"Dear Lord, thy dauntless spirit will work thy doom:
Nor hast thou pity on this thy helpless child,
Or me forlorn, to be thy widow soon:
For thee will all the Greeks with force combin'd
Assail and slay: for me, 'twere better far,
Of thee bereft, to lie beneath the sod;
Nor comfort shall be mine, if thou be lost,
But endless grief; to me nor sire is left,
Nor honour'd mother; fell Achilles' hand
My sire Eëtion slew, what time his arms
The populous city of Cicilia raz'd,
The lofty-gated Thebes; he slew indeed,
But stripp'd him not; he reverenc'd the dead;
And o'er his body, with his armour burnt,
A mound erected; and the mountain nymphs,
The progeny of ægis-bearing Jove,
Planted around his tomb a grove of elms.
There were sev'n brethren in my father's house;
All in one day they fell, amid their herds
And fleecy flocks, by fierce Achilles' hand.
My mother, Queen of Placos' wooded height,
Brought with the captives here, he soon releas'd

For costly ransom; but by Dian's shafts
She, in her father's house, was stricken down.
But, Hector, thou to me art all in one,
Sire, mother, brethren! thou, my wedded love!
Then pitying us, within the tow'r remain,
Nor make thy child an orphan, and thy wife
A hapless widow; by the fig-tree here
Array thy troops; for here the city wall,
Easiest of access, most invites assault.
Thrice have their boldest chiefs this point assail'd,
The two Ajaces, brave Idomeneus,
Th' Atridæ both, and Tydeus' warlike son,
Or by the prompting of some Heav'n-taught seer,
Or by their own advent'rous courage led."
To whom great Hector of the glancing helm:
"'Think not, dear wife, that by such thoughts as these
My heart has ne'er been wrung; but I should blush
To face the men and long-rob'd dames of Troy,
If, like a coward, I could shun the fight.
Nor could my soul the lessons of my youth
So far forget, whose boast it still has been
In the fore-front of battle to be found,
Charg'd with my father's glory and mine own.
Yet in my inmost soul too well I know,
The day must come when this our sacred Troy,
And Priam's race, and Priam's royal self,
Shall in one common ruin be o'erthrown.
But not the thoughts of Troy's impending fate,
Nor Hecuba's nor royal Priam's woes,
Nor loss of brethren, numerous and brave,
By hostile hands laid prostrate in the dust,
So deeply wring my heart as thoughts of thee,
Thy days of freedom lost, and led away
A weeping captive by some brass-clad Greek;
Haply in Argos, at a mistress' beck,
Condemn'd to ply the loom, or water draw
From Hypereia's or Messëis' fount,
Heart-wrung, by stern necessity constrain'd.
Then they who see thy tears perchance may say,
'Lo! this was Hector's wife, who, when they fought
On plains of Troy, was Ilium's bravest chief.'
Thus may they speak; and thus thy grief renew
For loss of him, who might have been thy shield
To rescue thee from slav'ry's bitter hour.
Oh may I sleep in dust, ere be condemn'd
To hear thy cries, and see thee dragg'd away!"
Thus as he spoke, great Hector stretch'd his arms
To take his child; but back the infant shrank,
Crying, and sought his nurse's shelt'ring breast,
Scar'd by the brazen helm and horse-hair plume,
That nodded, fearful, on the warrior's crest.
Laugh'd the fond parents both, and from his brow
Hector the casque remov'd, and set it down,
All glitt'ring, on the ground; then kiss'd his child,
And danc'd him in his arms; then thus to Jove
And to th' Immortals all address'd his pray'r:
"Grant, Jove, and all ye Gods, that this my son
May be, as I, the foremost man of Troy,
For valour fam'd, his country's guardian King;
That men may say, 'This youth surpasses far
His father,' when they see him from the fight
From slaughter'd foes, with bloody spoils of war
Returning, to rejoice his mother's heart!"
Thus saying, in his mother's arms he plac'd
His child; she to her fragrant bosom clasp'd,
Smiling through tears; with eyes of pitying love
Hector beheld, and press'd her hand, and thus
Address'd her—"Dearest, wring not thus my heart!
For till my day of destiny is come,
No man may take my life; and when it comes,
Nor brave nor coward can escape that day.
But go thou home, and ply thy household cares,
The loom and distaff, and appoint thy maids
Their sev'ral tasks; and leave to men of Troy
And, chief of all to me, the toils of war."
Thus as he spoke, his horsehair-plumèd helm

Great Hector took; and homeward turn'd his wife
With falt'ring steps, and shedding scalding tears.
Arriv'd at valiant Hector's well-built house,
Her maidens press'd around her; and in all
Arose at once the sympathetic grief.
For Hector, yet alive, his household mourn'd,
Deeming he never would again return,
Safe from the fight, by Grecian hands unharm'd.
Nor linger'd Paris in his lofty halls;
But donn'd his armour, glitt'ring o'er with brass,
And through the city pass'd with bounding steps.
As some proud steed, at well-fill'd manger fed,
His halter broken, neighing, scours the plain,
And revels in the widely-flowing stream
To bathe his sides; then tossing high his head,
While o'er his shoulders streams his ample mane,
Light borne on active limbs, in conscious pride,
To the wide pastures of the mares he flies;
So Paris, Priam's son, from Ilium's height,
His bright arms flashing like the gorgeous sun,
Hasten'd, with boastful mien, and rapid step.
Hector he found, as from the spot he turn'd
Where with his wife he late had converse held;
Whom thus the godlike Paris first address'd:
"Too long, good brother, art thou here detain'd,
Impatient for the fight, by my delay;
Nor have I timely, as thou bad'st me, come."
To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm:
"My gallant brother, none who thinks aright
Can cavil at thy prowess in the field;
For thou art very valiant; but thy will
Is weak and sluggish; and it grieves my heart,
When from the Trojans, who in thy behalf
Such labours undergo, I hear thy name
Coupled with foul reproach! But go we now!
Henceforth shall all be well, if Jove permit
That from our shores we chase th' invading Greeks,
And to the ever-living Gods of Heav'n
In peaceful homes our free libations pour."

BOOK XXII[1]

Death of Hector

The fugitives, who thus, like tim'rous fawns,
Sought refuge in the city, dried their sweat,
And drank, and quench'd their thirst, reclining safe
On the fair battlements; but nearer drew,
With slanted shields, the Greeks; yet Hector still
In front of Ilium and the Scæan gate,
Stay'd by his evil doom, remain'd without.
Then Phœbus thus to Peleus' godlike son:
"Achilles, why with active feet pursue,
Thou mortal, me Immortal? know'st thou not
My Godhead, that so hot thy fury burns?
Or heed'st thou not that all the Trojan host
Whom thou hast scar'd, while thou art here withdrawn,
Within the walls a refuge safe have found?
On me thy sword is vain! I know not death!"
Enrag'd, Achilles, swift of foot, replied:
"Deep is the injury, far-darting King,
Most hostile of the Gods, that at thy hand
I bear, who here hast lur'd me from the walls,
Which many a Trojan else had fail'd to reach,
Ere by my hand they bit the bloody dust.
Me of immortal honour thou hast robb'd,
And them, thyself from vengeance safe, hast sav'd:
Had I the pow'r, that vengeance thou shouldst feel."
Thus saying, and on mightiest deeds intent,
He turn'd him city-ward, with fiery speed;
As when a horse, contending for the prize,
Whirls the swift car, and stretches o'er the plain,
Ev'n so, with active limbs, Achilles rac'd.
Him first the aged Priam's eyes discern'd,
Scouring the plain, in arms all dazzling bright,
Like to th' autumnal star, whose brilliant ray
Shines eminent amid the depth of night,

[1] In Books VII-XXI a Trojan offensive forces the Greeks to their ships and leads to the death of Patroclus. Achilles, who has been sulking in his tent since a quarrel with Agamemnon, is aroused by the loss of his friend to turn the tide of battle against Troy.

Whom men the dog-star of Orion call;
The brightest he, but sign to mortal man
Of evil augury, and fiery heat:
So shone the brass upon the warrior's breast.
The old man groan'd aloud, and lifting high
His hands, he beat his head, and with loud voice
Call'd on his son, imploring; he, unmov'd,
Held post before the gates, awaiting there
Achilles' fierce encounter; him his sire,
With hands outstretch'd and piteous tone, address'd:
"Hector, my son, await not here alone
That warrior's charge, lest thou to fate succumb,
Beneath Pelides' arm, thy better far!
Accurs'd be he! would that th' immortal Gods
So favour'd him as I! then should his corpse
Soon to the vultures and the dogs be giv'n!
(So should my heart a load of anguish lose)
By whom I am of many sons bereav'd,
Many and brave, whom he has slain, or sold
To distant isles in slav'ry; and e'en now,
Within the city walls I look in vain
For two, Lycaon brave, and Polydore,
My gallant sons, by fair Läothöe:
If haply yet they live, with brass and gold
Their ransom shall be paid; good store of these
We can command; for with his daughter fair
A wealthy dow'ry aged Altes gave.
But to the viewless shades should they have gone,
Deep were their mother's sorrow and my own;
But of the gen'ral public, well I know
Far lighter were the grief, than if they heard
That thou hadst fall'n beneath Achilles' hand.
Then enter now, my son, the city gates,
And of the women and the men of Troy
Be still the guardian; nor to Peleus' son,
With thine own life, immortal glory give.
Look too on me with pity; me, on whom,
Ev'n on the threshold of mine age, hath Jove
A bitter burthen cast, condemn'd to see
My sons struck down, my daughters dragg'd away
In servile bonds; our chambers' sanctity
Invaded; and our babes by hostile hands
Dash'd to the ground; and by ferocious Greeks
Enslav'd the widows of my slaughter'd sons.
On me at last the rav'ning dogs shall feed,
When by some foeman's hand, by sword or lance,
My soul shall from my body be divorc'd;
Those very dogs which I myself have bred,
Fed at my table, guardians of my gate,
Shall lap my blood, and over-gorg'd shall lie
Ev'n on my threshold. That a youth shall fall
Victim to Mars, beneath a foeman's spear,
May well beseem his years; and if he fall
With honour, though he die, yet glorious he!
But when the hoary head and hoary beard,
And naked corpse to rav'ning dogs are giv'n,
No sadder sight can wretched mortals see."
The old man spoke, and from his head he tore
The hoary hair; yet Hector firm remain'd.
Then to the front his mother rush'd, in tears,
Her bosom bare, with either hand her breast
Sustaining, and with tears address'd him thus:
"Hector, my child, thy mother's breast revere;
And on this bosom if thine infant woes
Have e'er been hush'd, bear now in mind, dear child,
The debt thou ow'st; and from within the walls
Ward off this fearful man, nor in the field
Encounter; curs'd be he! should he prevail,
And slay thee, not upon the fun'ral bed,
My child, my own, the offspring of my womb,
Shall I deplore thee, nor thy widow'd wife,
But far away, beside the Grecian ships,
Thy corpse shall to the rav'ning dogs be giv'n."
Thus they, with tears and earnest pray'rs imploring,
Address'd their son; yet Hector firm remain'd,
Waiting th' approach of Peleus' godlike son.
As when a snake upon the mountain side,
With deadly venom charg'd, beside his hole
Awaits the traveller, and fill'd with rage,
Coil'd round his hole, his baleful glances darts;
So fill'd with dauntless courage Hector stood,
Scorning retreat, his gleaming buckler propp'd
Against the jutting tow'r; then, deeply mov'd,
Thus with his warlike soul communion held:

"Oh woe is me! if I should enter now
The city gates, I should the just reproach
Encounter of Polydamas, who first
His counsel gave within the walls to lead
The Trojan forces, on that fatal night
When great Achilles in the field appear'd.
I heeded not his counsel; would I had!
Now, since my folly hath the people slain,
I well might blush to meet the Trojan men,
And long-rob'd dames of Troy, lest some might say,
To me inferior far, 'This woful loss
To Hector's blind self-confidence we owe.'
Thus shall they say; for me, 'twere better far,
Or from Achilles, slain in open fight,
Back to return in triumph, or myself
To perish nobly in my country's cause.
What if my bossy shield I lay aside,
And stubborn helmet, and my pond'rous spear
Propping against the wall, go forth to meet
Th' unmatch'd Achilles? What if I engage
That Helen's self, and with her all the spoil,
And all that Paris in his hollow ships
Brought here to Troy, whence first this war arose,
Should be restor'd; and to the Greeks be paid
An ample tribute from the city's stores,
Her secret treasures; by a solemn oath
Binding the Trojans nothing to conceal,
But fairly to the distribution bring
Whate'er of wealth our much-lov'd city holds?
But wherefore entertain such thoughts, my soul?
Should I so meet him, what if he should show
Nor pity nor remorse, but slay me there,
Defenceless as a woman, and unarm'd?
Not this the time, nor he the man, with whom
By forest oak or rock, like youth and maid,
To hold light talk, as youth and maid might hold.
Better to dare the fight, and know at once
To whom the vict'ry is decreed by Heav'n."
Thus, as he stood, he mus'd; but near approach'd
Achilles, terrible as plumèd Mars;
From his right shoulder brandishing aloft
The ashen spear of Peleus, while around
Flash'd his bright armour, dazzling as the glare
Of burning fire, or of the rising sun.
Fear at the sight on valiant Hector seiz'd;
Nor dar'd he there await th' attack, but left
The gates behind, and, terror-stricken, fled.
Forward, with eager step, Pelides rush'd.
As when a falcon, bird of swiftest flight,
From some high mountain-top, on tim'rous dove
Swoops fiercely down; she, from beneath, in fear,
Evades the stroke; he, dashing through the brake,
Shrill-shrieking, pounces on his destin'd prey;
So, wing'd with desp'rate hate, Achilles flew,
So Hector, flying from his keen pursuit,
Beneath the walls his active sinews plied.
They by the watch-tow'r, and beneath the wall
Where stood the wind-beat fig-tree, rac'd amain
Along the public road, until they reach'd
The fairly-flowing fount whence issued forth,
From double source, Scamander's eddying streams.
One with hot current flows, and from beneath,
As from a furnace, clouds of steam arise;
'Mid summer's heat the other rises cold
As hail, or snow, or water crystallis'd;
Beside the fountains stood the washing-troughs
Of well-wrought stone, where erst the wives of Troy
And daughters fair their choicest garments wash'd,
In peaceful times, ere came the sons of Greece.
There rac'd they, one in flight, and one pursuing;
Good he who fled, but better who pursu'd,
With fiery speed; for on that race was stak'd
No common victim, no ignoble ox:
The prize at stake was mighty Hector's life.
As when the solid-footed horses fly
Around the course, contending for the prize,
Tripod, or woman of her lord bereft;
So rac'd they thrice around the walls of Troy
With active feet; and all the Gods beheld.
Then thus began the Sire of Gods and men:
"A woful sight mine eyes behold; a man
I love in flight around the walls! my heart
For Hector grieves, who, now upon the crown
Of deeply-furrow'd Ida, now again
On Ilium's heights, with fat of choicest bulls
Hath pil'd mine altar; whom around the walls,

With flying speed, Achilles now pursues.
Give me your counsel, Gods, and say, from death
If we shall rescue him, or must he die,
Brave as he is, beneath Pelides' hand?"
To whom the blue-ey'd Goddess, Pallas, thus:
"O Father, lightning-flashing, cloud-girt King,
What words are these? wouldst thou a mortal man,
Long doom'd by fate, again from death preserve?
Do as thou wilt, but not with our consent."
To whom the Cloud-compeller thus replied:
"Be of good cheer, my child! unwillingly
I speak, yet loth thy wishes to oppose:
Have then thy will, and draw not back thy hand."
His words fresh impulse gave to Pallas' zeal,
And from Olympus' heights in haste she sped.
Meanwhile on Hector, with untiring hate,
The swift Achilles press'd: as when a hound,
Through glen and tangled brake, pursues a fawn,
Rous'd from its lair upon the mountain side;
And if awhile it should evade pursuit,
Low crouching in the copse, yet quests he back,
Searching unwearied, till he find the trace;
So Hector sought to baffle, but in vain,
The keen pursuit of Peleus' active son.
Oft as he sought the shelter of the gates
Beneath the well-built tow'rs, if haply thence
His comrades' weapons might some aid afford;
So oft his foeman, with superior speed,
Would cut him off, and turn him to the plain.
He tow'rd the city still essay'd his flight;
And as in dreams, when one pursues in vain,
One seeks in vain to fly, the other seeks
As vainly to pursue; so could not now
Achilles reach, nor Hector quit, his foe.
Yet how should Hector now the doom of death
Have 'scap'd, had not Apollo once again
And for the last time, to his rescue come,
And giv'n him strength and suppleness of limb?
Then to the crowd Achilles with his head
Made sign that none at Hector should presume
To cast a spear, lest one might wound, and so
The greater glory obtain, while he himself
Must be contented with the second place.
But when the fourth time in their rapid course
The founts were reach'd, th' Eternal Father hung
His golden scales aloft, and plac'd in each
The lots of doom, for great Achilles one,
For Hector one, and held them by the midst:
Down sank the scale, weighted with Hector's death,
Down to the shades, and Phœbus left his side.
Then to Pelides came the blue-ey'd Maid,
And stood beside him, and bespoke him thus:
"Achilles, lov'd of Heav'n, I trust that now
To thee and me great glory shall accrue
In Hector's fall, insatiate of the fight.
Escape he cannot now, though at the feet
Of ægis-bearing Jove, on his behalf,
With earnest pray'r Apollo prostrate fall.
But stay thou here and take thy breath, while I
Persuade him to return and dare the fight."
So Pallas spoke; and he with joy obeying,
Stood leaning on his brass-barb'd ashen spear.
The Goddess left him there, and went (the form
And voice assuming of Deiphobus)
In search of godlike Hector; him she found,
And standing near, with wingèd words address'd:
"Sorely, good brother, hast thou been bested
By fierce Achilles, who around the walls
Hath chas'd thee with swift foot; now stand we both
For mutual succour, and his onset wait."
To whom great Hector of the glancing helm:
"Deiphobus, of all my brothers, sons
Of Hecuba and Priam, thou hast been
Still dearest to my heart; and now the more
I honour thee who dar'st on my behalf,
Seeing my peril, from within the walls
To sally forth, while others skulk behind."
To whom the blue-ey'd Goddess thus replied:
"With many pray'rs, good brother, both our sire
And honour'd mother, and our comrades all
Successively implored me to remain;
Such fear is fall'n on all; but in my soul

On thine account too deep a grief I felt.
Now, forward boldly! spare we not our spears;
Make trial if Achilles to the ships
From both of us our bloody spoils can bear,
Or by thine arm himself may be subdued."
Thus Pallas lur'd him on with treach'rous wile;
But when the two were met, and close at hand,
First spoke great Hector of the glancing helm:
"No more before thee, Peleus' son, I fly:
Thrice have I fled around the walls, nor dar'd
Await thine onset; now my spirit is rous'd
To stand before thee, to be slain, or slay.
But let us first th' immortal Gods invoke;
The surest witnesses and guardians they
Of compacts: at my hand no foul disgrace
Shalt thou sustain, if Jove with victory
Shall crown my firm endurance, and thy life
To me be forfeit; of thine armour stripp'd
I promise thee, Achilles, to the Greeks
Thy body to restore; do thou the like."
With fierce regard Achilles answer'd thus:
"Hector, thou object of my deadly hate,
Talk not to me of compacts; as 'tween men
And lions no firm concord can exist,
Nor wolves and lambs in harmony unite,
But ceaseless enmity between them dwells:
So not in friendly terms, nor compact firm,
Can thou and I unite, till one of us
Glut with his blood the mail-clad warrior Mars.
Mind thee of all thy fence; behoves thee now
To prove a spearman skill'd, and warrior brave.
For thee escape is none; now, by my spear,
Hath Pallas doom'd thy death; my comrades' blood,
Which thou hast shed, shall all be now aveng'd."
He said, and poising, hurl'd his weighty spear;
But Hector saw, and shunn'd the blow; he stoop'd,
And o'er his shoulder flew the brass-tipp'd spear,
And in the ground was fix'd; but Pallas drew
The weapon forth, and to Achilles' hand,
All unobserv'd of Hector, gave it back.
Then Hector thus to Peleus' matchless son:
"Thine aim has fail'd; nor truly has my fate,
Immortal son of Peleus, been to thee
From Heav'n reveal'd; such was indeed thy boast;
But now it seems that flippant was thy speech,
And cunningly devis'd, in hopes that I
Might by thy vaunts be terrified, and so
Forgetful of my fame and prowess prove.
Not in my back will I receive thy spear,
But through my breast, confronting thee, if Jove
Have to thine arm indeed such triumph giv'n.
Now, if thou canst, my spear in turn elude;
May it be deeply buried in thy flesh!
For lighter were to Troy the load of war,
If thou, the greatest of her foes, wert slain."
He said, and poising, hurl'd his pond'rous spear;
Nor miss'd his aim; full in the midst he struck
Pelides' shield; but glancing from the shield
The weapon bounded off. Hector was griev'd,
That thus his spear had bootless left his hand.
He stood aghast; no second spear was nigh:
And loudly on Deiphobus he call'd
A spear to bring; but he was far away.
Then Hector knew that he was dup'd, and cried,
"Oh, Heav'ns! the Gods above have doom'd my death!
I deem'd indeed that brave Deiphobus
Was near at hand; but he within the walls
Is safe, and I by Pallas am betray'd.
Now is my death at hand, nor far away:
Escape is none; since so hath Jove decreed,
And Jove's far-darting son, who heretofore
Have been my guards; my fate hath found me now.
Yet not without a struggle let me die,
Nor all inglorious; but let some great act,
Which future days may hear of, mark my fall."
Thus as he spoke, his trenchant sword he drew,
Pond'rous and vast, suspended at his side;
Collected for the spring, and forward dash'd:
As when an eagle, bird of loftiest flight,
Through the dark clouds swoops downward on the plain,

To seize some tender lamb, or cow'ring hare;
So Hector rush'd, and wav'd his sharp-edg'd sword.
Achilles' wrath was rous'd: with fury wild
His soul was fill'd: before his breast he bore
His well-wrought shield; and fiercely on his brow
Nodded the four-plum'd helm, as on the breeze
Floated the golden hairs, with which the crest
By Vulcan's hand was thickly interlac'd;
And as amid the stars' unnumber'd host,
When twilight yields to night, one star appears,
Hesper, the brightest star that shines in Heav'n,
Gleam'd the sharp-pointed lance, which in his right
Achilles pois'd, on godlike Hector's doom
Intent, and scanning eagerly to see
Where from attack his body least was fenc'd.
All else the glitt'ring armour guarded well,
Which Hector from Patroclus' corpse had stripp'd;
One chink appear'd, just where the collar-bone
The neck and shoulder parts, beside the throat,
Where lies expos'd the swiftest road of death.
There levell'd he, as Hector onward rush'd;
Right through the yielding neck the lance was driv'n,
But sever'd not the windpipe, nor destroy'd
His pow'r of speech; prone in the dust he fell;
And o'er him, vaunting, this Achilles spoke:
"Hector, Patroclus stripping of his arms,
Thy hope was that thyself wast safe; and I,
Not present, brought no terror to thy soul:
Fool! in the hollow ships I yet remain'd,
I, his avenger, mightier far than he;
I, who am now thy conqu'ror. By the dogs
And vultures shall thy corpse be foully torn,
While him the Greeks with fun'ral rites shall grace."
Whom answer'd Hector of the glancing helm,
Prostrate and helpless: "By thy soul, thy knees,
Thy parents' heads, Achilles, I beseech,
Let not my corpse by Grecian dogs be torn.
Accept the ample stores of brass and gold,
Which as my ransom by my honour'd sire
And mother shall be paid thee; but my corpse
Restore, that so the men and wives of Troy
May deck with honours due my fun'ral pyre."
To whom, with fierce aspect, Achilles thus:
"Knee me no knees, vile hound! nor prate to me
Of parents! such my hatred, that almost
I could persuade myself to tear and eat
Thy mangled flesh; such wrongs I have to avenge.
He lives not, who can save thee from the dogs;
Not though with ransom ten and twenty fold
He here should stand, and yet should promise more;
No, not though Priam's royal self should sue
To be allow'd for gold to ransom thee;
No, not ev'n so, thy mother shall obtain
To lay thee out upon the couch, and mourn
O'er thee, her offspring; but on all thy limbs
Shall dogs and carrion vultures make their feast."
To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm,
Dying: "I know thee well; nor did I hope
To change thy purpose; iron is thy soul.
But see that on thy head I bring not down
The wrath of Heav'n, when by the Scæan gate
The hand of Paris, with Apollo's aid,
Brave warrior as thou art, shall strike thee down."
Ev'n as he spoke, his eyes were clos'd in death;
And to the viewless shades his spirit fled,
Mourning his fate, his youth and vigour lost.
To him, though dead, Achilles thus replied:
"Die thou! my fate I then shall meet, whene'er
Jove and th' immortal Gods shall so decree."
He said, and from the corpse his spear withdrew,
And laid aside; then stripp'd the armour off,
With blood besmear'd; the Greeks around him throng'd,
Gazing on Hector's noble form and face,
And none approach'd that did not add a wound:
And one to other look'd, and said, "Good faith,
Hector is easier far to handle now,
Than when erewhile he wrapp'd our ships in fire."

Thus would they say, then stab the dead anew.
But when the son of Peleus, swift of foot,
Had stripp'd the armour from the corpse, he rose,
And, standing, thus th' assembled Greeks address'd:
"O friends, the chiefs and councillors of Greece,
Since Heav'n hath granted us this man to slay,
Whose single arm hath wrought us more of ill
Than all the rest combin'd, advance we now
Before the city in arms, and trial make
What is the mind of Troy; if, Hector slain,
They from the citadel intend retreat,
Or still, despite their loss, their ground maintain.
But wherefore entertain such thoughts, my soul?
Beside the ships, unwept, unburied, lies
Patroclus; whom I never can forget,
While number'd with the living, and my limbs
Have pow'r to move; in Hades though the dead
May be forgotten, yet ev'n there will I
The mem'ry of my lov'd companion keep.
Now to the ships return we, sons of Greece,
Glad pæans singing! with us he shall go;
Great glory is ours, the godlike Hector slain,
The pride of Troy, and as a God rever'd."
He said, and foully Hector's corpse mis-us'd;
Of either foot he pierc'd the tendon through,
That from the ancle passes to the heel,
And to his chariot bound with leathern thongs,
Leaving the head to trail along the ground;
Then mounted, with the captur'd arms, his car,
And urg'd his horses; nothing loth, they flew.
A cloud of dust the trailing body rais'd:
Loose hung his glossy hair; and in the dust
Was laid that noble head, so graceful once;
Now to foul insult doom'd by Jove's decree,
In his own country, at a foeman's hand.
So lay the head of Hector; at the sight
His aged mother tore her hair, and far
From off her head the glitt'ring veil she threw,
And with loud cries her slaughter'd son bewailed.
Piteous, his father groan'd; and all around
Was heard the voice of wailing and of woe.
Such was the cry, as if the beetling height
Of Ilium all were smould'ring in the fire.
Scarce was the old man by the crowd restrain'd
From issuing forth beyond the Dardan gates;
Low in the dust he roll'd, imploring all,
Entreating by his name each sev'ral man:
"Forbear, my friends; though sorrowing, stay me not;
Leave me to reach alone the Grecian ships,
And there implore this man of violence,
This haughty chief, if haply he my years
May rev'rence, and have pity on my age.
For he too has a father, like to me;
Peleus, by whom he was begot, and bred,
The bane of Troy; and, most of all, to me
The cause of endless grief, who by his hand
Have been of many stalwart sons bereft.
Yet all, though griev'd for all, I less lament,
Than one, whose loss will sink me to the grave.
Hector! oh would to Heav'n that in mine arms
He could have died; with mourning then and tears
We might have satisfied our grief, both she
Who bore him, hapless mother, and myself."
Weeping, he spoke; and with him wept the crowd:
Then, 'mid the women, Hecuba pour'd forth
Her vehement grief: "My child, oh whither now,
Heart-stricken, shall I go, of thee bereft,
Of thee, who wast to me by night and day
A glory and a boast; the strength of all
The men of Troy, and women? as a God
They worshipp'd thee: for, living, thou on all
Great glory shedd'st; but fate hath found thee now."
Weeping, she spoke; but nought as yet was known
To Hector's wife; to her no messenger
Had brought the tidings, that without the walls
Remain'd her husband; in her house withdrawn
A web she wove, all purple, double woof,
With varied flow'rs in rich embroidery,
And to her neat-hair'd maids she gave command

To place the largest caldrons on the fire,
That with warm baths, returning from the fight,
Hector might be refresh'd; unconscious she,
That by Achilles' hand, with Pallas' aid,
Far from the bath, was godlike Hector slain.
The sounds of wailing reach'd her from the tow'r;
Totter'd her limbs, the distaff left her hand,
And to her neat-hair'd maidens thus she spoke:
"Haste, follow me, some two, that I may know
What means these sounds; my honour'd mother's voice
I hear; and in my breast my beating heart
Leaps to my mouth; my limbs refuse to move;
Some evil, sure, on Priam's house impends.
Be unfulfill'd my words! yet much I fear
Lest my brave Hector be cut off alone,
By great Achilles, from the walls of Troy,
Chas'd to the plain, the desp'rate courage quench'd,
Which ever led him from the gen'ral ranks
Far in advance, and bade him yield to none."
Then from the house she rush'd, like one distract,
With beating heart; and with her went her maids.
But when the tow'r she reach'd, where stood the crowd,
And mounted on the wall, and look'd around,
And saw the body trailing in the dust,
Which the fleet steeds were dragging to the ships,
A sudden darkness overspread her eyes;
Backward she fell, and gasp'd her spirit away.
Far off were flung th' adornments of her head,
The net, the fillet, and the woven bands;
The nuptial veil by golden Venus giv'n,
That day when Hector of the glancing helm
Led from Eëtion's house his wealthy bride.
The sisters of her husband round her press'd,
And held, as in the deadly swoon she lay.
But when her breath and spirit return'd again,
With sudden burst of anguish thus she cried:
"Hector, oh woe is me! to misery
We both were born alike; thou here in Troy
In Priam's royal palace; I in Thebes,
By wooded Placos, in Eëtion's house,
Who nurs'd my infancy; unhappy he,
Unhappier I! would I had ne'er been born!
Now thou beneath the depths of earth art gone,
Gone to the viewless shades; and me hast left
A widow in thy house, in deepest woe;
Our child, an infant still, thy child and mine,
Ill-fated parents both! nor thou to him,
Hector, shalt be a guard, nor he to thee:
For though he 'scape this tearful war with Greece,
Yet nought for him remains but ceaseless woe,
And strangers on his heritage shall seize.
No young companions own the orphan boy:
With downcast eyes, and cheeks bedew'd with tears,
His father's friends approaching, pinch'd with want,
He hangs upon the skirt of one, of one
He plucks the cloak; perchance in pity some
May at their tables let him sip the cup,
Moisten his lips, but scarce his palate touch;
While youths, with both surviving parents bless'd,
May drive him from their feast with blows and taunts,
'Begone! thy father sits not at our board:'
Then weeping, to his widow'd mother's arms
He flies, that orphan boy, Astyanax,
Who on his father's knees erewhile was fed
On choicest marrow, and the fat of lambs;
And, when in sleep his childish play was hush'd,
Was lull'd to slumber in his nurse's arms
On softest couch, by all delights surrounded.
But grief, his father lost, awaits him now,
Astyanax, of Trojans so surnam'd,
Since thou alone wast Troy's defence and guard.
But now on thee, beside the beakèd ships,
Far from thy parents, when the rav'ning dogs
Have had their fill, the wriggling worms shall feed;
On thee, all naked; while within thy house
Lies store of raiment, rich and rare, the work
Of women's hands; these will I burn with fire;
Not for thy need—thou ne'er shalt wear them more,—
But for thine honour in the sight of Troy."
Weeping she spoke; the women join'd her wail.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF AUTHORS

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In order that the full content of this volume may be represented in the following table, the titles of anonymous works are also included. In the fourth column are mentioned only those types by which an author is represented in this book; no attempt is made to indicate all the types of literature in which the writer may have been proficient.

AUTHOR OR TITLE	DATES	NATIONALITY	TYPES
Homer	c. 850 B. C.	Greek	Epic and Romance
Sappho	c. 610 B. C.	Greek	Lyric
Buddha	6th Century B. C.	Hindu	Philosophical Discourse
Anacreon	563?–478? B. C.	Greek	Lyric
Confucius	551–479 B. C.	Chinese	Philosophical Discourse
Aeschylus	525–456 B. C.	Greek	Tragedy
Pindar	522–448? B. C.	Greek	Lyric
Sophocles	496–406 B. C.	Greek	Tragedy
Herodotus	490?–426? B. C.	Greek	History
Euripides	480–406 B. C.	Greek	Tragedy
Thucydides	471?–400? B. C.	Greek	History
Aristophanes	448–380 B. C.	Greek	Comedy
Plato	427–347 B. C.	Greek	Literary Criticism, Political Ideas, Philosophical Discourse
Aristotle	384–322 B. C.	Greek	Literary Criticism, Political Ideas, Philosophical Discourse
Theocritus	3rd Century B. C.	Greek	Lyric
Ecclesiastes	3rd Century B. C.	Hebrew	Philosophical Discourse
Plautus	254–184 B. C.	Roman	Comedy
Apuleius	2nd Century B. C.	Roman	Tale
Bion	2nd Century B. C.	Greek	Lyric
The Book of Psalms	Collected before 130 B. C.	Hebrew	Lyric
Cicero	106–43 B. C.	Roman	The Letter, Political Ideas
Lucretius	95–51 B. C.	Roman	Philosophical Discourse
Catullus	84–54 B. C.	Roman	Lyric
Vergil	70–19 B. C.	Roman	Epic and Romance, Lyric
Horace	65–8 B. C.	Roman	Lyric, Literary Criticism, Satire
Livy	59 B. C.–17 A. D.	Roman	History
Plutarch	46?–120 A. D.	Greek	Biography
Tacitus	55?–117? A. D.	Roman	History
Epictetus	50?–125? A. D.	Greek	Philosophical Discourse
Juvenal	60?–140? A. D.	Roman	Satire
Pliny the Younger	61–113? A. D.	Roman	The Letter
St. Paul	1st Century?	Hebrew	Philosophical Discourse
St. Matthew	1st Century?	Hebrew	Philosophical Discourse
St. John	1st Century?	Hebrew	Philosophical Discourse
Lucian	120?–200?	Greek	Satire
Marcus Aurelius	121–180	Roman	Philosophical Discourse
Longinus	Dates Unknown?	Greek	Literary Criticism
St. Augustine	360–430	Roman	Philosophical Discourse

AUTHOR OR TITLE	DATES	NATIONALITY	TYPES
Boethius	470–524	Roman	Philosophical Discourse
The Elder Edda	c. 11th Century	Norse	Epic and Romance
The Song of Roland	c. 1100 A. D.	French	Epic and Romance
The Nibelungenlied	12th Century?	German	Epic and Romance
St. Bonaventura	1221–1274	Italian	Biography
Dante	1265–1321	Italian	Epic and Romance, Political Ideas
Petrarch	1304–1374	Italian	Lyric
Boccaccio	1313–1375	Italian	Tale
Froissart	1337–1410	French	History
Chaucer	1340?–1400	English	Tale
Kempis	c. 1380–1471	English	Philosophical Discourse
Malory	1400–1471	English	Epic and Romance
Villon	1431–1462?	French	Lyric
Erasmus	1467–1536	Dutch	Satire
Machiavelli	1469–1527	Italian	Political Ideas
Ariosto	1474–1533	Italian	Epic and Romance
Michelangelo	1475–1564	Italian	Lyric
Rabelais	1490?–1553	French	Satire
Ballads	15th Century?	English	Lyric
Everyman	c. 1500	English?	Tragedy
Cellini	1500–1571	Italian	Biography
Ronsard	1524–1585	French	Lyric
Montaigne	1533–1592	French	Philosophical Discourse
Tasso	1544–1595	Italian	Epic and Romance
Arabian Nights' Entertainment	Collected 1549	Persian?	Tale
Spenser	1552?–1599	English	Epic and Romance
Sidney	1554–1586	English	Lyric
Bacon	1561–1626	English	Philosophical Discourse
Marlowe	1564–1593	English	Lyric
Shakespeare	1564–1616	English	Tragedy, Comedy, Lyric
Jonson	1573–1637	English	Lyric
Herrick	1591–1674	English	Lyric
Milton	1608–1674	English	Epic and Romance, Lyric
La Rochefoucauld	1613–1680	French	Philosophical Discourse
Molière	1622–1673	French	Comedy
Mme. de Sévigné	1626–1696	French	The Letter
Pascal	1628–1662	French	Philosophical Discourse
Dryden	1631–1700	English	Lyric, Satire
Boileau	1636–1711	French	Literary Criticism
Racine	1639–1699	French	Tragedy
Swift	1667–1745	English	Satire
Pope	1688–1744	English	Satire
Montesquieu	1689–1755	French	Political Ideas
Chesterfield	1694–1773	English	The Letter
Voltaire	1694–1778	French	The Letter, Satire
Franklin	1706–1790	American	Biography, The Letter
Johnson	1709–1784	English	The Letter
Rousseau	1712–1778	French	Political Ideas

AUTHOR	DATES	NATIONALITY	TYPES
Gray	1716–1771	English	Lyric
Walpole	1717–1797	English	The Letter
Lessing	1729–1781	German	Literary Criticism
Burke	1729–1796	English	Political Ideas
Cowper	1731–1800	English	The Letter
Gibbon	1737–1794	English	History
Boswell	1740–1795	English	Biography
Goethe	1749–1832	German	Tragedy, Lyric, Philosophical Discourse
Sheridan	1751–1816	English	Comedy
Joubert	1754–1824	French	Philosophical Discourse
Burns	1759–1796	English	Lyric
Schiller	1759–1805	German	Lyric
Wordsworth	1770–1850	English	Lyric, Literary Criticism
Scott	1771–1832	English	Lyric
Lamb	1775–1834	English	The Letter
Landor	1775–1864	English	The Letter
Béranger	1780–1857	French	Lyric
Byron	1788–1824	English	The Letter, Satire
Schopenhauer	1788–1860	German	Philosophical Discourse
Shelley	1792–1822	English	Lyric
Keats	1795–1821	English	Lyric
Carlyle	1795–1881	English	History, The Letter
Heine	1799–1856	German	Lyric
Macaulay	1800–1859	English	History
Hugo	1802–1885	French	Lyric
Emerson	1803–1882	American	Philosophical Discourse
Sainte-Beuve	1804–1869	French	Literary Criticism
Longfellow	1807–1882	American	Lyric
Mrs. Browning	1809–1861	English	Lyric
Lincoln	1809–1865	American	The Letter
Tennyson	1809–1892	English	Lyric
Marx	1818–1883	German	Political Ideas
Engels	1821–1896	German	Political Ideas
Arnold	1822–1888	English	Lyric, Literary Criticism
Parkman	1823–1893	American	History
Huxley	1825–1895	English	The Letter
Rossetti, D. G.	1828–1882	English	Lyric
Taine	1828–1893	French	Literary Criticism
Ibsen	1828–1906	Norwegian	Tragedy
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